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Submitted on 2011/07/10 at 6:49 am

The Poem Not Taken

Today, we begin the dismantling of our pride and so much more
as the last shuttle weaves into the loom of the sky,
for NASA was a public commons of a most uncommon kind
where our imaginations journeyed free among the stars
for all to see and none to own, the wonders we discovered there
with launch upon launch to thrill us as it rumbled in our bones;
that took us to the shores of space and well beyond,
and let the curiosity of children play endlessly in its embrace;
where all might wander on that sheer expanse of wondering;
for NASA was a public commons of the mind that none
should ever own, where the wealth of what was kept
in that repository, stewarded for all to see,
belonged to all of humankind.

To step upon the moon, to glimpse the birthplace of the stars
and far beyond; to watch amazed as telescope and island sky
made limitless those gifts delivered wondrous to our surprise.
All that was ours, and more, dearer us than precious life
and dearest of all, an image taken from the shores of space
of that other public commons, concealed in a photograph

that NASA kept, until one of us compelled it to be shown;
an image all of us know well, a gown of blue-white mist
revealed as it shone upon the heavens, too;
a fragile globe that slept within the arms of space
that we then knew was all we'd ever know of home;
the Whole Earth was ours to keep and hold or, to let it go
should we insist on dismantling it, piece by piece, as well.

Some wish to own what we now tear asunder, and insist
the marketplace and profit is the best that we can make of it;
that competition and invention are a private thing that only
their self-interest can release; that progress isn't plunder
and what they do with what is left is to our benefit.

The best of us will hesitate, the looting of the public commons
is an art that those who practice it do well; the worst
can only calculate, they cite "the bad economy" as reason,
and know the ways to profit from excuses. Even now
they claim that other public commons for themselves
and eye this little NASA prize among the spoils,
to strip her of her gown and lay her bare, and usher in
what may be the final season of her shine, for we've cut
far more than fat, we're into bone and muscle now,
and what remains; but one bright moment left,
beneath the darkening cloud.

Before that darkness drops and what once shone above
is gone; before the face of death lays heavy on her brow,

without tears, nor any witness to express what happened
where we stood and, dry-eyed, watched the crumbling edifice
of human joy 'til nothing more remained of it, and less of us;
before the final cut is made and all is lost, there is a moment
to stand firm, in full possession of our own uncommon art,
and put between the knife and what remains, that one prize
that is ours and ours alone, what those who would wage war
on our imagination cannot dismantle, nor will they ever own;
a photo no one else can take but us, and from a place much further
than the furthest star, much closer than your eye is to this page;
a picture of the 'Whole Earth Heart', residing in ourselves,
and there unto the keeping of ourselves alone or,
to give away.

David Madgalene

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Submitted on 2011/07/08 at 1:13 pm

Cracker Lee

by David Madgalene

Floating down Gardner Creek

I see wild blackberries yearn to me

still in water I begin to eat

gradually I emerging from this water

step by step foot-stone hand-tree

I am standing on the shore

in my attempt to appease my hunger.

In so doing

I affirm my bond

with that first prehistoric amphibian/fish

who crawled ashore

onto the mud aeons ago

for no other reason

perhaps that as I have done

in the pursuit of food.

I affirm my bond with dinosaur and mammal,

bird and Neanderthal, forefathers and foremothers

who taught us to eat of the good.

I affirm my bond with the children of the beast—

all men, women and children

of all races, places, ages, colors, creeds, and climes

who have picked of these berries to eat.

In especial

I affirm my bond

with the Cherokees who shared of these berries

upon these very waters before me...

with the Scotch-Irish

the Scotch-Irish-American

Scotch-Irish-Cherokee

African-American

African-Cherokee
Scotch-Irish-African
Scotch-Irish-African-Cherokee-American
who took their stead
and ate of these berries before me.

I embrace my fathers and mothers
sisters and brothers
sons and daughters
upon the reservation in Cherokee, Oklahoma...
Cherokee, North Carolina...
would they have of these berries to eat.

I embrace my fathers and mothers
sisters and brothers
sons and daughters
in Somalia, Haiti, Indochina...
would they have of these berries to eat.

I desecrate the legacy of Andrew Jackson.
I desecrate the legacy of Nathan Bedford Forrest.
I desecrate the presidency of Ronald Reagan.
I desecrate the presidency of George Bush.

I embrace my fathers and mothers
sisters and brothers
sons and daughters

in Iraq, Afghanistan and the Palestine...
would they have of these berries to eat.

I am a white anglo-saxon protestant.

I am an anglo-american male.

I am not a young health-conscious cosmopolitan
Republican professional buying several ounces
of organically-grown blackberries
at an elite metropolitan health food store
at a price which excludes the purchase of all others
save young health-conscious cosmopolitan
Republican professionals such as myself
where the only Haitian to be seen
is sweeping the floor.

I stand naked upon the
banks of Gardner Creek
picking and eating wild blackberries for free
knowing that at any moment without warning
a poisonous snake may rise before me
and contest my right to this fruit.

No

Terri

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Submitted on 2011/07/07 at 4:43 pm

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Submitted on 2011/07/07 at 2:59 am

Further Notice

by Philip Whalen

I can't live in this world

And I refuse to kill myself

Or let you kill me

The dill plant lives, the airplane

My alarm clock, this ink

I won't go away

I shall be myself—

Free, a genius, an embarrassment

Like the Indian, the buffalo

Like Yellowstone National Park.

Yaru Romeo Nyerere ” El Poeta de La Timba ... ! “

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Submitted on 2011/07/05 at 7:54 pm

INOCENTES ... !

Cuantos barquitos de papel se hunden

en la esperanza ultrajada de un niño

... abusado !

Cuantas muñequitas de trapo pierden

Al jugueteó, el abrazo

de la niña que las ama

después de tu abuso, de tu maltrato.

Asesinas son tus manos, eres tu,

tu violencia, tu existencia y tus actos.

Cuantos castillitos de arena no serán

levantados, por que los niños dolidos

juegan con lágrima y espanto ...

Por que quiebras su inocencia

con tus pasos malvados ?

Detenté ... Abusador, estiércol humano !

Que aunque burles a la justicia;

Dios ... ! Dios te esta mirando.

Tengo madre, hermanas, hijas,

vergüenza, valor, balas

y no mas

... Llanto !

Por : Romeo

El Poeta de La Timba

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HALLELUJAH

Well, I heard there was a secret chord

That David played and it pleased the Lord

But you don't really care for music, do you?

Well it goes like this: the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall and the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Well, your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you
She tied you to her kitchen chair
She broke your throne and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Baby I've been here before
I've seen this room and I've walked this floor
You know, I used to live alone before I knew you
I've seen your flag on the marble arch
And love is not a victory march
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Well there was a time when you let me know
What's really going on below
But now you never show that to me, do you?
But remember when I moved in you
And the holy dove was moving too
And every breath we drew was Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Maybe there is a god above
But all I've ever learned from love
Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew you
And it's not a cry that you hear at night
It's not somebody who's seen the light
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

-Leonard Cohen

Awaiting confirmation

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Submitted on 2011/07/01 at 6:03 pm | In reply to David Coon aka nissmech.

David, Just a small thank you (to and from a lot of poets and artists) for 14 years of trying. No telling why something doesn't work – timing maybe, people's attention split in too many worthwhile directions? Perhaps it just didn't catch the right wave? Whatever the reasons, most of us have tried and failed at one time or another. So our thanx to you, and those like you, for the years and the heart they put into the human project.

Who knows why, at long last, Michael's effort and 100TPC seems to be getting traction and taking hold? My fondest wish is that Sept 24th is just the first volley of words and art heard round the world, from the grass-roots and frontlines of poetry to the bunkers where people have too long been cowed under a siege of lies and atrocities from those in power; from the violence of the ruling classes who have had it all to themselves much too long.

It is my fondest wish that folks like you and Michael and others with experience and know how will be able to put your hearts together to make 100TPC and its voice for change a permanent feature of the human landscape on our much maligned planet. Certainly, it is time we moved beyond our traditional role of "town criers" to that of first responders: to bring light to dark places; to elide the falsifications of history; to speak truth to power and to resurrect the memory of who we really are what we are capable of becoming. I see nothing to prevent this from being the signature moment we defeat those who have too long waged "WAR ON THE IMAGINATION." As Diane Di Prima wrote, it is "THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS." (and in the winning, the only war that really does end all other wars.)

That, in my opinion, would mark the beginning of the 21st century and a true revolution which everyone from Homer to Yeats to Ginsberg and beyond knew would have to happen for anything to change.. That rough beast has once again arrived, as it does every thousand years or so, to renew its contract of horrors with the gang that has run roughshod over our species far too long. This time, with 100TPC, we are positioned and ready to say "NO!" to their abuses, and to end the practice of contractual inhumanity, once and for all.

To ourselves, we need only say, "Make it so."

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Submitted on 2011/07/01 at 4:00 pm

Give the Drummer Some

by Christopher Luna & David Madgalene

I call upon you to give the drummer some.

The funk dispels the bad mojo.

FUNK A FUNK A FUNK A FUNK A FUNK.

Repels holocaust nightmares in times of war.

Just ask James.

The Godfather.

Give the drummer some.

Muchacha bodega los ojos te quiero.

Muchacha bodega los ojos te quiero.

The Hardest-working Man to have ever led the police on a car chase.

You don't know who you're funk'in' with!

The men don't know, but the little girls...let's roll.

Basketball dada nada nadie nadada daddy

paddywhack find the backboard Captain Hook.

Living in America. This aint no sequel, and
Neil Young aint necessarily a hippie no more.

Like a raccoon, a badger, an armadillo
he aint gonna stop till he get him some.

All I know is that I don't know.

I don't know.

I don't know.

Nothing.

FUNK A FUNK A FUNK A FUNK A FUNK....

She was short, she was plump.

Everybody wanted some.

How to explain that which defied explanation.

That which defines "the Horror."

Psychoxylophone banging in my head Lionel Hampton on GHB

Osama interviews Kurtz, but he's just trying to get on TV.

Hook shots from half-court. Dribbles like moon-launch.

Passes like cannon shots. Flying like Dr. Crow, I make the dunk.

Just ask Malcolm X about American history.

I'M HOT. I'M SMART. CAN I HELP IT THAT YOU WANT ME?

I'M HOT. I'M SMART. CAN I HELP IT THAT YOU WANT ME?

Al Hirt playing trumpet recording a duet with Ann Margaret.

Al Hirt pops a boner almost as big as his trumpet.

Ann Margaret laughs.

Pete Fountain got his.

Grady Martin got some.

Give the drummer some.

Skull-n-Bones.

The Blue-Eyed Devil lives on, and he possesses weapons of mass destruction.

I'm on the phone and I'm stoned and I drive by your condo...

Get on the good foot.

I want to get me some, some of your good love.

Don't forget our love.

The love.

The love.

The love.

The love will save us.

FUNK A FUNK A FUNK A FUNK...

Yeah, you're my raggedy-time doll.

My slow drag queen. My teasing Caesar daredevil shequeen.

MUCHACHA BODEGA LOS OJOS TE QUIERO.

MUCHACHA BODEGA LOS OJOS TE QUIERO.

I met you angel on Martin Luther King Boulevard.

You took everything I had,

But you gave the drummer some. You gave the drummer some.

David Coon aka nissmech

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Submitted on 2011/07/01 at 7:32 am

First I would like to congratulate you on organizing and implementing this fantastic occasion. For the past 14 years, starting on aol in 1997, I have been trying to organize poets and writers online for change. The organization was named POWRUP (POets and WRiters United for Peace. I was never able to bring the group to focus and it disbanded. I attempted this two more times, once on myspace and once on facebook. Same results. I became disillusioned and felt that something like this could not be achieved. What you have is created has renewed my hopes that, finally, the voice of pen will be heard and it shall be strong. Thank You!

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/06/28 at 8:39 pm

PEACE TRAIN

Now I've been happy lately
Thinking about the good things to come
And I believe it could be
Something good has begun
I've been smiling lately
Dreaming about the world as one
And I believe it could be
Something good's bound to come

For out on the edge of darkness
There runs the peace train
Peace train take this country
Come take me home again

Peace train sounding louder
Ride on the peace train
Hoo-ah-eeh-ah-hoo-ah
Come on the peace train
Peace train's a holy roller
Everyone jump upon the peace train
Hoo-ah-eeh-ah-hoo-ah
This is the peace train

Get your bags together

Come bring your good friends too
Because it's getting nearer
Soon it will be with you
Come and join the living
It's not so far from you
And it's getting nearer
Soon it will all be true

Peace train sounding louder
Ride on the peace train
Hoo-ah-eeh-ah-hoo-ah
Come on the peace train

I've been crying lately
Thinking about the world as it is
Why must we go on hating?
Why can't we live in bliss?

For out on the edge of darkness
There rides the peace train
Peace train take this country
Come take me home again

Peace train sounding louder
Ride on the peace train
Hoo-ah-eeh-ah-hoo-ah
Come on the peace train

Come on, come on, come on the peace train...

–Cat Stevens

Awaiting confirmation

Igor Indruch

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Submitted on 2011/06/28 at 5:00 am

Reality show

Ever imagined that you will die?

Not just a thought about death

The concept of one's transiency

But to live it in your vision

That time, that very moment

Most people die in hospitals nowadays

Unless they are as lucky as my dad

So we watch death in TV

I tried it, Spartacus: Gods of the Arena

9 stars from 10 on imdb.com

The world is mad

Or the Rome is back

And Attila the Hun

I switched it off after first 5 minutes
Of that throat slitting bloody show

So, here you have it
Your synthetic bread
And Adobe After Effects games
But also a war in live streaming
(would you like to place some in game bets?)
Webcamera on the nose on a warhead
Enjoy

My guru, my death, is cumming (sic!)

No

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/06/28 at 4:39 am

“The task of genius, and man is nothing if not genius, is to keep the miracle alive, to live always in the miracle, to make the miracle more and more miraculous, to swear allegiance to nothing, but live only miraculously, think only miraculously, die miraculously. It matters little how much is destroyed, if only the germ of the miraculous be preserved and nurtured.” Henry Miller, Colossus of Maroussi

Awaiting confirmation

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Submitted on 2011/06/28 at 1:04 am

ONE LOVE

One Love, One Heart

Let's get together and feel all right

Hear the children crying (One Love)

Hear the children crying (One Heart)

Sayin' give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right

Sayin' let's get together and feel all right

Let them all pass all their dirty remarks (One Love)

There is one question I'd really like to ask (One Heart)

Is there a place for the hopeless sinner

Who has hurt all mankind just to save his own?

Believe me

One Love, One Heart

Let's get together and feel all right

As it was in the beginning (One Love)

So shall it be in the end (One Heart)

Give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right

One more thing

Let's get together to fight this Holy Armageddon (One Love)

So when the Man comes there will be no no doom (One Song)

Have pity on those whose chances grove thinner

There ain't no hiding place from the Father of Creation

Sayin' One Love, One Heart
Let's get together and feel all right
I'm pleading to mankind (One Love)
Oh Lord (One Heart)

Give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right
Let's get together and feel all right

–Bob Marley

Awaiting confirmation

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Submitted on 2011/06/27 at 11:50 pm

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES

When the revolution comes
some of us will catch it on TV
with chicken hanging from our mouths
you'll know it's revolution
because there won't be no commercials
when the revolution comes

-The Last Poets, 1970

Awaiting confirmation

David Madgalene

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Submitted on 2011/06/27 at 9:18 pm

Crossing Barriers

by David Madgalene

I'm an American

in name only

Because America

is a country

in name only

I'm young or I'm old

in point of view

I'm white

that's skin deep

I'm a man

or maybe I'm not a man

that's according to your definition

I'm an agnostic

in my doubt

A Muslim/Christian/Jew/Hindu/Buddhist

by my faith

I am alive
in the moment

Everyday
I stand at the window
I stand at the door
Everyday
I go to the bridge
I go to the crossroads
I take it to the wall

I can be what I want
I can do what I want if I dream
I can remember what it is I truly want
I can live the life I dream

Everyday
I put on a new mask
I try out a new profile
Everyday
I can be someone else
open another page in another book
Play a different character in a different movie

Dismiss me
because you don't like the way I come out

Dismiss me

because you don't like the way I look

Dismiss me

because you don't approve of the way I do business

Dismiss me

because I said something stupid

Diss me

because you don't like my music

Dismiss me

because—well you don't need a reason

Build up your barriers baby

keep me out

Build up your borders

keep me away

Go get your iPhone

Put my video on youtube

I see your pit bull you got on remote control

Ouch that dog gives me such a nasty look

Bulletproof your Hummer baby

Gate up your community

Get a new firewall

Hire a security guard

Your barriers can't stop me

They don't mean nothing to me

They've been built by someone else

The only barriers that can stop me
Are those I build myself

No

Carl Macki

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Submitted on 2011/06/27 at 7:25 pm

Looking for souls to help with events in Marin and San Francisco. These spots: Fairfax, San Rafael; Rancho Parnassus (6th and Minna, San Francisco). I am sorry I can't be more specific right now—artists, poets, musicians—what have you.

Please call me at 415-578-2276 or email carlmacki@gmail.com.

Thanks, for all the love in the world,

Carl

No

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Submitted on 2011/06/27 at 1:47 pm | In reply to Michael Koehler.

Yes!

Yes

Michael Koehler

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Submitted on 2011/06/26 at 7:17 pm

HOW THE REVOLUTION STARTED

In a small dusty bookstore,
a coffee shop, a reading room.
Old men in suits, biker chicks,
nurses, truckers, five blue-haired women
that move like a mob, a reporter
with yellow legal pad and matching pencils.
A college girl behind the counter pushes
cappuccinos and chocolate lattes.
Make no mistake,
hard words are spoken here;
words weighted like clubs,
flaming like Molotov cocktails.
Words naming names,
words pointing fingers,
words calling other words liars.
Sheets of paper are passed,
sentences armed with threats
of pain, promises of change.
Paragraphs concocted of
dreams and grief.
O the rain, the rain,
the poet at the podium says,

the rain means what we build will fall.

So the revolution starts;

poems passed like bullets.

Poems stacked like sandbags.

Poems burning like torches held aloft.

No

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Submitted on 2011/06/26 at 12:16 am

Excerpt from EMPATHY ROAD

No longer chastise the poor for not having,
nor the hungry for dying but for the indolent masses of a rich culture,
no, do not chastise the believers in UFOs, nor those who have been
face to face with God and seen the vastness of that starry beating heart
within their own heart.

Please allow the love light to fill each of us as it has never been allowed before
and wake to a world made new, made fresh, made of love itself where love
has burned in oil and risen in black smoke from a million chimneys.

Allow your love to give and share so that we are a united species happy

in every single cell of our blind humanness.

Invoke peace as though it wasn't tainted by a thousand wars over ten thousand years,
and which argues that we must be at war because war is our nature, then we will rise from that pretext and begin anew, no longer relying on the disparate ugliness within to shape our destiny out of vengeance, greed and killer rage.

No longer be the child who suckled at the Earth's breast and then ravaged the same beautiful mother, making all women secondary in her image as the great provider at the master's beck and call.

No more remain the slaves of need, and the urge to have more and more to feel alive, in our soul's fury and striving as we are nearing a precipice and over the edge love is falling and returning itself to the grand realms which sent it to us as a gift.

I believe in the great heart of my species, that it will lay down every gun, that it will stop generating tribunals out of confusion and hatred, and find the center of all things turning within its own individuated hearts, to find beauty in the simplest smile and surrender to life like children to their hours of play.

For the generation of complex rationalizations I pray simplicity
For the generation of addiction and sloth I pray dignity
For the generation of scientific absolutes I pray mystery

For the generation of poverty and base drives I pray torment's end
For the generation of killers and protectors through might I pray awakening
For the generation of manufacturers and brokers I pray that love is the coin of the realm.

Forsaken dreamers who have no where to turn I want there to be a hand to put
in yours, and that this shall be the method
of our Government, rooted in empathy for us all; until there can be no suffering which is
not looked after, and no agony which is not shared openly by us all
until it is healed and that cure is to be found only in one place, which is love.

If I have grown tired of my witness to this infernal landscape out of balance
where are my brothers and sisters by my side, no longer arguing the finer points
of human salvation, but doing it, living it, expressing it as the one supreme virtue?

If I have grown tired of my witness to this nightmare which should have been a fulfilled
dream, where are the other golden souls whose lives shine like fireflies
dancing upon a meadow composed only of their dream of endless love?

Dare I go on without being ridiculed, without pointing the disparaging finger back at
hatred
and the denunciations of weak minds, tortured by all they fear while
accusing and opposing love as weakness, as addicts to the rush of rage
produced beneath their skin?

Do I send them love and let them free if they are to become the new wall separating
humanity from its freedom? To anyone erecting walls I say
let the only walls be those of love behind which a child sleeps warm from the freezing
wind.

That is how I am feeling in these days of war, and crime, while the rich steal the world from beneath our feet, and have made the very policies of chaos which assail us.

That those who make the laws make the poor to shoulder it
when there is only the one love to govern us
but it is a buried law, one buried in dullness and beneath the weight
of poisoned generations born from the embrace of the one law,
which is love.

Yes

Edjo Frank

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Submitted on 2011/06/23 at 7:45 pm

Hey folks,

a great idea – I will see what can be done in the Netherlands, in my city dordrecht or in Amsterdam. Here is my contribution – a poem about people on the run in Darfur, Somalia, Africa.

THE MOON TURNED INSIDE OUT

silent silhouettes

around the fire

torn blankets

wrapped around

frozen bodies

bleary the eyes
skin ashen
no flesh to hide
hungry throbbing
leather tongue

decayed to dust
soil tired of giving
once a herd so proud
screaming in silence
in search for life

the moon
turned inside out
her white milk
unattainable
black child's mouth

Oh God you forgot
this lost people
bereaved of hope
subject to
unscrupulous chiefs

defending their names
preserving their roots

they look at the stars
in vain tracing
the eyes of the World

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Submitted on 2011/06/23 at 3:53 am
an old poem finds a new place....

A Prayer ~ yvonne de la vega, november – 1989
For Julia Elba Ramos, Cecilia Ramos, her daughter, 15,
and the 6 Jesuit Priests murdered in El Salvador

Say a Prayer,
there are devils flying
over the eastern Bloc
The Angels
of the nations guard
over a chipping away
of the Soviet rock
oh Czechoslovakia!

Cry for your intent toward
your version of the dream:
Free World.

and pray for your brothers

in the southern heat

Oh El Salvador!

Church bells

ring around the globe for you

in homage to your martyrs slain

as the spirits of bound souls fly

from the wall

that tumbles,

Oh Berlin!

Blow Jerico!

Cry FREEDOM AT LAST!

and pray for

your yellow brothers

burning dried

bamboo nation,

maybe the last

rebel generation

executions in

the East

in numbers,

Oh China!

One body of the Earth

smoking opium dreams

now southwestern cocaine

and everyone's up in arms

on the streets of

the West Side story,
where everyone's
bound for glory...

And we read poetry
and talk about jazz
while the whole world's
rockin' and rolling,
the planet is shifting,
is cracking,
is the whole world
slipping away?

Oh L.A.! Can we pray?
Are you listening from your deco haven?
Your dark coffee houses where poets lament,
jacuzzis, simulated Gardens of Eden.
Pray for the South,
A prayer for whoever is right.
A blanket for the innocent
cover for the weak,
as the death squads stalk the night
AK47's and camouflage
fashions from Free World?
or free Market?
find the Great Lie to mark it.
Market?

Freedom!

Freedom?

Prayer!

Prayer?

Poets...

Oh People!

If the spirit of mind did lay in our hands,
in our hands lay their demise.

Say a prayer for the times
and a prayer for the Lands,
for the martyrs are
counted
at Sunrise !

Is our reason for living
their reason for dying?

As we dine,
do they die for no cause?

say a prayer for their souls
and their murderers,
the evils in silent applause.

As they feel
no more pain
at this moment

Let our prayers lift them to rise
high enough so every corner of the globe
see their reason before all eyes...

All eyes,

Oh Moscow!
watch as you allow
reform to sweep,
as all boundaries

melt
away.

Setting the stage for vulnerability,
that comes with the visions of democracy
while exploitation breeds
suffering for every
Third World,
Freedom's
subtle
hypocrisies.

Oh Johannesburg!

Oh Manilla!

Oh Pray for
the winds of
Bulgaria!

It's in ancient prophesy,
Oh Gog! and Magog!
And The Common Market
They all rise to join
Freedom? ...Market!

Free Market.

One Exchange. One Coin.
One Seven Eleven
& Justice For All!

As The Lord cried once, "Oh Jeruselem!

Oh El Salvador!
Oh America!

What have we done?

Yes

David Madgalene
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76.191.199.51

Submitted on 2011/06/21 at 8:58 pm

Rise Up

by David Madgalene

Rise up rise up Primal Man

Rise up rise up from the sea

Rise up rise up Original Man

Rise up rise up from the clay

Rise up rise up Father of us all

His hand is upon the water

I saw his hand upon the water

Say...Patriarch/Son of His Mother

Peking Man/African

Aryan/Barbarian

Indian/Migration

Say...I saw the flood/Tower of Babel

Say...Pyramid/African

Educated Man/Magician Priest

Son of God/Talkin' the Pharoah

Master/Slave

Horus/Seth

Jesus/Devil

Hmmmmmmmm...

Rise up rise up Christian Man

Rise up rise up in the desert

Rise up rise up upon the cross
Rise up rise up from the tomb
I saw him die/I saw him rise
Say...Conqueror/Augustus Caesar
Prophet/Judge
King/Crusader
Pope/Apostle
Dragon/Slayer
Joan of Arc/Barefooted friar
Say...I saw the stars/The Seven Sisters
Say...Wooden ship/Aztec war
Paradise Lost/Puritan
John Wesley/King Cotton
Son of God/Talkin' the President
Master/Slave
Horus/Seth
Jesus/Devil
HMMMMMMMM...

Rise up rise up Modern Man
Rise up rise up in the city
Rise up rise up Invisible Man
He took off his mask/He had no face
Take off your mask/Do you have a face?
Say...Notes from the underground/Metamorphosis
Civil War/Emancipation
Charlie Chaplain/Adolf Hitler

Apollo 13/Serial Killer

I remember the day/Jackie died

I remember the day/Malcolm died

I remember the day/Martin died

I remember the day/Bobby died

Say...one more time/Native Son

Richard Wright/Toni Morrison

Alice Walker/James Baldwin

Patricia Smith/Gayle Danley

God is dead/Talkin' the Pharoah

Master/Slave

Horus/Seth

Jesus/Devil

Hmmmmmmmm...

No

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/21 at 4:45 pm

Klaatu's Speech

I am leaving soon and you will forgive me if I speak bluntly. (he pauses, studying the faces) The Universe grows smaller every day — and the threat of aggression by any group — anywhere — can no longer be tolerated.

There must be security for all — or no one is secure... This does not mean giving up any freedom except the freedom to act irresponsibly.

Your ancestors knew this when they made laws to govern themselves — and hired policemen to enforce them.

We of the other planets have long accepted this principle. We have an organization for the mutual protection of all planets — and for the complete elimination of aggression. A sort of United Nations on the Planetary level... The test of any such higher authority, of course, is the police force that supports it. For our policemen, we created a race of robots— (indicating Gort) Their function is to patrol the planets — in space ships like this one — and preserve the peace. In matters of aggression we have given them absolute power over us.

At the first sign of violence they act automatically against the aggressor. And the penalty for provoking their action is too terrible to risk.

The result is that we live in peace, without arms or armies, secure in the knowledge that we are free from aggression and war — free to pursue more profitable enterprises. (after a pause) We do not pretend to have achieved perfection — but we do have a system — and it works.

I came here to give you the facts. It is no concern of ours how you run your own planet — but if you threaten to extend your violence, this Earth of yours will be reduced to a burned- out cinder.

Your choice is simple. Join us and live in peace. Or pursue your present course — and face obliteration. We will be waiting for your answer. decision rests with you.

- Edmund H. North, 1951

fr. the film The Day The Earth Stood Stil

No

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/21 at 4:39 pm

Regarding people (and animals) as expendable, interchangeable units as fuel for the engines of manic production (in wars, prisons, work-slavery and the manipulated appetites of consumption) is approaching its zenith. Poised for an attack on social security, raising the retirement age, cutting medicare and co-opting organizations like AARP bodes ill for any human who dares arrive at a point in their lives where 'productivity' is no longer the point (or those who have found that it was a piss-poor excuse for a point in the first place). Generally, societies are finding that the only good excuse for keeping old-folks around is to squeeze the last nickle of whatever they have and transfer it to the corporate nursing home or hospice unit, etc.

For hundreds, if not thousands of years, one group has stood in quiet opposition to this view of the human project. Friends, spouses and family have taken on the tasks of caregiving for those who can't care for themselves. Essentially, they are making the daily statement (often at the cost of their own ambitions) that people are not throw-aways that you simply toss of a cliff or send off into the snow when they no longer make things you can sell, or buy things you peddle.

Often we think of caregivers as those who make statements about death; who accompany and make comfort for those who are on the path to that final journey. Some would assert that such people, once discarded by the economic engines that have used them up, have no place in the human project. Some say that caregiving merely postpones the inevitable and may even prolong its agony.

After a few years, however, anyone who stood the watch of the caregiver knows that what they do has nothing to do with death (or the Watchmaker of Nothing). Caregivers have nothing to say about death, nothing to do with it. What caregivers do say, in every task and for every day they care for a loved one, has to do with a statement about life. It is all they say; all they have control over – a definition of human life which does not entertain the idea of people as objects to be discarded when they become unproductive or inconvenient. That is why, in my sixth year of caregiving until Isobel's death, I stopped

regarding my job as ‘caregiving’ and began referring to caregivers as ‘stewards of mortality’; something far more important to the definitions of our societies than the great economic and political engines we employ to run them. They are the ones who speak about death. They are the ones who make the human project into a death-machine into which people are fed for its own ambitions.

If we wish to make some change upon which all other changes we need to make rely, then I can think of no better one than to let the voices and message of our caregivers sink in and become the standard by which we evaluate this little human project in which we find ourselves. Less we forget, the bridge of humanity across the chasm of death is crossed over the backs of our caregivers.

The Caregiver’s Reply

There will come a day;
and on that day
beings from beyond the stars
will come to ask,
“why should the likes of you,
defective and dangerous as you are,
be permitted to spread beyond
the light of your dying sun
and onto the wonder of the heavens?”

In reply, a single caregiver
stepped out from the cloud of humanity
as if to say, “We are the Stewards of Mortality.
In all the limitless expanse of your travel,
the countless species of your wondrous universe,
have you ever met the likes of us?”

Red Slider

‘The Caregiver’s Reply’, fr. Stewards of Mortality)

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/20 at 6:35 pm

from Zero Hour

BY ERNESTO CARDENAL

TRANSLATED BY DONALD D. WALSH

Tropical nights in Central America,
with moonlit lagoons and volcanoes
and lights from presidential palaces,
barracks and sad curfew warnings.

“Often while smoking a cigarette
I’ve decided that a man should die,”
says Ubico smoking a cigarette . . .

In his pink-wedding-cake palace
Ubico has a head cold. Outside, the people
were dispersed with phosphorous bombs.
San Salvador laden with night and espionage,
with whispers in homes and boardinghouses
and screams in police stations.

Carías’ palace stoned by the people.

A window of his office has been smashed,
and the police have fired upon the people.
And Managua the target of machine guns
from the chocolate-cookie palace
and steel helmets patrolling the streets.

Watchman! What hour is it of the night?

Watchman! What hour is it of the night?

The campesinos of Honduras used to carry their money in their hats
when the campesinos sowed their seed
and the Hondurans were masters of their land.

When there was money
and there were no foreign loans
or taxes for J.P. Morgan & Co.,
and the fruit company wasn't competing with the little dirt farmer.

But the United Fruit Company arrived
with its subsidiaries the Tela Railroad Company
and the Trujillo Railroad Company
allied with the Cuyamel Fruit Company
and Vaccaro Brothers & Company
later Standard Fruit & Steamship Company
of the Standard Fruit & Steamship Corporation:
the United Fruit Company
with its revolutions for the acquisition of concessions
and exemptions of millions in import duties
and export duties, revisions of old concessions

and grants for new exploitations,
violations of contracts, violations
of the Constitution . . .

And all the conditions are dictated by the Company
with liabilities in case of confiscation
(liabilities of the nation, not of the Company)
and the conditions composed by the latter (the Company)
for the return of the plantations to the nation
(given free by the nation to the Company)
at the end of 99 years . . .

“and all the other plantations belonging
to any other persons or companies or enterprises
which may be dependents of the contractors and in which
this latter has or may have in the future
any interest of any kind will be as a consequence
included in the previous terms and conditions . . .”

(Because the Company also corrupted prose.)

The condition was that the Company build the Railroad,
but the Company wasn't building it,
because in Honduras mules were cheaper than the Railroad,
and “a Congressman was chipper than a mule,”
as Zemurray used to say,
even though he continued to enjoy tax exemptions
and a grant of 175,000 acres of the Company,
with the obligation to pay the nation for each mile
that he didn't build, but he didn't pay anything to the nation
even though he didn't build a single mile (Carías is the dictator

who didn't build the greatest number of miles of railroad)
and after all, that shitty railroad was
of no use to the nation
because it was a railroad between two plantations
and not between the cities of Trujillo and Tegucigalpa.

They corrupt the prose and they corrupt the Congress.
The banana is left to rot on the plantations,
or to rot in the cars along the railroad tracks
or it's cut overripe so it can be rejected
when it reaches the wharf or be thrown into the sea;
the bunches of bananas declared bruised, or too skinny,
or withered, or green, or overripe, or diseased:
so there'll be no cheap bananas,
or so as to buy bananas cheap.
Until there's hunger along the Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua.

And the farmers are put in jail for not selling at 30 cents
and their bananas are slashed with bayonets
and the Mexican Trader Steamship sinks with their barges on them
and the strikers are cowed with bullets.

(And the Nicaraguan congressmen are invited to a garden party.)

But the black worker has seven children.

And what can you do? You've got to eat,

And you've got to accept what they offer to pay.

24 cents a bunch.

While the Tropical Radio Subsidiary was cabling Boston:

“We assume that Boston will give its approval to the payment made to the Nicaraguan congressmen of the majority party because of the incalculable benefits that it represents for the Company.”

And from Boston to Galveston by telegraph
and from Galveston by cable and telegraph to Mexico
and from Mexico by cable to San Juan del Sur
and from San Juan del Sur by telegraph to Puerto Limón
and from Puerto Limón by canoe way into the mountains
arrives the order of the United Fruit Company:

“United is buying no more bananas.”

And workers are laid off in Puerto Limón.

And the little workshops close.

Nobody can pay his debts.

And the bananas rotting in the railroad cars.

So there'll be no cheap bananas

And so that there'll be bananas cheap,

19 cents a bunch.

The workers get IOUs instead of wages.

Instead of payment, debts,

And the plantations are abandoned, for they're useless now,
and given to colonies of unemployed.

And the United Fruit Company in Costa Rica

with its subsidiaries the Costa Rica Banana Company

and the Northern Railway Company and

the International Radio Telegraph Company

and the Costa Rica Supply Company
are fighting in court against an orphan.
The cost of derailment is \$25 in damages
(but it would have cost more to repair the track).

And congressmen, cheaper than mules, Zemurray used to say.
Sam Zemurray, the Turkish banana peddler
in Mobile, Alabama, who one day took a trip to New Orleans
and on the wharves saw United throwing bananas into the sea
and he offered to buy all the fruit to make vinegar,
he bought it, and he sold it right there in New Orleans
and United had to give him land in Honduras
to get him to break his contract in New Orleans,
and that's how Sam Zemurray abointed bresidents in Jonduras.
He provoked border disputes between Guatemala and Honduras
(which meant between the United Fruit Company and his company)
proclaiming that Honduras (his company) must not lose
“one inch of land not only in the disputed strip
but also in any other zone of Honduras
(of his company) not in dispute . . .”
(while United was defeating the rights of Honduras
in its lawsuit with Nicaragua Lumber Company)
until the suit ended because he merged with United
and afterward he sold all his shares to United
and with the proceed of the sale he bought shares in United
and with the shares he captured the presidency of Boston
(together with its employees the various presidents of Honduras)

and he was now the owner of both Honduras and Guatemala
and that was the end of the lawsuit over the exhausted lands
that were now of no use either to Guatemala or Honduras.

Awaiting confirmation

red slider

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Submitted on 2011/06/19 at 9:13 pm | In reply to Michael.

Written, sniffed or regarded, roses don't do much for me. Frannie delights in them, so we've got 'em. I just come in at the end of the day with scratches and thorns, a real bloodletting. But now, that Watchmaker of Nothingness. I know that guy. Boy, do I ever know him.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/19 at 5:53 pm

To a downfallen rose

When I laid aside the verses of Mimnermus,
I lived a life of canned heat and raw hands,
alone, not far from my body did I wander,
walked with a hope of a sudden dreamy forest of gold.
O rose, downfallen, bend your huge vegetic back;
eye down the imposter sun...in winter dream

sulk your rosefamed head into the bile of golden giant,

ah, rose, augment the rose further still!

whence upon that self-created dive in Eden

you blossomed where the Watchmaker of Nothingness

lulled,

your birth did cause bits of smashed night to pop,

causing my dreamy forest to unfold.

Yes, and the Watchmaker, his wheely-flesh

and jewelled-bones spoiled as he awoke,

and in the face of your Somethingness, he fled

waving oblivious monks in his unwinded hands.

The sun cannot see upheaved spatrics, the tennis of Venus

and the court of Mars sing the big lie of the sun,

ah, faraway ball of fur, sponge up the elements;

make clear the trees and the mountains of the earth,

arise and turn away from the vast fixedness.

Rose! Rose! my tinhorned rose!

Rose is my visionic eyehand of all Mysticdom

Rose is my wise chair of bombed houses

Rose is my patient electric eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes,

Rose is my festive jowl,

Dali Lama Grand Vicar Glorious Caesar rose!

When I hear the rose scream

I gather all the failure experiments of an anatomical empire

and, with some chemical dream, discover

the hateful law of the earth and sun, and the screaming
rose between.

—Gregory Corso

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/18 at 11:29 pm

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER

Memorial Day, 2003

Today is Memorial Day. Take time to remember
those brave souls who gave their lives for freedom.

— Dear Abby

S.F. Chronicle

Remember Sacco & Vanzetti

Remember Haymarket

Remember John Brown

Remember the slave revolts

Remember Malcolm

Remember Paracelsus

Remember Huey & Little Bobby Hutton

Remember Crazy Horse & Chief Joseph

Remember the Modoc & the Algonquin Nation

Remember Patrice Lumumba

Remember the dream of Africa

Remember Tina Modotti

Remember Makhnov & Tsvetaeva & Mayakovski, Essenin

yes, goddammit, even remember Trotsky

Hey, do you remember Hypatia?

Socrates? Giordano Bruno?

Remember my buddy, Esclarmonde de Foix

Remember Seton the Cosmopolite

Remember Edward Kelly, murdered in prison

Remember to take yr life back into yr hands

It's Memorial Day, remember

what you love

& do it – don't wait.

Remember life hangs by a thread —

anybody's life

& then remember the poets:

Shelley & Bob Kaufman

Remember Van Gogh & Pollock

Remember Amelia Earhart

Remember it's not a safe time & all the more reason

To do wholeheartedly what you have to do

Remember the women & men of Wounded Knee,

Kent State, remember where you stand:
in the midst of empire, & the Huns
are coming.

Remember Vercingetorix, Max Jacob
Apollinaire & Suhrawardi, remember

that all you need to remember is what you love
Remember to Marry the World

—Diane di Prima

Awaiting confirmation

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/17 at 4:42 am | In reply to Michael.

This has a familiar ring to it. At the Council of Nicaea, convened by Constantine in A.D. 325, one of the questions put before the bishops regarded whether the afterlife was to be spent in a cycle of rebirths on earth ('reincarnation', which was very popular with many Christians of the day) or, if it was to be spent in some heavenly abode (presumably listening to an eternity of organ music 24/7, as Mark Twain suggested would be the case). Two votes were taken. The first weighed in against reincarnation but not all were convinced. Whereupon, Constantine had all those who voted in favor of reincarnation taken out and executed. A second vote was then taken, which was then recorded as unanimous. It would appear that God's domicile is located as precisely as His/Her revenge delivered admirably.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/17 at 1:56 am

LETTER FROM ARNAUD AMALRIC TO THE POPE (BEZIERS, 1209)

Thanks to our cunning
and the inexperience
of the people under siege
on the 22nd of July
we succeeded in entering Béziers.

They resisted as long as they could
I have to admit
hapless and wretched
they took refuge in the churches

The mercenaries asked me
- Abbot, how are we to distinguish
Cathars from Catholics
And I answered
- Kill them all
God will recognize his own

Our men
well tried
in the rigors of impiety
without regard to sex

age or rank
put to the sword
twenty thousand people

After this merciless
slaughter of the enemy
the whole city
was sacked
and burnt

God's revenge
has been admirable

—Blanca Strepponi

(Translated by Rowena Hill)

Born 1952 in Buenos Aires, Argentina. In the mid '70s settled in Caracas, where she works in publishing. Playwright and short-story writer as well as poet. Director of UN Libroas, Editorial CEC, Los Libros El Nacional. Poetry collections: Poemas Visibles, 1988; Diario de John Robertson, 1990; El Jardín del Verdugo, 1993. Las vacas, 1995; Balada de la revelación; 2004. She projects a contemporary awareness of destruction in horrifyingly matter-of-fact poems on historical subjects.

Spanish Text

Awaiting confirmation

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/17 at 1:25 am | In reply to Kathy Figueroa.

Kathy, that's a real bummer. And another peg down for those of us in the lower 50 who have long viewed the RCMP as kind of the boy scouts and Pat Boones of law enforcement when it came to even-handedness and fair treatment. I guess not. Oh Canada, you're losing your shine, and we're losing our delusions about you. God knows how long this mayhem by maniac on highway 16 has been going on – at least 7 years, and not a lead? I find that hard to believe. If it had been some politician's or MP's daughter, I'll bet there would have been a few leads, pronto, and quick capture. And a whole community cowed in fear – that's terrorism, that what that is. I wish your poem could get made into a song by some celeb and played all over the country on the radio till the police make it stop by actually doing something.

Meantime, I wonder: Has the aboriginal nation been able to do anything (other than trying to get deaf old white men to listen)? One might be to put a cell phone in the hands of every tribal woman who even thinks of (or needs to) hitchhike. (and hitchhiking in places like that ought be made safe and acceptable – not forbidden – its almost a requirement of isolated folks to be neighborly to get around and survive) . Anyway, it's to big a deal to see that every young girl hitchhiking that road has a cell phone with an auto-button that would transmit a picture of the vehicle and lic. plate to the tribe's homebase and let some organization GPS track her progress to make sure she arrive's safely. Would that be a problem? Do they have satellite com. up there that can handle that? A second thing, public transport being what it is, the people of the tribal community might organize to make a couple of free volunteer runs up and down 16 each day, in a van or something and pick up the those who are hitchhiking. Given a regular schedule of volunteers, hitchhikers would get know about when the van was due and plan accordingly. There may be reasons they can't do that; but I think waiting for the mounties to act (and how many more tragedies in-between?) is the least effective way to deal with this. Hope your poem stirs up some action.

No

Kathy Figueroa

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74.198.164.16

Submitted on 2011/06/17 at 12:16 am

The Wind (December, 2009)

a poem by Kathy Figueroa

Carried on the wind
And whispered by the breeze
Is the story of Nicole
Who went north to plant trees
Twenty-five years old, an artist
At the start of her career
She came from Alberta
From a place called, 'Red Deer'
After labouring to keep
The wilderness green
She decided to visit her sister
In Smithers, on Highway 16
With places to go
And people to see
Sometimes it's hard to get
From point 'A' to point 'B'
Bus service is infrequent
And doesn't run for free
So people hitch rides
Up in northern B.C.
The first day of summer
Usually dawns bright and clear
It has the most daylight
Hours of the year
It's the Summer Solstice
And National Aboriginal Day

June 21st... in 2002

That's when Nicole went away

Prince George, or P.G.

Is also called 'Prince'

That's where she was seen last

There's been no trace of her, since

She was standing

In front of a gas station

On the road side

With a pack on her back

Hitching a ride

When she was gone

The reaction was swift

And the hunt was on

For the person that gave her a lift

The Wind, Part II

Winter up north

Is filled with ice and snow

The temperature drops

To more than forty below

People stay inside because

To go out is to freeze

And you can hear the wind scream

As it rips through the trees

Does the wind know secrets

That some tried to hide?
Does it mourn for all
The First Nations women that died?
Maybe in those dark months
The wind shrieks with rage
Because of what happened
To girls like Ramona Wilson
Who was only fifteen years of age
She'd just called home to say
That she'd be there, soon
That day, in Smithers
1994, on the 11th of June
Here's something that
People hope someone explains:
A native, aboriginal
First Nations man
Made a call to the Smithers
Royal Canadian Mounted Police
And told them where
They'd find her remains
But the R.C.M.P. did nothing
So it appears
Until a 'discovery'
On April 9, 2005
Confirmed her family's worst fears
This was ten months
After she'd vanished

Seemingly without a trace

Was the lack of police action

Because of her race?

Delphine Nikal was also fifteen

June 13th, 1990, hitchhiking

From Smithers to Telkwa

Was when she was last seen

Lana Derrick was enrolled in Forestry Studies

At Northwest Community College

Her age was nineteen years

She vanished hitchhiking

Near Terrace, west of Smithers

On the road where sanity disappears

Tamara Lynn Chipman, 22

Lana Derrick, 19

Alishia Germaine, 15

Nicole Doreen Hoar, 25 (the only missing person who wasn't aboriginal)

Delphine Nikal, 16

Aielah Katherina Saric-Auger, 14

Roxanne Thiara, 15

Alberta Gail Williams, 27

Ramona Lisa Wilson, 15

These are among those missing or found deceased

On Highway 16, the Highway Of Tears

Their families hope and pray

That the memories

Of these people won't fade

And that one day soon
Arrests will be made
Prince George, Burns Lake
Smithers, Terrace and Prince Rupert
Haven't been very safe places to be
Especially if you've got
First Nations ancestry
So now a question looms very large
Why haven't the R.C.M.P.
In British Columbia, Canada
Laid even one charge?
It really puts their credibility to the test
When the police in B.C.
Haven't even made one arrest
When the part of society
That is well served by the police
Is the part that's mainly white
It's easy to see how First Nations women
Can just vanish from sight
And why people who
Might have knowledge of what happened
Just don't want to talk to the law
So they won't come forward
To say what they heard
Or what they saw
And if, by chance, they do
There's an unusual complication

The police in P.G. have, in effect, said
“Well, we can’t just listen to you
We need not one, but two
People to come forward
With the same information”
That they need two people
To come forward and talk
Sounds like some sort of loophole
To let the bad guys walk
One day the wind
Might carry the news
That justice has been done
And that, in Canada
‘Human rights’ means
‘Rights for everyone’

<http://www.un.org/en/documents/udhr/>

<http://www.highwayoftears.ca/>

Here’s a link to a ready-to-print version of this poem:

<http://www.bancroftthisweek.com/Blogs/PrintBlog.aspx?BlogID=5766>

Crimestoppers: 1-800-222-TIPS

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/16 at 8:52 pm

We both are here, again

We both are here, again,
in memory of sound bird's river of light.
Thought we both are
Egyptian mummies.
Slumbering from morn to evening.
Sporting ourselves as a morning breeze,
swaying clusters of green leaves,
or becoming a twig of emblica, sal,
or even turning into silver hued falling rain,
pretending to be all of the above—
just you and me.

We died so many times over and over again
in many cities, bazaars, waterways,
amidst blood, fire, blurred decadence,
in the darkness of inauspicious moment.
Even then, we pined for light, courage, and life.
We cherished these in our heart
and be history-bound.

Our nest, we built somewhere.
It shattered into pieces and we cried.
On froth of the ocean, we giggled.

We loved our life.

Light—more light passed away!

If men depart today,
humankind will remain here,
curdled dewdrops will become
in the parlance of history, the capital
of man and woman.

Jibanananda Das

(Translation: A.H. Jaffor Ullah)

Awaiting confirmation

Obododimma Oha

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41.206.11.27

Submitted on 2011/06/15 at 11:40 pm | In reply to Michael.

Firing from the Hips

There were poets in the army

Who chose to fight a war

Within the war, poets who penned the pain

Poets who fired their words against war

“Fire your guns, not your poems!”

Screamed a red-faced commander

“Make every bullet count, you dogs.”

And soldier-poets, they made
Their metaphors show
The shocking wounds, the battered men
The headless bodies running to nowhere,
The scream of blood against the trembling earth

Those tropes hoped to change the troops
Hoped to pick the fragments of life
And stitch up the wounded land.

– Obododimma Oha
Ibadan, 16 June 2011.

Yes

Michael
walterblue@bigbridge.org
98.207.13.4
Submitted on 2011/06/15 at 8:56 pm
CALL TO ACCOUNT!

The drum of war thunders and thunders.
It calls: thrust iron into the living.
From every country
slave after slave
are thrown onto bayonet steel.

For the sake of what?

The earth shivers

hungry

and stripped.

Mankind is vapourised in a blood bath

only so

someone

somewhere

can get hold of Albania.

Human gangs bound in malice,

blow after blow strikes the world

only for

someone's vessels

to pass without charge

through the Bosphorus.

Soon

the world

won't have a rib intact.

And its soul will be pulled out.

And trampled down

only for someone,

to lay

their hands on

Mesopotamia.

Why does

a boot

crush the Earth — fissured and rough?

What is above the battles' sky -
Freedom?
God?
Money!
When will you stand to your full height,
you,
giving them your life?
When will you hurl a question to their faces:
Why are we fighting?

Vladimir Mayakovsky (1917)

Translated: by Lika Galkina with Jasper Goss, 2005.

Awaiting confirmation

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80.31.193.195

Submitted on 2011/06/15 at 7:26 pm

TWO HAYKUS

Raining seconds
in cosmic journeys,
finite rain.

Temporary arch,
cosmic and finite,

breathing peace.

SPANISH ORIGINAL POEMS (dos Haykus)

Llueven segundos
en trayectos cósmicos,
llueven finitos

Arco temporal,
cósmicos y finitos,
respiremos paz.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/13 at 5:02 pm

We Are Going by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

They came in to the little town

A semi-naked band subdued and silent

All that remained of their tribe.

They came here to the place of their old bora ground

Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.

Notice of the estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.

Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring.
‘We are as strangers here now, but the white tribe are the strangers.
We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.
We are the lightning bolt over Gaphembah Hill
Quick and terrible,
And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.
We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.
We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.
We are nature and the past, all the old ways
Gone now and scattered.
The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.
The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place.
The bora ring is gone.
The corroboree is gone.
And we are going.

Oodgeroo Noonuccal, (born Kathleen Jean Mary Ruska, formerly Kath Walker) (3 November 1920 – 16 September 1993) was an Australian poet, political activist, artist and educator. She was also a campaigner for Aboriginal rights. Oodgeroo was best known for her poetry, and was the first Aboriginal Australian to publish a book of verse.”

Awaiting confirmation

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/13 at 3:55 pm | In reply to Michael.

Michael, I love this, every time I scroll by it. As an invocation to passing motorists, yes indeed. Even more so, if there was a 'pop. ?????' under it. Does anyone live in 'Change, Wherever?' I do hope so. After Sept. 24th a whole lot of people may be moving there (if it isn't a town, it ought to be) If I had any ambition, I'd go there pronto and open up the 'GMC Bookstore & Sometimes Cafe'. (and old dream of mine). There's going to be a lot of very hungry people arriving in Change – for food and knowledge. I don't, but books and beans is a no-brainer.

No

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/13 at 7:33 am

For all of history, poets, writers, artists and performers of all types have been imprisoned, tortured, killed and revised for the crime of speaking out. 100 Thousand Poets for Change is changing that. It marks the true beginning of the 21st century and the birth of the voice heard round the world. On September 24th, and henceforth, the revolution will not be televised for the simple reason that there will no longer be a silent majority. On that day, wherever you stand on planet earth, you stand on Concord Bridge.

Concord Hymn

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those spirits dare,
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1836

red slider

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/13 at 6:25 am

The struggle for peace and a sustainable planet (I'd add social and economic justice, too) can be a grim business sometimes. I offer this one for a little comic relief. There's also a little lesson in it, if one considers that, when the peace message doesn't seem to be getting through, sometimes the best thing to do is to closely examine the terms of war.

POEMS FOR CHANGE

It used to mean some poor bastard on a rainy day
with his hand out and a soggy knapsack on display,
“POEMS FOR CHANGE”, he’d holler, to anyone nearby
if you happened to look his way. If you went over and said,
“Whatta you got?” he’d reach in the bag and pull out a stack
of “Whatta you want? I got some of it here. Name it mister,
and that’s what you’ll get, I guarantee it. No! Better yet,
if it ain’t what you’re asking, and I can’t comply,
I’ll double your change, put it back in your pocket.”

A grumbly old coot stopped and stared for awhile,
said, “I’ll bet you can’t chase my troubles away.
If you double the wager I’ll take you up on your offer
and listen to what you might say, fair enough?”
“Fair enough,” said the poet, as the rain poured in buckets,
“So what’s your pleasure, what might lighten your mood?”
“I don’t care,” said the old man, “chase these dark clouds
hanging over my head. If you can do that, I’ll give odds
on what your wager allowed.”

The poet reached in his rainy day sack, pulled out a poem
he thought might do the trick, full of spring-skirted frolic
and splashes of color, here and there a bon mot
that might stick. But the man just kept scowling,
his gloom getting thicker, the rain falling heavy around them.
The poet grabbed others, more uplifting and thoughtful,

speaking of days yet to come, when all that seemed stark
and depressing were a moment's thorn of little concern,
set aside and forgotten their worries be done.

The ploy didn't work, though the rain eased a little;
the challenge got deeper and the stack got shorter
as the audience fumed in an unhappy funk,
I'd rather be working the grim reaper's guest list
than trying to cheer up this font of ill tidings;
still, the hours passed in dreary procession,
the light rain and stiff breeze kept everyone soggy,
This guy's not too cheery, my brain is too foggy,
and I've almost run out of ideas.

It was a very sad scene on that inclement day,
the downpour had lightened, but so had the stack;
what remained of the hour wasn't likely to do it,
though the showers now faded to drizzle. The poet
knew that he'd have to stretch out his performance,
let the crowd gather to watch scowler and bard,
patiently wait till all of them settled,
pause as he reached for the last trick he had,
If this doesn't do it, I've fizzled.

His final selection wouldn't stand a chance,
it was filled to the brim with tales of woe.
Grim to the core in savage lament; the only respite,

one certain to fail, was the obstinate problem of rhyming
with 'orange' he'd carefully placed in a cell
on a table, down in the hole of a war-torn jail
where the word-tricks churned in the poet's mind,
and little was curried to cheer; the reckoning
come ever nearer; the spare change further away.

"I guess that's it," the sullen face said, as the poet
finished the last of the batch. "You've not changed a thing,
I'm as troubled as ever. Your last poem thinks you owe me
double; more, I'd say, if you count the additional misery
those ghastly lines bubbled." "I agree," said the poet,
"you don't look much better, but before you empty my cup,
consider what it was that you asked me to do.
If you said I should chase away clouds chasing you,
then I think you had better look up."

- red slider, 2011

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/12 at 4:57 pm

[The people have drunk the wine of peace]

The people have drunk the wine of peace

In the streets of town.

They smile as they drift with hearts at rest

Uphill and down.

The people have drunk the wine of peace,

They are mad with joy.

Never again need they lie and fear

Death for a boy.

-Lesbia Harford (1918)

Awaiting confirmation

red slider

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Submitted on 2011/06/12 at 2:48 pm

For those who didn't see it – Michael's latest summary and review was, well, inspiring. I expect it will induce many others to get on board and organize events of their own:

On 6/11/2011 6:09 PM, Michael wrote:

Dear Friends of Big Bridge,

I am writing to find out if you would be interested in organizing an event on September 24 for 100 Thousand Poets for Change in your community.

So far 100 Thousand Poets for Change has over 230 cities and 54 countries signed on to organize events, as part of a global initiative to celebrate/demonstrate poetry and address issues of peace and sustainability.

We have set up an event page on Facebook

<http://www.facebook.com/event.php?eid=106999432715571>

and a blog/website for the event at <http://www.bigbridge.org/100thousandpoetsforchange>

The website discusses the concept of the event in more detail on the ABOUT page, but the bottom line is that this is a global event, with the overall theme of peace and sustainability, in which each local community can address its specific concerns.

I am very excited by this project, there seems to be a groundswell. I live in the San Francisco area and originally hoped to have 1 big event but it has evolved into 11 events in the SF/Bay Area, with City Lights bookstore tweeting the event and posting flyers around the store, Oakland Slam poets will be putting on a SLAM FOR CHANGE, Word Party will organize an event of poetry and music, Free University of San Francisco will have a day of lectures by poets about poets and their art, The North Beach Annual Poetry and Art Walk located at The Beat Museum has dedicated their event to 100 Thousand Poets for Change, and there will be a 100 Thousand Poets for Change reading at the Oakland Public Library sponsored by PEN Oakland. Other groups have indicated their interest in fundraisers to help projects they care about. I like the idea that so many poets of so many styles and inclinations have seen their way through this initiative to join with each other.

Also, the website provides each individual event an EVENT LOCATION page, which is also a community page blog, that allows participants to post particular event details and also to post poems, photos, documentation to share with all the other participants around the world. Poets and writers around the world need to know each other better and these events pages will facilitate and initiate communication.

After September 24th, these event pages as a whole will become a major document of contemporary world poetry.

Not to go on too much-I would be honored to have you set up an event in your country, city, town, or neighborhood on September 24 for 100 Thousand Poets for Change. Please let me know if you are interested.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincere regards,

Michael Rothenberg

100 Thousand Poets for Change

walterblue@bigbridge.org

ps. you can learn more about me at Big Bridge online magazine. I am the editor and publisher. http://www.bigbridge.org/BB15/2011_BB_15_EDITORS/bioroth.htm

pss. Here is a very short list of some of the events that will be taking place:

In Vancouver, BC Fraser Riverkeeper will lead a TD Great Canadian Shoreline Cleanup at False Creek East, near some of the dirtiest waters in Canada. Mary Woodbury of Moon Willow Press is working with community poets and artists to develop a poetry reading later that afternoon or evening.

In Philadelphia, there will be a PACE action, which is a wandering participatory reading through the streets.

In a Seattle, a 12 hour skype session, poets skypeing poems in from around the world.

In Kathmandu, Nepal there will be an all day school project which involves discussion of peace and sustainability, writing poems, a contest, and inclusion of the poems in a book to commemorate the event.

In Milwaukee poets who are active in the Labor Union demonstrations will give a reading.

In Guatemala, Mexico City, Lisbon, Portugal, Sydney, Australia, Austin, TX, Oakland, CA, Spokane, WA, Hilo, HI, Accra, Ghana and Athens, Greece there will be a Slam for Change!

Bancroft, Ontario, has the distinction of being known as, 'Ontario's Most Talented Town,' and this year is Bancroft's 150th anniversary so, on September 24th, they'll be celebrating their thriving arts community and a birthday with poetry, music, and, possibly, theatre. For change, their focus will be on creating more awareness about their natural environment.

In Mentone, AL for Sept 24. It will be an outdoors/picnic event with poets, speakers and music/singers/artwork. We will use the event to call attention to environmental issues and citizen action for change.

In Nigeria they will have a peace rally against gang violence with a poetry reading.

(The list goes on. And it is early yet so people are still formulating their programs).

No

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41.206.12.60

Submitted on 2011/06/12 at 8:45 am | In reply to Obododimma Oha.

SUDAN

A video poem by Chuma Nwokolo

http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xakw6w_sudan-sudan-by-chuma-nwokolo_creation

Yes

Obododimma Oha

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41.206.12.63

Submitted on 2011/06/12 at 8:29 am | In reply to Michael.

GULLIVER (from Wole Soyinka's "Four Archetypes")

Once upon a ship-(of state)-wreck, where
The sun had shrunk the world at last to a true
Stature of deserving — the ant for unit —
I lay on earth tide-flung, obtruding
Miles of heart and mind, an alien hulk
Into a thumb assemblage. My feet
Were scaled as mountains. Fearful I was
Lest, rising, I dislodge a crossbeam
Of their skies. And this was well, I
Proved obedient to their laws: alien minds
Must learn recumbent postures. A brief
Impulse to unguided knowledge raised
A shower of needles, full-fanged, venom-bodied
I took their meaning, pressed my hands
To earth. They quenched my fleshly thirst
In draughts of Lethe, and I was plunged
Deep in mindless trance. Wheels approached,
They bore me through the famished blades —
As dead the living come into necropolis —
Corded to a span of tumbrils, drugged.

They lodged me in a hall of sorts
A desecrated temple — and this proved sign
Of much that came to pass. I schooled me
In their ways, picked a wary course
Through egg-shell structures. I looked above
Their draughty towers, peered within
Secret chambers, and marvelled at their councils.
Peacock vain, manikin cruel, sycophant.
The world was measured to a dwarf
Sufficiency; the sun by state decree
Was lowered to fit the sextant of their mind
And planets sighted lower to turn
In calculable grooves, in orbits centred
On the palace of the Sun of suns,
Man-mountain, King of Lilliput, Lord
And terror of a thimble universe!

....

— Wole Soyinka.

Yes

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/11 at 7:57 pm

A ROUND OF RETURN

When the body of the martyr rests in
the ground of his homeland, the martial
music of A Round of Return plays.
As if a voice of some kind were calling
So the loft of pigeons returned from beyond the horizon
They circle once under the setting sun
then fly off
As if a voice of some kind were calling
The earth takes off its scorched blouse
Shadows suddenly turn green, and shoots sprout,
their fragrant vapors in the heart of the heat
As if a voice of some kind were calling
The imprisoned wind rises
pushing against wheat fields, songs, flocks of sheep . . .
As if a voice of some kind were calling
So the flag fluttered and loneliness and sorrow, longing and tranquility
rained down upon the school balcony where all sound
had died out, the courtyard now deserted,
the green trees inlaid with unripe birds
As if a voice of some kind were calling
So we disappear for a while and the landmarks rise up
We are astonished by our love for this city
and in secret have discovered buried artifacts
among its crouching buildings
and that it has a woman, one who swaggers in her nightdress,
and a cat that meows on the stairs . . .
As if a voice of some kind were calling

So we answer: Yes
We feel the bite of longing and pain
and memory pulsates with the names of countries
and comrades and seasons
As if a voice of some kind were calling
Men crowd at the doors of the villages
in clouds of dust and twilight
Drops of sweat and ablution fall from their foreheads
and the night surges with the sounds of beasts
As if a voice of some kind were calling
Weddings and funerals pour forth
As if a voice of some kind were calling
And so we answer: O My country! O My country! O My country!

-Ahmed Abdel Mu'ti Hijazi

Translated from the Arabic by Omnia Amin and Rick London

Published in Big Bridge <http://www.bigbridge.org> 2011

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/10 at 1:07 am

Words a Cell Can't Hold: poem by Liu Xiaobo

from "Experiencing Death"

I had imagined being there beneath sunlight
with the procession of martyrs
using just the one thin bone
to uphold a true conviction
And yet, the heavenly void
will not plate the sacrificed in gold
A pack of wolves well-fed full of corpses
celebrate in the warm noon air
aflood with joy

Faraway place
I've exiled my life to
this place without sun
to flee the era of Christ's birth
I cannot face the blinding vision on the cross
From a wisp of smoke to a little heap of ash
I've drained the drink of the martyrs, sense spring's
about to break into the brocade-brilliance of myriad flowers

Deep in the night, empty road
I'm biking home
I stop at a cigarette stand
A car follows me, crashes over my bicycle
some enormous brutes seize me
I'm handcuffed eyes covered mouth gagged
thrown into a prison van heading nowhere

A blink, a trembling instant passes
to a flash of awareness: I'm still alive
On Central Television News
my name's changed to "arrested black hand"
though those nameless white bones of the dead
still stand in the forgetting
I lift up high up the self-invented lie
tell everyone how I've experienced death
so that "black hand" becomes a hero's medal of honor

Even if I know
death's a mysterious unknown
being alive, there's no way to experience death
and once dead
cannot experience death again
yet I'm still
hovering within death
a hovering in drowning
Countless nights behind iron-barred windows
and the graves beneath starlight
have exposed my nightmares

Besides a lie
I own nothing

Liu Xiaobo, a poet and literary critic, is the recipient of the 2010 Nobel Peace Prize. China has forbidden him to travel to the award ceremony, which will be held on Friday in Oslo. This poem was translated by Jeffrey Yang from the Chinese.

Awaiting confirmation

red slider

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/08 at 5:16 am | In reply to Obododimma Oha.

An interesting idea and the 100TPC project will be at least as interesting for what it tells us, as a global event, about who we are and what we think about change.” There are ‘best poems’, of course, and there are ‘nice poems’. The nice ones, more or less will succeed if they convey what the reader prefers to hear – the reader’s ear for the ‘good life’. The best ones, though, aren’t bound by that convention; might utter what one thoroughly detests, can’t stomach or otherwise fears. Might still be a best poem while it wades in its own gore. That is to say, “not all ‘best songs’ are nice songs.” So much for poetry. I’m not much for messing with the character of the poet. The poem is the thing, all the thing I care about. The other is the poet’s business – though some do think it fair to splash a work with the stains of the poet. Certainly there were those, in another time, who thought ‘good life’ and ‘good riddance’ were a natural pair:

Poet, Know Thyself

(for “Frank the Poet” MacNamara, 1811-1861)

Rapists, murderers, slanderers all,
there was a time when we faced the same,
threw them together and sent to Australia
the worst of the worst with only one thing
going ; they knew who they were; the condemned,
the punks and the rabid and patently insane.

By rights they should have done themselves in
to the last mate, the lot of them cleared off the table;
not a good word in the bunch, and fully expected
to lunch on each other, then toss empty plates
onto the midden of history and, by sundown,
they'd know who they were, down under that miserable sod.

Didn't quite work out that way. Penal colonies dotted
the land and confinements more or less held sway
till escapes and what else their fortunes had staked,
as they wandered from prediction on that different road –
first postmaster, first novelist, first brewer among them;
and others not in this catalog of slow penal tenure,
who strayed far from stock of the opinions of others;
but knew where they were, knew who they were;
and survived what they did 'cause they knew what to do.

And the poet among them who said what he said;
was a wordsmith who knew who his gaolers were, too;
he knew them so well and so well-chose his words
in the fashion of orders for a transport they'd earned;
that would paint them with word into cells they deserved
and condemn them to brimstone in hell and beyond;
where all of the named (and they knew who they were)
were the ones "Frank, the Poet"* knew well.

*Macnamara was a poet sent to New South Wales in 1842, officially for the crime theft though there is some reason to believe he was transported for his political agitation – a crime that would have been targeted by the crown for extradition. About 20 poems were attributed to him, of which only two were published during his lifetime. Fascinating character – more on him can be read at <http://www.frankthepoet.com/> and a collection of his work is at: <http://www.frankthepoet.com/2011/01/songs.html>

Yes

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/07 at 9:14 pm

I CULTIVATE A WHITE ROSE

Cultivo una rosa blanca,

En julio como enero

Para el amigo sincero

Que me da su mano franca.

Y para el cruel que me arranca

El corazón con que vivio,

Cardo ni orgula cultivo,

Cultivo la rosa blanca.

I cultivate a white rose

In July as in January

For the sincere friend

Who gives me his hand frankly

And for the cruel person who tears

out the heart with which I live,
I cultivate neither nettles nor thorns:
I cultivate a white rose ‘

-José Julián Martí Pérez (28 January 1853 – 19 May 1895)

Awaiting confirmation

Obododimma Oha

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41.206.11.12

Submitted on 2011/06/07 at 5:38 pm

How can poets change world, unless

They, too, have changed, or

Are willing to change? Poets that advertise madness

Cannot teach sanity, cannot

Poets, too, are haters, slanderers, murderers

Can make genocide sound admirable.

Poets, too, write death into religions.

Poets, too, lie.

Let poets change poets

And, the world, can sit back and listen

To the best songs about the good life & other poems.

Yes

red slider

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/06 at 6:00 pm | In reply to Michael.

Ha! Given the direction of this Orwellian bus we're riding, it isn't unreasonable to think we are heading for the day when poets will be required to be academically qualified, licensed by the State Board of Utterance Control and fingerprinted before being permitted to utter a single word. Plenty of us, around the world, have already been jailed for saying the wrong thing in the right place. I've long expected a knock at my door from two trench-coated throwbacks from Kafka who present me with an official looking note:

"Dear Mr. Slider,

Your allotted quota of words has been used up.

Please report to the Silencing Center."*

(* If you cannot afford transportation to the SS, you may request a free bus-ticket at the official cattle-car station, which is located adjacent to the aforementioned Silencing Center. Be sure to bring with you your birth certificate, your social security card, your driver's license, your facebook ID, your pin number and two crumpled poems as proof of your identity. You must also be wearing your real face, of course, as a means of cross-referencing you with yourself. We caution you not to say anything to the Poor-Poets ticketing agent at the desk. Just hand them this note and they will know what to do with you. – form u2r(sub)jected to deletion – rev. 6/6/11)"

Of course the particulars of my arrest and detention are delusional. I've made it a practice to stay well under the radar of the Poetry Police, cloaking my work in more mediocrity than the dodge of a stealth bomber. Everything else about my life is purely coincidental.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/06 at 5:18 pm

“legalise poetry”

whenever there is a protest

he will be there with a placard

it doesn't matter what the protest is about

the words are always red on a white background

a picture of a quill

it started out years ago saying things like

“ban the bomb – legalise poetry”

“equality for women workers – legalise poetry”

“end apartheid – legalise poetry”

a little while ago it was

“say no to war – legalise poetry”

and recently in London

“free education – legalise poetry”

he argued that poetry was sort of illegal

people got very upset at

aiding and abetting distorted syntax

GBH on grammar

and they talk about things like

prose cut up into short lines

punctuation crimes against humanity

he wanted to know what they were frightened of

was it poetry that could be read and understood

by everyone

and maybe people having fun with it?

when he started out protesting
it was to have been “legalise pot”
but because he felt himself to be
a subversive
he added a few letters
and liked it so much he kept at
his one man campaign
he thought he might try taking it
to Bahrain
see how it went down there
he even started to prepare a placard
“free Ayat al-Gormezi – legalise poetry”
for the first time
it seemed appropriate

–Jim Bennett

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/06 at 3:32 pm

Sourdough Mountain Lookout

BY PHILIP WHALEN

Tsung Ping (375—443): “Now I am old and infirm. I fear I shall no more be able to roam among the beautiful mountains. Clarifying my mind, I meditate on the mountain trails and wander about only in dreams.”

-in *The Spirit of the Brush*, tr. by Shio Sakanishi, p. 34

for Kenneth Rexroth

I always say I won't go back to the mountains
I am too old and fat there are bugs mean mules
And pancakes every morning of the world

Mr. Edward Wyman (63)

Stems along the trail ahead of us all
Moaning, “My poor feet ache, my back
Is tired and I've got a stiff prick”
Uprooting alder shoots in the rain

Then I'm alone in a glass house on a ridge
Encircled by chiming mountains
With one sun roaring through the house all day
& the others crashing through the glass all night
Conscious even while sleeping

Morning fog in the southern gorge
Gleaming foam restoring the old sea-level
The lakes in two lights green soap and indigo
The high cirque-lake black half-open eye

Ptarmigan hunt for bugs in the snow

Beer peers through the wall at noon
Deer crowd up to see the lamp
A mouse nearly drowns in the honey
I see my bootprints mingle with deer-foot
Bear-paw mule-shoe in the dusty path to the privy

Much later I write down:

“raging. Viking sunrise
The gorgeous death of summer in the east!”
(Influence of a Byronic landscape—
Bent pages exhibiting depravity of style.)

Outside the lookout I lay nude on the granite
Mountain hot September sun but inside my head
Calm dark night with all the other stars

HERACLITUS: “The waking have one common world
But the sleeping turn aside
Each into a world of his own.”

I keep telling myself what I really like
Are music, books, certain land and sea-scapes
The way light falls across them, diffusion of
Light through agate, light itself . . . I suppose
I’m still afraid of the dark

“Remember smart-guy there’s something

Bigger something smarter than you.”
Ireland’s fear of unknown holies drives
My father’s voice (a country neither he
Nor his great-grandfather ever saw)

A sparkly tomb a plated grave
A holy thumb beneath a wave

Everything else they hauled across Atlantic
Scattered and lost in the buffalo plains
Among these trees and mountains

From Duns Scotus to this page
A thousand years

(“. . . a dog walking on this hind legs—
not that he does it well but that he
does it at all.”)

Virtually a blank except for the hypothesis
That there is more to a man
Than the contents of his jock-strap

EMPEDOCLES: “At one time all the limbs
Which are the body’s portion are brought together
By Love in blooming life’s high season; at another
Severed by cruel Strife, they wander each alone

By the breakers of life's sea.”

Fire and pressure from the sun bear down
Bear down centipede shadow of palm-frond
A limestone lithograph—oysters and clams of stone
Half a black rock bomb displaying brilliant crystals
Fire and pressure Love and Strife bear down
Brontosaurus, look away

My sweat runs down the rock

HERACLITUS: “The transformations of fire
are, first of all, sea; and half of the sea
is earth, half whirlwind. . . .
It scatters and it gathers; it advances
and retires.”

I move out of a sweaty pool
(The sea!)
And sit up higher on the rock

Is anything burning?

The sun itself! Dying
Pooping out, exhausted
Having produced brontosaurus, Heraclitus
This rock, me,

To no purpose

I tell you anyway (as a kind of loving) . . .

Flies & other insects come from miles around

To listen

I also address the rock, the heather,

The alpine fir

BUDDHA: "All the constituents of being are

Transitory: Work out your salvation with diligence."

(And everything, as one eminent disciple of that master

Pointed out, had been tediously complex ever since.)

There was a bird

Lived in an egg

And by ingenious chemistry

Wrought molecules of albumen

To beak and eye

Gizzard and craw

Feather and claw

My grandmother said:

"Look at them poor bed-

ragged pigeons!"

And the sign in McAlister Street:

“IF YOU CAN’T COME IN
SMILE AS YOU GO BY
LOVE
THE BUTCHER

I destroy myself, the universe (an egg)
And time—to get an answer:
There are a smiler, a sleeper and a dancer

We repeat the conversation in the glittering dark
Floating beside the sleeper.
The child remarks, “You knew it all the time.”
I: “I keep forgetting that the smiler is
Sleeping; the sleeper, dancing.”

From Sauk Lookout two years before
Some of the view was down the Skagit
To Puget Sound: From above the lower ranges,
Deep in the forest—lighthouses on clear nights.

This year’s rock is a spur from the main range
Cuts the valley in two and is broken
By the river; Ross Dam repairs the break,
Makes trolley buses run
Through the streets of dim Seattle far away.

I’m surrounded by mountains here

A circle of 108 beads, originally seeds
of ficus religiosa

Bo-Tree

A circle, continuous, one odd bead

Larger than the rest and bearing

A tassel (hair-tuft) (the man who sat
under the tree)

In the center of the circle,

a void, an empty figure containing

All that's multiplied;

Each bead a repetition, a world

Of ignorance and sleep.

Today is the day the goose gets cooked

Day of liberation for the crumbling flower

Knobcone pinecone in the flames

Brandy in the sun

Which, as I said, will disappear

Anyway it'll be invisible soon

Exchanging places with stars now in my head

To be growing rice in China through the night.

Magnetic storms across the solar plains

Make Aurora Borealis shimmy bright

Beyond the mountains to the north.

Closing the lookout in the morning

Thick ice on the shutters
Coyote almost whistling on a nearby ridge
The mountain is THERE (between two lakes)
I brought back a piece of its rock
Heavy dark-honey color
With a seam of crystal, some of the quartz
Stained by its matrix
Practically indestructible
A shift from opacity to brilliance
(The Zenbos say, “Lightening-flash & flint-spark”)
Like the mountains where it was made

What we see of the world is the mind’s
Invention and the mind
Though stained by it, becoming
Rivers, sun, mule-dung, flies—
Can shift instantly
A dirty bird in a square time

Gone
Gone
REALLY gone
Into the cool
O MAMA!

Like they say, “Four times up,
Three times down.” I’m still on the mountain.

Awaiting confirmation

red slider

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/06 at 12:40 am

Michael's deletion of the text of the poem "Here's To The Crazy Ones", mis-attributed to Kerouac (probably due to evoking a passage from 'On The Road'), is probably an appropriate action owing to the possibility of infringement of Apple's copyrights on the work and its "Think Different" ad campaign (though the piece is quoted in numerous contexts on the net with no apparent objection from Apple). Still, it raises an interesting 'out-of-the-mouths-of-corporations' dilemma for poetry. What do we do with good words, good poems from otherwise lousy sources – Ad agencies or corporations-as-not-really-persons or say, 100 monkeys typing? What about bad people who say good things (as they do, from time to time)? Kent Johnson's Araki Yasusada hoax (though he has yet to admit to being the actual source of those works) sent the poetics community scrambling for its own authenticity-fried brains with no final resolution to whether the hoax wiped out the value of the words (which certainly remain excellent poetry, if nothing else). In another context, a similar question was answered (for the moment) by rejecting the documentation of Nazi "medical experimentation" even though its data might provide life-saving information to modern medical research. What, it remains, are we to do when we crack open one of those origami-styled knots of baked dough to find some remarkable text inside attributed only to "help! I'm being held prisoner in a Chinese fortune cookie factory"? Can we ignore, completely, the fact that there might have been some poor poet bastard in the basement at TBWA (ad agency responsible for the 'Think Different' campaign) who was equally consigned by the misfortune of having a gifted mouth to the bowels of some execrable 'don't-quit-your' day job drudgery, that he might avoid the unpleasantness of watching his family starve to death? Could be. Certainly could be. The dilemma, at least, is fully visible; even if the poem is not.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/05 at 10:10 pm | In reply to blackHat.

Thanks for that info. I have deleted it.

Awaiting confirmation

blackHat

theredwino@gmail.com

75.30.187.19

Submitted on 2011/06/05 at 9:54 pm

That's not a Kerouac quote. It was written by someone (i'm not certain whom) at the advertising agency TBWA/Chiat/Day for Apple Computer.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/05 at 5:29 pm

Fake Boots

BY ARUNI KASHYAP

First published in Pratilipi □□□□ 2008 / August 2008

Actually, stamping our feet
should have only awakened her,
but surprisingly, her motionless, senseless body made us run around
look for water, seniors and women
as if the fifty year old lady was in labour.

So more feet stamped while they sprinted anxiously
for women, water and a pair of open eyes.

We found her lying under the bed, a machete
clutched in her hands, drawn with love
towards her breast, as if to fight the whole world
of alien Hindi words, stamping feet and a camp
of green-men near the river where women no more
bathed, after many women were stripped,
even before they shed their second skins,

who didn't blush only before the morning sun.

She must have thought,

she would be one of them now
who were peeled to be enjoyed by many;
For hours since, she dared to speak silently to walls,

cicadas, four puppies huddled around a milk-heavy bitch,
maybe she thought, she would be one of those
who came back with crushed testicles to wail for nights
like hernia patients, while their wives burned
forever on beds fearing opinions and wobbling tongues,
though there was nothing as such to crush in her.

But perhaps only squeeze, though they were dry.

And hung like weaver-birds' nests
from coconut branches in loamy soils.

She had been sleeping, the crumpled bed said,
the hot-water bagher earning city-son brought from the concrete-jungle slept
instead of her on the bed; and when I sat on it exasperated,
after breaking the only entrance to the house,
it was still warm with fear, comfort and urine.

We were only playing military-military.
Carpet grasses had just started growing from below.
We couldn't smoke if we wanted to,
or watch films in cheap halls,
join the ULFA if we wanted, as we can do now.

But still, those were better than days when we sneaked behind tamarind trees
and sang Bihu couplets to same-age girls, who had just learnt
to wrap a piece of cloth around their chests and giggled
poking each other in parts we were embarrassed to utter the names of
before our elders.

We had new shoes then, the neglected Durga-idols waited
to be immersed in rivers and we thought,
one night—eating peanuts, jalibis and besan-pakodas,
to knock at aunt's door, while she slept with
the puppies, the walls and the heavy yet trying-to-be-warm air
inside, where she was left alone, to wait for us
Who pretended to wear boots, speak Hindi
and ask about the ULFA

(end)

More of the poet's work here:

<http://myxofura.blogspot.com/search/label/Poems>

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/05 at 4:15 pm

An Old Woman

(By the late Arun Kolatkar from his path-breaking collection JEJURI)

An old woman grabs

hold of your sleeve

and tags along.

She wants a fifty paise coin.

She says she will take you

to the horseshoe shrine.

You've seen it already.

She hobbles along anyway

and tightens her grip on your shirt.

She won't let you go.

You know how old women are.

They stick to you like burr.

You turn around and face her

with an air of finality.

You want to end the farce.

When you hear her say,

'What else can an old woman do

on hills as wretched as these?'

You look right at the sky.

Clear through the bullet holes

she has for eyes.

And as you look on,

the cracks that begin around her eyes

spread beyond her skin.

And the hills crack.

And the temples crack.

And the sky falls

with a plateglass clatter

around the shatterproof crone

who stands alone.

And you are reduced

to so much small change

in her hand.

MORE ABOUT KOLATKAR HERE:

<http://denniscooper-theweaklings.blogspot.com/2009/03/alan-presents-jejuri-by-arun-kolatk.html>

—

Though the Soul perceive itself deprived

of discourse, or ratiocination,

yet it ought to persevere in prayer,

and not be afflicted, because that is its greater felicity.

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/04 at 7:27 pm

Cruelty

I am a venereal sore in the private part of language.

The living spirit looking out

of hundreds of thousands of sad, pitiful eyes

Has shaken me.

I am broken by the revolt exploding inside me.

There's no moonlight anywhere;

There's no water anywhere.

A rabid fox is tearing off my flesh with its teeth;

And a terrible venom-like cruelty
Spreads out from my monkey-bone.

Release me from my infernal identity.

Let me fall in love with these stars.

A flowering violet has begun to crawl towards horizons.

An oasis is welling up on a cracked face.

A cyclone is swirling in irreducible vulvas.

A cat has commenced combing the hairs of agony.

The night has created space for my rage.

A stray dog has started dancing in the window's eye.

The beak of an ostrich has begun to break open junk.

An Egyptian carrot is starting to savour physical reality.

A poem is arousing a corpse from its grave.

The doors of the self are being swiftly slammed shut.

There's a current of blood flowing through all pronouns now.

My day is rising beyond the wall of grammar.

God's shit falls on the bed of creation.

Pain and roti are being roasted in the same tandoor's fire.

The flame of the clothless dwells in mythologies and folklore.

The rock of whoring is meeting live roots;

A sigh is standing up on lame legs;

Satan has started drumming the long hollowness.

A young green leaf is beginning to swing at the door of desire.

Frustration's corpse is being sewn up.

A psychopathic muse is giving a shove to the statue of eternity.

Dust begins to peel armour.

The turban of darkness is coming off.
You, open your eyes: all these are old words.
The creek is getting filled with a rising tide;
Breakers are touching the shoreline.

Yet, a venom-like cruelty spreads out from my monkey-bone.

It's clear and limpid: like the waters of the Narmada river.

–NAMDEO DHASAL (translated by DILIP CHITRE)

(note from Ampat Varghese Varghese- “founder of the untouchables Dalit Panthers, a searing poet, caustic and critical of a society that treats the lower castes like dung”)

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/03 at 8:48 pm

LIII: The Crime Was In Granada

For Federico García Lorca

I: The Crime

He was seen walking between the rifles,
down a long street
out to chill fields
still lit by early stars.

They killed Federico
when the dawn broke.
The executioner's crew
dared not look in his face.
They shut their eyes,
said: 'Nor will God save you!
Federico fell dying
– blood on his brow, lead in his guts –
... To think the crime should be in Granada.
– poor Granada – in his Granada...

II: Death and the Poet

He was seen walking only with Her,
and unafraid of her scythe.
– The sun now on tower after tower, hammers
on anvils – anvil on anvil, of the forges.
Federico was speaking
flattering Death. She listened.
'Yesterday in my verse, friend,
the clap of your dry palms sounded,
you gave ice to my song, your silver
scythe's edge to my tragedy,
I'll sing to you of your wasted flesh,
your empty eyes,
your hair the wind stirs,
the red lips where you were kissed...

Now as ever, gypsy, my death,
how good to be alone with you,
in this breeze of Granada, my Granada!

III

He was seen walking...
Friends, carve
in the Alhambra, a statue of dreams
and stone, for the poet,
over a fountain where water goes grieving
and saying, eternally:
the crime was in Granada, in his Granada!

-Antonio Machado

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/03 at 2:24 am

Spring and All

By William Carlos Williams

By the road to the contagious hospital
under the surge of the blue

mottled clouds driven from the
northeast—a cold wind. Beyond, the
waste of broad, muddy fields
brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen

patches of standing water
the scattering of tall trees

All along the road the reddish
purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
stuff of bushes and small trees
with dead, brown leaves under them
leafless vines—

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish
dazed spring approaches—

They enter the new world naked,
cold, uncertain of all
save that they enter. All about them
the cold, familiar wind—

Now the grass, tomorrow
the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf

One by one objects are defined—
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf

But now the stark dignity of
entrance—Still, the profound change
has come upon them: rooted they
grip down and begin to awaken

[1923]

Awaiting confirmation

red slider

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/03 at 12:26 am

SPECIAL EVENTS:

These are some ‘special events’, ongoing and open to all participants in 100 Thousand Poets for Change:

Poets for Change Anthology: Obododimma Oha and Anny Ballardini, are editing and featuring outstanding poetic compositions for the 100 THOUSAND POETS FOR CHANGE on Fieralingue’s Poets’ Corner. Visual artwork, poems, poetic fiction, poetic nonfiction, and photographs to be submitted for consideration should go beyond the simple and gratuitous statement that ‘a change is needed.’ The editors note that: Visual works and photographs for submission are to be saved in JPEG format, while texts, which should not have rigid formatting, are to be in Word. All submissions should be emailed to the editors anny.ballardini@gmail.com and obodooha@gmail.com by September 1, 2011 with “100 THOUSAND POETS FOR CHANGE” in the Subject line.

Works which have already been included in the anthology can be found at
http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=3

Poems for Change: Red Slider is providing a general online index for any poems, scripts, essays or visuals which 100TPC participants wish to share with other events and 100TPC artists. This index simply links the indexed work to the author's webpage on which their work appears. This ongoing event is not curated and all poem links submitted are added to the 'poems for change' index which may be viewed at <http://poems4change.org>. Find a work you like in the index; then read and distribute it at your own 100TPC event. (works remain the property of their author).

No

John Browne

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207.118.36.117

Submitted on 2011/06/02 at 7:31 am | In reply to Michael.

We hear about the bombs we drop on others. They will let us know, Sister!

But the bombs we drop on ourselves are still going off... & the only sound is the paper of the appropriations sliding off the pile & onto the floor.

When the nuclear mess at Hanford, from building bombs we never needed, ends up crawling slowly into the river (that half a million people drink from)

or is pushed in a radioactive smear across the land in the next glaciation, we will know the extent of our genius and our willfulness, just like the fish that swim through it... and we will consider our former idiocy & paranoia

(or something will). ^..^

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/02 at 12:37 am

Outside Of A Small Circle Of Friends

By Phil Ochs

C D C D

Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed

C Em F G

They've dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed

E Am

Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain

F Am Dm G

But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game

C Am Eb

And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody

Cm F

Outside of a small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes, my back is getting stiff

Thirteen cars are piled up, they're hanging on a cliff.

Maybe we should pull them back with our towing chain

But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain

And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody

Outside of a small circle of friends.

Sweating in the ghetto with the (colored/Panthers) and the poor

The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor

Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops?

But they got too much already and besides we got the cops

And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Oh there's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset, they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine. (*)
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Smoking marihuana is more fun than drinking beer,
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Oh look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed
They've dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

[Additional verse, 1974]

Down in Santiago where they took away our mines
We cut off all their money so they robbed the storehouse blind

Now maybe we should ask some questions, maybe shed a tear
But I bet you a copper penny, it cannot happen here
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/06/02 at 12:26 am

THE BANYAN TREE

O you shaggy-headed banyan tree standing on the bank of the pond,
have you forgotten the little child,
like the birds that have nested in your branches and left you?

Do you not remember how he sat at the window
and wondered at the tangle of your roots that plunged underground?

The women would come to fill their jars in the pond,
and your huge black shadow would wriggle
on the water like sleep struggling to wake up.

Sunlight danced on the ripple like
restless tiny shuttles weaving golden tapestry.

Two ducks swam by the woody margin above their shadows,

and the child would sit still and think.

He longed to be the wind and blow through your rustling branches,
to be your shadow and lengthen with the day on the water,
to be a bird and perch on your topmost twig,
and to float like those ducks among the weeds and shadows.

–Rabindranath Tagore

Awaiting confirmation

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76.105.38.248

Submitted on 2011/06/01 at 8:53 pm

I do hope some of you event organizers and participants will send in links to work you would like to share with other 100 Thousand Poets for Change events so that they can be indexed. Go to poems4change and click the button for indexing your work. I think the index is a good idea for cross-event support and collaboration, but without your participation it will be useless. Thanx to all – red

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/30 at 6:06 pm

The Air Plant

BY HART CRANE

Grand Cayman

This tuft that thrives on saline nothingness,
Inverted octopus with heavenward arms
Thrust parching from a palm-bole hard by the cove—
A bird almost—of almost bird alarms,

Is pulmonary to the wind that jars
Its tentacles, horrific in their lurch.
The lizard's throat, held bloated for a fly,
Balloons but warily from this throbbing perch.

The needles and hack-saws of cactus bleed
A milk of earth when stricken off the stalk;
But this,—defenseless, thornless, sheds no blood,
Almost no shadow—but the air's thin talk.

Angelic Dynamo! Ventriloquist of the Blue!
While beachward creeps the shark-swept Spanish Main
By what conjunctions do the winds appoint
Its apotheosis, at last—the hurricane!

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/28 at 6:52 pm

GIL SCOTT-HERON RIP 5-27-2011

Another great one to be missed –Terri

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rGaRtqrlGy8&feature=player_detailpage

http://latimesblogs.latimes.com/music_blog/2011/05/gil-scott-heron-dies.html

Good french site on Heron

<http://www.gilscottheron.fr/>

The Revolution Will Not Be Televised

You will not be able to stay home, brother.

You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out.

You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip,

Skip out for beer during commercials,

Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by Xerox

In 4 parts without commercial interruptions.

The revolution will not show you pictures of Nixon

blowing a bugle and leading a charge by John

Mitchell, General Abrams and Spiro Agnew to eat

hog maws confiscated from a Harlem sanctuary.

The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by the
Schaefer Award Theatre and will not star Natalie
Woods and Steve McQueen or Bullwinkle and Julia.

The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal.

The revolution will not get rid of the nubs.

The revolution will not make you look five pounds
thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of you and Willie May
pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead run,
or trying to slide that color television into a stolen ambulance.

NBC will not be able predict the winner at 8:32
or report from 29 districts.

The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down
brothers in the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down
brothers in the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of Whitney Young being
run out of Harlem on a rail with a brand new process.

There will be no slow motion or still life of Roy
Wilkins strolling through Watts in a Red, Black and
Green liberation jumpsuit that he had been saving
For just the proper occasion.

Green Acres, The Beverly Hillbillies, and Hooterville
Junction will no longer be so damned relevant, and
women will not care if Dick finally gets down with
Jane on Search for Tomorrow because Black people
will be in the street looking for a brighter day.
The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock
news and no pictures of hairy armed women
liberationists and Jackie Onassis blowing her nose.
The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb,
Francis Scott Key, nor sung by Glen Campbell, Tom
Jones, Johnny Cash, Englebert Humperdink, or the Rare Earth.
The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be right back after a message
about a white tornado, white lightning, or white people.
You will not have to worry about a dove in your
bedroom, a tiger in your tank, or the giant in your toilet bowl.
The revolution will not go better with Coke.
The revolution will not fight the germs that may cause bad breath.
The revolution will put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised,
will not be televised, will not be televised.
The revolution will be no re-run brothers;

The revolution will be live.

–GIL SCOTT-HERON

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/28 at 4:48 pm

THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN BIRDS COME BACK

by: Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June,–
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air

Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

Awaiting confirmation

James Broyles

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Submitted on 2011/05/27 at 7:54 pm

Knoxville's 100 Thousand Poets For Change group is looking to collaborate, please send me an email at james.broyles8@gmail.com. Looking to brainstorm with other organizers and other cities!

I am somewhat available to donate technical services, so if your city's 100 Thousand Poets For Change event and group needs technical help, let me know and I will do what I can.

No

LATIF HARRIS

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Submitted on 2011/05/27 at 5:38 pm

THE MOTHER IS MOVING

When she moves
and does the Tsunami Samba
with Typhons and Hurricanes
whistling tornadoes earth cracking quakes
Volcanic eruptions
Floods and mud slides

might want to pay attention
to her power

not been hit with big meteor yet this week

so puny or hold on life
when Mother speaks

No

Michael
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Submitted on 2011/05/27 at 4:35 pm

Awaiting confirmation

Alfred Harrell
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98.105.165.42

Submitted on 2011/05/27 at 12:10 pm | In reply to Michael.

WOW!

Yes

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/26 at 6:15 pm

The End and the Beginning

BY WISŁAWA SZYMBORSKA

After every war

someone has to clean up.

Things won't

straighten themselves up, after all.

Someone has to push the rubble

to the side of the road,

so the corpse-filled wagons

can pass.

Someone has to get mired

in scum and ashes,

sofa springs,

splintered glass,

and bloody rags.

Someone has to drag in a girder
to prop up a wall.

Someone has to glaze a window,
rehang a door.

Photogenic it's not,
and takes years.

All the cameras have left
for another war.

We'll need the bridges back,
and new railway stations.

Sleeves will go ragged
from rolling them up.

Someone, broom in hand,
still recalls the way it was.

Someone else listens
and nods with unsevered head.

But already there are those nearby
starting to mill about
who will find it dull.

From out of the bushes
sometimes someone still unearths

rusted-out arguments
and carries them to the garbage pile.

Those who knew
what was going on here
must make way for
those who know little.

And less than little.

And finally as little as nothing.

In the grass that has overgrown
causes and effects,
someone must be stretched out
blade of grass in his mouth
gazing at the clouds.

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/26 at 12:24 am

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/25 at 3:01 pm

Peace Walk

BY WILLIAM E. STAFFORD

We wondered what our walk should mean,
taking that un-march quietly;
the sun stared at our signs— “Thou shalt not kill.”

Men by a tavern said, “Those foreigners . . .”
to a woman with a fur, who turned away—
like an elevator going down, their look at us.

Along a curb, their signs lined across,
a picket line stopped and stared
the whole width of the street, at ours: “Unfair.”

Above our heads the sound truck blared—
by the park, under the autumn trees—
it said that love could fill the atmosphere:

Occur, slow the other fallout, unseen,
on islands everywhere—fallout, falling
unheard. We held our poster up to shade our eyes.

At the end we just walked away;
no one was there to tell us where to leave the signs.

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/24 at 10:20 pm

Misnomer

They speak of the art of war,
but the arts
draw their light from the soul's well,
and warfare
dries up the soul and draws its power
from a dark and burning wasteland.
When Leonardo
set his genius to devising
machines of destruction he was not
acting in the service of art,
he was suspending
the life of art
over an abyss,
as if one were to hold
a living child out of an airplane window
at thirty thousand feet.

by Denise Levertov

USA (1923-1997)

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/19 at 2:22 am

Ode to Walt Whitman

By the East River and the Bronx

boys sang, stripped to the waist,

along with the wheels, oil, leather and hammers.

Ninety thousand miners working silver from rock

and the children drawing stairways and perspectives.

But none of them slumbered,

none of them wished to be river,

none loved the vast leaves,

none the blue tongue of the shore.

By East River and the Queensboro

boys battled with Industry,

and Jews sold the river faun

the rose of circumcision

and the sky poured, through bridges and rooftops,

herds of bison driven by the wind.

But none would stop,

none of them longed to be cloud,

none searched for ferns
or the tambourine's yellow circuit.

When the moon sails out
pulleys will turn to trouble the sky;
a boundary of needles will fence in memory
and coffins will carry off those who don't work.

New York of mud,
New York of wire and death.
What angel lies hidden in your cheek?
What perfect voice will speak the truth of wheat?
Who the terrible dream of your stained anemones?

Not for a single moment, Walt Whitman, lovely old man,
have I ceased to see your beard filled with butterflies,
nor your corduroy shoulders frayed by the moon,
nor your thighs of virgin Apollo,
nor your voice like a column of ash;
ancient beautiful as the mist,
who moaned as a bird does
its sex pierced by a needle.

Enemy of the satyr,
enemy of the vine
and lover of the body under rough cloth.

Not for a single moment, virile beauty

who in mountains of coal, billboards, railroads,
dreamed of being a river and slumbering like a river
with that comrade who would set in your breast
the small grief of an ignorant leopard.

Not for a single moment, Adam of blood, Male,
man alone on the sea, Walt Whitman, lovely old man,
because on penthouse roofs,
and gathered together in bars,
emerging in squads from the sewers,
trembling between the legs of chauffeurs
or spinning on dance-floors of absinthe,
the maricas, Walt Whitman, point to you.

Him too! He's one! And they hurl themselves
at your beard luminous and chaste,
blonds from the north, blacks from the sands,
multitudes with howls and gestures,
like cats and like snakes,
the maricas, Walt Whitman, maricas,
disordered with tears, flesh for the whip,
for the boot, or the tamer's bite.

Him too! He's one! Stained fingers
point to the shore of your dream,
when a friend eats your apple,
with its slight tang of petrol,

and the sun sings in the navels
of the boys at play beneath bridges.

But you never sought scratched eyes,
nor the darkest swamp where they drown the children,
nor the frozen saliva,
nor the curved wounds like a toad's belly
that maricas bear, in cars and on terraces,
while the moon whips them on terror's street-corners.

You sought a nakedness like a river.
Bull and dream that would join the wheel to the seaweed,
father of your agony, camellia of your death,
and moan in the flames of your hidden equator.

For it's right that a man not seek his delight
in the bloody jungle of approaching morning.
The sky has shores where life is avoided
and bodies that should not be echoed by dawn.

Agony, agony, dream, ferment and dream.
This is the world, my friend, agony, agony.
Bodies dissolve beneath city clocks,
war passes weeping with a million grey rats,
the rich give their darlings
little bright dying things,
and life is not noble, or sacred, or good.

Man can, if he wishes, lead his desire
through a vein of coral or a heavenly nude.
Tomorrow loves will be stones and Time
a breeze that comes slumbering through the branches.

That's why I don't raise my voice, old Walt Whitman,
against the boy who inscribes
the name of a girl on his pillow,
nor the lad who dresses as a bride
in the shadow of the wardrobe,
nor the solitary men in clubs
who drink with disgust prostitution's waters,
nor against the men with the green glance
who love men and burn their lips in silence.
But yes, against you, city maricas,
of tumescent flesh and unclean thought.
Mothers of mud. Harpies. Unsleeping enemies
of Love that bestows garlands of joy.

Against you forever, you who give boys
drops of foul death with bitter poison.

Against you forever,
Fairies of North America,
Pájaros of Havana,
Jotos of Mexico,
Sarasas of Cádiz,

Apios of Seville,
Cancos of Madrid,
Floras of Alicante,
Adelaidas of Portugal.

Maricas of all the world, murderers of doves!
Slaves to women. Their boudoir bitches.
Spread in public squares like fevered fans
or ambushed in stiff landscapes of hemlock.

No quarter! Death
flows from your eyes
and heaps grey flowers at the swamp's edge.
No quarter! Look out!!
Let the perplexed, the pure,
the classical, noted, the supplicants
close the gates of the bacchanal to you.

And you, lovely Walt Whitman, sleep on the banks of the Hudson
with your beard towards the pole and your hands open.
Bland clay or snow, your tongue is calling
for comrades to guard your disembodied gazelle.

Sleep: nothing remains.
A dance of walls stirs the prairies
and America drown itself in machines and lament.
I long for a fierce wind that from deepest night

shall blow the flowers and letters from the vault where you sleep
and a negro boy to tell the whites and their gold
that the kingdom of wheat has arrived.

—Federico García Lorca

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/17 at 11:05 pm

Chains

heart's part

loops spools

beyond

borders & dethroned art

at the boundary

searched & seized

brands name me

green light canaries

chirp stop & go

fly through company store

gill nets

pixel sigils leap from zone to zone

corral our shuttle

I surrender dear

voluntary slavery

haul rocks to pyramid's base

place a pebble

in the rubble

if kids ask about hegemony

say Christmas

mutants

supplicants

Ferbies

Cabbage Patch

unchained melody on line

take these chains

from my heart

time in chains

keep art's pain

in plain view

push out hemorrhoid curls of

bloody burger coils

sing cellphone counterpoint

disembodied oracle

alone on the cellphone

cool suits move

in throngs

designer haircuts

in doorways

Pakistani cabdriver

Sikh cabdriver

Hindu cabdriver

Muslim cabdriver

call me “sir” & always tell me

“no problem”

play bangrah cassettes devotional harmonium

Bollywood soundtracks

out shattered speakers disarm me on the Freeway

unwind me

secret agent poet

nods & bobs

in time w/ MIDI tablas big “problem”

drives us smash-bang

into brick barrier

e-mail tells me Bibliofind’s owned by Amazon

owell's is now
Barnes & Noble

no time to shake head
for punchline or
doubletake or
say wha

breaks apart ethic
one thought was
containable

an all-new improved
mutant wild west show
predation nation
suburbs & prisons
abound with segregated selves
in private cells
cathode cuffed

how to own the unknown
disown the known
edge of cold sweat

desire
imagines
satisfaction

dread waits for random death

the guy in a SUV

on a cellphone

in TV videogame

disconnect

doesn't see you

even after he hits you

stone skips

great lakes

drowns

in found art

clip clop smack slap

over gray sludge glitter

stuff 'r' us

hey babes

it's class war

no matter how

classy your chassis

random necessity

luxury dogs let loose

go everywhere

it's all theirs

snarf snarf

silly cones

at sudden

outdoor coffeshops

one hop away from

retro 50s boutiques

faux beatniks w/

exotic dogs & cellphones

live through stuff

a stuffed life

where empty speech

weaves together

meaning & continuity

balkanization yes

aryanization si

sudden rich kids

prance furtive

through hardcore

gauntlet of homeless junkies

hookers

zero lifers

cracked out

zapped off

splat pants

shit sock s

dark crotch puke glaze

fierce survivors

stay alivers

in your no eye contact

a dis-ease

a busy molecule

corkscrews

into core of certainty

bullseye

everyone owns

everyone else

ah perfect world

unperfected

sign in City Lights

'no sell phones beyond this point'

•

the tiniest hand puts together

the crappiest cheapo toy or gizmo in any or all 99¢ stores

in any or all

strip mall

where bottom feeders & kitschniks forage

in the sewage of abundance

– David Meltzer

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/16 at 10:47 pm

“I am a Prisoner Dreaming of Escape. . .”

–Julian Beck

He never completed the sentence.

He was a prisoner dreaming of escape.

He never completed the sentence.

His lost clause thrashes among the universes.

He never completed the sentence.

A great ellipsis opened up and swallowed him.

He never completed the sentence.

The freedom-door swung open and he had to
go through.

–Judith Malina

Awaiting confirmation

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Submitted on 2011/05/16 at 7:38 pm

In My Garden (A Winter Reverie)

a poem by Kathy Figueroa

I am a gardener

A tiller of the soil

Often, in my garden

From dawn to dusk

I'll toil

I work the land

And plant many seeds

Tend my crops

And pull the weeds

Then, at Night's bidding

Reluctantly take my rest

For, of all places on Earth

A garden

Must surely be

Among the best

Though the clutch

Of Winter

Has cast a pall

And the hours of light

Are few

Never ceasing

Without fail
The Sun is born
Anew
The harsh wind
May blow
And the snow
Relentlessly fall
But my reverie
Is of my garden
And the beauty of it all

This poem was published in The Bancroft Times newspaper on March 17, 2011.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/15 at 11:11 pm

I Cultivate a White Rose

I cultivate a white rose

In July as in January

For the sincere friend

Who gives me his hand frankly.

And for the cruel person who tears out
the heart with which I live,
I cultivate neither nettles nor thorns:
I cultivate a white rose.

— José Martí

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/15 at 11:08 pm

LA MAÑANITA

Hermano, amaneció. Mirá.

Ahora podemos ver ya el volcán Masaya

y su humo

saliendo del cráter, y la laguna, verde, de Masaya,

más allá la laguna de Apoyo, muy azul,

las Sierras, y serranías de color cielo

hasta la lejanía, la verdad es

que nuestra tierra es de color de cielo,

más lejos, ¿lo ves? el Pacífico,

casi puro cielo bajo el cielo, la verdad es

que estamos en el cielo y no lo sabemos,

mirá, del otro lado el lago de Managua y el Momotombo

junto al agua como

un triángulo de lago levantado o
una pirámide de cielo.

Todo esto desde antes estaba allí
pero una oscura noche lo cubría,
y no se veía. La noche de las tentaciones.

Cada uno tenía su tentación.

La tentación del falso amanecer que aún no podía ser.

El yacer en una cama en plena noche soñando que es el amanecer.

Ahora sí fue el amanecer, Pancho Nicaragua,

todo está iluminado

alrededor de este rancho.

La tierra y el agua. Lo podés ver.

Y en aquella casita oigo cantar:

“Qué alegre y fresca
la mañanita”.

THE MORNING

Brother, dawn has come. Look.

Now we can already see the Masaya Volcano

and its smoke

rising from the crater, and the Masaya Lagoon, green,

further on, the Apoyo Lagoon, very blue,

the Sierra Mountains and the mountain ranges, sky-blue

out to the distance, the truth is

that our land is sky-blue,

still further on, you see it? The Pacific,

almost pure blue under the sky,
the truth is that we're in heaven and don't know it,
look, on the other side of Lake Managua and Momotombo
next to the water like
a risen triangle of lake or
a pyramid of sky.

All this was here before
but a dark night covered it,
and you couldn't see it. The night of temptations.

Each one of us had our temptation.
The temptation of a false dawn that still couldn't be.
Lying in bed in darkest night dreaming it's dawn.

Now yes, dawn's come, Pancho Nicaragua,
everything is lit up
around this hut.

Earth and water. You can see it.

And in that little house I hear them sing:

“How joyous and fresh
is the new morning.”

— written by Ernesto Cardenal

translation by Mark Zimmerman

from Flights of Victory/Vuelos de Victoria

edited and translated by Mark Zimmerman, Orbis Books, Maryknoll NY 1985.

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/15 at 7:08 pm

Awaiting confirmation

Surazeus Simon Seamount

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Submitted on 2011/05/15 at 4:10 pm

Unite For Lady Liberty

Angeliad of Surazeus

2011 03 29

http://open.salon.com/blog/surazeus/2011/03/29/united_for_lady_liberty

Why did we fight to set people free
sacrificing a hundred thousand lives
in civil war between our united states
if honest people are denied any right
because their skin is darker than white
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
so men and women with honesty
may pursue happiness in true liberty
if women are not allowed a choice
to bear a child inside her womb or not

unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
if teen girls who run away from home
are forced to sell their bodies for cash
by men who beat them in impotent rage
if they try to escape from sex slavery
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
smashing wall between church and state
if people of all religious creeds or none
cannot worship or not as they choose
and hold elected offices of authority
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
sending soldiers to fight for democracy
to overthrow dictators in distant lands
if bankers with no rules to hinder hands
game stock market with cheating scams
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
forming unions to secure worker rights
so every one may earn a decent wage
if speculators inflate prices of homes

and gamble mortgages to steal wealth
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
marching to war at loud trumpet call
to break chains and free all humanity
if billions survive without kind security
hoping to build wasteland into paradise
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

Why did we fight to set people free
joining together all nations and creeds
if we fail to see we experience one reality
investigating science of true humanity
to share home planet in peaceful equality
unless we all unite for Lady Liberty.

No

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/14 at 3:20 pm

YOUNG POETS

by Nicanor Parra (translated by Miller Williams)

Write as you will

In whatever style you like

Too much blood has run under the bridge

To go on believing

That only one road is right.

In poetry everything is permitted.

With only this condition of course:

You have to improve the blank page.

Awaiting confirmation

Mukul Sarkar

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210.211.235.11

Submitted on 2011/05/14 at 7:17 am

Strange Time

There is no more happiness in the 'Morning'

The once brightness has turned into 'Mourning'.

Pollution is in the air and everywhere

It is no more natural, it is man-made

Humanity and Goodness fade

Giving birth to flesh-thirsty 'human- hunters'

Love and Compassion have become endangered now.

Who will protect them and how?

News are no more inked with pen

Blood is oozing out from the news-worthy human pain.

How to find the “right Path”..

When every day we bathe in blood bath??

Yes

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/13 at 7:37 pm

Plutonian Ode

I

What new element before us unborn in nature? Is there
a new thing under the Sun?

At last inquisitive Whitman a modern epic, detonative,
Scientific theme

First penned unmindful by Doctor Seaborg with poison-
ous hand, named for Death's planet through the
sea beyond Uranus

whose chthonic ore fathers this magma-teared Lord of
Hades, Sire of avenging Furies, billionaire Hell-
King worshipped once

with black sheep throats cut, priests's face averted from
underground mysteries in single temple at Eleusis,
Spring-green Persephone nuptialed to his inevitable
Shade, Demeter mother of asphodel weeping dew,
her daughter stored in salty caverns under white snow,

black hail, grey winter rain or Polar ice, immemor-
able seasons before
Fish flew in Heaven, before a Ram died by the starry
bush, before the Bull stamped sky and earth
or Twins inscribed their memories in clay or Crab'd
flood
washed memory from the skull, or Lion sniffed the
lilac breeze in Eden—
Before the Great Year began turning its twelve signs,
ere constellations wheeled for twenty-four thousand
sunny years
slowly round their axis in Sagittarius, one hundred
sixty-seven thousand times returning to this night

Radioactive Nemesis were you there at the beginning
black dumb tongueless unsmelling blast of Disil-
lusion?

I manifest your Baptismal Word after four billion years
I guess your birthday in Earthling Night, I salute your
dreadful presence last majestic as the Gods,
Sabaot, Jehova, Astapheus, Adonaeus, Elohim, Iao,
Ialdabaoth, Aeon from Aeon born ignorant in an
Abyss of Light,
Sophia's reflections glittering thoughtful galaxies, whirl-
pools of starspume silver-thin as hairs of Einstein!
Father Whitman I celebrate a matter that renders Self
oblivion!

Grand Subject that annihilates inky hands & pages'
prayers, old orators' inspired Immortalities,
I begin your chant, openmouthed exhaling into spacious
sky over silent mills at Hanford, Savannah River,
Rocky Flats, Pantex, Burlington, Albuquerque
I yell thru Washington, South Carolina, Colorado,
Texas, Iowa, New Mexico,
Where nuclear reactors creat a new Thing under the
Sun, where Rockwell war-plants fabricate this death
stuff trigger in nitrogen baths,
Hanger-Silas Mason assembles the terrified weapon
secret by ten thousands, & where Manzano Moun-
tain boasts to store
its dreadful decay through two hundred forty millenia
while our Galaxy spirals around its nebulous core.
I enter your secret places with my mind, I speak with
your presence, I roar your Lion Roar with mortal
mouth.
One microgram inspired to one lung, ten pounds of
heavy metal dust adrift slow motion over grey
Alps
the breadth of the planet, how long before your radiance
speeds blight and death to sentient beings?
Enter my body or not I carol my spirit inside you,
Unapproachable Weight,
O heavy heavy Element awakened I vocalize your con-
sciousness to six worlds

I chant your absolute Vanity. Yeah monster of Anger
birthed in fear O most
Ignorant matter ever created unnatural to Earth! Delusion
of metal empires!
Destroyer of lying Scientists! Devourer of covetous
Generals, Incinerator of Armies & Melter of Wars!
Judgement of judgements, Divine Wind over vengeful
nations, Molester of Presidents, Death-Scandal of
Capital politics! Ah civilizations stupidly indus-
trious!
Canker-Hex on multitudes learned or illiterate! Manu-
factured Spectre of human reason! O solidified
imago of practitioner in Black Arts
I dare your reality, I challenge your very being! I
publish your cause and effect!
I turn the wheel of Mind on your three hundred tons!
Your name enters mankind's ear! I embody your
ultimate powers!
My oratory advances on your vaunted Mystery! This
breath dispels your braggart fears! I sing your
form at last
behind your concrete & iron walls inside your fortress
of rubber & translucent silicon shields in filtered
cabinets and baths of lathe oil,
My voice resounds through robot glove boxes & ignot
cans and echoes in electric vaults inert of atmo-
sphere,

I enter with spirit out loud into your fuel rod drums
underground on soundless thrones and beds of
lead
O density! This weightless anthem trumpets transcendent
through hidden chambers and breaks through
iron doors into the Infernal Room!
Over your dreadful vibration this measured harmony
floats audible, these jubilant tones are honey and
milk and wine-sweet water
Poured on the stone black floor, these syllables are
barley groats I scatter on the Reactor's core,
I call your name with hollow vowels, I psalm your Fate
close by, my breath near deathless ever at your
side
to Spell your destiny, I set this verse prophetic on your
mausoleum walls to seal you up Eternally with
Diamond Truth! O doomed Plutonium.

II

The Bar surveys Plutonian history from midnight
lit with Mercury Vapor streetlamps till in dawn's
early light
he contemplates a tranquil politic spaced out between
Nations' thought-forms proliferating bureaucratic
& horrific arm'd, Satanic industries projected sudden
with Five Hundred Billion Dollar Strength

around the world same time this text is set in Boulder,
Colorado before front range of Rocky Mountains
twelve miles north of Rocky Flats Nuclear Facility in
United States of North America, Western Hemi-
sphere
of planet Earth six months and fourteen days around
our Solar System in a Spiral Galaxy
the local year after Dominion of the last God nineteen
hundred seventy eight
Completed as yellow hazed dawn clouds brighten East,
Denver city white below
Blue sky transparent rising empty deep & spacious to a
morning star high over the balcony
above some autos sat with wheels to curb downhill
from Flatiron's jagged pine ridge,
sunlit mountain meadows sloped to rust-red sandstone
cliffs above brick townhouse roofs
as sparrows waked whistling through Marine Street's
summer green leafed trees.

III

This ode to you O Poets and Orators to come, you
father Whitman as I join your side, you Congress
and American people,
you present meditators, spiritual friends & teachers,
you O Master of the Diamond Arts,

Take this wheel of syllables in hand, these vowels and
consonants to breath's end
take this inhalation of black poison to your heart, breath
out this blessing from your breast on our creation
forests cities oceans deserts rocky flats and mountains
in the Ten Directions pacify with exhalation,
enrich this Plutonian Ode to explode its empty thunder
through earthen thought-worlds
Magnetize this howl with heartless compassion, destroy
this mountain of Plutonium with ordinary mind
and body speech,
thus empower this Mind-guard spirit gone out, gone
out, gone beyond, gone beyond me, Wake space,
so Ah!

—Allen Ginsberg

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/13 at 2:55 am

IMAGINE JEAN COCTEAU

Imagine Jean Cocteau in the lobby

holding a torch

Imagine a trained dog act,

a Rock and Roll Band

Imagine I am Curly of the Three Stooges
disguised as Wm Shakespeare

Imagine that I'm the cousin of the Mayor
of New York or the King of Nepal
(I didn't say Napoleon!)

Imagine what it is like to be in the glare
of hot lights when you are longing for dark
corners

Imagine the Ghost Patrol, the Tribal
Orchestra—

Imagine an elephant playing a harmonica
or someone weighing out bones on the edge
of the desert in Afghanistan

Imagine that these poems are recorded moments
of temporary sanity

Imagine that the clock was just turned back—
—or forwards—a hundred years instead of an hour

Let us pretend that we have no place to go,
that we are here in the Cosmic Hotel,
that our bags are packed & that we have one hour
to checkout time

Imagine whatever you will but know that it is not
imagination but experience which makes poetry,
and that behind every image,
behind every word there is something

I am trying to tell you,

something that really happened.

– Ira Cohen

Awaiting confirmation

Kathy Figueroa

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Submitted on 2011/05/11 at 10:16 pm

Jerusalem Daylily (a poem for daylily fanatics)

by Kathy Figueroa

‘Jerusalem,’ I call thee

Oh, splendid flower

With countenance bright

A jewel of God’s creation

Set on Earth for our delight

When an example of

God’s love was chosen

To give men hope

And banish despair

It was of you Jesus spoke

Oh, lovely flower, most fair

When I behold you

Clothed in raiment, fine

I know that you

Beautiful Daylily

Are a creation of the Divine

This poem was inspired by discovering an exceptionally lovely daylily blooming on Saturday, September 4th, 2010. It was also inspired by the line, "Behold the lilies of the field.." from, 'The Sermon On The Mount,' and by the poem, 'Jerusalem,' by William Blake.

'Jerusalem Daylily' (a poem for daylily fanatics), was first published in The Bancroft Times newspaper on September 9, 2010.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/11 at 4:51 pm

MAYBE I WANT TO GO TO CANADA

Bye, Bye USA. Hello Finland! Or maybe I want to go to Canada. . . I'm fresh out of patriotism. Tired of disappointment and hurt. I need a bigger world view. O, Samsara!

Let it go, let it go! Ziggy, my dog, sleeps in the sun. Everything will work out here at home. But no, there are 17 countries more Democratic than this one. I want to go there!

That would be the brave and honorable thing to do. Emigrate! A vote for Democracy while I still have a chance to vote. It would be just like going to America. But backwards when America was determined to be America. Hello Sweden! I'll have a hotdog with mashed potatoes, mustard and ketchup, at the train station. I'll have a beautiful blonde

girl! It doesn't matter where as long as I'm free. Hello better democracies! Norway, Iceland, Netherlands, Denmark, New Zealand, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Australia,

Canada, Iceland, Germany, Austria, Spain, Malta, Japan. Tapas, herring, moose and kangaroos, fondue, tempura, great forests and Northern Lights. Hello Leonard

Cohen, I'm on my way! Health care, free speech, civil rights! And what about Gross National Happiness? Physical, mental and spiritual health! The USA ranks 150! Behind Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, and Vietnam, just to get started. Fer Christ's Sake they're happier in Saudi Arabia! And which country is the greenest? The USA ranks 39th

behind Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Costa Rica, orchids, bromeliads, parrots. Mambas, Sambas, Cha-Chas. Austria, New Zealand, Latvia, Colombia, France, Iceland, Björk, haddock, halibut, and shrimp. Canada, Germany, lederhosen, United Kingdom, Slovenia, klobasa, strudels, goulash and pancakes topped with chocolate, Lithuania,

Slovakia, Portugal, Estonia, Croatia, Japan, Ecuador, Hungary, Italy. Risotto, fava, white truffles and fresh parmesan. "Maestà" by Duccio di Buoninsegna at Museo dell'Opera del

Duomo, Siena. Denmark, Malaysia, Albania, Russia, Chile, Roberto Matta, empanada de Pino filled with diced meat, onions, olive, raisins and a piece of hard-boiled egg.

Cabernet Sauvignon, and Pablo Neruda, Spain, Lorca, Don Quixote, Luxembourg, Panama, Dominican Republic, Ireland, Brazil, Goooooooooooooooooooooooooal!!!!!!!!!!

Uruguay, Georgia and Argentina, Water purity, lower carbon and sulfur emissions...

Long live the glaciers, waterfalls, coral reefs, flowering meadows, mangroves, and fjords!

Before it's too late. What am I waiting for? I've got to do what's right (for me).

It's the American thing to do! I've got to get out of here. All aboard for A Happy Green Democracy! That's what I imagine. That's what I choose!

September 5, 2008

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/11 at 4:49 pm

REVOLUTIONS

Robert Priest

From: The Visible Man. Toronto: Unfinished Monument Press, 1980.

(for Galileo)

i am a tall white thing that birds fly out of
that is why you see me in the morning so open-mouthed and foolish
the doctor said
“you are upside down
you have a large wounded thing in your mouth
i would advise you to cry”
but i said “no doctor
you are wrong
i am tremulous and exultant—a green strand
drawn from the throat of a flower
i am the magnet the wind arrives at finally

those are songs you see lodged in me
if i cry there will be no passion in it
i have tried again and again to throw off these robes of water
but wherever i have whirled them—
there the drunken—the inexhaustible flowers
have followed and come groping up to me
with praises
why should i cry?”
“you’re upside down” he said
“no” i replied, and i began to revolve in the air
in front of him
“you think it must be somewhere near here
that the ground is
the suicides have told you
the rain and snow have told you
it’s down below
somewhere under the houses
but they are wrong
and you are wrong
i am that dancing man
who kicks over the jug of the stars
those are my tracks across the moon

wherever i put my feet
that is where
the ground is

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/11 at 4:40 pm

Hellas: Chorus

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

CHORUS

The world's great age begins anew,

The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew

Her winter weeds outworn:

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam

Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains

From waves serener far;

A new Peneus rolls his fountains

Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep

Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,

Fraught with a later prize;

Another Orpheus sings again,

And loves, and weeps, and dies.

A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdu'd:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn

Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last!

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/11 at 4:35 pm

The Gardener 38 by Rabindranath Tagore

My love, once upon a time your poet launched a great epic in his mind.
Alas, I was not careful, and it struck your ringing anklets and came to grief.
It broke up into scraps of songs and lay scattered at your feet.
All my cargo of the stories of old wars was tossed by the laughing waves and soaked in
tears and sank.
You must make this loss good to me, my love.
If my claims to immortal fame after death are shattered, make me immortal while I live.
And I will not mourn for my loss nor blame you.

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/10 at 4:18 pm

A CHANGE IS GONNA COME (songwriter: Sam Cooke)

I was born by the river in a little tent
Oh and just like the river I been a runnin' ever since

It's been a long, a long time coming but I know
A change gon' come oh yes it will
It's been too hard living but I'm afraid to die
Cuz I don't know what's up there beyond the sky
It's been a long, a long time coming but I know
A change gon' come oh yes it will

I go to the movie, and I go downtown
Somebody keep tellin me "don't hang around"
It's been a long, a long time coming, but i know
A change gon' come oh yes it will

Then I go to my brother
And I say "brother, help me please"
But he winds up knocking me
Back down on my knees
There been times that I thought I wouldn't last for long
Now think I'm able to carry on
It's been a long, along time coming but I know
A change gon' come, oh yes it will

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/10 at 2:15 am

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunt about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter: therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal – yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," – that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—John Keats

Awaiting confirmation

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

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Submitted on 2011/05/09 at 10:59 pm | In reply to red slider.

Ill be submitting some stuff when I get the chance... check out my poetry vids...

No

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Submitted on 2011/05/06 at 3:35 pm

Flight Of Swans

One who sees giant Orion, the torches of winter midnight,
Enormously walking above the ocean in the west of heaven;
And watches the track of this age of time at its peak of flight
Waver like a spent rocket, wavering toward new discoveries,
Mortal examinations of darkness, soundings of depth;
And watches the long coast mountain vibrate from bronze to green,
Bronze to green, year after year, and all the streams
Dry and flooded, dry and flooded, in the racing seasons;

And knows that exactly this and not another is the world,
The ideal is phantoms for bait, the spirit is a flicker on a grave;
May serve, with a certain detachment, the fugitive human race,
Or his own people, or his own household; but hardly himself;
And will not wind himself into hopes nor sicken with despairs.
He has found the peace and adored the God; he handles in autumn
The germs of far-future spring.
Sad sons of the stormy fall,
No escape, you have to inflict and endure; surely it is time for you
To learn to touch the diamond within to the diamond outside,
Thinning your humanity a little between the invulnerable diamonds,
Knowing that your angry choices and hopes and terrors are in vain,
But life and death not in vain; and the world is like a flight of swans.

Robinson Jeffers

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/06 at 1:36 am

Anxos Sumai was born in Catoira, A Coruña, Galicia, Spain in 1960. She is a
documentarian and writer.

http://www.bigbridge.org/BB15/2011_BB_15_TRANSLATIONS/2011_BB_15_GALICIAN_ANTHOLOGY/English/English_Anxos_Sumai.pdf

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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Submitted on 2011/05/06 at 12:53 am

Ecology

BY JACK COLLOM

Surrounded by bone, surrounded by cells,
by rings, by rings of hell, by hair, surrounded by
air-is-a-thing, surrounded by silhouette, by honey-wet bees, yet
by skeletons of trees, surrounded by actual, yes, for practical
purposes, people, surrounded by surreal
popcorn, surrounded by the reborn: Surrender in the center
to surroundings. O surrender forever, never
end her, let her blend around, surrender to the surroundings that
surround the tender endo-surrender, that
tumble through the tumbling to that blue that
curls around the crumbling, to that, the blue that
rumbles under the sun bounding the pearl that
we walk on, talk on; we can chalk that
up to experience, sensing the brown here that's
blue now, a drop of water surrounding a cow that's
black & white, the warbling Blackburnian twitter that's
machining midnight orange in the light that's
glittering in the light green visible wind. That's
the ticket to the tunnel through the thicket that's
a cricket's funnel of music to correct & pick it out

from under the wing that whirls up over & out.

Jack Collom, "Ecology" from Red Car Goes By: Selected Poems 1955-2000, published by Tuumba Press. Copyright © 2001 by Jack Collom. Reprinted by permission of the author.

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/05/06 at 12:28 am

Let America Be America Again by Langston Hughes

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty

Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.

I am the people, humble, hungry, mean—
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home—
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung

And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay—
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where every man is free.
The land that's mine—the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME—
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,

The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green states—
And make America again!

Awaiting confirmation

Lisa Vihos

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Submitted on 2011/05/05 at 1:01 am

In just about 45 minutes, the Sheboygan, WI chapter of 100,000 poets for change will hold our first meeting to start planning our event. We had great success recently with using Skype at a poetry reading and were able to include a poet from California and a poet from Alaska in a reading from issue 1.2 of Stoneboat, a lovely little literary magazine some of us recently started. Anyway, we could like to get with people in other parts of the world and plan a “Skype-In.” At least, that is what I want to do and I am sort of the Queen of the group, but we will meet in 45 minutes and then more shall be revealed...

No

Kathy Figueroa

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Submitted on 2011/05/02 at 1:48 am

Memories Of Toronto

a poem by Kathy Figueroa

My memories of Toronto
Include sights that I've seen
While cycling around town
Many places I've been
Often, in a park
I'd stop for a rest
And the one named
For the Queen
Was among the ones
I liked best
It was a quiet, shady grove
In the heart of the city
Where majestic gingko trees towered
Huge, leafy and pretty
Once, it was such a lovely day
That, after a stop
I didn't just cycle away
But decided to amble along
And it happened that
A small group I did chance upon
So, pausing along the route I took
For a moment or two
I had a look
Then recognition
Did suddenly dawn
It was Nelson Mandela
Standing there on the lawn

With not a large crowd
But, neither, were there just a few
And people began
To shake his hand
So, that's what I did, too
Formal protocol was
Undoubtedly, fractured and bent
When, to that gathering
My presence I lent
It was a memorable occasion
All those years ago
Very pleasant and civilized
Sadly, today, in July, 2010
An occurrence such as this
Has been, perhaps, forever
Relegated to Toronto's
And Queen's Park's past
I've now realized
You see, back then
No burly cops decked out
In full armour, gas masks
Clubs and other antiriot gear
Were around to prevent
Someone like me
A curious Toronto citizen
At Queen's Park
From getting too near

Or to knock/push/slam
Anyone down to the ground
Or to subject people
To brutal 'anticitizen' rage
Or arrest them without charges
And lock them in a cage
It's with a shock
And great sadness
I understand, now
That Toronto has changed
For the worse, somehow
That Queen's Park
Will probably never be the same
And of a peaceful
More civilized time
Only a memory will remain
Those brutal police officers
The ones who were sworn
And paid to serve and protect
Must be held accountable
For their seemingly criminal actions
Against innocent citizens
Including bystanders
Who had gathered at Queen's Park
And in other areas
During the G20 conference
This we, as Canadians, expect

Maybe those 'bad apple' police officers
That were evincing so much
'Toronto G20 rage'
Might develop some sensitivity
Towards fellow Canadian citizens
By spending some time
Themselves, locked in a cage
It certainly appears that some
Have violated the terms
Of their employment
And should be suspended
Investigated, then fired
Without further 'adieu'
Because that's what
Civilized societies do
In view of the recent
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, G20 events
It appears that those with authority
Have lost common sense
Certain police actions
As well as those of the
Ontario Liberal government
Have given patriotic
Law abiding citizens a fright
And, instead of the dawn
Of a progressive, humanitarian age
Have created something

That has the clarity
Of a murky night
When Canadians who have
Gathered peacefully
To hear speakers
Are humiliated, battered
And brutalized at Queen's Park
A new era is heralded
But not of enlightenment
Rather, it is an era most
Disconcerting and dark

For more information, please see the following Internet sites:

<http://tinyurl.com/g20amputee>

<http://www.ombudsman.on.ca/en/media/press-releases/2010/ontario-ombudsman-to-investigate-g20-security-regulation.aspx>

http://www.amnesty.ca/iwriteforjustice/take_action.php?actionid=449&type=Internal

<http://www.facebook.com/g20inquiry>

<http://www.facebook.com/home.php?#!/group.php?gid=135629036463012>

http://www.facebook.com/g20inquiry#!/note.php?note_id=397205503638&id=51149156

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/28 at 5:22 am | In reply to Dan Wilcox.

Hi Dan, It would be great to have you join us in Albany, NY on September 24. Read the ABOUT menu on the blog homepage and it will clear up your concerns about what this project is about. Peace and sustainability. Local communities can address specific concerns. If you want to do something on ecology, labor unions, education, racism then you can make that call. As for when you do it, you can do it now and you can do it on September 24. Every day counts!

Awaiting confirmation

Dan Wilcox

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67.248.135.131

Submitted on 2011/04/28 at 1:47 am

The problem with this is that it doesn't say what kind of "change" (sounds like Obama's campaign) & could equally apply to Teabagger/Fascist/religious fundamentalists. Better these poets take to the streets now & not wait for Sept. 24.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/24 at 6:01 pm | In reply to The Whitehouse Poets /Barney Sheehan in Limerick,Ireland..

Whitehouse Poets in Limerick, Ireland announce their participation in 100 Thousand Poets for Change

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=32vE1NYsFNA&feature=player_embedded

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/23 at 4:35 pm | In reply to Stephen Allen.

Hi Stephen, I will send you an e-mail. Thanks!!

Awaiting confirmation

Stephen Allen

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99.186.245.94

Submitted on 2011/04/23 at 11:13 am

I'm from Oakland, Ca and would like to be organizer for my region.

No

Michael

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98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 9:17 pm

DREAM DEFERRED by Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up

Like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore—

And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?

Or crust and sugar over—

like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags

like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Awaiting confirmation

Beth Coulter

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Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 9:12 pm

The Life of a Cajun Man (for T-Claude)

by Beth Coulter

He was born into the Cajun life

Living off the land and on the water

Knowing the Cajun way has Cajun strife

But loving the Gulf and its sons and daughters

He was a deckhand as soon as he could walk
Fishing and trapping in the Cajun way
Praising this Cajun life as soon as he could talk
Loving the simple life every single day

He worked his way up to head mechanic
Working at the local shrimp factory
Never allowing life to get too dramatic
He'd just smile, laugh and tell another story

His Cajun spirit was so incredibly big
It seemed uncontained by his body
Never stooping to make an unkind dig
Though his jokes could be quite bawdy

Everyone who knew him loved this Cajun man
And it seemed everybody knew him
He who loved life in this Cajun land
Is now seeing a life going dim

It is not dimming because he will die
For he has died a few times before
It is dimming because of a corporate lie
And this is what causes T-Claude to feel sore

It's not the cancer running through him

It's not the dialysis that makes him sad
It's his life on the Gulf that is going dim
It's the air and the water going bad

He's already been living on borrowed time
Yet still has his hopes and dreams
He still has fish to catch in the Gulf Coast brine
His mind is filled with a young man's schemes

Now it is a race to the end for this Cajun man
Which will die first is the key
Will it be the Gulf waters and the land
Or T-Claude who cannot bear to see

The ruin of the Cajun way
The destruction of his soul
Seeing the oil dirty the bay
And the wildlife pay the toll 7/1/10

Yes

Kathy Figueroa
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Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 7:17 pm

Sometimes small changes are good, too...

Gumboots

a poem by Kathy Figueroa

When I was in town
I had a fashion attack
And bought shiny
New gumboots
In sleek stylish black
Now, through the mud
I can fearlessly stomp
And I don't get my feet wet
When I cross the swamp
I lived in the city
A long time ago
And had to dress up there
Mainly for show
I worked nine to five
White collar hours
In those great big
Downtown office towers
Now, I live in the country
And life is just grand
When I spend my days
Outside on the land
I'm happy as a lark
As I work in the dirt
In my gumboots, jeans
And an old flannel shirt

You won't find my wardrobe
In a fashion magazine
Because I dress for comfort
Not to be seen
So, bring on the flannel
Bring on the plaid
Bring on the gumboots
The best footwear I've had
I don't look high fashion
But I don't give two hoots
Because I always feel good
When I wear gumboots

This poem was published in The Bancroft Times newspaper on April 14, 2011.

Kathy Figueroa

fancydaylilies@gmail.com

216.209.115.62

Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 7:01 pm

Regarding change....

Evolution

a poem by Kathy Figueroa

Long ago, a dinosaur

A prisoner, by gravity bound

With lumbering, heavy steps

Did plod across the ground
And it crushed all in its path
With an earth shaking tread
Unlike a bird that flies
In the blue sky, overhead
Maybe this massive creature
When mired in the
Black mud of a swamp
Dreamed of being able
To frolic and romp
Perhaps this behemoth
So long ago, alive
Wished it were more agile
That it could soar and dive
Maybe in its heart
A hidden hope held sway
That it could change
And be different some day
Perhaps its wish was granted
Implausible as this might sound
It's got to do with something
Archaeologists have found
This might appear far fetched
Or maybe even absurd
But recent discoveries have shown
A dinosaur evolved into a bird
How long the process took

They can't, with accuracy, say
But I guess a need to fly
Made a dinosaur evolve that way

This poem was published in The Bancroft Times newspaper on May 20, 2010.

No

Michael

walterblue@bigbridge.org

98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 4:48 pm

A great image from Tsunami Bookks in Paris

Awaiting confirmation

T.R. Woodruff

woodruffworks.blogspot.com

twood360@gmail.com

24.217.32.65

Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 4:37 pm

Horse in Mist

When I looked across the morning,
out along the grasses & trees,
a horse in mist

regarded me gently,
& I paused, having never witnessed
equine prayer.

Slow horse, nodded to the wind.
Hooves melted into a patch of clover
heavy with yesterday's rain.

Whether the sky was held
by the trees & fence, or the
horse's gaze, I cannot say.

No

T.R. Woodruff

woodruffworks.blogspot.com

twood360@gmail.com

24.217.32.65

Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 4:35 pm

About the Death of the Deer

Even as Garic, my
friend, crested the hill,
I pointed & sd, deer!

Which I thought he saw,
maybe not, Or: further down,

more crossed the road,

it made a god-awful thrunch
& rolled atop the hood, so
much so, I imagined blood,

it choked dust in
swirls, its glossy eyes stared
beyond Garic & I, looking:

Christ, I sd—I was always
saying things like that—
it died because of us.

No

Beth Coulter

bethcoulter.com

betheqt@voicenet.com

68.80.164.206

Submitted on 2011/04/22 at 12:27 am

When the Grandkids Ask

What do I tell them when they ask,
Nana, where did it all go?
Why can't we go to play and swim,
In the Gulf of Mexico?

How do I tell them when they ask,
That the Gulf is gone for good,
As least gone from their own lives,
For we valued oil over food.

We valued oil at the cost of lives,
And at the cost of a culture too.
We valued oil despite the cost,
Because our culture said we should.

So what do I tell the little ones
When they ask, Where did it go?
Why can't we go to play and swim,
In the Gulf of Mexico?

7/10/10

Yes

LATIF HARRIS

poetsagainsthewar.org

latifla1940@yahoo.com

12.144.160.217

Submitted on 2011/04/21 at 7:05 pm

poets against war

No

red slider

red@holopoet.com

red@holopoet.com

67.174.49.167

Submitted on 2011/04/21 at 3:35 pm

aindre, a moving testament to your mother, and to your ability to not only contain her memories as she relinquishes them to this cruelest of all diseases, but to hold on to the fact that she remains a self that is just as worthy, important and loved, now as she is. That's a lesson that only comes with difficulty, even for caregivers. Thank you for capturing it in your poem.

My friend, Frances Kakugawa, has written two books, 'Mosaic Moon' and 'Breaking the Silence', on the subject of caregiving and poetry. You might enjoy checking out her blog at franceskakugawa.wordpress.com. Some of her entries discuss her poems about her mother and other matters on the subject.

Yes

aindre reece-sheerin

theweddingsinger.org.uk

aindreecesheerin@googlemail.com

195.226.150.226

Submitted on 2011/04/21 at 7:38 am

Hi Kathy,

| really enjoyed Eulogy To A Bat

Please see my Spontaneous verse to my Mother who is living with lost in Alzheimer's/Dementia and yet the second I begin to sing the old songs and or quote the nursery rhymes she taught me as a child Doris knows each word and nuance. Not sure if I am permitted to post this here and so hope I do not break any house rules by so doing.

I'm Still Here You Know ©aindre reece-sheerin 24/3/2011 08:43

I'm still here you know. What with the rain and the snow

And even if sunshine, sure I've nowhere else to go
I'm still the one who raised you who fed you at my breast
Who at the tender age of 'not quite two' – took you to your first music fest

I helped you sing before you spoke
and slapped you in the middle of your back if you choked
I taught you reason I taught you rhyme
I gave you almost all of my time

So in these fleeting, 'lucid' moments of bliss
Hold me like I held you
Take my hand with a kiss
Tell me how much you love me and, its me that you miss

I've heard some talk of Alzheimer's or Dementia
Though I know nothing of that
I just remember your first home nappies
Where everything started with 'Splat'

I'm still here you or did you forget
When you look so deep into my eyes
The same as your's – like the bright, blue skies
I'm still here you know and yet.....

Why has everyone abandoned me
Why do they tell me what to do
Hoh! and there you go again little one

Potty on your head when its time for a pooh

Rarely but sometimes I forget who and where I am

My name? Why, its Doris, I'm my daddy's little lamb

Must get the chips on and Andy will be here soon

Must get the chips on – 'Don't be talking stupid Doris – I'm not the King of Siam'

I'm still here you know – no I haven't gone away

I'm a little older now and forgetful so sometimes my thoughts stray

Must get the chips on, somebody took the cat

Are we going out today, Oh my giddy Aunt, I must just clean that mat

What's your name, are you here to see you Mother?

Its lovely that you come to see her

Mine never bother

I'm still here you know – Sing a song of sixpence

A pocket full of memories – only tuppence a bag

Doris is still here you know – Just take a closer look inside

Dedicated to Doris E Ward Sheerin 24/3/2011 08:43

No

Kathy Figueroa

fancydaylilies@gmail.com

206.172.235.49

Submitted on 2011/04/21 at 1:15 am | In reply to red slider.

@ Red – Sure! Will forward a link to you, shortly.

- Kathy

No

red slider

red@holopoet.com

red@holopoet.com

67.174.49.167

Submitted on 2011/04/21 at 12:43 am

Michael, Kathy – Would love to add both your works to Poems for Change, if you care to share them and have them indexed there. let me know if you do through <http://www.poems4change.com> – red

Yes

Kathy Figueroa

fancydaylilies@gmail.com

206.172.235.49

Submitted on 2011/04/20 at 10:40 pm

A renewed respect and appreciation for Nature would be a positive and welcome change.

Eulogy For A Bat

poem by Kathy Figueroa

A wisp of dusk, personified

Or should I say, ‘animalified’

It grieves me, Bat

That you have died

A blight wracked your tiny body
Slight and brown
Stopped your flight
And struck you down
I wondered why
Not long ago
When the ground
Was cloaked with snow
As I looked outside
Late at night
I saw you swoop by
The electric light
“What could it possibly
Find to eat, now?”
Was on my mind
How could a bug
It hope to find
When all was frozen
White and still
I know now, Bat
That you were ill
In the shelter where
You were housed
To winters chill
You were roused
Then, in search of food
You left the safety

Of your home
Because of a plague called
'White Nose Syndrome'
This pestilential disease
Caused you to awaken
..Then starve.. then freeze..
So, sadly, your life was taken
You had great worth
In the grand scheme of things
As you flew over this earth
With fragile wings
Humans with no sense
Often like to say
That they are at the top
Of the food chain
Forgetting that black flies
And mosquitoes
Require warm blood to drain
And that, in this land
It's not unknown
For a person
To die of exposure
When lost in
The woods, alone
Should the word 'exposure'
Need to be explained
It can mean that the person died

Because too much blood was drained
So a bat is an answer
To a prayer for respite
And a defense
From the attack, from the bite
Of a blood hungry (possibly
West Nile Disease carrying) parasite
Though some folks
Might express fear if their path
With this creature, connects
It's good to remember that
In spring and summer
A bat can devour
From half to its entire
Body weight in insects
This critter should never be hurt
Or, by human hand, rendered dead
A bat should always be
Left alone, instead
So it can flourish and thrive
Because a bat is worth
Far more than gold, alive
One thing I know that could
Soon become very clear
Is that people
Will surely miss a bat
If bugs proliferate

And bats are no longer here
So Little Brown Bat
Myotis Lucifugus
Your good work I
Hereby, commend
And let it be known that
To humans and, indeed, to all
Warm blooded creatures
You were a friend

This poem was first published in The Bancroft Times newspaper on April 15, 2010.

Here are some links for additional information about bats and white-nose syndrome:

<http://www.news.ontario.ca/mnr/en/2010/03/white-nose-syndrome-detected-in-ontario-bats.html>

<http://www.hww.ca/hww2.asp?id=63>

<http://www.ontariospca.ca/4-wildlife-livewith-5.shtml>

Here's a link to a site where the poem is posted with different options available such as 'print,' 'send via e-mail,' and 'share on Facebook,' etc.:

<http://www.bancroftthisweek.com/Blogs/ViewCommunityPage.aspx?BlogID=7289>

This is a link to a ready-to-print version:

<http://www.bancroftthisweek.com/Blogs/PrintBlog.aspx?BlogID=7289>

I've created a Facebook open group called, '100 Thousand Poets For Change: Bancroft, Ontario, Canada,' and, if any poets are interested, they are welcome to join.

No

Michael

walterblue@bigbridge.org

98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/20 at 8:30 pm

Take

'Dozers and homo sapiens renovating Eden.

Does it belong to me?

Take.

Those golden acrobats,
masked and feathered array.

Damselfly. Saltmarsh Yellowthroat. Merlin!

Is it mine?

The lupine.

Ranunculus, willow and tule.

Melodies on cattail singing posts.

Revolutions beyond evolution.

Take.

Those charging loins,
darting, split-tongued, turquoise

Garter snake,

hormone beveling bone through spring grass.

In another drought year.

Take.

Those golden beings working in another tongue.

Do they belong to God or Me?

Circus effusive, dispersed

Over wave-bashed headlands, bluff,

creeping a-fluff, quivering ashore.

In tide pools.

Aquatic revelers.

Take. Take.

Tentacular, slimy,

deeper and further. Do I turn?

Or is it Noah's Ark

Crushing against the sudden appearance

of sunken landform?

Is it mine or God's accordant plan, these tools,

hoe, plow, need

raised so Majority

goes mitigating biblical resolution,

the formal hills, seeps and watershed, silting marsh?

Battered democracy. Exclusion from Eden.

Take.

It comes to me in alarm.

Is it mine?

Or God ringing in on every cue,
in hierarchy, does it belong to me?

The headache says,

Pressing children, family, you,
there will be others after you.

— Michael Rothenberg

Awaiting confirmation

red slider

holopoet.com

red@holopoet.com

67.174.49.167

Submitted on 2011/04/19 at 3:41 pm | In reply to Sharjah International Book Fair
@shjintlbookfair.

Arabic poetry, once the voice of the world; once again, the voice of the world! I rejoice in its rebirth and its place in the chorus of humanity.

Election Day – what a natural for holding Poets for Change events. I can envision venues near every polling place – reminding citizens of the need for change and the place of

poetry in their lives; of what must be changed to put the human project on its proper path, again. Greetings and wishes for your every success.

Yes

Michael

walterblue@bigbridge.org

98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/19 at 3:16 pm | In reply to Sharjah International Book Fair @shjintlbookfair.

Thanks for checking in with us. I have reposted this article on on my page. Very interesting. Let us know if we can include an event page for you at our blog. Great to have you join us. Best, Michael

Awaiting confirmation

Sharjah International Book Fair @shjintlbookfair

shjintlbookfair.blogspot.com/

shjibf@gmail.com

86.96.229.85

Submitted on 2011/04/19 at 6:01 am | In reply to Michael.

We are not too hot on email, however we will be in touch.

The day you have chosen 24th September, 2011 is also the day for Elections, by UAE citizens, to the Federal National Council, FNC, so quite appropriate.

Casting the net wider, regionally, please have a look at this link:
<http://arablit.wordpress.com/2011/04/17/the-era-of-arabic-poetry-is-over-long-live-arabic-poetry/>

No

red slider

holopoet.com

red@holopoet.com

67.174.49.167

Submitted on 2011/04/18 at 7:11 pm | In reply to Michael.

Indeed, it terrifies and terrorizes – It is terrorism, not even a rose by another name. We can begin to correct by our own actions, here and now. One is that there are many communities, many voices that will fall through are net of change if we don't make a decided effort to reach and embrace them: those sitting in our prisons; those who are undocumented; those besieged on our reservations, those trying to bury their dead and unbury their lives in Japan, specific communities which do not fit neatly into our 'country lists', have no states that claim them or are stateless and excluded. They won't get a chance to participate if we don't reach out to them, invite them to participate as they are able and help them as they ask. I call on any reading this, if you have contacts in these communities, please let them know what is going on, what 100 Thousand Poets for Change is doing. We need their voices, more than they need ours. We need the world to hear what change must be from those who suffer the status quo more than any of us. If you know them, reach out.

Yes

Michael

walterblue@bigbridge.org

98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/18 at 5:44 pm

Diane di Prima

GOOD CLEAN FUN

It's terrorism, isn't it, when you're afraid to answer the door for lack of
a Green Card

afraid to look for work, walk into the hospital when yr child is sick,

and what else than terrorism cd you call those smallpox blankets we gave the

Indians

the trail of tears, the raids on Ghost Dancing tribes

It's terrorism when you're forbidden to speak yr language

paddled for it, made to run a hundred laps in the snow

in your thin & holey sneakers. What do you call it

when you're locked in yr high school classroom, armed policemen

manning the halls? Isn't it terrorism to force a young woman

to talk to her parents abt her clandestine love

the child she will or will not carry? Is it terrorism

to shoot striking onion workers (1934), pick off AIM members one by one?

What happened to the Hampton family in Chicago his bed;

would you call that terrorism? Or the MOVE kids in Philadelphia

bombed in their home. Or all the stories we don't know

buried in throats stuffed w/socks, or pierced w/bullets.

Wd you call it terrorism, what happened at Wounded Knee

or the Drug Wars picking off

the youth of our cities twenty years ago now;

you know the names.

What was COINTELPRO if not terrorism? What new initials are they calling

it today?

Is Leonard Peltier a victim of terrorism?

Is Mumia Abu-Jamal?

Is it terrorism if you are terrified

of the INS, the IRS, the landlord, yr boss, the man

who might do yr job for less?
if you're scared of yr health insurance
no health insurance
scared of yr street, yr hallway, scared every month
you might not get to the 1st and the next measly check?

Is it terrorism to take food from hungry school-kids?
To threaten teenagers who still have hope enough
have joy enough to bring babies into this mess?

How has terrorism touched you, shaped your life?
Are you afraid to go out, to walk in yr city, yr suburb, yr countryside?
To read, to speak yr own language, wear yr tribe's clothes?
Afraid of the thin-shelled birds w/twisted necks
poisoned by nitrates, by selenium?
Afraid that the dawn will be silent, the forests grey?

Is it terrorism to fill the Dnieper w/radiation?
or heat the ionosphere w/magnetism "to see what will happen"?
A wonderful weapon, they say, it will perturb
the weather pattern, disrupt communications
Who are the terrorists in the lumber wars?
(the water wars are coming)
And we haven't even talked about AIDS and cancer.

Is the assault on native intelligence & good will
that we call the evening news

anything other than an act of terror?

What was the Gulf War but terrorism

wearing the death mask of order? < one big car bomb it was

the guys who drove it dying now

one by one

Is acid rain a form of terrorism? (Think for yourself.)

Is GATT or NAFTA anything but a pact among brigands and their back-up men?

How long before they fight over the spoils? Who'll do their fighting for

them?

Is Alan Greenspan perhaps the biggest known & named

of our terrorist leaders, here, nurtured here,

trained here

the dark design of whose hearts makes

Hutu & Tutsi

Croat & Muslim & Serb

mere diversionary tactics before the onslaught

BULLETIN

It is happening even as you read this page. By the time you finish reading this it will be over.

She will have left the hotel and disappeared. He will have eaten the pills. That one will slip and crack her skull on the floor. That one will go out in a driveby shooting.

halfway around the world the bombs are dropping

As you read these words it is already too late. 200,000 children will have starved. One of them held the Jewel in his brain, another could cure plagues with her breath.

As you read this line one thousand have died of AIDS.

They die alone hidden in furnished rooms. They die on the ground all over Africa.

halfway around the world the bombs are falling

Do not think to correct this by refusing to read.

It happens as you put down the paper, head for the door.

The ozone reaches the point of no-return

the butterflies bellyflop, the last firefly, etc.

Do not think to correct this by reading.

The bombs burst the small skull of an Arab infant the silky black hair is stuck to your hands with brains. W/bits of blood. There is less shrieking than you would expect

a soft silence. The silence of the poor, those who could not afford to leave. Drop flowers on them from yr mind, why don't you? "I guess we'll have to stay and take our chances."

They die so silently even as we speak

Black eyes of children seek eyes of the dying mother

bricks fall dirt spurts like fountains in the streets.

In the time you fill a cup they die of thirst.

In the time it takes to turn off the radio.

Not past, not future

The huts are blazing now. South of Market a woman ODs with an elegant sigh. No more
no less than is needed.

halfway around the world the bombs are dropping

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

walterblue@bigbridge.org

98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/17 at 10:44 pm

Dear Mr. President

— by Philip Whalen

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

LOVE & POETRY

WIN — FOREVER.

WAR IS ALWAYS

A GREAT BIG LOSE.

I AM A POET AND

A LOVER AND A WINNER –

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Respectfully Yours, Philip Whalen 10:III:65

Awaiting confirmation

Michael

walterblue@bigbridge.org

98.207.13.4

Submitted on 2011/04/17 at 4:59 pm | In reply to Sharjah International Book Fair @shjintlbookfair.

Would be wonderful to have United Arab Emirates and Dubai and Abu Dhabi involved. I would like to know more about your poetry and the poets competition on TV. Please write me at walterblue@bigbridge.org. Welcome!

Awaiting confirmation

Sharjah International Book Fair @shjintlbookfair

shjintlbookfair.blogspot.com/

shjibf@gmail.com

86.96.229.90

Submitted on 2011/04/17 at 4:14 pm

Love to get involved from United Arab Emirates, already chatting with folks in Dubai, hopefully we get Abu Dhabi involved as well.

After all we do have a Poets competition on TV which has highest regional audience participation!

No

Alfred Harrell

meetup.com/triadpoetry

triadpoetrymeetup@gmail.com

98.104.179.168

Submitted on 2011/04/15 at 9:04 am

Educations Crucifixion

By Alfred Harrell -Open Your Eyes and Listen Ó 2010 Saturday, May 22, 2010

America, America, GOD shed his grace upon thee

Sweet! Sweet! Land of illiteracy

Land where reading was once fundamental

And

Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetics

Took precedence over politics

Land where

Addition, Subtraction, Division and Multiplication

With its bag of tricks

Acted as the catalyst for more complicated mathematics

America, America, GOD shed his grace upon thee

Sweet! Sweet! Land of illiteracy

America you now hang your children upon a crucifix

To the god of budget cuts and politics

America, America, GOD shed his grace upon thee

Sweet! Sweet! Land of illiteracy

We

Poets

Guardian Angels of written words
From every Mic and stage
Will stand like an angel over Christ grave
Resurrect the power of words
Now lying dead on printed pages
Written by pen and pc
And speak as one education's words of liberty:
Come forth!
Breathe!
Our words for your children
Bleed Eternally!

Yes

LATIF HARRIS

latifla1940@yahoo.com

173.164.192.133

Submitted on 2011/04/15 at 6:05 am

I give permission for you to use and of my work from Beatitude Golden Anniversary and those parts which I HAVE RIGHTS TO do not understand all this legal stuff, or what I should do to release the original piece announcing gathering in Duboce Park...let it be

No

red slider

poems4change.org

red@holopoet.com

67.174.49.167

Submitted on 2011/04/15 at 5:59 am | In reply to LATIF HARRIS.

great Latif. If there are any in particular you would like us to include in the index, go to the poems 4 change site and send the links – info on pages.

Yes

LATIF HARRIS

latifla1940@yahoo.com

173.164.192.133

Submitted on 2011/04/15 at 5:37 am | In reply to red slider.

came off top of my head as I answered call

belongs to all freely

no strings ever to my poems

Namaste

Latif

No

red slider

poems4change.org

red@holopoet.com

67.174.49.167

Submitted on 2011/04/15 at 4:31 am

Poems For Change Announcement: we will be indexing work that is in the public domain if it is related to the theme of change and is of outstanding quality. We prefer original work, but realize that some works from the past are of such importance they should not be left out. If you send public domain work, you are responsible for verifying that such

work (poems/essays/music/etc.) are in the public domain and that the copies we link to are on your own websites or blogs. Thank you – red.

Yes

LATIF HARRIS

latifla1940@yahoo.com

76.191.218.159

Submitted on 2011/04/14 at 10:48 pm

come ye without hatred in your heart
we have no enemies but our own minds
loving that lover who loves you not
makes not suffering and sorrow
it will ultimately change today or tomorrow

all is motion the wisest men say
what you see makes you feel
but what you see is the magicians net
capturing aires on the wind

if you are one or one million
makes no difference
it is the intention of your joy
that will be remembered or not

will ask you to come to
to Duboce Park in Lower Haight
where many of the peaceful
old and young come in uncritical guises

views of futures uncertain

unborn and unburied

gather where the dogs and children play

no formality no plans

if you care to read or sing or be silent

come you brothers and sisters

all of you uncertain

there will not not be a curtain

as Lord Buckley said

swing babies cats and kiddies