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Necropsis

Robert Volanski

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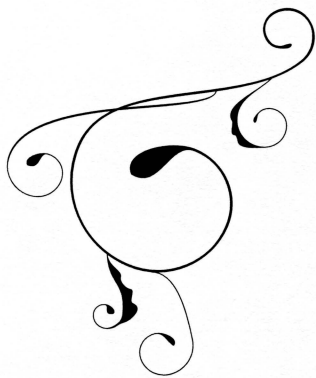
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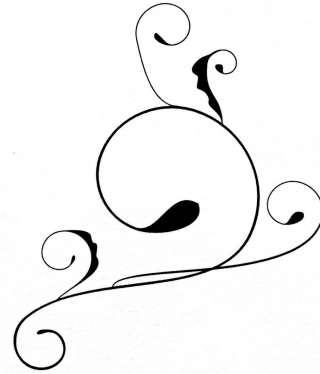
Balcony of the World
Patrick O'Brien

Standing on the balcony of the world
I see your face in the crowd.
I can see your pain.
I can almost feel it,
Powerless I watch you struggle.
For a moment I am king of the world
Yet there is nothing I can do for you
I sit alone at the top of the world
The view is miserable.
I stand upon the ledge now
I cannot heal your pain
I do not have the strength to lift you up.
I leap carefree to you.
Hoping I can eventually lift you
I fall without worry forgetting the view
Someday you will rise to the top
Ignore the world.
You deserve happiness.



Necropsis
Robert Volanski

Tomorrow has died
There it lies on the table
Still born from the womb
Of today's dreams
No hope to revive it
It has passed from us
Never to return to this life
Mother, Father what are we to do
Simply live the best way we can
Simply that child simply that



Free.
Lexi Johnson

Come,
wink at the world,
taste the nectar
taste the poison
so tangible on our tongues
let it free you.
Let us laugh at those who will walk by
and call us crazy
As we take swigs of honey-wine air
upon velveteen carpets of grass.
Come, let's be free.