

# Expressing into Ink

## Between Us

The space between us is not far,  
the both of us enjoy the bar.

The colour is different by a lot,  
but I will try not to be a snot.

We both have brains, and both have feelings,  
we enjoy the rains, but not glass ceilings.

They block us from how we want to be,  
together we can lift them easily.

If this is all that threatens our very might,  
then in our hearts we know what's right.

We must come together to take flight,  
rise up against them this very night.

What a happy place this world would be,  
if we could exercise a little fraternity.

Open to all the races,  
holding hands while we walk our paces.

This is a dream not reality,  
it is for us to realize and for the future to see.  
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When the holidays arrive,  
Stop and think about how we thrive.  
With love, sharing, joy, and a tear from an eye,  
Take a break to reconsider the things we buy.  
Consuming is what I'm getting at,  
With 18 pairs of shoes, and a dozen hats.  
Instead, this holiday share a memory, or a smile,  
You'll appreciate it more, for a much longer while.  
*Mall Phobic*

During [these] periods of relaxation after concentrated intellectual activity, the intuitive mind seems to take over and can produce the sudden clarifying insights which give so much joy and delight.

**Fritjof Capra, physicist**  
*Contributed by Molly*

So I started out walking late one night, smokin' a jay and takin' in the sights. And nobody keeps their eyes out for me, I'm the little one, hidin' in a fallen tree. The pigs got their eyes just tryin to catch, and waitin to catch me and my weed to snatch. And I'll run run as fast as I can, the motherfuckers won't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man. So 1,2,3 here are my rules, and for those who don't follow, you all are fools. Never roll pinners, It's not aloud, you gotta have a fat joint makin' the huge cloud. Keep plenty around, for a guest or two, that way they can enjoy the smelly green too. Don't go stingy on the munchy food, pass that shit around and get everyone in the mood. And if I had to say one last important thought, always smoke at least 2 joints a day with tha weed you got.

*Girl in Green*

Thanks to this weeks contributors! Keep those letters coming baby! [robmmac@hotmail.com](mailto:robmmac@hotmail.com)

The English public take no interest in a work of art until it is told that the work in question is obscene. ~ Oscar Wilde ~