

Trip on reality

nce chokes me,
thoughts stagnating in the ordinary.
se my eyes,
mundane's grip dissolving.

massive hand squeezes my faithful club,
sabretooths cowering in fearful respect.

celestial arm hurls my terrible thunderbolt,
mortals trembling in awestruck reverence.

nailed fist swings my shining sword,
Mordred falling in bloody defeat.

limble fingers draw my mighty bowstring,
Sherriff cursing in murderous frustration.

murmuring lips stir my smoking pipe,
on listening in respectful silence.

hawk-like eyes guide my flashing six-guns,
boots gaping in flat-footed surprise.

at-winged cape hides my ebon-gloved fist,
poker recoiling in unexpected pain.

I open my eyes,
The universe contracting.

Reality reclaims me,
The librarian staring in concerned puzzlement.

Dormancy

Leaves sleep beneath a blanket, snowy white.
Here also rests a figure, eyes closed tight.
Its feathers, stilled by slumber we call death,
Now only stir with icy breeze's breath.

The icicles hang mutely in the air.
The trees sleep in the coats of frost they wear.
The water lies subdued in form of glass.
Cruel frost has sheathed the brittle blades of glass.

The grass will soon enjoy rebirth in Spring,
And as it reappears new birds will sing.
For this old bird no longer feels frost's sting;
Though body lies, its soul has taken wing.

Daniel LaRonde

Goodnight

aniel LaRonde
ok to the heaven's sparkle of eve,
et another star brilliantly lit,
Eyes have done when I succeeded
ed when I was hurt.
ow my eyes are teared,
ness as you pass on, you'll never die
e in my heart you live on, and you go,
soul filled search for God's home.

walk, alone seemingly on a smaller path
forest, the thought of your goodness
me smile. the warmth of your soul
my spirit, as it always will.

est is a little cooler now as I say goodbye,
ft wind brushes my cheek as you did
times before, whispering your goodbye
nto my ear, touching my face,
sh you a final goodnight...I love you.

Winter

Gnarled, twisted, bare
The clucking trees appear as fingers,
Grubby fingers of the criminal,
Trying to pluck the moon out of my night,
Leaving me empty, Undone.

To the trees I scream for them
To stop stealing the jewel of the night
To loosen the grip on the stars
And untie the Aurora Borealis so it waves once
more
Before the snow flies, Covering it all.

The soft cool wind whispers
As a woman in cool white would
And now I understand. Like all others
I saw the worst of life, bare, naked to the bark
And the best, covered by leaves, I was wrong.

Each has their own leaf
To cover their shame from others, themselves
But one day I realized my leaf must fall too,
To show what others haven't seen or known
As the trees did with my night sky at winter

Mike Bertrand

The Morsel's Lament

As the icy drops smacked into his brain
His heart began to cry again
A single teardrop, a million eyes
Is what cynics now decry
The vampish cartwheelers try their tricks
With Lies, the Bomb, and a Crucifix
The spiders' webs are not unseen
And still the flies are caught between
The invisible slayers, the spiders' wastes
Are covered over with impressive haste
Until a fly decides to taste
The waters, but by then its too late.

CHORUS

You writhe and wriggle,
struggle and squirm
And deny that the web is there
You're like a pink, fat, juicy worm
Underneath an eagle's stare
The way out is too scary, he said
And this leaves me paralysed
For if I escaped from the web
I'd stand out from the other flies

Verse II

After the water passes its lips
A thing will grow between its hips
It kills tomorrow's children, then
It starts upon the very man
Who let it in unwittingly
And still is far too blind to see
That he is trapped beneath the strands
And that he and the spider are holding hands
But it's too late to misbehave
For this fly just found an early grave

CHORUS

Verse III

The maggots are fattened up with glee
And none of them will ever see
The fate of Mama and Papa
As the spider stuffs them in its maw
They're taught what to do and what to say
(they're more palatable that way)
The ones who shirk, and smell the trap
Are soon wrung in with a snap
And those escapees who dodge the jaws
Are not allowed a second's pause
But are driven by the need to give
Knowledge to the flies that they may live!

CHORUS