

Stone's Throw



Issue #4

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June 2017
"The Democracy Benefit Issue"

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Introduction

My original intention was for this issue to come out in November

I was going to call it “The Trump Benefit Issue.”

Some people have told me you should announce your intentions to the universe.

What they didn’t tell me is that you shouldn’t be too much of a smart ass while doing so.

I accept what responsibility I have in Trump’s rise to world power. Even as we’re debating who’s at fault.

I thank all the poets and artists who submitted their work to this issue.

—*Chad Parenteau*

Disown

No more
father figures

placed for action
on board

game in progress
kicking smaller pieces

rules changed
biggest toys win

watch families
go nuclear

all play
to die

power of
I say so

clears boards
tips tables

sore winners
disappointed dads

pieces lost
never found

can't take game
already home.

—*Chad Parenteau*

Third Populist Manifesto

for Lawrence Ferlinghetti

The sons of another

Whitman awake

Retake the word

Retake the song

There's no time now

for sleeping till noon

in your shuttered rooms

There's no time now

as New York crumbles

beneath our feet

under the trampling

of a nation of sheep

as Kabul is wiped

off the map

as the Palestinian

follows in the footsteps

of the Native American

gone with the echoes

of a thousand mother's cries

everyone asking "Why?"

Not for freedom

Not for democracy

But for a new kingdom

ruled by philanthropy

Yes, blood is thicker

than water

but not as thick

as oil

How many must still be killed

to keep the drills alive?

Where are the new Ginsbergs

the new Dylans

the voices of a new generation

with their cut-up jeans

and back packs?

Where are all the great
minds of today
Still roaming their
dark alleyways?

Yes, Ferlinghetti is still alive
but so too is Dick Cheney
The usurpers are still
in the House
And all the voices
remain silent

How many Kyotos
must be rejected?
How many Johannesburgs
over-ruled by a party of one?
How many rulers selected
and promises broken

before we stand up
and speak out
and take back
what should be ours
guaranteed by birth?

Whitman's wild children
are all alive and well
So put down your glasses
and pick up your pens
Get on your buses
all going "Further"
And let your voices
be heard.

—Mark Lipman

Lost

I have lost myself
to a culture of not being anything definable
labels filthy with the blood sweat and tears
I have given to conform

The rumble in my thunder has been on silent

Feels like I'm trapped
everyone's running laps around me
used to go full throttle
But now I am a boat in a bottle

Daddy always said that I should shouldn't fear the silence
I should embrace the sound of God's rapture causing chaos around me

If love is lost was there ever love in the first place
There is no such thing as no love lost
Between beaches of confusion and rising riptides

I slip
I tumble
My thoughts are all jumbled

Before I know it
I'm in a rumble against myself
Robbing breath from those whose opinions are deemed
Too loud for the sensitive ears of the miniature politicians to be

Forced to fit their hourglass hearts into square ideals
Lest there be a sliver of hope left
For the hearts that remember their true shape

I can't muster up the willpower to offer myself lies
So many have forgotten what it means to simply be
And sometimes I just feel like being me
Breaking the mold they cast for my star shaped soul
Squares were always too perfect for me

Years of being broken has only built my uprising
Anarchy imprinted in my mixed blood
I contain the history of the south east even the west if you fly in the right direction

My pen bleeds the tears I refuse to shed for the fallen

We aren't meant to make this work for more than a little while
Soldiers of a war we've been fighting since the beginning of time

It's a never been so hard to be yourself
Living in a time where your God given skin is target practice
For those of differing shades
Those stomach flipping feelings tend to come from vulturous beings
I've surpassed those beautiful monsters only to avoid pain

My attitudes filthy
My confidence is wilting
My whole world is tilting In this harsh reality feeling angst
When I can't keep up the charade

Let us seek truth in the form of each other's voices
Never lose sight of the light at the end of the tunnel
I can promise you that everything is going to be alright

— *Gladys Teresa Hidalgo*

scared to speak, speak cause you scared

"dump, dump all your fears,
worries and anxieties. It's not
you, it's them, the liberals, the
media, the democrats,
foreigners, terrorists, women?
They're ok, but it's you, you
man, can dump, all your
worries, anxieties, and fear, in
my hair. And I'll blow your
trumpet, and we'll be
triumphant " and, he'll win, no
dou...he already won? Oh, so
that why everyone so, tense, so
worried, so free, not everyone,
free in saying "hey sand nigger"
"hey wet back" "why are
you in our country?" not that
we didn't feel this way. But we
act, embolden, to build walls.
well, walls were already there,
Now they hang mirrors, facing
the outside, so you can see
yourself, facing that wall. So,
what you gonna do? Scream?
Shout? He's wrong? A pig,
insults and complaints, he's a
bastard? A racist? Attack
those that support him,
scream, shout, the Orange
bully? I mean, does it take a fly,
to, swat a fly?

—*Dexter Roberts*

The Flag

Her hands were sure.
She did not need to finesse the IV into his tortuous vein.
Her long dark ringlets
fell to one side
as she pulled the ivory skin taut
and directed the beveled IV confidently through the tattoo until she struck
pay dirt.
She performed this task by feel.
dark finger tips palpating the shapes, the springy return, the 'give'.
She was expert.

She could have performed this task with her eyes closed.
But her eyes were open.
Wide open.
Unable to look away from the hat resting across his lap.
A dank blue cross stained with this man's sweat.
And a red background of bloodshed and hate.
This man was proud of his flag.

As she passed the tubes to draw his blood,
her eyebrow reared up at me
with the wisdom of horses,
who sense something about one's moral character.

A part of me
wants her
to
keep drawing
the patient's blood.
To not stop...
Despicable rattlings in a doctor's mind.
But not as despicable as this flag of terror,
or its damage to generations of souls.
I force myself to write appropriate orders.

He does not thank her for bringing him a blanket.
And I can not bring myself to shake this man's hand.
I grit my teeth and write pain medication.
I pray.
Please let me see only the human being in the sufferer.

But he unfurls his hate for certain people.
People who look different.
People who pray different.
People who love different.

He is quite sure.
God is on his side.
He crowns himself
with a symbol of prejudice and persecution.
He lights his torch.
He pledges *allegiance*
to something his grand-daddy fought for.

And something he should be ashamed of.

I clench my fist,
And say professional things.
He holds tight to his hat and sits more upright.
As she sadly places the labels on the tubes.
I do not know of a cure.

—*Donna Woods*



**IF YOU THINK THIS HAS NO
CHANCE OF HAPPENING, YOU'RE
NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO
TRUMP'S ACTIONS SINCE THE
ELECTION!! FIGHT BACK WHILE
YOU STILL CAN!!**