

DISTRACTIONS

Creativity

Thoughts pursue one another
in cat-tailed circles
Linger on the border
of consciousness
elusive
Afraid of the light of day
Lest they prove unworthy.

Edith Tippett

Looking for Mr. Right

I wonder if he's here tonight
To sweep me off my feet
And carry me away into the night
There to live happily evermore.
He is my Mr. Right
Whom I have searched an eternity for,
But have not yet found.
Is there such a person--this Mr. Right,
Or does he exist only in fairy tales
And movie shows.

I thought I found him twice before,
but was proven wrong each time.
Will all those I think is him
Prove me wrong time and again.
I do not think I could stand the pain
If it were proven thus--
Perhaps I am fated to die a broken heart.

I fear my search will continue,
but to what avail? (I have no idea.)
Perhaps it is my fate to spend my life alone
And bear the burden of the world
Upon these frail and fragile bones
'Til my youth is drained from me
And the cup is taken from my lips.
Then to rise in new splendour
To continue my search elsewhere.

Bonnie Seguin

Existence

Areas of grey
fade
and pass away.
Into turmoil
light is shed
while all form of life
has fled.
The streets are barren
and houses free
while pitiful humans
cry and pleas.

Trisha Graves

The Sunrise After

Red on the sand,
the colours in a sunrise
The silent horizon sheltered
the sun from the sight
of life that departed
with it (last night)

Edith Tippett