

## This Is Not A Poem by Joseph Goosey

This is one man alone  
wailing  
into the megaphone  
of an empty  
room.

## Inside Out

### Part 1

by Mary Lewys

I am going out. Finally, it is time. I feel it deep with in my bones, as my grandmother, God rest her soul, used to say. She died when I was fourteen, choking on an oxtail bone from her favorite diner. I burned the place down the next week. The owners were in financial difficulties, I found out

later when I was much old. They were suspected of arson, but it was never proven.

My favorite suit is cleaned and pressed. White is really a bad idea, but it won't matter. In the end, I will be magnificent. I will have reached my final level - a Monarch butterfly hatching from its cocoon. I will be bright and beautiful. The press will love me. The world will know and fear.

I will forego a hat when I leave the house. It is too hot and humid even at night. The Indian Summer hangs on to



Don't Look

## Haiku (Bless you...) by Chris Lewis

Darkness engulfs all  
A thick fog of unending night  
Daylight savings sucks

New Orleans like the city does its traditions. My hair is trim and neat, socially acceptable, as is my beard and moustache. What did mother say? Always make a good impression.

I place the small box of Whitlam chocolates into my pants pocket. By the time I am ready, the candy will be melted. Oh, how she will lick her fingers. Yes, she will lick her fingers and smile at me like I am a gentleman. Then I will make her my finest work of art.

*(continued next issue)*

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**The Wind Carries Memory**  
by David Kowalczyk

In this house, where so many  
children were stillborn,  
ghosts slobber and roar.

They crash about the kitchen,  
sending chairs flying,  
overturning the table,  
ripping the doors from their hinges.

Yet I must hold them, tenderly.  
Reflections of the fierce  
and wild storms of my heart,  
their sorrows are beyond forgetting.

Sample Here

Cut Here