

Orpheus

Their mother is dead, said Keith.
 No, no it cannot be true, they are too small.
 Find them a home or drown them all, said Keith.
 Ron, please, they are so sweet, so tiny, alone.
 Born under the house, just got them out, said Keith.
 They have a big stomach; what do you feed them?
 Had a bath before - full of fleas - and worms -
 Most likely, said Keith.
 Do you give them milk?
 Worms, they all have worms. Milk, yes milk, said Keith.
 Ron . . . please?
 Take one or two, take them all, said Keith.
 Just one, Ron? Please?
 But a handful of puppy, white, brown and
 Black, full of fleas, a few ticks, fur soft,
 Eyes so blue, unseeing, unknowing - trusting.
 Born in the warm earth beneath the shack;
 An orphan now.
 Orpheus of the underworld - my Orpheus.

-A.D.

POETRY

Love

Love, the crystal glass,
 The finer it is
 The easier it breaks.

Love, it's fragile quality
 Becomes a mug for vulgarity.

Love, the crystal glass
 In the hands of many
 Gets hit against the wall
 To be smashed into tiny
 Unintentional bits.

-Helen Thibodeau

An Ode To "Big Bertha"

I thought you were a lady,
 not an easy thing to find these days,
 With everyone trying so desperately to be just exactly what they aren't,
 only to end up pleasing everyone but themselves
 They quickly defend themselves by crying that life is only a game,
 but surely there is more to it than that!

When I first met you I was scared,
 scared to think that you were only another one of these people playing games,
 But I was wrong . . . or so I believed at the time.
 I trusted you.
 I loved you.

And even more important I came to believe in you.
 slowly and carefully I opened up my real self unto you,
 Telling you things I would never tell to anyone else for fear they would think I was crazy,
 Always hoping and praying that you would understand me and
 accept me for myself and for what I was

Suddenly you grew tired of me,
 and decided you wanted to leave,
 an easy thing for you to do,
 for after all you were never really with me.
 But instead of telling me, you started to play games,
 and as you should know by now,
 I'm not very good at playing games.
 Is it that hard to be honest???

You wanted me to be something that I just couldn't be,
 So I guess I'll just end up as a mistake.

Now what am I to do?
 Living in the past only brings back tears and pain.
 I still love you -
 not for what you are now,
 but for what I thought you once were.
 I still feel bitterness about the way things turned out,
 But I don't fault you for not being the lady I thought you were:
 Instead I kick myself for not having seen this a long time ago.

-K.B.