ARY PAGE



ze: In My Life

breeze has blown
myself fully as it grips me
of love and compassion
call my own.

me a fresh breath of air
es me a warm sensation
of love and compassion
eauty to make one stop and

very magical indeed
r me wherever I am
to treat and make as happy as

e - I do concede

his breeze I talk of
art I do say
aress me with love
die, I will love, 'til that day.

Chris Cassidy

Blood-Torn Dress

A seed is planted and a life is born;
With days and months growth succeeds,
and a dream waits to be torn.

A grandma holding a treasured one,
giving caresses to heartwarm cheeks
as slowly falls the sun.

A path swept clean for footsteps to follow;
wherever it leads don't drown in
the bucket of sorrow.

Web-like fingers touching unending love;
A beat is sung and a beat makes dance,
As prayer pleads God above.

Warmth and comfort so sweetly surround,
the tiny form finds security;
the earth now seems much too round.

Love, Joy, Peace is yelled;
the cord is broken,
Unnecessary blood is smelled.

Hearing silent crys
as life's dream
is thrown away.

"Help! Help! Please
let me stay!"

Deborah Ruth Wilton

In Memory of a Special Friend "d.b."

The snow gently floats to
the ground.
Each flake is a different note
of music.
Your blue eyes sparkle, your laughter
rings out, as you dance to your song.

My song was different from
yours.
I played a tune of hatred, fear and
of bitter loneliness.
Yours was a sweet love song for
life and happiness.

You became my music teacher, and
taught me the right way to play.
As I progressed, our notes merged,
to produce music, a duet.

But suddenly, the wind gathered
force, the soft lazy flakes now
whip through the dark sky.

Your notes are abruptly, and
painlessly ended.

My notes tinker on,
alone,
Slower, slower, and at last
cease.
For a duet cannot be played by
one person.
Alas, our song, is silenced.

Susan Barker

The Epic: Part I

When the seasons
had thrice spent
since the birth
of what I meant

I came upon
three lost thoughts
Companions to
A horse's trot

A bigger thing
Than you may think

Upon its brow
A kitchen sink

It jumped around
Left and right
It came at me
Full of fight

It came at me
And I recoiled
I screamed in pain
As it hard toiled

Stephen Marks

This Has Been A Litterbox Production

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