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 splender 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?

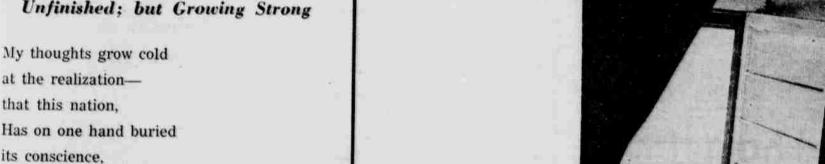
I asked the cab driver as he drove are you the real America?

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





They shout HOORAY
ANOTHER DAMN COMMIE HAS DIED.

The right will not be denied.

The other its

Guns and Butter Fists and Gutter

Till doomsday comes

Pride

mald

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by Michael Quentin

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