

at times when
angry,
the feelings
in my head,
the ever
increasing
feeling of
wishing I were
dead,
one more
word to
poison my
thoughts of

suicide
while laying on
my bed.
the way of
feeling of myself
in prison

michael cadman

URBAN FOX

The shy retiring vagabond no more,
His ventures now begin afore the dark,
Where once he was a shadow, now his spoor
And gambols can be seen about the park.
He runs astride the brick walls like a cat,
And noses like an urchin in my bin,
Unflustered, urban fox knows where he's at,
He has no imitator, and no twin.
Almost a dog, yet more so, none can tame
This free-spirited new-found city slick,
The rules have changed, so now he'll play our game,
And he's adapting to it mighty quick'.
Rich pickings can be found in his new den
If he can but lose his contempt of men.

Alexander Baron



Photograph by Michael Kenna

BIRD

Within these walls lie
scant rewards for sinning.
The Leveller has reaped
his toil of each,
Dice players all, the lure
of promised winning
Is honoured here, but
only in the breach.

The junkie writhing in
fits of cold turkey,
Expunging sleep for both
men in his cell,
"Never again!" he swears
this habit murky
Will turn his life into a
living hell.


Such promises he knows
are made for breaking,
As do the burglar and the
petty thief.
Each man will give his
solemn undertaking,
And each in turn will
come to further grief.

The pusher and the con
man and the kiter,
The vagrant and the
drunkard also-ran,
Some do their bird with
heavy heart, some lighter,
And some do life on the
instalment plan.

Alexander Baron

the Big Bang or MAYbe...

*i once saw a shooting and
captured it on film,
My Artist impression of a
Global Boom.*

*But if i were to make it so,
WHAT would happen then?
No one would ever know
BECAUSE we'd all be dead* 
michael cadman