

September Wind

The September wind blows cold this year,
 But you lay coiled round another fire,
 A fire of summer,
 One and seven was our day of heaven:
 Our day to remember.
 Do you remember how I would sing to you,
 Only you.
 Now my songs are Black and Sober,
 My voice is cracked and dry.
 While your tongue tastes another voice,
 The path which we tread for so long,
 In another September breeze, still lays
 covered in blossoms.
 For though you have chosen a road paved in
 cold concrete - I much prefer to walk,
 alone
 With the rage you have given me.
 Perhaps I should Thank you.
 Perhaps this boring rage is the only thing that protects me
 From this bitter September Wind.

Graves.

**Binding Happiness - Step 2
 "Don't Give Up Your Search"**

Great is the man who understands himself,
 Who truly knows what makes him "tick".
 Whose inspiration is genuine, his joy is complete.
 Most go searching, all their lives,
 For this thing we call "happiness"
 Searching in all the wrong places,
 Making many wrong choices,
 They never find what they are looking for.

Never give up the search into yourself,
 Everyday you can make new discoveries.
 perhaps, if you're lucky, you'll learn what brings you joy everlasting.
 Don't cloud your choices, with others perceptions,
 Look at the world through your eyes only.
 With prejudices and biases aside,
 Your journey will be a little quicker,
 And you'll be far better for it.

Darren Elliott

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OCTOBER 2, 1993

8:00P.M.