LITERARY

LIFE

Sometimes I wonder why I get up,
To face the noises of the street,
To feel the cold air nipping at my feet.

There are so many things that life has to offer,
new babies being born, love and laughter,
I haven't found any that I can relate,
So life hasn't started, I believe it's late.

I can't seem to let my emotions go,
I just sit back and watch life go by like a show.
None know my feelings, no one will,
Cause I'm just to shy, to shy to feel.

Life is one big chore for me to accomplish,
Like a list, being checked off as each day is done,
But when the list is finished,
Where do I run.

I guess God is testing all of us,
When he makes our lives so doggone rough.
We all have feelings, so let them go,
Don't hold them back, and watch your loved
ones go.

Gino Facini

parallel conjunction (driving home: 1987)

this must not be you cannot come together
straightline or otherways
they said
and i concurr

how could she want you
when stoopdom stands in line for she and i
no doubt worse off
as she didn't suspect i
was listening
to her softly weeping evensongs
on the seat beside me almost
sleeping.

James William Dort

There is no demon greater than Cupid.
For that snakes power is to enslave men's hearts;
Leaving their bodies weak and minds stupid;
As that devil deceives them, to dabbling in wicked arts.

Just as a spitting serpent poisons its prey,
Cupid conveys to men the virtues of women.
Minds swoon through a faint delay,
As the victim succumbs to the vipers venom.

Once dead the heart is taken,
And the Dragon has his fill.
the rest left to the witches is soon forsaken,
And they're off to make another kill.

No, I fear the damnsels* of this planet,
Too often sever the evil within it.

*damsels spelled damnsels

Fred St. Bernard