

## From The Wonder Box

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The need for knowledge  
instantly has brought photographers  
within the hour  
to capture populations  
cased in mud  
or groaning under pancaked buildings' floors.  
It's news as fresh as ever it can come  
but still not fresh enough

And now The Gulf: in history  
no more than just a blip along the line of Time  
but for the media no gulf  
no time between the cause and its effect.  
T.V. cameras ride the jets  
and zoom in full like hell hounds pointing  
to a blithe-doomed bird;  
and we at home explode  
as bombs burst on the buildings down below  
and bring the gore and death  
from "live" crews on the ground  
within our reach at last  
within our touch.

It's more than instantaneous:  
as if we home are in control  
and push the pay-load as we channel-change  
in hyper-frenzy for the latest strikes

The Wonder Box that ruled us half our lives  
and taught us most of all we know:  
what price for give and take  
and worth of thought  
expressed as sit comes ads and family shows  
all fake! It's Plato's cave again  
again both two dimensional  
and all in vain

To us the Box is real as real as sun  
that passes overhead: our first recourse  
and last face of reality.  
A billion people more or less  
know  
what it says is so;  
and so we are receivers all  
just like our box

Will we continue to be fed  
pet-like and docile till we're dead?  
Or will the image of these deaths from this engulfing war  
bring us to consciousness  
and we become the active cause and say  
"We've had it up to here with guff from you?"

And rant  
until the whole world  
cries "Abhorrence"  
to the pinnacle of Television's art:  
of watching one another be destroyed  
coffin by coffin onion by onion

Mothers! Do you hear?  
Is this why you gave birth?  
You went through THAT  
for THIS?

It's time to say "Enough!  
Give us the reigns. We women  
will have war no more"  
before our Wonder Box runs out of hope  
and our reality become too real  
for us to cope.

by Pamela J. Fulton

## Cats

Cats are notorious for finding the best place to sleep.  
In spring the white cat sleeps  
in the full sunshine, on the stone,  
sun-warmed, sun-dried, warm and waiting.

In summer she sleeps in the shade  
shadow cooled, dark in its denseness  
no longer white, mottled now  
by the seasons growth.

In the fall things change, and drift apart.  
Flowers from stems, leaves from trees,  
green from grass, hope from love.  
The cat sleeps outside by the chimney breast,  
late sun and early fires have warmed the dark earth.

In winter she sleeps inside by the fire,  
her mistress sits nearby, but she is cold,  
alone now, except for her cat.

Ann Passmore

## True Friendship

To all ye souls believing they are lost,  
It is high time to stretch out thy reach,  
Findeth true friendship at solitudes cost.  
The times are growing rough for thy heart,  
Sometimes too rough for yet one to handle,  
Yet two make it harder to fall apart.  
Seek within true friendship the other,  
Yearn not seeking yourself within them,  
For those friendships eventually die or smother.  
Do not expect the world from them.  
Except understanding and kindly support,  
In return wisdom, you will understand them.  
Hear their words and share their sorrow,  
But do not let depression live too long,  
And advise salvation, always a tomorrow,  
Hold friends close and allow friendships growth,  
The sharing and special times will bloom,  
Bringing forth healing for the heart to both,  
And to them listen to their dreams,  
For your dreams they will thus yearn,  
Only open hearts will bring forth such means.  
Be grateful for friendships sudden creation.  
A composition that shall eternity last.  
If the seed breeds gracious untaunted relation.  
Do not lose site of this friendly instruction.  
For at one point all need someone,  
To prevent soul's death and self-destruction.

by Joseph Hillman

## SINS

Cradles of ice  
carrying souls  
through freely flowing  
crystal waters  
only to be tipped by harsh winds  
and the souls  
slowly drowned  
with no one around  
to hear the  
sounds of desperation

by Trisha Graves

Slowly the sand drop from its  
Isolated chambers into memories  
once seen but twice forgotten  
If only the direction might  
be altered oh what a feat it  
may be, but not one that  
need be conquered; for one should  
dwell in the latter moon but,  
open thine eyes upon the morning  
dew. For is but one apple  
on the tree or for but one  
leaf to act as chameleon as  
mother nature takes her course  
If so life would be so lifeless  
to the.

Kevin Davidson

## The Table of God

| America | Chile     | India    | Iraq  | Bangladesh |
|---------|-----------|----------|-------|------------|
| Riots   | Dictators | Famine   | War   | Floods     |
| Acts    | of        | God      | or    | men?       |
| Men     | destroy,  | practise | greed |            |

How could man end this

Destruction?

God

Wants men whole

Body and soul

man plus God

Acts of

Together

Devastation with new

Healing  
replacing

Creation

Justice democracy plenty peace Water control

America Chile India Iraq Bangladesh

by Ann Passmore