

SUBMISSION TO SIXFOLD best poems contest: 4 poems-

The Golden Rule

Mr. Merryweather Consulted the Sun

In the Twinkling of a Double Helix

Stand By

The Golden Rule

When I left the hairdresser,
I was color blond,
Flaxen, angelic resplendent-
I could go on...
Neighbors were jealous
And lookie-looks too.
One stranger asked,
"What happened to you?"
"Nothing," and thought,
"You envious fool.
I only followed
The golden rule."

In the Twinkling of a Double Helix

While Marge and Flo were drinking tea,
And school children were doing what school children do,
And folks were working or getting high
It happened.
No time or date or place can be recorded.
But simply put-
As quickly as you can say, "God bless you,"
The HIV virus mutated.

In the twinkling of a double helix
It learned to ride the waves of sneeze and cough.
The Center for Disease Control, the Army, the KGB
Quarantined, then killed ten million people,
But in a few months everyone was HIV positive.

The media blamed the politicians.
The politicians blamed each other.
The TV evangelists blamed the gays.
Many blamed the CIA, the intercity poor,
The Jews, the scientists, the educators,
The heretics, God.

Some few learned to love themselves and others
For the first time- their lives were happy.

Mr. Merryweather Consulted the Sun

Mr. Merryweather consulted the sun.
It was planting time again, and since
He'd planted 60 years till now
He planted with the same aplomb
And with the same know-how.

In many ages ere, those first agrarian apes
Discovered plums where pits were strewn,
And placed plums upon the earth as sacrament-
The magic of renewal
Was planted in the primate brain.

Now Merryweather with hoe and haggard hands
Sculpted the soil. Earthworms were his friend.
With mulch and coffee grounds he kneaded the earth
That lay in his small garden plot.

Nearby, huge Caterpillars and Deeres worked the earth.
Robot rototillers and petrochemicals,
Angel dust from airplanes dropped,
Machines ripped, pounded, and poisoned the worms.

Merryweather felt the seeds in his furrowed hands.
With knees upon the kneaded earth
He placed a few seeds some inch or so
Into the tendered soil.
The sun and rain would recreate the magic.

Stand By

It's a window on the world.

It's a tiny tweet unfurled.

It's the pundits' yeas and boos.

Stand by, it's time for-

BREAKING NEWS!