

Writers one flight up

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WOFU (Writers One Flight Up) is very pleased to present the topical poetry of the very talented writer, Richard B. Henderson. Richard currently lives in Eustis and is active in several of the writers' groups in the tri-cities. His first collection of poetry, *epiphanics*, can be purchased through Amazon.com and other online book retailers. In this season of politics, we feel these particular poems speak to us with gentle reminders of lessons learned, and graphic warnings about the consequences of our behavior. Read and heed.

The Lies (a villanelle)

One by one we learn the lies
and heap mistake upon mistake.
It is late if ever that we grow wise.

We live for wealth. Though it never buys
us joy, it's a thirst we can not slake.
One by one we learn the lies.

A sworn promise neither binds nor ties -
with ease we bend the vows we make.
It is late if ever that we grow wise.

Our good names fall as our fortunes rise;
we don't digress for honor's sake.
One by one we learn the lies.

But when lost loves are recalled with sighs,
empty hearts begin to break.
It is late if ever that we grow wise.

While wasted years pass before old eyes,
foolish souls on deathbeds ache.
One by one we learn the lies;
It is late if ever that we grow wise.

Leaders and Larvae

Bluefly larvae have no respect
for president or king.
If they smell a dead one lying around,
they rush to do their thing.
The determined wigglers arrive and work fast -
still, they never get the whole.
They may thoroughly finish the innards and outards,
but they cannot stomach the soul.

Presidents who chiefly want power and money,
who work first for themselves and their clique,
seldom consider what's good for the people
who are poor, who need help, who are sick.
The longer they serve, the smugger they get
as they cheat and lie and cajole.
Though their rich and powerful life seems like heaven,
when they die it's to Hell with their soul.

Too many kings of commerce and countries
use heartless and hurtful ploys
to get palaces, limos, airplanes, and yachts
while ignoring the lives they destroy;
they don't care if the people sicken or starve
just as long as they're under control.
Kings believe they're like God - 'til they die.
Then Satan slips out and down with their soul.

As these fiends are eternally grilled in Hell's hole
for the people they hurt and the riches they stole,
they wish maggots had also eaten their souls.

For the January, 2009 issue of *Pulse*, the Magazine of Mount Dora, Eustis and Tavares, Writers One Flight Up (WOFU) invites you to submit your original prose of no more than 750 words. All submissions must be entered electronically. The entry selected by WOFU will be printed in the January 2009 issue.

Check our Web site at www.writersoneflightup.com for complete entry details.

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