

# IMAGINATIONS

## Poem of the Night

At the silent time,  
in the middle of the night  
My mind grows wings  
and takes flight  
It flutters about  
like a decrepit bat  
Scurrying over  
This and that  
Picking old scabs  
Uncovering old fears  
That had laid dormant  
all these years  
I don't know why  
Night gives it this power  
To make my soul  
Shiver and cower  
But I know when I sit  
And I tap at these keys  
It puts my mind  
A little at ease.

By Mike Bertrand

## Night Noises

the see-saw siren of the drive  
is like the breath of some waiting creature  
as I sit and tap out my dreams

The whine of the refrigerator's contradictory  
radiator  
mixes with this whine  
in an eerie harmony

the steady hiss of the house's watery blood  
adds its subtle voice to the night's mysteries  
as an alien undertone

and underneath it all, the murmur of a television  
forsaken for the easier comfort of slumber  
makes the noises...human

By Mike Bertrand

## Pseudopsalms

As I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray that God is not a creep.  
If I should die before I wake, Then is it for hell,  
or heaven's sake?

The Lord is my shepard, I shall not think  
He maketh me to profess His will on green  
Atheists

A drop of blood, Burning-bush red  
Dripped from little Susie's head  
From where her Daddy's crucifix  
Had given Susie seven licks  
Too many, for by the third one  
Little Susie's life was gone  
For little Susie, she had dared  
To offer in her tiny prayers  
A prayer for those who had no faith  
Thus causing God much disgrace  
So it was God, not dad, who commanded  
That he should be so heavy-handed  
If you find all this shocking, well  
I guess you'll have to go to Hell.

By Mike Bertrand

## The Fairweather Friend

I fell in that trap again,  
into that old cliché where they say,  
"if you trust, you'll be deceived"...  
Because the fairweather friend has many faces.

And like a game of Russian Roulette,  
you can only guess when the next face will pop  
up  
and the one you've trusted will turn on you  
and use your trust to hurt and deceive.

Anonymous

## Make Lava, Not War

Fiery ideas boil to the surface of my mind  
and melt onto paper.  
Phrases forged in flame  
flow onto the page.

Like Pompeii's poor plebeians  
engulfed in the eruption,  
The ideas settle like ashes  
into gray lines of type

And the statues of my feelings  
Stand petrified for the generations.

SFM

## Gaea's Slumber

The sun's final fingers scratch the yawning  
Earth  
Parades of snow-white floats clouding sky  
Wondering eyes plumb upper depths  
Questing the glow gone by

Shuffling feet disturb mass graves  
Leafy corpses rustling mutely  
Mourning maples claw cold air  
Seeking their children lost

Yellowing cornstalks cast long shadows  
Crow-curbing counterfeits still stand by  
Straw arms spread like a martyr's limbs  
Obscuring the sun's closing eye

And winter's goblins lurk in the giantess's  
shadow  
Honing their blades of frost

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