

LITERARY

A Day

It was crazy
 It was nuts
 Catching air and carvin' up the ruts
 I looked down the mountain and what did I see?
 A two planker wanker staring at me
 I didn't know what to say, but I did know what to do.
 So straitway off a mogul I pulled a cross-mute
 Boned right out with back leg extended.
 Grabbing the inside edge air time was suspended.
 I met him at the lift, I did know what to say
 I said "Hi" my name is Troy let's shred all day

Troy Annett

Desert Land

Dust hurts my eyes,
 Seclusion in a Desert land,
 expressionless clouds fill the sky,
 clenching my rough, hurt hand.

Tumbleweeds mysteriously drift nowhere.
 A desert rat screams silently.
 Wicked wind slaps my cares.
 I feel the hurt of pierced hands through my reality.

I see another human being in a quick moment day dream.
 His hand is clenched ever so tightly.
 Slowly I walk towards him and feel
 the comfort of a hopeful sunbeam.
 The human being turns around and walks away.
 I am left lonely.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

SPELL

O! ye that liveth in the heart
 serene
 in thy dwelling place
 unleash
 thy splendid scented oil!
 spread thyself
 upon the tongue
 sweet in thy bounty
 lips' delight
 eyes' glorious sight
 consort in the night
 ah,
 la peanut butter sandwiches!

Diane Reid

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