

## Democracy, With Surety

By Heath Cleaveland

To be driven, a bonny way to be indeed;  
 The tread of soles not requisite for transport  
 From A to B or, to tack to a course quite  
 Different, the soul instead makes their soles  
 Pattern indelibly there to be read by all whose  
 Hearts are sure to reach into a bag of news and  
 Find these acts have purely made impressions  
 Which will not fade from thought of minds on  
 Tour in this life, one of strife, the knife, the door.  
 Habits formed, deleting norms, a driven pastime  
 Born of tasting thorns when nourishment was sought,  
 Fills the habituated crew, Lieber's depersonalized  
 Few, growing in number day by day, for those who  
 Doubt routine is nothing worth reaping with the holy rod,  
 Think again. Our brothers from places remote, where  
 The right to vote is like the right to sow seeds in  
 Another's garden, just might experience the need to  
 Fight in these lands for the mere luck to be themselves.

## Isolation

By Kim Trano

Isolation in a crowded bus  
 the pit of my stomach knots  
 Are people able to see beyond my shell  
 I know they can tell I've lost my soul  
 I  
 go home, no voicemail, plants need water  
 my cat doesn't even respond  
 Am I on this plant? Who am I?  
 The milk is curdled, it too was left  
 alone to long  
 Just like the memories stuck in my heart  
 but I cannot say for fear of a total meltdown

These words are lodged in my brain  
 : I am afraid of you  
 : I am afraid I'm not good enough  
 : I am scared  
 : I need you  
 But I stop myself because  
 you may condemn me  
 you may not like me  
 you may say I am worthless  
 And I would believe you

## Laugh at Yourself

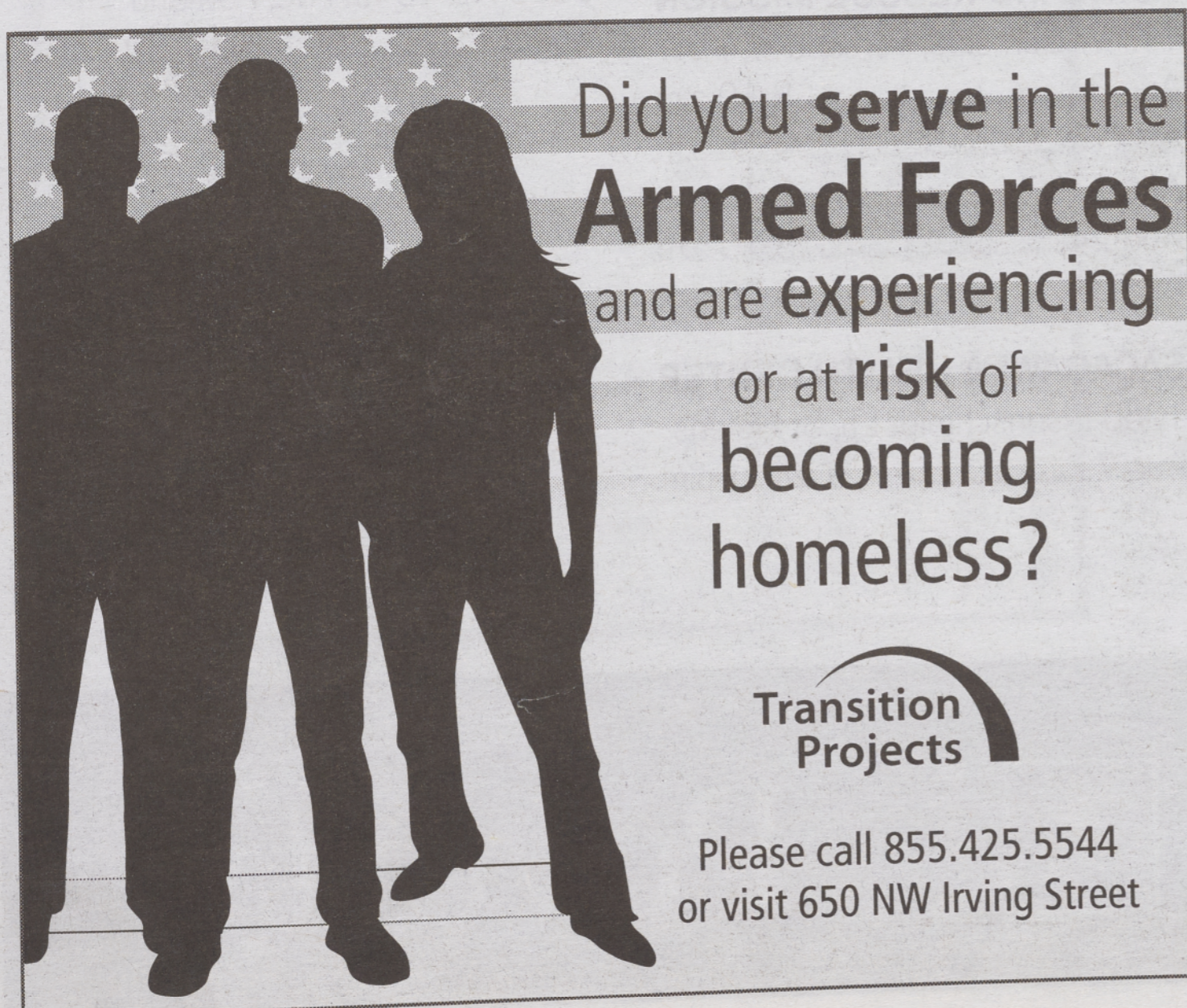
by Aileen McPherson

A long day out, with friends scurrying  
 here and there see bareback horses  
 fair fresh clean air rolling  
 hills we stride, back to a van  
 underside, driveshaft compromised  
 Repair, rejuvenate, arise, alive,  
 Onward now thirty miles, glide  
 home greeted by motherly smile, pom  
 fluffy snow cold wet nose licking  
 toes, down the throat pepsi goes  
 Jokes toes laugh so hard out nose  
 Laughter laughter in the air, boy that  
 burns, let's not do that again my dear.

## Accomplishment

by Daniel Cox

I see the misery on nameless faces  
 Who dwell on the streets  
 Cast away from a broke society  
 Only a few have a glimmer of hope.  
 For those who dwell on the street.



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**Armed Forces**  
 and are **experiencing**  
 or at **risk** of  
**becoming**  
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