

Waking Up

by Jaison Kirk

Waking up, pouring coffee into a cup.
opening my eyes enough to walk the pup.
Turn on the news or some jazz or the blues.
Taking my time waking up,
Taking my pills washing them down
Shaving and showering, going downtown
Keeping my head up, don't wear a frown.

Friday Morning

by Daniel Cox

We gather together, many poor and destitute
But all for the main purpose
We are there for the money, the magic
of turning a quarter into a dollar
What a holler, the familiarity of it all,
We do small talk amongst ourselves
Drink coffee, listen to a weekly report
and scurry off to make our stacks.

How Was I Different? Then and Now

by Ron Sanford

When I was young, Dad told me what to be
He tried to impose and superimpose his ideas
For good intentions, I suppose
But I am not him, as he is not me
For one, he is an A-B; I'm an O+ blood type

We are wired differently - very differently
I'm passive; he is aggressive
I have long hair; he had it short
I'm still a stoner; he was a jock
I'm a liberal; he was a right-wing

I am quite skinny; he was swarthy
I was a drummer; he played card games
I was a drunkard; he rarely drank
I am still alive; he is deceased

Bless his heart but I couldn't be like him
Like father, like son? RIP, Dad! (1937-2012)
A wise person once said the best form of revenge
is success
From me you will hear no fake eulogies
God knows we didn't face the same tests

I Will Not Stand

by Mary Daniels

I will not stand for lies
Because I was raised in a rat's nest
With the big lie
That families equal love.

And when I discovered that love did not exist,
Family did not exist either
And I flew away from it.

But I also understood the truth that
My truth was not everybody's
And I never begrudge them theirs.

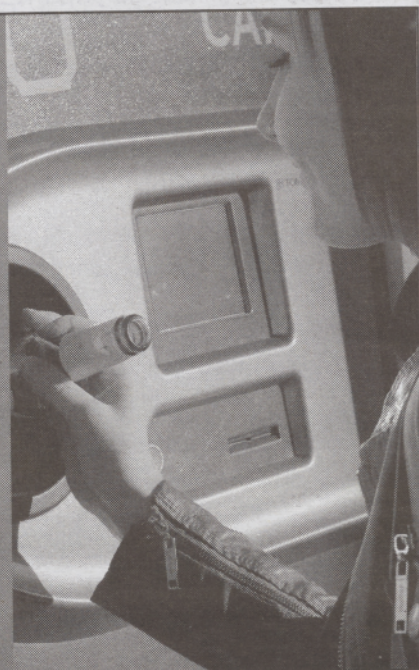
Not lying meant sometimes being very brutal
First and foremost with myself
And harder still when the person lying to me
Was me.

I will not stand for lies from anyone.
It means for most of my life
I have stood alone.

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