

building up inside of me For oh I don't know how long I don't know why But I keep thinking Something bound to go wrong But she looks in my eyes And make me realize And she says don't worry baby Don't worry baby Don't worry baby Everything will turn out alright Don't worry baby Don't worry baby Don't worry baby

THE PROGRESSIVES

On the scenic mountain path
Off the rustic commercial drag
The oh-so beautiful couple
So fashionably put together

Her sandy blonde hair
Clipped perfectly
Just past her shoulders

His stubble just the right growth
About two or three days
& their 1.2 kids
Tucked comfortably
In their all terrain jog stroller
Sporting an Obama/Biden '08 sticker

They waited till their mid-30's to breed
I don't want to overtake them
I don't want them to see me on the path
But they won't move.

The oldest, a little
Under or over two
Pitches a fit
Refuses to budge
For 15 minutes

They've moved twenty feet
in that time span
To accommodate the tantrum

I suppose I'm jealous
I suppose I wish
I were that young & idealistic again.
I wish for a moment
My family could be
that beautiful
that passive
in their idealism and beauty
For a moment

No doubt they work as consultants
For consulting firms
Who schedule meetings
To discuss the importance
Of scheduled meetings
Indicative of their current progress.

My jealousy
becomes revulsion
becomes contempt
& I don't know
If it's because of their paralysis
Or because I still want to know
What her pussy smells and tastes like
And after 1.2 kids I'm thinking
Not so bad.

--Paul Corman-Roberts



SCISSORS, PAPER, ROCK

Scissors, paper, rock.

How curious that lowly paper
could cover rock
which is busy crushing scissors?

Religious myths
cultivate such flimsy faith.

Scissors, paper, rock.

Come to think of it,
the current oil crises
could be attributed to those three unwise men from the West.
And the crisis before that
and the one before that.

While women, children and dead grandmothers wash the blue
the terrible blue,
the blue of adolescents devouring themselves,
the blue of poets lighting gunpowder for single-ball poems,
the blue of moths circling the neon-lit basement
of a suburban ranch house
in Reisterstown, Maryland,
the blue of morning glories
covering the bare shoulders
of this our final ecstatic hour
together.

--Alan Britt

O be careful little feet where you go
O be careful little feet where you go
There's a Father up above
And He's looking down in love
So, be careful little feet where you go

O be careful little mouth what you say
O be careful little mouth what you say
There's a Father up above
And He's looking down in love
So, be careful little mouth what you say

Caught. Like A Ringing Bell.

My mind is bleeding like a cannonball. Stuffed
too tight[ly against], the backdrop of lead-
lined clouds falls. Heavy is the opportunistic tone
of the day. Call me: *crazy*. (I have earned
the tag). Color me: *blue* (So stereotypically droll).
Shake me. (Never stir me -- I'm so much more
of a Manhattan than a Martini). Bust me. Open
is a level I covet. Beyond disgust
lies the alleyway to enlightenment. Pain is
[the key to any] lock. Panic, the perfect mixer,
likes the rocks in my head more I do. Roll-
ing around in glitter-filled air makes me feel
pretty as a butterfly on acid. Do you like
my peel? Banana bold is the bouquet . . .
Tell me, what is your favor[ed season]?

--AJ Huffman

WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER

And when your life turns into
A few broken lines of here or there poems
May the last voice you hear
Be mine

--Bari L. Kennedy

O be careful little eyes what you see
O be careful little eyes what you see
There's a Father up above
And He's looking down in love
So, be careful little eyes what you see

O be careful little ears what you hear
O be careful little ears what you hear
There's a Father up above
And He's looking down in love
So, be careful little ears what you hear

O be careful little hands what you do
O be careful little hands what you do
There's a Father up above
And He's looking down in love
So, be careful little hands what you do

