

## Poetry Therapy

*Poets use poetry to deal with such issues as heroin/alcohol addiction, death, abandonment, and sexual and emotional abuse. The following authors illustrate the use of writing to deal with these issues.*

### The Triumph of American Propaganda

*Milo Kearney*

Born in Paris, the oldest of four brothers,  
with the French Revolution as our mother,  
I was given the name of Socialism  
and tried to bridge the inequality schism.  
Moved by Jesus' Sermon on the Mount,  
I tried to apply it where it would count.  
Though for free enterprise, I called for of public transportation,  
medicine, communication, and free education.  
I supported a tax at the very top  
to alleviate the misery to which some can drop.  
I called for the vote for every woman and man,  
and the avoidance of war wherever we can.

My next brother, Capitalism, favored the wealthy few.  
The golden path he had in view  
called for the rich to control the State,  
and end Christ's concern with the downtrodden's fate.  
To promote big business by waging war  
was a goal he thought worth fighting for.

The third brother, Communism, went a similar path.  
He also let religion feel his wrath  
and advocated central control over the land,  
in this case by a dictator with an iron hand,  
whose government would control business all about  
and make use of war to beat his brothers out.

The fourth brother, the youngest, was little heeded,  
but, like me, was concerned with what people needed.  
Named Anarchism, he, too, looked to the example of Christ,  
thinking removal of central government not too great a price.  
He was not too practical, I must say,  
and his ideas failed to carry the day.

Four brothers, with the last one ignored, left three.  
Then the Americans found a way to eliminate me.  
They spread the word that I was really my third-born brother,  
and my name was his nickname and not for any other.  
With only Capitalism and Communism, do you see what is lost?  
Democracy, pacifism, and the call from the Cross.

### A Bit of Space

*Joyce Collins*

There's a bit of space  
'tween the pieces of me  
that leads me to compartmentalize  
and mask incongruity  
that I might otherwise realize  
if I had the whole scenery.

## Auctioning Love

*Victoria Conerly*

Woman auctioning  
her independence

Turning in one wine glass  
in exchange for two

Could the lucky guy  
be you?

Could the lucky guy  
be you?

Her heart open  
ready for submission

She's cookin' with love  
a wizard in the kitchen

Going once.  
Twice.

Sold!  
To the man in blue...

### Khalilah Bilal

*Purification*

Fading  
Making room for sacred  
A New Jerusalem  
No longer needing pampers

Procrastination  
A place where silver rust

New life means  
Another death is promised

What good is a parachute that doesn't open  
Liberate from unanimated objectivity

Be ready to fly  
if you have to  
Paper tigers don't even meow

### Last Time for Love

*Micah Paddock*

The last time I saw love was in my dream.  
Never knew what it could be.  
Always racing in my head  
When I'm lying in my bed  
I thought love had a meaning  
but now I don't know  
Why some people abuse it.  
God only knows.  
Is love this or that?  
Or is it what they said when they think it will last?  
I still don't know what love is,  
but love is history and will always be my mystery.