

GOD'S GOT A HOLD ON ME

Charles Howze

God's got a hold on me,
A grip on my mighty hand.
Lord, I don't wanna go back to prison.
When I had the chance to run, I should've ran.

Really I'm glad it's over,
Cuz I'm tired of livin a lie,
Robbin, stealin, doin drugs,
Everybody just wants to know why.

God's got a hold on me,
I just thought I'd mention.
For 40 years I've been living in sin,
Jesus finally got my attention.

God's got a hold on me,
And I'm glad he finally did
Cuz I'm tired of looking in the judge's face,
Waiting for him to give me a bid.

God's got a hold on me,
I ain't seen my folks in years.
Walking through the jailhouse with my head down,
I ain't droppin nothin but tears.

God's got a hold on me,
You've seen it all before.
Hell, I just got out of prison doing 31 months,
Now they wanna give me some more.

God's got a hold on me,
Satan thinks I ain't got no sense,
The devil uses a lie,
Cuz in my heart I already repent.

Charles Howze is a community contributor to HEAL.

ANATOMICAL

Cristina Denise Go, Class of 2018

Through diaphanous layers we tried
to decipher (your) parenthetical histories
between pocketed organs, those hieroglyphs
sifting as granular fragments
or bulbs, sheaths, oblong and amorphous chandeliers
clinging to membranous seahorses
But breathless poetry eludes fleshy (a)symmetry
the seamless sinuosity through bodily impulses
rivaling ancient tracings of coelacanth
With timid incisions we cut through
cruel constellations someone labeled Cancer
and seemingly barnacled jellyfish
appearing foreign, but sadly intimate
like Dali's Persistence of Memory radiating with
past loves simultaneously
visceral and transcendent
clambering wildly out
a partitioned heart
the mystique of Consciousness resisting
Compost and Science
illuminated by weighty substance
non-radioactive,
only organically
from this lovely Earthiness,
Human