

A Few Selections

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Contributor

The "O-Faced" Reserved

On high heels, under red lights
and the assured green sheet.

This picture worth
a thousand words,
but not one beer, or
yellow flower.

And my brand of "Art-ivism"
is deviant from those
who colonize my hometown,

the thought and/or police

of original sin: The Truth,
Jesus, I'm gonna "set free"
in this fucking town.

Footsteps, Follow

Look upon this generation of wasted minds, laying waste to the foundations
to which the morality, rhetoric and reason
was set.

"This fallacy cannot continue," yet it was clearly
left [a tendency to eat one's tail], continued.

Most often the attacks were on the individual.

Lackluster in regards to content, and reason. A denoted sense of displacement
in the wastelands of the literary landscape.

The National Bus Stop

Another night, like any night
in Prince George.

Sitting at a bar,
watching the city burn
piece by piece.

At some point, it will all be consumed
by flame.

It seems that the bowl is
a decent place
to place
the effigies.

To watch it
all burn,
in a steady,

systematic decline.
Like I said, it was just
another night.

The moral compass no longer faced North, and instead

led astray the young, the weak and the old. "Isn't it fascinating?

All the wonders of this barren land once lush and free from the beast."

"I suppose it is, yet I have never known such wonder, nor have I set my eyes
upon

the lands of yesteryear. Those times removed from these blank stares." Laruic
replied.

It was then clear that these were the cowboys of local lore.

Fighting not for the desolate and decaying 'Blank Streets,'

only for the mere pleasure

that is

exploration.

These far cries up on that lonely hill, as their eyes rest upon the plumes of
waste

rising into the stratosphere.

At first,

these cries were of joy, which soon turned to lament;

they were not the free.