

My Sermonette (Part II)

by Ron Sanford

My sermonette, so short and sweet
Once again a tragedy:
My mom, my niece, my brother and friends
Where will it end? Where will it end?

Hold down the fort, pay the power
Cooking, cleaning, no time to waste!
You lose your wallet, lose your keys,
Lost your cell phone, lose your mind!

You're paying fines, teeth are rotting
Cried once or twice, time to move on!
Does that make sense? We're near the edge?

Aunt Laina and Andy, Todd and Charlie,
See them on the other side
My neighbors Jimmie, Wendy, both customers
The veteran Ron Britt and more besides

After rest I'm nose to the millstone
To stay ahead, less time to stress
There's laundry and a new phone - freeze!
(sigh)
But I'm so blessed to have known them

Will see you soon We love you all
Life has value, everyone, as you all know

The Lie

by Richard Pounds

How do I get rid of my pain
The pain in my soul,
That's more than any pain
I've ever experienced
Sometimes it's in the voices in my head
They fill me full of dread
I feel like someone else instead.

Alcohol and opiates
Are my escape from this pain
Now I'm dead
Thank you for getting rid of my pain
Finally?
I'm truly free
Say the voices in my head
The Lie

Every one of my friends
Being three, has died within
The same story, more or less
Being added and taken away
The lie being, no one can help
And no one understands

The real lie is
we don't love ourselves
and can't love anyone else.
And we don't forgive either

End of story.

We Come, We Stay

by Michone Nettles

In the grand scheme of things
Sometimes life's lives are cut short.
Sometimes it's just time to pass the
torch along the wayward path.
Jacob died in my arms after I attempted CPR.
Wilma wasn't homeless but she
passed too young.
Donnie and I had just spoken,
I just left him.
The next day he had died.
Andy and I were friends for close to ten years
He OD'ed on heroin, alcohol combo
Nancy lost an arm, then overdosed,
afterwards.
Young men and women are fading away
left and right, dropping left and right.
Sadness grips my heart when
I feel the loss, young and old.
I've lost track of the losses of people
Who have gone down that road of rebirth.
If there is life after death
There's no such thing as death.

When They Move On

by J. Juno

When a person dies
on the streets
Where do they go?
Do they go to heaven?
Does anyone miss them?
Does their family know?
And if they went to heaven...
Do they have a home now?
Or are they still sleeping
on a sidewalk,
outside heaven's gate?

