Groupie

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Groupie

Please don’t write any
songs about me
our affair isn’t ready
to be copyrighted
we ought to get together
and work on the lyrics
maybe toss in a few chord changes

Please don’t play any
songs for me
don’t throw off my timing
by dropping lines
give me a chance to practice
this new arrangement
that refers to us
in the present tense

Please don’t sing any
songs to me
don’t employ poetic license
or change my name
I’d rather tap my foot
to someone else’s story
vodka and jealousy
coursing through my veins

just keep on working me
into the patter
don’t ever stop
playing our song...

-Leslie Lee

"Doughboy" Michael J. Burrel

Encre de Chine

Someday, life may begin—
Exploding, budding vibrance of spring,
In human form

Purpose will shed regret,
And the past, with its comic defeats,
Erased with one pure warmth

Now— but for right now, we sit and stare,
Or drive full throttle
Into oblivion, at the speed of derision

Hoping that a reason
Will interrupt this destructive dance,
And straighten crumpled visions

With harsh realisation comes sadness—
Never understanding why
Acceptance is given or withheld

With harsh realisation comes sadness—
At finally conceding
Happiness depends on someone else.

-Ian Sherer

"A valuable friend is one who’ll tell you
what you should be told, even if it offends you."
-Frank A. Clark