

Poetry

Beauty

I want to go walking
or riding
through beauty.

I want to try
and figure out what I'm doing
and where I'm heading.
And all I'm doing here is getting
more and more moody
more into myself
more screwed up.

Life
What do you want of me?
Life
What do I want with you?

But I'm afraid
Of going on my trip
to beauty
Because of what I'll say and
how much of my tossings and turnings
I'll let other people know.
And I'm not sure
I want that.

-Wind

Whirlwind of Autumn

As I walk through Nature's natural habitat; the cold
autumn wind rustles through the trees.

At one wave of its magic wand the trees turn into a
breathtaking rainbow of multicolors.

The fallen leaves crinkle beneath my feet, but I don't
hear them.

The musty aroma derived from this panivision of color
stings at one's nostrils, but I do not smell.

The branches crack under October's cool breath, but I do
not see.

I only see, smell, and hear him.

This person who beckons at the walls of my thoughts.

This person who has taken control of my heart.

He has come riding high on the whirlwind of autumn, offering
all he has to me.

He has robbed me of my morals and has implanted confusion
in its place.

Confusion of mind, confusion of soul, confusion of body,
and confusion of heart.

And caught up in the spell I can't refuse him!

-Caroline Donnahee

Confessions of a Moon Maiden

You were here and I was there
And I cursed you and kissed you, and ran
From you and to you in my mind.
When we are here together
Time and place and who and why
Cease to exist.

I am both sculptor and sculpted
With something I can touch but cannot understand.
Would you love to love me? I would love to love you...
Because time has no meaning, neither does reality;
And I let myself be swept along in a voiceless vacuum.
You are a rushing wind, and I but a gentle breeze
You're a thunderstorm, and I but a single raindrop.
If we should chance to meet again (and again)
Take from me freely, as I take from you
Be you here or there, I take from you
Without your knowledge, and yet I think
You feel when I call to you from far away.
Call to me, and don't feel that I would cage you.
I have a built-in safety catch
For you to escape any time you feel I'm pushing you in.
(That's what thoughts are for.)
If I forget you tomorrow, know that I remembered you today.
Feelings give life to life
And love is all there is to life
Are you here and I there?
Or are we here together?

-Deby

its raining
i cant take a shower
i have to finish an essay
by friday
i have to finish schiller
and start kleist
and reread richard ii
william james, henri
bergson
v.i. lenin i must catch
up on
shes driving me to distraction

i leave her house
and as i cross the bridge
the carlton street lights
at queen, king and brunswick
wink one after the other
at the late hour
like a seeming-moving
neon sign
the cool breeze is
kind to my sweating head
my footsteps on the boardwalk
water lapping the stone pylons
and the occasional car
make the only sounds that night
my hand
sometimes in my pocket
sometimes not
fidgets
and longs for hers

-sge

Poem

The Chase

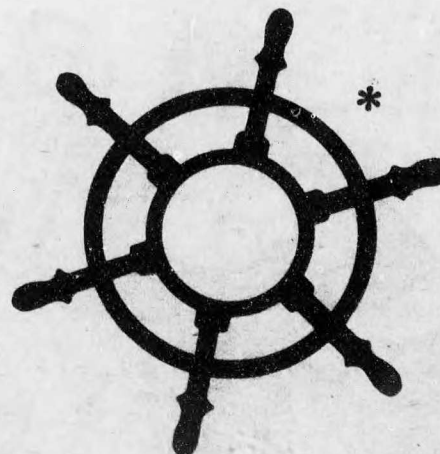
Chased by the wind
Down the street
The cold leaves
Roll Roll

They are running
from the oncoming
snow.

Chased by time
The old lady dies
Her cold body
Shrinks Shrinks

She is running
from the oncoming
death.

-Helene Thibodeau



From "Prelude and Fuque"

... I see His power, Helen,
beyond the furied galaxies
in every blade of grass
but were it mine to choose, sweet girl,
I'd spurn the face of God
and kiss your little feet...

-Maurice Spiro