

# LITERARY PAGE

## I NEVER HEARD YOU CALL MR. W.

Nobody really understands those inside pains  
 The ones just trying to get out  
 In your mind the question taunts,  
 "Who can I tell?"  
 "Who will not laugh?"  
 "Who will not tell?"  
 These emotions are finally running you down.  
 The last step your've taken  
 seems to want to be your very last.  
 Nothing but pain lives in your restless eyes.  
 Forever shifting, looking, searching for someone.  
 Or maybe something.  
 Can't they feel it in your uneasiness?  
 So many signs,  
 But why do they need your problems too?  
 You can't make them care.  
 That's why we walk this lonely world.  
 Always searching for that something  
 or someone.  
 If it ever comes.  
 If it doesn't  
 Our only chance is to escape.  
 No, not to a place many want to go.  
 But a place many see,  
 And a minute few return.  
 When this time comes  
 nothing can stop it.  
 The frightening emotions  
 Start their break for the finish line.  
 That line grows so close,  
 You begin to see its color  
 Glittering before you eyes.  
 It is beckoning you.  
 Tempting. Of so very tempting  
 Cross this line it seems to beckon  
 And every pain will melt away  
 What about the others  
 something reminds.  
 You answer back  
 What about them?  
 They never took the time out.  
 Why now?  
 What makes it different?  
 The difference, your gone  
 Why does it matter now?  
 Not Before?  
 Because they now feel the guilt you carried for so  
 long  
 They try to understand,  
 Now they ask Why?  
 Never asked before.  
 They only care when something feels missing,  
 Just because something is no longer there.  
 They finally realize what they needed.  
 No, they will not ever forget  
 That you were there.  
 Because you will have taught them  
 A dreaded lesson.  
 A very valuable one.  
 People aren't meant to be aken lightly  
 But I guess sometimes something must be lost  
 For others to gain  
 Its unfair  
 SO very unfair  
 ISN'T IT.

ROBIN DANIELS

## THE DATE

Nervously, he waits for The Moment  
 When he can sweep her up  
 Of her feet-  
 And take her away to a fantasy life  
 She, in her room, toys with  
 Her dress and checks her make-up  
 Once again-  
 She wants this Moment to be right.  
 Neither thinks the other loves,  
 And so want to fabricate  
 A relationship of lies-  
 Instead of honesty and trust.  
 He arrives and presents the flower  
 His symbol of devotion...  
 She accepts and pins it with fingers  
 Shaking in anticipation.  
 They leave a pair, on a path sewn  
 With destruction  
 Only to have him slip and fall  
 Into The Puddle..  
 The Moment is no more, and they remain  
 Nothing more dangerous  
 Than friends

SPIDEY

## A PLEA IN DYING

Oh, I remember When I was Gone,  
 All was said and all was Done.  
 I've heard the thunder, I've see the rain  
 Never ending just like my pain.  
 For you left me all alone,  
 A shattered heart — a broken bone.  
 And if you knew I was to die  
 I wonder if you would cry  
 I miss you now I always will,  
 I think of you and life goes still.  
 I took the vow, accepted the quest.  
 Denied my right and forsook the best.  
 I wander now, I seek what's lost.  
 What has been forgotten in Life's River of Frost.  
 The sweet promise of the impossible find,  
 The desperate state of a tranquil mind.  
 You hold the answer I need to know  
 For I need the space in which to grow.  
 I cannot find you, but I know you're there,  
 Yet the echoes ring in the empty air.  
 The face of death becomes your guise,  
 My inner turmoil swiftly dies.  
 Freed at last unshacked of Earth,  
 Complete in the knowledge, that Death  
 Is but Birth.

JOHN PHILIP GREGORY GEORGE