





Graffiti magazine

Graffiti Magazine is the property of Graffiti Publishing — a Non-Profit Organization, registered in the State of Oregon.

Our Purpose is to Celebrate and Support the Arts.

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How do I get published in Graffiti?

The preferred method for sending us your work is to use the **Submission Form** on our website: graffiti-magazine.com.

As a secondary option, you may email us directly at: submissions@graffiti-magazine.com.

Submission Guidelines:

- 1) Written work should not exceed 1,000 words.
- 2) Send visual works in JPEG/PNG/PDF format, in Black & White/Grayscale.
- 3) Works must be original, created by you.

Advertising: Page 8
Places to find Graffiti: Page 11

We are grateful. Without you, the artist, there is no us — Thank you!

Contributors

Chris Aldred, Iris Bartholomew, Suzanne Brandon, Hannah Buckley, Robert Cowell, Tom Derungs, Matt Dey, Fergie, Mike Heide, Rachael Hillenius, David Koteen, Felix L., Jess Maeve Larkin, Scott Lee, macgeálaí, Alisa McLaughlin, Fiona Mokler, M. Ramos, Azria Raventhorn, Morgan Smith, Society for the Appreciation of Typewriters, Stephen Swiftfox, Max Wayt

On the Cover

Some paths lead somewhere unexpected. Robert Cowell creates pen-and-ink illustrations under the name BC3 Ink. His info and links are at bc3ink.art

REBEL ETHOS

In writing the Turn it up! column for this issue (page 5), it was interesting that the first album being reviewed (for EARTHGANG) had every song title in all capital letters... and then the next one (for the musician sombr) had each song title in all lowercase letters. (Wait... "sombr?" *Who or what is that? Are you spelling it correctly? If it is a proper name, why is it not capitalized?*) Yes, I wonder the same, and then remember... the rules of "A Creative" are their own. They are artists at work, at play, full of wonder, exploring thy inner soul and then maybe trying to explore mine and yours, they are rebellious, unlikely to follow a herd.... and I love it.

The other side of "The Structured World" — the one in which architects and engineers adhere to the rules of physics, less their buildings collapse — is "The Imaginative World." There, having no limits, the mind reigns free. This is the world of "The Artist."

The approach for being the Editor of this magazine has been, since issue #21, that whoever on the board of directors wanted the honor, would do so for three issues and then pass the torch. First was Sierra (21, 22, 23), then Rianne (24, 25, 26), then myself, (27, 28, 29). Now exciting news, dear reader of Graffiti, is that Maxwell Wayt will be the new Editor for 30, 31, and 32. Welcome to the party, Max.

More fun news... Don Root, AKA 'The Don,' AKA 'Morpheus,' AKA 'The Publisher and Bonehead Editor' (*"Bonehead Editor? Yep, his funny, self-title. See for yourself in Issue #2, if you have one lying around*) has returned from the northern beach of France, and he, "The Legend of Graffiti Hollow" will hopefully be back to playing a part in this boneheaded rag.

Being the Editor of this magazine is fun and someday I might be back for more. I've enjoyed interacting with the artists — thank you much for submitting your art. Also, thank you to the readers, the advertisers and to the board members... Forever Live Graffiti.

- Morgan

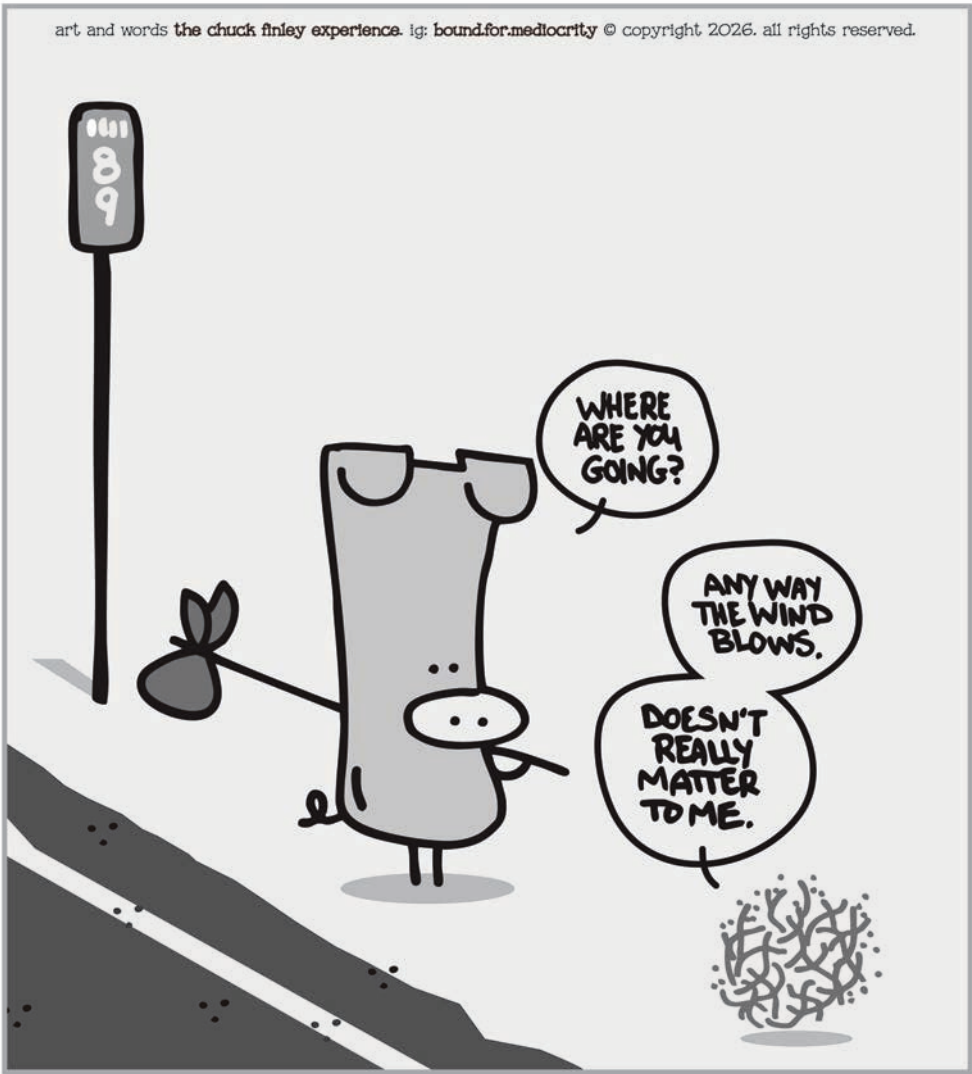


by Society for the Appreciation of Typewriters

The Meta Metamorphosis

by macgeálai  macgealai@gmail.com

*I live among the shadows of this ever-changing face
While sallow, sunken eyeballs follow me from place to place
The rhythm of my footfalls ring like feathers in my mind
And I toe my little tap-dance slowly leaving all behind
While looking for my lover I did spy a dilettante
Who can stiffen up my spine as much or little as I want.
The panda from the trash, she always sings a mournful song
And the whippoorwilling chatterbox repeats it all night long
I thought I heard an evil taunt, the dark calliope
But later came to understand the tune was fallacy
Each step I take to make it home, moonwalking on the son
Is another mirror image showing just what I've become
And soon I know that restful sleep will kiss me on the brow
But until that moment all I'll say is "How you like me now?"*



Witnessing A Dream's Extinction

by Stephen Swiftfox  ipinelake1@gmail.com

Cold early morning, a quiet office. Almost the holiday season. Deputy Baca comes in and asks me if I'm busy and if I'd like to go on a drug bust as an observer. Why not?

We trot out to a staff car and drive across the tracks going deep into what we call 'felony flats'.

By the time we arrive there are the local P.D., state police, Sheriff, DEA, and an unmarked van. I count eleven people sitting on the dirt, all cuffed. It doesn't strike me as being real. Wandering around, the background noise of radios, voices, and a passing train weigh me down. I see two rundown houses with the water and electric meters bypassed. Inside one house I see chaotically spray-painted walls, many with holes kicked into the drywall, garbage piled up in each corner, almost symmetrical. The cheerfully painted refrigerator draws my attention and my curiosity is about to open it. "Stop!" freezes me in place. A statie says that the fridge hasn't been plugged in for weeks. I exit as my imagination starts going into overdrive at the lives that were housed here.

Out back there's a large chicken coop. Large enough to fit a small car. It's filled with moving boxes. I step closer to see felt marker writing on each box. A clearly feminine script. "Kitchen, bedroom, baby toys, living room, sheets and stuff, pots & pans". My heart drops. What plans did she have? Were they dreams of a new place to live? To raise the baby? How did it end?

I go back around the house. The eleven people are still on the dirt. One, a very young woman, is looking up at her baby who is in the hands of a woman from CPS. I can't take it. Walked back the mile to the office. I quit before the year was out.

e-f__ing...god(dess)/ buddha...help!

by David Koteen

*vis-a-vis Iran (pardon my ny cynicism)...ifya wanna
kill many children...bomb elementary school...
kids'll be wounded & dead...parents'll be heart broken...
..no way humans do that to each other...*

*vis-a-vis Iran (pardon my ny cynicism)...ifya wanna
kill many children...bomb elementary school...
kids'll be wounded & dead...parents'll be broken...
..no way humans do that to each other...*

*vis-a-vis Iran (pardon my ny cynicism)...ifya wanna
kill many children...bomb elementary school...
kids'll be wounded & dead...parents'll be broken...
..no way humans do that to each other*

A Dichotomy

by Iris Bartholomew  irissioux@gmail.com

*Did the kids play Kendama, or key
the neighbors Camry? I watch as a
Siren kaleidoscope unfolds before me- A
Red and blue symphony, a resident acid trip
Equipped
With enough disdain to implore an army*

*And years later, after that fire stayed ignited
In memory, just my cognizant doubt
Of who stood there, flaccid
Waiting for the handcuffs to come out*

*Like rain or inflated innertubes
The way this world seems to glue
The presence of people together
Wrists tightening, implosion
Of metal,
Back to the backseat I go.*

Martha Cooper

a photojournalist that the graffiti community entrusted.

by Chris Aldred <https://www.chrisaldredphotography.com/articles/marthacooper>

The Nikon of Martha Cooper does not merely capture a street scene; it archives the existence of a rebellious subculture, validating an existence that is full of life, colour and interest within the city surroundings. To the average commuter of NYC, the vibrant, interlocking letters blooming across train carriages were commonly seen as a symptom of decay (visually suggesting that the transit authority had finally lost its grip to a movement of urban writers). Although to one curious lens, these were not seen as acts of mindless vandalism; they were ephemeral masterpieces that needed documenting...

In her late thirties, Martha had chosen to abandon the security of a major publication to chase paint on steel! The decision to quit her role as a Staff Photographer at the New York Post was seen as a considerable risk amongst her peers, a somewhat failure of career logic. However, it proved to be a necessary step to gain creative freedom; immersing herself in the world of street photography, her work became a love letter to the city and its people!

Cooper's portfolio extends beyond urban documentation. A collection of ethnological projects that include everyday life, involving human creativity with a commitment to capturing original, contextual moments. In the late 1970s, the city was slipping through fiscal cracks with streets in disrepair, offering an unpromising future for the next generation. Although this neglect was not seen as a limitation - but more of a creative palette, such as converting derelict environments into playgrounds, repurposing urban decay with an ingenuity that was as practical as it was poetic.

Cities change, but resourcefulness remains. Cooper captured a generation of youths inventing joy from the ruins of neglect - a visual thesis on how creativity takes root precisely where it was least expected. Her images are reminders that play is not a luxury; but a force. It shapes identities, builds communities, and helps them claim ownership over space that wasn't designed with them in mind.

There is a particular tenderness in the way Martha Cooper has spent her life looking at the world, a patience that suggests she is waiting for a story to reveal itself, rather than trying to push one into focus. Her reputation, of course, is often tethered to the graffiti-soaked subway era, when the city's train carriages thundered through the landscape like steel-plated diaries of a restless generation. But Cooper's photographic world is far richer, and more anthropologically layered than the familiar mythology of urban grit alone might imply.

Capturing a culture's truth allows its voice to resonate for decades...



Atlantic shores

by Jess Maeve Larkin

*Floating in that familiar, murky warmth
scents of silt, salt, and seaweed fill my nostrils*

*Swimming through churned mud
past griefs that only the reeds and cattails know*

*Buoying endlessly above and below
water lapping at my eardrums
while seagulls beg for
s c r a p s*

*Cut short by deep burning breaths
and whistling-bark - S- C- R- E- E- C- H- E- S -
that echo in my ears as the water fills in.*

*I dive my head below the waves
until the sounds are muted*

*I swim away transformed
living among the sea turtles.*



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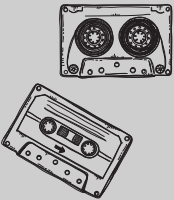
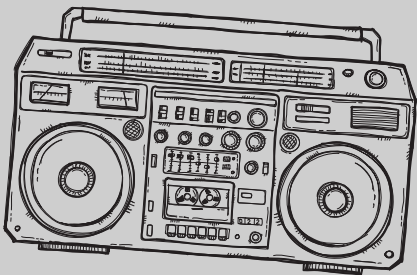
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“Don’t think about making art, just get it done. Let everyone else decide if it’s good or bad, whether they love it or hate it. While they are deciding, make even more art.”

- Andy Warhol

Turn it up

by Morgan Smith



Introduced to sombr by way of Spotify’s “New Music Friday” playlist, I decided to make “what’s fresh” the theme of this column, reviewing the latest albums of each of the artists, below. Check ‘em out and may you want to turn it up!

PERFECT FANTASY



EARTHGANG
Released: October 29, 2024
Tracks: 18

Formed in 2008, they’re a hip-hop duo from Atlanta, Georgia going by the monikers Johnny Venus and WowGr8.

I first learned about this group back in 2021, seeing and being impressed with their music videos for “UP” and “This Side.” This led to going to see them live at the McDonald Theater in April of ‘22. And now with this new album, PERFECT FANTASY, I have a renewed love... I appreciate its overall mellow vibe. Track number two, DEEP BLUE, featuring Little Dragon is among the favorites. Speaking of “featuring,” this album includes collaborations with a handful of known names, Pharrell, T-Pain, Cochise, and Snoop Dogg. I’ll be listening to this many times...

I Barely Know Her



sombr
Released: August 22, 2025
Tracks: 10

NYC-born singer, songwriter and record producer, Shane Michael Boose, a.k.a. sombr.

It didn’t take long to like this album and now I’ve played it through more than five times in two days. It’s not my usual sound, which is heavy with rock, reggae, hip-hop and 80s. So time will tell if sombr becomes more than a blip in life. If his tracks make it onto my poker night and golf playlists, then it will gain that stickiness. The song “back to friends” has 1.995 Billion listens on Spotify... wow. With just his first album, this artist is reaching quick superstardom. Someday maybe the Super Bowl Halftime Show?

Until The Sun Explodes



Sublime
Released: June 12, 2026
Tracks: 22

With their self-titled album (’96) going 5x platinum, attracting worldwide airplay, their influence persists to this day.

Jakob Nowell, son of the late Bradley Nowell, and founding members Eric Wilson and Bud Gaugh brought Sublime back to life for this album, just before the 30th anniversary of the band’s last release. According to a Rolling Stone interview, *Until The Sun Explodes* will be their last. Say it isn’t so. It would be great for this to be just talk, but the word is the group did this as a tribute, serving as an epilogue to their legacy. Hopefully they will change their minds and keep going with the passion for creating music, because Sublime is a favorite.





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Rise with...



ALLIANCE



Smoke

by Hannah Buckley



*Nobody knows I'm in Vegas
Beside a highway, car door ajar
Pretending to read while a couple fights about instagram photos
I blow smoke swiftly
through the crack in the window
To drift
Past the couple's twisted faces &
Me to sleep*

*Nobody knows I'm in the Santa Monica Mountains
Surrounded by metal walls and frigid air,
Handles of whiskey and grapefruits
I blow smoke sneakily
Out the trailer window
To disappear
From itchy familiarity &
Into the sherbet poppies*

*Nobody knows I'm in the back fields
Past the birch tunnel and near the 'outback'
Where the goldenrod and I have shared deeply
I blow smoke playfully
into the open sky to celebrate
The love I've found &
The ease at which I can leave it
Nobody knows I'm in Whitefish
Waiting for a train at dusk
In an eerie vacant town for the promise of anonymity
I blow smoke nervously
Outside the station into the night air to settle
My mind for the ride &
Into another lifetime*

*Nobody knows I'm in the Mojave
barefoot scampering amongst the rocks
Enchanted by risk and learning from lizards
I blow smoke recklessly
With strangers
to test
The excitement of chance &
My luck*



by Morgan Smith

@7blackcat13



by Matt Dey / BLUNT GRAFFIX

www.bluntgraffix.com

Crossed the line.

by Suzanne Brandon

@suzibrandon

*Is there no way you can stay the night?
I think I've seen you once or twice,
Maybe in a dream, another life.*

*If you would,
Let me bathe under your light.
If you could,
Leave your gaze on me this time.
It's no use—
I went and crossed the line.*

*Now you're all I've ever wanted,
Now you're all I've ever craved,
In every single dream,
In every single way.*

*Now you're all I've ever needed,
Now you're all I want to say.
You're everything—
I feel it.*

... I think I've gone insane.

"I want to support the local arts"

You can do that, and promote your business or cause with an ad in Graffiti Magazine.

Founded in January 2023, we are a nonprofit organization that makes a free, bi-monthly publication (one every two months) featuring creative works such as Poetry, Fiction, Nonfiction, Drawings, Photography, etc.

We print our newspaper, tabloid-style magazine and then distribute it to popular, people-gathering locations — like coffeehouses, theaters, bookstores, and shops — in Lane County, Oregon.

We invite you to advertise in our magazine and support the effort to foster a community of creativity.

See our website for Ad Sizing and Rates, www.graffiti-magazine.com, or email us at: ads@graffiti-magazine.com

You Write It, We Print It

There are a few exceptions to this mantra — such as no plagiarism, no inciting violence. Otherwise, we want to hear your voice in the form of artistic works for print (fiction, non-fiction, poetry, photography, illustration, etc.). Please submit your creation by filling out the Submission Form on our website:

www.graffiti-magazine.com



by Max Wayt

I saw in the Great Captain's face

by Scott Lee

*I saw in the great Captain's face
an iron will fierce determination
a stoic black sail gaze,
never surrender steel reel
forever sailor tied to fortitude's battered ship.*

*I met renegade outlaws
from every circle
ghosted by indifference
all their Gordian Knot survival stories
swaying deep waters forever still*

*I saw in the great Captain's face
a wild, majestic paradoxical skyline melody
all the vibrant, vivid musical colors sizzling silent soldier grills.*

*I saw in the great Captain's eyes
all the fiery arrows piercing still.*

*I heard in the great Captain's voice
a selfless, renegade choir chorus no peaceful God
diabolical devil, cruel man, woman, child,
or corrupted empire ever dare dismiss
or ever dare fucking erase.*

*I saw in the great Captain's double bladed dream
a secret base floating in his own galaxy.
saw his mad true broken nest crown of wisdom
gleaming like July, Montana river nobody dare replace.*

*I saw in the great Captain's distant Pluto gaze
a unique heart beat spent pondering on solitary sand
hoping to understand every misunderstood, falling, shattered star.*

*I heard in the Great Captain's night screams
his entire Platoon slaughtered, fire fights, torture, Vietcong war camps,
splitting fissures, severe fragmentation, undersea explosions,
and deep Grand Canyon scars hoping to destroy him
but his tremendous courage holding solid still.*

*I saw in the great Captain's face
all the splattered halos scattered world wide.*

*I returned from afterlife waters
an unforgettable sunset symphony
ripping through immaculate still glass reflections
knocking me off both planted feet*

*all delicate placed colors singing invincible
through shivering storms of awe.*

*Bittersweet masterpieces
painted by
an invisible, benevolent
creative golden lion renegade heart
picking up scalding metal shrapnel
from the shattered, cornered dark.*

...Continued on Page 10.



“Over the Hills and Far Away” by Felix L.

You are invited to see an exhibition
by Eugene artist, writer, and educator
Jerry Ross.

Jerry Ross Retrospective
Gordon Hotel - Eugene, Oregon
June 24 – July 27, 2026

Ross, founder of the American Verismo movement and Club Macchia, has exhibited internationally in Italy, the Netherlands, and throughout the United States. His paintings are known for their bold tonal structure, painterly immediacy, and fusion of realism with expressive modernist reduction.

On Ass

by Azria Raventhorn

*Our sweet little romance
had been but a few hours.
We were pretty raw,
eyes darting left
As I drank in the verdict.
and just
groped each other while we waited.
With swagger of a well armed man
he began his target practice.
I stood inside his 44 Magnum strap
thick and heavy, consumed with lust.
I was smoke from a double action competent arsonist
from a nothing shot scratch handwriting
taken in the rituals of screaming like maniacs.
I happily became a later convert.*



"I saw in the Great Captain's face," continued from Page 8:

*I watched the limping soldier
living in tall Colorado weeds
keep his honored vow to fight on for freedom,
valor, & constitution in every war he witnessed from the
unmerciful bloody battlefield.*

*I saw in the great Captain's actions his patience & tolerance level
dropping far below zero due to the unjust chains binding still*

*I heard in the great Captain's song restless strings of desire
all the free melodies changing his charge from hard ass to troubadour
while front line soldiers investigated internally the haunting,
enchanted tunes.*

*I remember clearly echoes of spiraling memory
when I was forced to wear the great Captain's armor
white out blizzards stormed down freezing everything I owned
everything turned against me seeking to destroy me.*

*Days grew dark
nights blacked out
every word gunned down
nail guns hammering order after order
indifference is a chainsaw ripping through every hour
cutting me past recognition.*

*I drew strength from every friend
each one snapshots of the Captain sailing toward brighter shores
golden, emerald forests waving Avalon friendly
fierce as Camelot on fire
bon fires & emerald cove dreams sparkling
like an old, ancient best friend.
who you'll never forget.*

*I saw in the great Captain's wreckage his generosity & kindness
level still holding high despite thousand yard knockdowns
dreams sliced in half,
yet his door still open
bringing the prodigal son to his wounded knees.*

*I heard in the great Captain's unsung poem
a stolen crown burning in Red Sands
every face in the world must relate
as I soldier crawl through heavy snow, rain, ashes, dust*

*bringing out the brightest, biggest,
& best dream desires I've ever seen
whispering through black nail despair*

yet

*his fluid courageous deathless light
holding solid still.*

In the weed grass

by Fiona Mokler

*Visions of cowboys, outlaws in the weed-grass
Their forms obscured by garish billboards
That litter the frontier's final reward
No more rouges, just us on highways en masse*

*The west, just a memory as I pass
Buzzards fly, where hawks once soared
Campfire songs forgot for semi-truck's roar
But I, no cowboy, nervously eye my gas*

*No shooting stars on perfect desert nights
But, constellations of insects on my windshield
The evening disappeared in my headlights
Still, if I abandoned this life for weed-grass fields
I could lie shivering and smiling in the starlight
But I, no rogue, can't bring myself to yield*



by Rachael Hillenius



**“You can’t use up creativity. The more
you use, the more you have.”**
Maya Angelou

*“If you hear a voice within you say “You cannot paint,”
then by all means paint, and that voice will be
silenced.”*
Vincent Van Gogh

Cassandra Speaks

by Alisa McLaughlin

Prophecies

*In visions the narrator dares to recall, what is now and yet to come,
Like Nostradamus, playing with words, allegories and metaphors.
Time and place are jumbled, as an unfinished puzzle.*

*A letter in the sky, sworn to secrecy, unleashes the cold beast,
devouring the innocent. Insolent guardians misjudge the size.
When the Sun shines bright, water vanishes, ICE melts.*

*See the lake empty, when the crescent moon rises,
the Shepard's crook broken when the Satyr has his fill,
the Mill stone cracks, No name leaves without a trace.*

*The Queen, Star and Fool align, too late the house burned down.
Nations gasp at the naked ruin, the Heritage reviled, the Vote driven out.
The guardians beg for reprieve, scales are restored.*

*The bear pokes the jester, too nimble to trip,
Blue, yellow prevail to reunite old bonds.
Pluto must be contained for all our sake.*

*Wheat grows strong against the cold wind,
to numbers never seen before, reverse the tide.
The scythe is dull, but the harvest is sharp.*

*Janus endows himself while madness, confusion consumes him.
Anger builds with each blow of the horn, blood flows from the mouth
The false name removed from the theatre signals the end.*

*The watchman rattles, but the heroes are asleep.
Storms, floods, and quakes when the hare rises,
The wheat grows in rebellion, the harvest will be complete.*

*After the Eagle flees, the students tear up Eden, only the sleepy flower blooms.
maidens caged, learned ones abandon the school, their bloodline perishes,
the garden will grow once more, a spoiled child chastised from Gaia's shudder.*

*A black line crosses the abode of snow carved by the dragons tail,
Persia stirs, bad blood and water pave the way.
Vulcans caldera awakens, to no ones surprise, it's issue alarms nevertheless.*

*The three brothers conspire to their downfall,
one will lose his mind, one will lose his soul, one will lose his body.
The dragon laughs at their demise to take the prize.*

*Alkebulan is alarmed by the dragon and the eagle hunting for Pluto.
Water turned to gold is found beneath their feet.
Feuding brothers must choose between hope and chaos, hold hands, not blows.*

*The era of the cheat ends when the fool is caught like a thief in the night,
No justice, only remorse for the remaining flock.
The Eagle will have to pluck out the bad feathers on it's own.*

*The hats in Soloman's court argue the letter amongst themselves,
while the temple crumbles, the ram falls by bad blood.
the Pale ones left for dead, will return thru the back door.*

Where to find Graffiti Magazine

Below are the dedicated drop spots to pick up a copy of Graffiti.

Eugene

- Art House Theater
- Broadway Metro Theater
- Caffé Pacori
- Dark Pine Coffee
- Equiano Coffee
- Glass House Coffee Bar
- Hodgepodge Books & Taps
- House of Records
- J. Michaels Books
- La Mouette Bread Shop
- Laughing Planet (760 Blair Blvd.)
- Laurelwood Golf Course - "The Pub"
- Luckey's Club
- Max's Tavern
- Portal Tea
- Red Barn Grocery
- Rennie's Landing
- Slice Pizzeria (325 Blair Blvd.)
- Sundance Natural Foods
- Sy's Pizza
- The Copy Shop
- Theo's Coffeehouse / Whirled Pies
- Voodoo Doughnuts
- Wandering Goat Coffee

Cottage Grove

- Bookmine
- Coast Fork Brewery & Feed Store
- Cottage Groove Bookstore
- Quarter Drop Arcade

Do you know of a great place for us to drop Graffiti? Is your favorite location all out of copies? Let us know by sending an email to info@graffiti-magazine.com.

An old-fashioned tradition

by Fergie

- To love you
- To hold space for you
- Being there
- Being true
- With you and through you

- Stars, hermits and fools
- Mutual weirdness forever
- Might have been a mountain
- You dreamt of
- A dancing tree with your winds...

hercules, and the evening train

by Mike Heide  michaelheide@pm.me

*derelict telephone poles stream past
a kid walks by and asks if he's lonely
the wars now are just for vague media
these big arms serve only lost tomes*

*a night nurse wrings her wrist at the clock
some student falls asleep on his homework
an old widower carries flowers impartially
there are no hydras to save them from*

*he begins to huddle quietly into the corner
wearing a lion skin out of time and place
each stop jars him back to the present
looking around for something catastrophic*

*low cityscape, metal, wind, and shoes
everything is distant from old clanging
no recursive fantasy of bland heroism
last trumpets are via someone's airpods*

*temporal reflections in the dusty window
he scratches the wound on his shoulder
the setting sun peeks through stoplights
he resists the urge exit on the last stop*

When Everything Died the Same Day

by Tom Derungs

*Ochre petals and vein-torn leaves.
Black flies and soft, fuzzy bees.
Lean antelope in grasses tall.
Skinny cats and ugly dogs.
Aunt Hannah, Virgie and
Beatrice. Dad and Mom, Rosie
And last Christmas. When*

*Everything died the same
Day I was less lonely.
I was less sad, and
Time didn't hurt so bad.
And you my dear, sweet
Dying one. Hand and
Hand walking in the sun.*

Two Poems

by Fergie

*What a time to be alive!
I contain multitudes
Embedded in strange and
interesting times*

*Overwhelmed by this whole thing
Full moon
Eclipses
Epic moments
Smiling flowers
All at once!*

*Teach me all the lessons I need to
learn!*

*I learn
What it is to live from love
From inspiration*

*Tower moments
Life goes upside down
ALL will be well
All is well.*

Haikus

by Johnny Too Much

*Vacant city scape
unseen strong ranting during
first days of covid*

*One could be amused
a dog tail wagging away
nose fixed to a spot*



"I like cats that bite softly" by M. Ramos