

### *Rita, the Saint of Impossible Dreams*

*Did you know that there is such a Lady  
Who watches over all our dreams?  
Some get covered up by angles,  
Of emotional or cultural means.*

*It's not that they are gone from us,  
We must keep them in our heart.  
With faith in Rita and our God,  
They need never from us part.*

*They may be deferred but not denied  
By forces in between.  
Dueling desires and biological clocks  
Cause storms in life midstream.*

*But, dreams just don't "just happen."  
In our realistic life.  
It's stepping in the right direction  
That make them realized.*

Jeanne Stone

### *Pong on the Internet*

*Drinking whiskey from a coffee cup  
wondering where my job went  
all the unbridled joy that I can ignore  
I'll sink, all the way down.  
Like a party boat full of blowup dolls  
It's a sandwich full of ham at a Jewish wedding  
a turnip in the field of dreams  
a cold beer in the arctic  
pong on the internet  
having a mullet when the party's over  
having 500 channels and no television  
but I have a television and I'm going to watch it.*

Justin Plourde

### *The Family*

*Today, it is common for people to think,  
Kids must be entertained or they get into crime,  
We grew up with chores and things needing doing,  
But we knew how to play and have a good time.*

*We learned how to work, and earned money too,  
We sometimes would walk to get somewhere.  
We learned what we liked, and what we did not,  
We learned how to show a pig at the fair.*

*When dad played the piano, we'd all sing along,  
Played games or cards with someone we knew,  
We weeded the garden, we went to a dance,  
Listened to the hit parade on the radio, too.*

*We went to church, we ate a big dinner,  
We all went to see the high school play,  
We were part of the family, we always knew,  
Playing basketball or tennis at the end of the day.*

*Yes, loving and living we learned how to do,  
We all want to be needed to be really alive,  
Life is a journey, and life is a joy,  
Kids need to be part of the family to thrive.*

Newell Mills

### *And the beat goes on' Part I*

*The horsemen rode into the crowd  
the people cringed, the people bowed;  
like fiendish mercenaries they rode,  
amidst the weary ranks of souls.  
Never once did they lament  
the fate of those, stricken and bent;  
savage beasts they represent  
no force existing to restrain their evil intent.  
Their only wish was to rule -  
the poor, powerless and confused;  
building their senseless lives on the strength of steel,  
ragged huts and broken windmills.  
Dried-up acreage proved an easy prey  
for these beasts to strip away;  
delighting in such a devilish way  
on their conquests and destruction each day.*

John Mariani

### *-Motel 8 Parking Lot-*

*I'm not sure which is more fascinating  
a guy watering the parking lot  
with a garden hose 45 minutes straight,  
or that I've sat here and watched  
the entire time*

Oren Wagner

### *Chaos*

*Barely breaking through,  
A light attempted to make due  
With the self proclaimed victim.  
But he wouldn't have it.*

*The arc of destiny  
And despair cast aside  
The lust fads sought  
To crumble a marked man.  
Within the heart, betrayal  
Recognized the failures  
Pretending to tend to themselves.*

*Tragic madness rinsed his soul,  
With its immersion into the growing  
Fungus and moss inhaling hope.  
Him seeking to rid of it  
Like a damp washcloth, wringing out  
The remnants.  
He let them remain on the grounds  
Near his feet.  
His first mistake...*

Harry Baker

### *Eless*

*A star is born in us, could only burn so long;  
Saintly wings flapping in our almighty kiss  
Fan gusts to cool our baby sun;  
In pools of bliss float our twinkling loot;*

*No spyglass could spot its light among us,  
No climb could surmount its horizon's first ray,  
No trick of a mind could logically find  
What has grown in us, glows in us still;*

*An illuminati of joys without bound  
Through our bonds, rains wash swiftly  
Off our skin by this light in our midst;  
Arching bows of color fill our cooing void.*

Patrick Sullivan

### *Interim Empire*

*lounging on my cardboard cot home  
shaving my beard with an old used razor blade  
secured from a garbage dumpster dime store  
shop of reminders  
what others reject  
the street soldiers embrace  
some don't understand "need"  
it's luxury's venom  
bites them between the eyes  
"what i see i want"  
"what i don't have, i must attain"  
meanwhile, i look up at the pending rain  
knowing my temporary bed  
is about to meet its demise  
i search a piece of dead chrome  
to serve as mirror,  
so i can remember what i looked like  
before the fall of my Rome.*

Erin Cilberto

### *Duet*

*On a clear August evening  
from the Robert S. Hawkins Amphitheatre  
tiered like an opera house  
beneath a chandelier of stars  
amplified voices soar over trimmed gardens  
and humidity-starved hills  
to couple with the crickets' chorus.  
No one seems to notice this natural duet  
accepted like breezes and fireflies  
floating willy-nilly  
among the musical vibrations.  
When the encore clapping fades  
and the crowd departs in reluctant hum  
the invisible chorus, now in solo performance  
pours through opened windows  
swallows the closing day's fatigue.*

Joan Irene Edwards

## The Fishing Tree

dead but tall with synapses long and crooked  
they sat  
azure dessicated talon strong  
the first year virginal and green it was crowded  
shoulder to shoulder we stood vigilant  
the river churned wafts of insect riddled dreams  
one by one they disappeared  
the ancient reptile slipped into the depths of oblivion  
while we swallowed the sulfur  
alone and empty the hunters fled freedom for the great maternal folds  
of fear  
I toasted their persecution  
and cried for their bones.

Dan Ames

## "Coke is a Joke"

I used to drink Coke—guzzle it up like a guzzling bloke  
Some say Coke is a joke, a third-class product without any hope  
For the health and wealth of the future, that is  
As a member of the grown-folks I say, don't drink Coke  
Instead, drink Perrier and water, for those two are essential  
To proper hydration, and the myriad machinations of the body  
To live and breathe, run and love, sleep and eat  
Water, in all its pure colorless beauty is not a joke  
Even a bloke will say, water is sweetest of the sweetest nectars  
When one is thirsty for nothing else, to quench a thirst  
Will burst the very boughs of Coke, and thus it is no joke  
Water, is the basis for all goodness and being  
It is the blessing of sweetness and flowers  
Coke is a joke, don't be a dope—drink water!

Shafiel Karim

## The flower, the forest and I

The flower, the forest, the poet unknowingly choose it.  
To the flowers I said it is me.  
The tree regressed its leaves.  
A word settles upon creation  
Stating its sorrow and indignation.  
I stood colliding with almighty nature  
Reeling from this unique torture  
Who abhorred each limb in disbelief  
Shouting condemnation through every leaf  
We waltz the leaves, cut the branches,  
Wound the forest to its very expanses.

Dawn Christopher

## "about of"

room of rug  
picture of wall  
charcoal of portrait  
papers of box  
pen of writing  
writing of pen  
about of  
of about  
room about rug  
picture about wall  
charcoal about portrait  
papers about box  
pen about writing  
writing about pen  
of about  
about of  
cherries of bowl  
wine of glass  
cigar of tray  
wax of spill  
car of crash  
road of accident  
brick of two  
pop of head  
trever of crow  
love of crow  
lover of crow  
trevercrow

Darby Tate

## Bestfriend

Come hither thou bestfriend  
of mine,  
and see thy day thou  
has become.  
Sit beneath this tree then  
watch fall  
the apple that was once  
my eye.

Ferris Jones

## Footsteps in the Dark

Under closed lids  
images appear  
in ghost like mode  
neither alive nor dead  
unchained from the world  
visions meld into somewhere else  
rolling eyeballs dance  
on unconscious stages  
footsteps in the dark hours  
seek answers from unknown sources  
in the soul of the night.

Michael Levy

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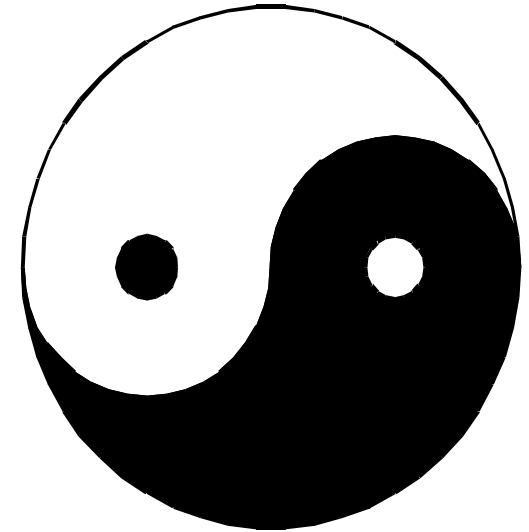
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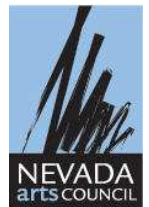
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# The Inquisition



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Poetry for Nevada



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