

## Patriots of Privilege

by Aileen McPherson

With human rights on trial, how can we allow those who sing and praise it for FREEDOM we march these days, We're Proud Boys, Chauvinists are We, venerating housewives, guns and our liberty. This I have seen, both past and present keen, three rallying protesting marches in all, knowledge was gleaned.

There are many from all walks of life, fascist young men very few women exalting one nation one race, mothers and grandmothers you thought to embrace, spewing supremacy on how great they are, those girls are a disgrace, Lord are we better than them they should respect our authority and grace, and last hopefully one day the least, the Chauvinist filled with Blind Patriotism, who is also a fascist believing in one race, a national militaristic government, superiority is not for any save our majority, our lordship gave us authority to dominate and control, we will instill fear to make our point clear.

So you see, to me they are all one and the same, merely different names governing a philosophy that has not changed in over 42 years. Fear is their tool, to cause stresses undue, anxieties render one helpless, hopeless, forcing dominion and servitude, under the guise we love you to death do us part.

In the dictionary I read, this attitude, way of thinking, is Terrorism as plain as can be, with coercion they use threats and violence to subdue, it starts with one, but be mindful, they travel in a minimum of twos, they prefer packs, as to inflict more abuse.

The world I long to see is full of comfort and happy Where differences are accepted as daily objectives, as cultures collide look at the transitions inspired, journeys shared spread knowledge rare, stories intertwined through space and time, lives touched by a familial loss, how many more at what cost, when will the terror STOP in the name of freedom sought.

## Rising by Dawn

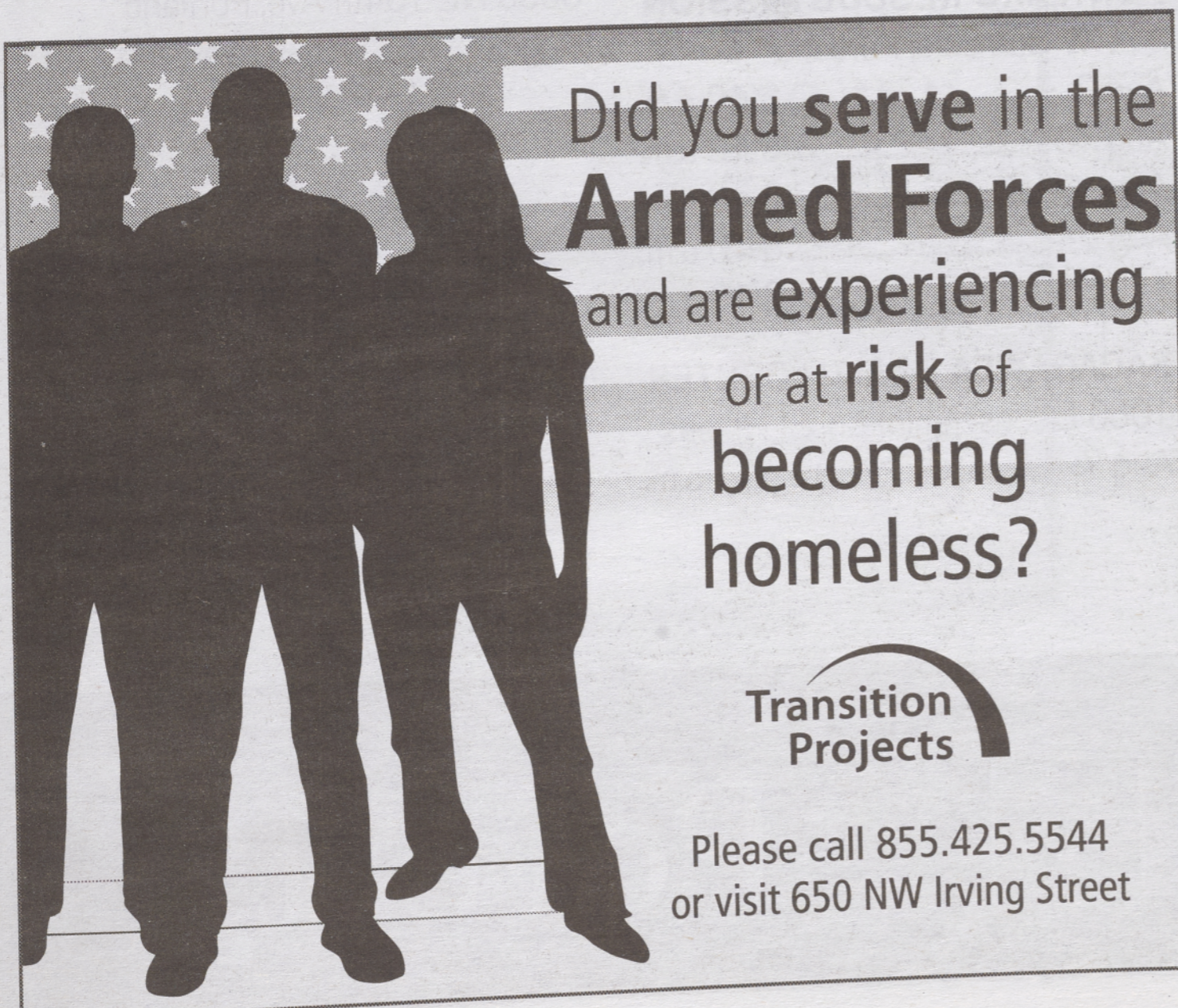
by Maddy Brown-Clark

The red sun was resting  
On a cloud  
In the early morning light  
The streets were bare  
And quiet  
As I roamed the sidewalk  
Kingdom  
The sleepers rose up from their  
Cardboard beds.  
They had to move at dawn  
And find someplace to keep cool  
They had to roam from  
Place to place  
In search for security  
Or a real bed to sleep on  
But what will they do

## City Sleeps

by Daniel Cox

Silent echoes whisper to the  
Souls of men. They fall on deaf ears.  
Shadows of a man are dark when  
He walks away from the light.



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