

Literary Page

A PRISON OF ESCAPE

Captured inside are feelings
Some I am scared to admit.
Life is so real within me
But puzzled pieces don't seem to fit.

I scream silently within prison walls
I catch each message in its rebound.
What is wrong in being free with
my feelings? I ponder
No one seems able to utter a sound.

The caterpillar
inside of me
wants to emerge.

I help it
in the feat
by slowly
pushing
the cloudy white substance
from my eye.

A butterfly
breaks forth
spreading its wings

True colors
shine and slowly
fly
into the
sky.

DEBORAH RUTH WILTON

SILENT VOICES

She giggles and smiles proudly,
like a bubbling brook emotion echoed,
throughout the desolate street of an
urban neighborgood story-book land.

A giggle follows from the
mouth of another, as the sun hidden

by clouds slowly creeps away into night;
realizing nobody has really missed its
golden gift to life.

Giggles joined in harmony
flowing continually into an interrupted
song; while the snow glistens, wildly giving
hopeful truths to those who take time to receive.

The sky turns black, seemingly forever, yet
the sun returns giving birth to a new day but be
still:
A choir of tiny giggles resonate with
voices ringing a message of angelical symphony;
yet mysterious to the ears of one who will not
LISTEN
a comfy chair after a long walk . . .
an old 50's song blaring in the background.

Hell, life is good.

ALEX VYE





I would like to thank all the people who have taken the time to submit their poetry to the literary section this year. Please keep on writing, your work will be welcome next term.

Robin Daniels