

I lunge for it. My hand smashes against the glass face, and the hated machine rockets across the room. I hear a smash, and an electric pain rends my chest in two. But beneath it all, I feel a growing peace and calm.

HEIDI, I'M COMING!

Lost

And now your vacant eyes,
Are stabbing out like knives.
A hole in your disguise,
The truth beneath the lies.

Underneath the happy lies,
The truth's getting out
Too afraid to let it go,
The blanket if you fail.
It's easier to play
Another hopeless soul.

Now grabbing at your feet
It slowly pulls you down
Biting with dark teeth
Depression holds you tight
And if you think about the gun
Then evil only laughs.

You alone are one,
But really only half.

So long, but not good-bye
It's to the stars I fly
To re-enter the dream-sea
Quiddity.

S.

Jimmy Hoffa Fund

What? You want to challenge me?
We engage in battle
You darken my eye
My hands are red with your blood
In with the water pipes
Underneath Busch Stadium

By Chris

The Apartment

The idea of living in an apartment
Full of bottles with crippled
Cigarettes releasing their cancer
Of hunting down and killing
The hornets who wish to invade
Of water in glasses not fit
to drink out of
6 day old PIZZA
Playing tonite thousands of maggots
Here lies the garbage awaiting
For more of its family to join
The idea makes me wanna...

By Chris

Dawn.
and the rising sun
like a ball of fire
warms my body
and takes me higher

raising my spirits
arousing myself
yearning to come near it
and touch your majesty
Dawn.

S.

