

*Creative***Conversation With the Masses**

By John Burd

Creator of wonder
 Shake me from my material post
 I am not afraid to die
 What goal accomplished?
 Which one did you want?
 Did you want me to tell the others,
 Oh wise one?
 Shown them I have
 Material will get you nothing
 But an early grave, dear sir.
 Deaf ears
 Man made so imperfect
 As to follow the masses and not
 reason
 Just as predicted
 Given the outline of the end,
 We sit and wait.
 Helpless to the inevitable
 In fighting we give up material
 A fate worse than death to them
 sir
 No attempt to prolong life
 Is that why they don't want to
 die?
 Never to part with worldly collec-
 tions
 Oh, the neo-economist's heaven
 What a surprise for them, ah...
 Depart with but soul we someday
 must.
 What goal accomplished?
 "Bought a God-damned big car"
 Oh, for shame
 Have not cleaned one's soul for
 the travel
 But have it laden with violent
 treasures
 We must place all soiled soles to-
 gether
 What goal did you want, creator?
 How is the gift of life to be used?
 Manipulate and destroy nature to
 our liking?
 Didn't think so.
 To only enjoy is hedonic pleasure
 We drink to pay the next day
 We don't want it to be free
 Dare you suggest happiness is
 free?
 But how slight the mark-up on lib-
 erty
 A life without greed
 Please
 Such talk a weak heart can not
 bare
 You are but dust
 To which I have breathed the gift
 of life
 To learn and enjoy
 To share, experience, perceive
 And how do you repay me?
 You pick at and destroy
 Malice towards all life including
 your own
 The most fascinating discovery of
 life and companionship

Of lifelong learning experience, a
 quest
 Your quest for perfection is misdi-
 rected

You study material
 That which holds you back
 Material you will eventually leave
 behind
 You find it more fascinating
 The dead and the creation of more
 dead
 Oh give me the hard job of creator
 You get your kicks from mass de-
 struction
 I warned you what to look out for
 What to respect
 Why do you give in?
 It was to fight
 'Inevitability' was a threat
 Sold out to greed
 Why children?
 I created you to enjoy
 Experience as a free pleasure
 Only labor involved is that of
 friendship
 You inflict harder labor upon
 yourselves, you fools
 Adam only bit the apple of greed
 It's not all over
 Stomp the greed from your life
 Show its virtues to all you know
 Convert others thru example
 Don't work at it
 Show that it can be done
 Show a free soul to others
 People shall follow you
 Follow but deny
 Get used to it
 If the established greed delivers a
 fatal blow
 Your pure quality attracted the op-
 posite
 Enter with the cleansed soles
 Show freedom
 Show liberty
 Show it till death
 A safe goal a goal as man can per-
 ceive
 The truth I will not reveal
 To conform to the masses
 You share their contempt
 Not their ability to love
 What is the goal you ask?
 What is it not?
 Should I ask you to destroy my
 fragile creations?
 The gift was to enjoy their beauty
 Instead you ask for more petrol
 I gave you everything you needed
 For an eternity of discovery
 Material for infinite soles, while
 mortal, to exist
 Instead of treating it as a millenni-
 um of plenty
 You use it as a high

You expressed your want for pun-
 ishment

Be punished you will
 If you claim what you do in my
 name
 You have listened to interpreters
 of my word
 Most have bought into greed
 And changed my words to suit
 Some of the hard choices are true
 By violence I include violence to-
 wards other creations
 He who models his life after the
 prince of peace
 Shall live in peace

Drawing My Own Curtain

By Brian Stone

Reclining figures
 Stylish fetishes
 Beyond tomorrow
 I do not want to see
 Lost forever
 In a foggy haze
 Someone help me
 Out of this maze
 I cannot see
 I'm not alive

Spiraling downward
 Lifeline decreasing
 The end is oh so near
 Moments past
 Lives lived
 It's not worth it anymore
 Slowly fading Feeling translucent
 Transparent
 Invisible, no one can see
 Right-side inside
 Wrong-side outside of me
 Fully aware of my surroundings
 In my temples
 End the pounding
 Quiet is ever resounding
 All around me

Silent sorrow
 Forever present
 I cannot find an end

Where is the reason
 Where is the cause
 Where is the forethought

Lifeblood spills
 Rouge drops
 On plush carpeted floors
 Cuts boil
 The terminant evil
 Out of the veins
 Draw the curtain

Battlefield

By John Burd

I don't know what it is
 I don't know where they are
 It can be as harsh as a whisper
 As gentle as a car
 As painful as a feather
 As ticklish as a bee
 Necessity of human nature
 Goes unbenounced to me
 In recent praire battles
 Fought without the dove
 Soul funeral if left out
 On the battle field of love

No to Drugs

By John Burd

I wish all these cigar smoking
 beer drinking, caffeine crazed
 alcoholic conservative
 hypocritical bastards
 would stop telling me
 how to say "No" to drugs.

Cut the cord
 The show has ended
 No longer on stage
 No longer for all to see
 My life has been taken
 Taken away by me

Choked thoughts
 Unspoken words
 Still shudders
 Screams in fevered pitches
 Sitting, starring
 At the corner
 Unable to speak

Alone in myself
 Alone in understanding
 You think you know how I feel
 Live how I have
 Feel how I've felt
 Deal with what I have dealt
 You cannot possibly understand

Invisible to all
 See through me
 Not so shallow
 Look deeper
 Deeper into me
 Into eternity

No reason
 No cause
 No discussion

Split blood
 Mine own to see
 Dripping off of shadows
 For all to view
 Not a thought hidden
 Not a part unknown
 Why won't everyone
 Leave me alone.