

Slouching Toward Tomorrow
by James Clarke

Sometimes we feel like
 orphans of light, powerless be-
fore the jagged debris of
 a broken world. Sometimes we
stand at a crossroads under
 a darkening sky that no longer
whispers of infinite stars,
 baffled how we became so lost,
whether we will ever recover
 those crude maps of thinking
locked with all our good
 intentions in caves of memor-
abilia. But just when all
 seems black, our path in doubt,
nothing between us & the
 latched windows of heaven, an
inner voice impels us to
 question the brute force of dark-
ness, search again for that
 one small curl of redeeming fire—
the herald of a new tomorrow.