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A Party, No Problem!

Responsibility is in your hands.
The hours are misjudged.
Time spent with the ideals
Of a pre-schooler.

I have a week to do it.
I have four days to do it.
I have one day to do it.
I have to do it...
It's only worth five percent.
A party tonite, I'll be there.

It's four o'clock already?
A class at eight thirty?
I'll get the notes from somebody.
A mid-term tomorrow?
I'll start studying at four.
I'll start studying at eight.
I'll stay up all night.
It's only one of two tests.
Exams are three weeks away?
A party tonight, no problem!

Exams are one week away?
A party tonight, no problem!

Exams are tomorrow?
Pre-exam social time?
That was an easy test.
That was a hard one.
I'll never pass it anyway.

The Dean would like to see me?
One more chance you say?
It's time to get keen!
what? A party tonight?
No problem!!

A Dream Wish

Come this way
and you will find
yourself back;
it's so nice here,
flowers grow
red and white and blue,
the snow is so cold,
and under the ocean's
icy crust
enjoys the fish
its life
in the wet greenish-blue
of the water.
While a tree
is spreading his leaves
all over
the rusty old earth.
The truth
is here still unburied
and
hugged with the naked
love
of entire
nature.
Just close your eyes,
breathe
and come this way -
it's so nice here.

P O E T R Y

Jens Neumann

By J.D. Steven Richard

JP'S RAINBOW-OCTOBER 1979

AS THE SUNLIGHT
GENTLY SPRINKLES DOWN
FROM ITS SOLAR SOURCE
I AM REMINDED OF
A VERY SPECIAL RAINBOW
WHY SPECIAL?
... BECAUSE YOU SHARED
ITS WARMTH AND HOPE
WITH YOUR FRIENDS. ...
... ONE OF WHICH,
I HAD JUST BECOME.

Laura J. Richards
March 21, 1982

All they think that they require
is someone to come home to
someone to keep their hearts and bed warm

From each other they seek themselves
to the public they announce their freedom
from each other, but deep down inside we know, this is not truth!

Each song ever sung, each poem ever composed (so it seems)
about friendship and love
seeks this freedom which shall never be gained

Love, is not merely being sexually satisfied
or the look I have found in your eyes
it is what God has given us to give to each other

Love does not just "happen"
it grows from the seed of friendship
and does not disappear in a fit of anger or anguish

For every song sung about a love gone wrong
there is one which roars beyond our earthly misconceptions
of what love really is, and takes us with it

Love cannot be described by mere words alone
but it is that special feeling of unity with another
whether it be with a divine being, or with you, or both.

Laura J. Richards
Sept. 12, 1982