

You Ruled My Heart, Solomon

I did not see you were grotesque
Like after Halloween Pumpkins on garbage
cans
I did not see you were spent
Like straws on lunch counters, and fake
Like Sear's Santa Claus;
You were the King, Solomon.
Your squalid splendor is gone,
Poisonous and cold the diamonds your eyes,
Ugliness tightens its noose, Solomon:
The pain runs like a lathe,
Sleeps yawns on my dreams,
Hate licks at my soul till it tears like a knife:
The nails fall from my fingers,
The eyelids from eyes,
The nose leaves a void,
The lips wither like leaves,
The leper yells for death, Solomon.

by Sunita Jain

Hot Soup

can you take us to America?
I asked the cab driver as he drove
are you the real America?
I asked the hot soup on my stove
other days held the answers
doubt grows like tiny cancers
in the hot soup on my stove

by Dewey Carter

East of St. Louis

by Wayne Loftin

Unfinished; but Growing Strong

My thoughts grow cold
at the realization—
that this nation,
Has on one hand buried
its conscience,
The other its
Pride
Guns and Butter
Fists and Gutter
The right will not be denied.
Till doomsday comes
They shout HOORAY
ANOTHER DAMN COMMIE HAS DIED.

by Michael Quentin

