1987

Friends

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friends

I've got a hundred people running around in my head
They gotta leave or I'm gonna be dead
They tell me to do things I don't understand
They take me to castles in a distant land
My actions are all dictated by their needs
My brain is the food by which they feed
People all around me say I act too queer
But they don't know the demons I've got to fear
There's pain, confusion, now joy
Is this my mind, or their little toy
Leave me alone, give me a rest
I've tried my hardest, I've done my best
My face is all sweaty, there's blood on my clothes
Do me a favor, let the casket close

Kenneth P. Kula

The Nest

Against the darkness black on blue,
Stand insect's legs on sentry post.
Rivet joints and oxide flaked a new,
like a queen or some dreamer's ghost.

Mired deep against east's bright glow
the lifeless skin unshifting dust.
Blinks not this many beautied beast
from the gentle creeping rust.

Strong of steel to brace from prey,
slowly she moves with cautioned hand,
till specks of light show the way,
and fills her with the promise plan'd.

"It takes our all to build the best!"
But workers know they move the nest.

David Delaney