

## The Growth of Friendship

[A poem dedicated to the friendship between Shayla (Patty & Fran) and I, and to friendship in general.]

In the dawn of this year  
We were but seeds  
In a garden of confusion,  
Our minds outstretched  
To capture the many rays of knowledge  
Thrown to us in careless fashion,  
And to bed them in our young thoughts.  
We worked as a team,  
Watering our difficulties  
With friendship,  
Drowning them out  
So that happiness may grow  
To full bloom.

Now dusk has quickly arrived,  
And the results of our bond  
Is shown to me  
In the form of a rose,  
A symbol of lasting care and love,  
And of a friendship that will never wilt,  
As it is planted firmly  
In my memory,  
And in my heart,  
It can never die.

Jason Meldrum

## Live The Life You Want To Live

Be Yourself,  
Care for what you see is yours.  
Follow your journey; do not stray from your path.  
Do not judge others by their mistakes,  
but be judged by your own.  
Live in the world that God wants you to live in.  
Do not turn your hour glass before its time;  
time is too  
priceless to let it sift away from your hand.  
Let others think what they wish; you are the one who  
knows what you feel inside.  
Do not let imaginary visions of promises  
from others  
desolate your mind with fairy tales from the Devil's tongue.  
Ignore the waves and let the sails ride free  
with the wind.

Gille Legacy

## A Slave of Greed

I captured the sun  
it scared by flesh  
with its burning rays  
yet I refused to let go  
ignorant, determined,  
impatient to own the world.  
As I crave it all  
what I have  
slowly slips through my finger tips  
and crashes to the earth.  
Time is endless  
yet it ticks and the hands circle  
and I grow old  
Is time endless or a mere myth?  
I want the world in my palms  
everything.  
But I grasp for nothing  
not knowing exactly what it is I want  
I only clutch empty air.  
Do I have the world  
or has it also slipped away  
and crashed to the earth?  
As I contemplate exactly what I want  
and what I have  
I've captured the sun  
and refuse to let go  
as it scars my flesh  
with its burning rays.

Trisha Graves

## Touch in the Wind

by Geoffrey Brown

Under banners of progress  
Snarling saws cut all away  
Building ugly box-houses  
That will leave us all homeless  
someday

You shrinking wild places  
Are sacred to me  
And you won't be forgotten  
As long as I still breathe

I feel your touch in the wind  
When the wildflowers blaze  
I hear stones in the streams  
Sing out your name  
Wonder's the gift  
For the trust that I lend  
And this road holds no terror  
You'll be with me till its end

The court of the lonely  
Walks the cold Midas streets  
Ragged kings and princesses  
Begging for scraps from the feast

My hope can get swallowed  
In these mouths of despair  
But a voice soothes my soul  
And I know you're still there

I feel your touch in the wind  
When the wildflowers blaze  
I hear stones in the stream  
Sing out your name  
Wonder's the gift  
For the trust that I lend

And this road holds no terror  
You'll be with me till its end  
To lose those you've loved  
To the passage of yours  
It tugs at the heart  
With more harshness than tears

Companions are precious  
Because they're taken away  
But you'll be by my side  
When I meet them again

Yes, to love and be loved  
Is a rare enough thing  
But to surrender these fears  
Is a joy beyond feeling.

Geoffrey Brown

Photography by Dave Smith

