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Doughboy

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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

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

-Frank A. Clark



"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