

I ran across a poem in the library the other day. It said that a man has to: "Rage, rage against the dying of the light!"

I guess that's why I have to fight these things that murdered everyone I ever loved or cared for, and everyone I never even got a chance to love or care for. Somebody has to rage against the dying of the light. Somebody does.

God, I'm crying again. I cry too damn much.

PRAYER

Ed Shacklee

the flower that
a
caterpillar loved was
crushed, left ravaged
by
mandibles.

spun in silence
my
new heart has no hunger.
let my wings do
no
injustice

let me touch you.
the
wind has no cradle if
your petals feel
the
angry frost.