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Watching the Evening News

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Watching the Evening News  

vicki kramer

My mind shouts and my flesh crawls--
Images of horror invade my living room.
I’m drawn into conflicts of rebellion and extermination,
Visual testimony to the cult of war.

I turn away for release and absolution--
But huge black eyes draw me into a world of pain and filth.
Bloated belly, scabby limbs and lazy flies
Desperately shout: Hunger!

Racing now, I seek escape in sitcom hell,
But it’s too late--
I am my brother’s keeper.

On Reflecting  

chris martin

The image on the mirror reflects life.
Splicing and Shredding the Picture, a person:
At the speed which models . . .
A flash; I know all.

The image on the mirror
Prints life, flickering,
Projecting,
An image that:
Forces one to . . .
Rewind; And vision again.

The image in the mirror
Prints life, Forcing
One’s rewind, and
Reflection--
This image that, at first,
Appears false.

The image in the mirror
Doesn’t lie; it knows,
Sees and feels
All. The image doesn’t
Fade; it becomes
Stronger.
The mirror’s image
Illuminates one’s being, so, in
Rewinding and inverting
Our lens of life, and
Shuddering old Thought . . .
I can change my image.