

1.

Mud in Your Eye.

I've been keeping abreast
of the storm's raging quest
From a bar in the French quarter of town
While the gales from the West
were all doing their best
to hale the apocalyptic "Katrina" aground.

Now there's mud in the eye
of this sailour tonight
Where broken levees have levelled the shore
And with the warnings all out
and the natives in flight
the Big Easy ain't easy no more.

When the waters rose as high
as an elephant's eye
and knives of wind ceased their cutting about
An eerie silence would sigh
as the night gave a cry
to the voodoo of time running out.

By Claudio Oswald Niedworok.

© 2007.

www.ClaudioArts.com

2.

All the Souls in despair
who Felt abandoned by care
and whom MisFortune did not allow to depart
Questioned Country and State
in this quagmire of Fate
and Found at best a debatable heart.

A generosity grew
From much more than a Few
Who accomplished what politicians could not
But before this was true
an unrest would ensue
among the ravaged whom time had Forgot.

A dead body neglect
From the governing sect
is the talk of all our daily news
With rivers as streets
and all disquieting Feats
New Orleans is neck deep in her blues.

It's a primitive take
When your town is a Lake
not to mention the neighbouring states
There are strange things afloat
in a hat and a coat
all abandoned to partisan traits.

By Claudio Oswald Niedworek.

www.ClaudioArts.com

©2007.

W.

At Johnny White's on Bourbon Street
 we drank warm beer and spooned canned meat
 While Lake Ponchartrain
 cut a brand new loop
 And turned a cultural gumbo
 into toxic soup!

It was Hetter Skelter
 in a stadium for shelter
 Where Americans were called "refugees".
 They arrived in great number
 From a wind that drew thunder
 and took comfort
 Where there was no aim to please.

With a sailboat for a penthouse
 that drowned out the church mouse
 the hurricane blew in some very sad ends
 We payed for our choices
 with ever weakening voices
 resting far too easy on political trends.



By Claudio Oswald Niedwrok.

www.ClaudioArts.com

©2007.

4.

A government of the rich
is a cancerous itch
and reminder that we have all sinned—
like Bob Dylan would say
with his nomadic sway:

“The answer is blowin’ in the wind!”



A president touting religion
as a special-interest-stool-pigeon
May be Facing a rising of tides
Ceasing arrogance not
he may soon Face his lot
in whom true power and justice resides.



Cayos and creation
known as civilization
are subject to a shifting imbalance ashore
A maligned collective neglect
always leads to regret
...and the Big Easy ain't easy
no more!



• • • •

By Claudio Oswald Liedwork.

www.ClaudioArts.com

© 2007.