

Bangers

*punk rampant band
signs of war
dressing with scoffed regard
society's tilted sovereignty,
marching into neighborhoods
retaliation wheels, blown out windows
the finger pointed at you.
streetcorner symphony
percussions heard for miles
another dead child,
another standing ovation at a permanent grave
stare at yourselves,
what do you see?
what is cool is only the body of the child
of your rifts,
there is no melody,
the movement is silence,
and you are Kings of nothing.*

Jacob-Erin Cilberto

The Birth of Spring

Winter days have all passed by
And now I see the bright blue sky,
At sunset as the sun sinks low
It leaves the brilliant sky aglow
Then I know; it's really clear
That springtime is almost here.

Gretchen J. Wood

There's a Puddle Between Us

I never meant to break it nor cause any slit or bruise
I suppose it never belonged in my grasp at all
But while it was I knew it, cherished it
Drew inspiration marveled at its tenacity
Now as it lies on the floor tattered, leaking
My own heart weeps within me
Aware that my apologies can do no mending
My please can bring no solace
All I do is look and beg of you
Beg that you might pick it up
Not that my pity be quenched not even for your own redem-
ption but darling, don't you see as long as it so
Remains defeated, embittered
Why, it's the world that is at loss

Kim Norton

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The Ethers Abound

*The ethers abound
With our soul's
Bright singing.
Strands pf longing
Flung forth
To far reaches of space.
Twisting and twining
Fragmenting, combining
Pulsating echoes
Weave skeins in the winds.
Feather tips of vibration,
New thoughts
In creation.
Reach out and take hold -
Grasp a newly born dream.*

Sharon C. Yarborough

Shame of a Broken Heart

*He looks at the ground
His head down in shame
The love of his life has spoken
It's no longer the same
His heart has been torn to pieces
By the decision of one
A young maiden who knows nothing
about caring and love
A tear runs down his cheek
Yet he stays still
Afraid of making movement
Afraid that to look, she will
He lifts his head high
And wipes the tear from his face
He stares into the sky
Of love there's no longer a trace
There is an empty spot
Where his heart used to be
Never to love again
Never to be set free*

Alexandra Diaz

86'd

*86'd from ur place of business
i snuck back in with clever tricks
hi, ya'll. I bet u never thought you'd
hear from me
since u fired me my life has been full
of glee.
i've been writing like a maniac—this
summer filmin' a movie
i have no reason to fib-tru story
now here I am in this 8 by 11 folder
flyer
looks like I'm immortal now—as a
writer
thank u, Ferris Jones, ur inquisition
pointed out the real liar
but wait! wasn't that its job-to free
me from a life of hire
open up a store with nithin in it-
sellin my thoughts to the highest
buyer
names trevercrow-nice to meet ya-
ima writer*

Trever Crow

Barley & Hop Soda Pop

Balm for the soul
& fuel for the muses.

Bart Mullin

The Inquisition



FREE

Poetry written by Nevada Poets



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Small Town

*Fresh air breaths find me,
Sting my face and fly away,
Puff to the nearest cloud,
Hitch a ride and silently lay.*

*Time is of the essence
But not here by any means,
Long days melt to endless nights
Lazy afternoons wedged between.*

*Bees buzz harmonies sweet and pure
Flitting from shrub to tree,
Butterflies watch in secret envy,
And flap their wings with glee.*

*Frogs wade amongst green lily pads
Hopping along tiny creek shores,
The waves entice me to a small town move,
An adventure like none before.*

Kimberly Payne

Perfidy to Probity

*The acrid smoke of the burning bush fills his nostrils
The Sermon On the Mount permeates the air.
He sits toad-like covered with warts of commandments broken-
not all, but some many times; his own principles treaded upon.*

*She reenters his life, a long-ago love with wounded heart, yet
undaunted by living.
Her purity, goodness, vibrancy accept him and he rises from the
mud evanescent to his expectant lotus blossom.*

Richard A. Loveall

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Frozen Falls

*A black ocean shines
As we ride through
The suffocated land.
Spider veins linger from the father
Tree as we trek through
Grass kissed
By the subtle frozen falls.
The evanescent powder explodes
On my jacket from the thrust of
Her arm, following me tackling her
To the ground.
In joyous laughter
She lay there
Only moving her arms and legs
And I see an angel,
Much more beautiful than the one
She created in the snow.*

Harry Baker

Sleep My Princess

*Sleep my princess, and take your rest.
Eat not the bread of pain and sorrow,
A little dream, a little slumber,
A little adjournment until tomorrow.*

*Close your eyes in soft repose.
From the sands of time, you are set free.
Cherubim fly above your bed,
And grace thy lovely symmetry.*

*Journey with me and take my hand
While in peaceful dreams you lie.
Walk with me along the sand.
Touch the stars and kiss the sky.*

*I'll sing to you with a steel guitar,
And by your side I shall stay,*

Schism

*I would not have left that sphere,
Where all that mattered was near,
And only that which was near mattered;
I would not have left that sphere,
Outside which lay only fear,
Inside, what had to serve for dear -
I would not have left that sphere,
Had it not shattered.*

THE GULLS

*On a dock
By the sea
I saw gulls
Weaving down
To sew air
With the foam
Of the waves.
With their cries
They tied knots,
And their white
Long soft wings
Were the dressing.*

James Schuur

Myself and I

*I come from, the pine trees that
support me forever.
I come from, my grandparents
star that shines on me.
I come from, all birds and ani-
mals that are my ancestor's
spirits.
I come from, the starfish under
the sea that tells me of knowl-
edge.
I come from, the indigo water
that rushes through my hair.
I come from, the Earth. Earth
and wind is me. I am attached to
the earth.
I will never
ever go.*

Klamath Henry, Age 10

Yang Chu's Poems 211

*Sometimes,
My attention grows
So intense
I feel I am a leaf.*

*I slide my hand
Over my side,
Find my side
Has a row of briars.*

*These briars
That have sharp points,
There briars
Grown by my brain.*

*I never realized
What existences
I sent out into the world
Until I became a leaf.*

Duane Locke

I Brew in Broth

*When the silence of my
life tickles in darkness
delves into my daily routine
caught in my melancholy music at times, not exact;
then exuberant auto racing playing at times, not exact;
(a new poem published or a kick in the ass)
kick smacks like tornado alley
in the tomato can
left over-paste
of my emotions
at times, not exact;
I realize the split of legacy,
of loyalty on its knees fractured like a comma or sentence
fragment,
naked like a broken egg
between friendship and hatred,
I stew like beef then broth
simmering
sort of liked, sort of hated,
not exact*

Michael Lee Johnson



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Elisabeth Vodola