

LET THE MELTING CONTINUE

MikEE FRANK LINDA ERIKA COREY ALEXI
LINDA BETTY



2011 Frank Moore

F. MOORE
'08

LINDA'S LUV
JEN'S LUV
ERIKAS LUV
COREY'S LUV
FRANK'S LUV
ALEX'S LUV
MIKEE'S LUV

A SACK FULL
OF LUV
JUST 4 U!!!



Christmas Cards, digital paintings, top: 2011; bottom: 2008

of dark depression
and fragile suicide.

Yes,

I know

I can always bum up

the \$29.95

to buy

the plastic hope and faith

at 7 Eleven

and pretend

it is my wonderful life

playing

in the video store's window.

But instead

I wrap myself

in a jaded pretense

of dry ice isolation

of not caring,

and drinking

the stale

but warm wine of regrets.

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The birth

of new hope

has always been hidden within

the long cold

winter darkness.

Huddled together,

clinging to our tribal warmth

as our only protection

against dying

into the scary

black

unknown,

we always have been blind

to the evergreen
hope of life.

It has always been
the first time
the sun
and easy hope
have gone away.

So we always think
they will never
come again.

The evergreen hope
has been hidden
away
in the womb
of the humble
and in children's dreams.

The forces of greys
have always overheard
the possibility
of the hidden hope...
have always searched
for it
to pervert it
into human isolation...
or,
failing that,
to kill it
for all time.

But the forces of power
always overlook
the hidden human hope
rocking
in the baby's cradle.

As power
goes on a desperate killing,
chopping
hacking

gorging,
eating
the old world up.....
we huddle together
in the silent night
upon the hill,
rocking together
in our tribal body warmth.

The shaman,
the holy woman,
the medicine man
have always shifted
our attention away
from the dark
cold
outward
fear,
have always shifted
our gaze
to the guiding light
of new birth...
at first
in the stars,
then in the roaring
tribal fire
which pulled
all human feelings

within it,
and still later
into that corny
home hearth
crackling
with bright colors
popping.

Into this fire
we have always gone,
hearing
the drumming
of our innocent heart
beating

in a slow excitement,
meeting
again
our love of life.

We curl up
with our love
and wait
for warm spring
to arrive...
as hope grows
into knowing.