5-1-2000

Walk-in Closet

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Summer Vacation—Getting There

Curled on the floor board of the '57 Pontiac wagon it seems an endurance test, to survive from one bump to another, the gas station to the redwoods. Over hills, my brother and sister’s feet in my back or face, and through a day and a night. Past a myriad of mysterious emerald placards Along the grey paths into forever to my grandmother’s and fresh air. I breathe.

--Ackmed Shadu

Walk-in Closet

I’ve got some skeletons hiding in my walk-in closet That I like to revisit every once in a while They like to keep me well informed They keep trying to purge my lack of style

There are monsters in my closet And demons under the bed Reminding me of the filth in my life And the garbage in my head

I keep trying to walk away But they’re always catching up And Jesus, he keeps trying to lift me up But I’m held down by my feet of clay

My inclinations tend to lean toward my flesh I’ve got cords of decay ‘round my feet and hands The road to Hell is paved with the cement of intentions grand But this path I travel is so dark and narrow

Well, there’s a bounty out and a price on my head But you paid that price and became the bounty

Only for you may my heart bleed Scatter these skeletons and crush my apathy

--Tim Winterstein