

GENERATION X POETRY

In
Our
Own
Words

Edited by Marlow Peerse Weaver

U.S. \$9.95
Can. \$10.95

ISBN 0-9654136-2-4

IN OUR OWN WORDS

AN ANTHOLOGY

OF
POETRY

FROM A GENERATION
FALSELY LABELED

GENERATION X

edited by Marlow Peerse Weaver

*The day they found you
I dressed in white
my eyes
shining
with the whole emotional scale
my voice
transforming
from hurt to healing*

*The day they found your
weathered bones
I dressed in white
watered my plants
of sorrow
with my tears of joy*

*"My husband's body was found after being lost for 5 years, the 17th of June 1998.
I wrote this poem the day I was informed that the bones belonged to him"*

**May the sun walk with you,
the moon smile to you.
Walking the milky way
you might look down and
throw a star towards me.
To remind me there is more.
Much more than our eyesight can grasp.
May you be what you are and will always be.
A delicate being with heart-shaped hands of light.**

*Birgitta Jonsdottir, age 31
Reykjavik, Iceland*

Where are the humans?

**They say there are now six billion humans.
Yet I see none,
Save self-illuminating suns
And caviar-dense congregations
Spread over the sweet crust of custom.**

**Ilias Chrissochoidis
Stanford, CA, USA**

Ice-Age

Darkness surrounds me
Like a cocoon.
I don't know
Where my way leads to,
I don't know
Where I am.
I'm feeling a numbness inside.
A numbness,
that cannot even be defeated by fear.
The cold,
is crawling up,
forcing itself into each pore of my body.
It's eating through my veins
Into the depth of my soul.
The ice-age has started
And all of a sudden I know
That in my soul
There will never bloom flowers again.

Marietta Kirchen
Kaiserslautern, Germany

Sharing

- × Everybody craves multiplication;
- ÷ Few care about division.
- \$ The former creates wealth;
- Δ The latter brings justice.
- + Add your wills,
- Subtract your suspicions,
- ∞ And let [the sum of] peace dawn upon you.

Ilias Chrissochoidis
Stanford, CA, USA