

Hole in My Pocket

By Larry Richer

It was just envisioned on another day
 It was no big deal
 Just another idea for someone to steal
 Fallen in the wrong hands
 Then it plunged off the market
 Now I can seam to sew the hole in my pocket
 It was like thunder throne
 I picked it up on my own
 It was like lightning struck
 I did not give it up
 It was undermined
 It was misunderstood
 But it took off
 Like I knew it would
 It was a high volume discount
 She got her credit today
 Her mind is on consignment
 And her soul's in layaway
 It was a hard pill to swallow
 Then I found out why
 There is no tomorrow
 For all that credit can buy
 I've been staying up late
 Pushing real hard
 Sorting through papers
 Throwing out business cards
 Sanity lingers on threads in the mind
 Help me to say the words I cannot find

It was a big bargain clearance
 They had to clean up the aisles
 With rates of high interest
 They can sell with a smile
 Got no dough in my pocket
 Got no food in my gut
 No light in this tunnel
 No way out of this rut
 No launchpad for my rocket
 No blueprints for my plans
 Got this hole in my pocket
 I can't meet their demands
 The sale numbers projected
 Skyrocketed overnight
 They have their patents protected
 For ownership of your life
 Fallen in the wrong hands
 They it plunged from the market
 Now I can't seam to sew the hole in my pocket
 It was a bad time of sorrow
 Filled with financial woes
 Couldn't reason with the bankers
 Who said, "We'll have to foreclose"
 She was a tough act to follow
 Out on the slippery roads
 There is nothing left to borrow
 Because it's all been sold

Trees

By Douglas "Wookie" Marcks

The trees were once all around us
 The land was blanketed by them
 Then we moved from the pond to this new world
 The natives here lived with the trees
 They respected the spirit of the trees
 They valued the trees as habitats of nature
 Then we started moving in, in droves
 Cutting down the trees as we moved on
 From place to place, not only displacing the trees
 But the natives as well
 Until finally we were at the other side
 And stopped by the other pond
 Leaving emptiness of nature's true beauty
 In our wake
 Sure we have replanted some trees
 But never enough
 I wonder what the trees have seen in all those centuries
 Too bad we will never know

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