

Ego

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Not speed rushing through my veins
Nor heroin undulating through my brains
Makes me consistently crave;
Not the smoky buzz of pot I want
Nor alcohol, the ragged edge to blunt,
Has made me its slave

It's not opiums' euphoria that I need
Nor hashish that excites my greed -
Pipe dreams are gone so soon.
For the deep longing that I feel
Clear crystalline crack has no appeal
And cocaine is not a boon.

It is a stronger solace that I seek
Kindly applaud my words as I speak -
Let my ego balloon and preen.
"How great I am" has some appeal.
Gratifying it is to feel
That my superiority has been seen.

Astute you are to recognize
A worthy soul to lionize
Fair of face and rather smart,
Good with a pen, connoisseur of art
A brave soul, I bear up well.
Generously, too. Are'nt I swell?
Listen intently as I opine
I scoop up praise deservedly mine.

My kids, my house all I have is best,
With true ease I rise above the rest
Cold sober, clean, completely drug-free,
Clearly, my only addiction is me.



Pounding Drums

*Palvinder Kaur**

Lustful eyes cast a glance
Upon a beautiful creation
Drums begin to pound away
Calling the Senses to attention

The onslaught has begun
Daylight vanishes in the tide
Emotions pour through the gates

Compassion swept quickly aside

No mercy resides in my quest
Honour rests uneasy on my word
Territories must be marked
Before foreign drums are heard

Shatter that beautiful vision
Into a thousand useless parts
Let no man lay claim to that
Which I destined for my heart

As the battlefield lies asleep
The daylight quietly seeps through
As I stagger defeated...
I hear pounding drums anew.

