

Nothing            by Oscar Treadwell

Since each of us knows nothing,

What's all the hullabaloo about?

Fall            by Oscar Treadwell

For Grace Slick

If "it don't mean shit to a tree",

Why am I saddened

To see the oak branches shiver

To loose it's leaves?

It knows nothing of spring

'til it gets here.

Beatitude 2000            by Oscar Treadwell

He walks with me

And he talks with me

And he tells me

I'm on my own.