

Hollywood Heroes

by Ron Sanford

American lack of culture teaches
That there are few outlets left
To channel the losers of manifest destiny

Gun control is redundant, folks!
Because the cat will not return to the bag
Violence is the symptom of frustration

People lust, have not, therefore they murder
They depend on evil and lies for their kids
Outlaws have guns, few will change their ways

They lived by the lust of their eyes and American pie
Learned to blame the environment for their crimes
How Hollywood heroes have fallen!

Their mask has been shorn away
Soon they will pay the piper

Words that Hurt

by Aaron

I write with an audience in mind. Try as I might, I cannot forget that
somebody could somehow find my words, once I've put them to paper.

I find that sometimes I want to impress the potential audience;
actually most the time to tell the truth. And sometimes, wishing to
impress I repress those parts of my life that I feel the audience would
judge as ugly, and I amplify or even misrepresent qualities the
audience would like. This can make my writing feel false to myself,
and then I resent my words, so I destroy them, so that the audience
can never find them. When I am unafraid to put my negative qualities
in front of not only strangers, but also those I love, then I feel my
writing improves. If I am writing to an actual person, and would be
embarrassed if my words were by some other actual person, I get
fearful.

Secrets and gossip seem to be unavoidable for me, and I've read that
they are a way of learning what not to do. So long as I am imperfect,
they will be a part of me and my words.

What a computer can't do

by Jerrick Harenstein

A computer can't see from my eyes.
It can't think from the heart.
It can't restore us to sanity.
It doesn't understand me.
It wouldn't even know where to finish,
or have a clue where to start.

Final Summer Evening

by Kareem Ali

Through the endless shards of
This autumn evening
The drone of the ceiling fan
Is swift and comforting,
Its haughty mechanical arms
Discard a thin elixir of wind
Into the empty hall.

Outside
In the silent room
Flakes of leaves and night
Brush against your cheek
Causing a lotion of light to open
Up the room
Where our sweat soaked
Bodies submerged into a trellis
Of summer moonlight.

Where the final husk of night
Is flushed into a memory of day.

presented by Portland Harbor Community Advisory Group • St. Johns Main Street Coalition • Cathedral Park Neighborhood Association

WILLAMETTE RIVER FESTIVAL

JULY 31 SUNDAY
NOON - 7PM | CATHEDRAL PARK WATERFRONT

TO CELEBRATE THE LOWER WILLAMETTE RIVER AND ITS CLEAN UP

LIVE MUSIC:
BLUEGRASS • JAMGRASS • ZYDECO/BLUES
Loggers Daughter, Cascade Crescendo, New Iberians &
DJ Anjali and the Incredible Kid

FOOD VENDORS • BEER GARDEN
ENVIRONMENTAL FAIR • CHILD DANCE TROUPES
LIVE BIRDS FROM AUDUBON • LIVE FISH
WALKING TOURS & MORE • FREE





