

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

