



HEY WORLD TAKE A LOOK!

How can I tell you world
I love you
When you cause so much pain.

How can I say
I love to live
When living brings so much hurt.

World.
I've always strived
to be me -
I've always strived
for happiness
I've always strived
for everything.

So world -
Look! I'm me.
I am an individual
unlike any other
and I guess
I can have happiness for that.

But world
Being an individual -
being me -
can't be all happiness.
With freedom
comes so many other things -
constantly searching for something
unlike anything else -
constantly searching for someone
unlike anything else.

And that is me -
a constant search -
a constant reaching -
for the individuality of the world -
for a meaning.

Wind

The Carnival Man

Step right up here man
See your life in a flame
Stare at its beauty
Witness its pain

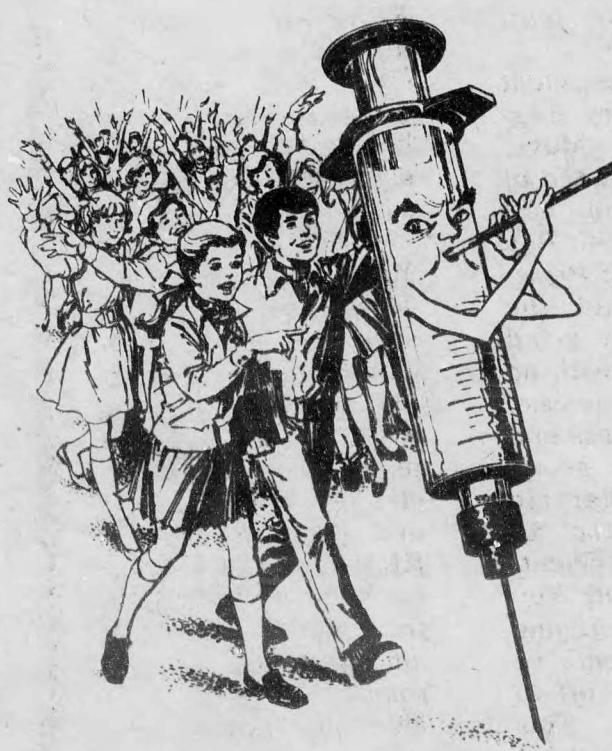
Got problems hanging on you,
Step right up here
I've got something for you
It's better than beer

This one is yellow
The other is blue
Take some tonite
They'll get you through

Now you see life
Through the golden hypodermic
Step right up here man
I've got you a fix

Fifty bucks, fifty bucks is all this will cost
Step right up here kid,
Cause now you're lost

Lilianne



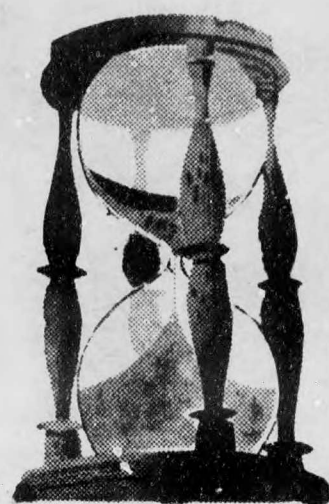
ATTEMPTS ON TIME

To realize time:
What can time tell us but only the
strengths and weaknesses of our own dreams;
what give, but truth; what take away, but hope?

To envision time:
If time were a stretching of leaves
through a growing forest, men would walk
the ever-changing paths: below; their minds
(thoughts and dreams) would soar the
open sky: above; and there would
be their souls: encompassing.

To know time:
Time is my father, and I am a
sorry child indeed. Time dances, and I
falter in footsteps following shadows; time
sings, and I hear whispers and echoes only,
and cannot give mumbles to tomorrow's
children. Time laughs, and I cannot
see the joy, and cries, and I cannot see
the sorrow. Time talks, and I cannot hear,
and listens, and I cannot speak. Time is my father, and my son, and my brother.
Time is my success and my failure, my victory and
my defeat. Time is my finding and my losing, my
coming and my going. Time is, and I am time.

John Dempsey



POETRY

THE LOVE GAME

I wish this love game was never born to live.
A game has too many complexities to it
It's not as simple as the...
It takes one's half with decisions
wants
and needs.

In the love game
You must be constantly reassured
You must be constantly in touch
Fulfilling love's constant 'unsureness.

...e, I don't want to be tied to you
... am.
I don't want thoughts of love,
Thoughts of unsureness,
To come to me in lonely, empty times.
For it... brings me down mo...

It's hard to love and love at the same time
And it's hard to live without love at the same time
I guess the... game
Is something we must master -
Something we must come to terms with -
To live.

Wind

