

A Poem & Drawing by Stephen Jarrell Williams

Flower Power

Walking alongside the road
Shooting flowers

Old boots and an older pistol
Aiming quickly and blasting
Everlasting fields of flowers

Mumbling
*Something has to be done
And I'm the one to do it*

Faded jeans and a baseball cap
Shirtless with a tattoo of a skull
Burnt on his back and between
his eyes

Loading that pistol with bullets
from his belt
Pistol firing from his right hand
Giving the finger to passing cars on his left

Those fields of flowers with staring faces
And billions of buds ready to bloom

He glances into the distance
Skyline of a city

There he will reload with all the lunacy
Filling him with the venom of scorpions

Bull's-eye to another flower taunting him



Not noticing he's running out of bullets
Caught within the scent of his evaporating gun powder

He trips over a root and falls into the flowers
Clicking wildly at them with his empty gun
Poppies covering him over with a chokehold

He struggles but they have him spread-eagle
Singing with their little voices into his ears

He screams
Cries
Suddenly stops

He spreads into a wide smile
Hearing sirens

Cop cars coming to arrest him
Cutting him loose....

Not so long ago, **Stephen Jarrell Williams** was called
by some, the Great Poet of Doom... Now, he writes at
night, enthused, and waiting for the Coming Good
Dawn.