

WHAT IS OURS

Are we all destined to suffer, a slow and shameless death.

I guess then time will be plenty, to amend our sorry's and regrets.

But what good would it do us, to take all that we can horde.

Because when time comes to take us, those things we can't afford.

Many times we were told to end, the things we had begun.

And there was still time to have, all these things undone.

But what good would it do us, the end might be here.

What was a dream is now reality, we now live our greatest fears.

Killed by one of our own, a son has died in war.

We may not see the whole truth, but we support what they're fighting for.

And what good would it do us, to pray to the Lord, so strong and sure.

For all the diseases that we suffer, this almighty man, has no cure.

But why can't they see, that the things that they have done, or the things that they have gained, all mean nothing to me.

But now it makes no difference, its all been painted and framed.

Our hindrance is our difference, I pray society's not insane.

Jan. 1991



To write a poem

It Doesn't take much to write a poem

Just a pinch of this and a pinch of that.

Just a few words, arranged nicely on a page.

Just an opinion on anything, even if it's not important.

An opinion on pancakes:

All it takes,

is a bit of vocabulary,

a few words, a little piece of paper,

a single pen,

and a lot of heart

-Janette Callbeck

WHY?

How come whenever I ask someone why it is,

why do they always say that it is an act of God?

Who is God?

Our Creator? Our master?

No one ever seems to know.

But why don't people know?

Millions worship a being who they have never seen.

Doesn't that seem strange?

People who do not believe in God,

believe that we are part of evolution.

Everything must begin and end, so

how did it begin?

Someone must have been responsible for it.

But who?

How will it end?

Surely we will bring the end upon ourselves, or maybe evolution will do it for us.

The manner in which we treat this earth, will not extend our welcome.

Hopefully when our welcome here ends, I will not be here.

When something has been for so long, it won't leave peacefully.

Jan. 1989



The Computer Sitting In Front Of Me.

Oh What A Nasty Sight.

The Glare Off The Screen.

An Ail, Pale Light.

I Try To Run And Hide.

My Emotions All Locked Up Inside.

The Crooked Creek Turns Here

And There.

And People Just Don't Seem To

Care.

Oh What A World We Live In

Today.

I Wish It Would All Just Go AWAY.

-Jabba

Thistle-laden jagged peaks

Stretching to the sky

Rushing streams and crushing creeks

Validate my cry.

Seek to free the who within

Gripping at my bones

Claws of hate ripping the skin

Of one who's now full grown.

Anguish filled and lifelessness

So ruthless and undone

Longing for the gift of rest

What has the ghost become?

H.K. Douglas

WHAT I EXPECTED WAS A BELL.

A great bronze bell
thundering to the ground
from a burning tower,
a monument to freedom
cracking out its last dolorous peel
as it splits on the frozen ground,
its tongue stopped.
Silent bell.

What I expected was a bowl,
slipping in slow motion to the floor
with the sickening certainty
this cannot be saved,
shattering with a rich final ring,
the vessel flying into an oblivion
of plinths, slivers of glaze
making the path unwalkable.
Empty bowl.

It is not a bell.
It is not a bowl.
I did not expect bone.
It is a small broken bone,
silent as it snaps
...there should be sound...
barely felt in breaking,
agony slowly defiling flesh.
Hidden bone.

It is unexpected pain in motion

pain in small things,
feeling and movement no longer
possible
without knowledge.
It is crying when feeling comes
uninvited and unrehearsed.
It is crying for the impossible
the trivial and stupid thing.
Without motion there is peace.

It is a small broken bone
deep in my flesh
that causes nauseous pain
that freezes me with fear
of ever being moved again.
It is a small bird bone
that breaks whenever I might fly
that brings me plummeting
To the frozen plane.

It is not a bell.
It is not a bowl.
It is an unexpected bone,
small, silent, avian.
It is the piece
deep inside of me
that breaks when I hold you,
when you die.
Glenn Saunders
Dec.21