

Me

Me
Who am I?
I'm not you
I know that!
You're not me
I don't think so
But...
If I were you,
And you were me,
I wonder...
Who would you
Then be?
What would you
Be like?
Who would you
Love?
Who would love
You?
I wonder...
If I found that out -
Who loves you
If you were me
Then I would find out
Who loves me
Then...
Maybe
I would find
Me!

Debbie Brine

Love's Death

Transcending o'er the physical realm,
The spirits of death cry out
Warnings; echoes of the howling wind
Are unheard by the living dead.

Step by step you weave your path
Towards your fated doom.
Day by night, joy turns to wrath
Love's light to shadowed gloom.

Walking amidst the edgeless fog
You laugh at the mentor you fear.
Warnings of the looming bog
Ahead of you, too near.

Sightless vision wins o'er reason,
Fools take the deadly step.
Falling through the timeless dungeon
Love's death is bitterly wept.

Doris M. Girouard

Distance Gets Closer

You sitting there, and me sitting here
You doing what you want, and me doing what you want me to do
What a way to spend the year
But when you stop to think about it, who really is playing the fool.

Someday you're going to see where you went wrong
Your foolish ways may have been costly to you
Eventually you'll be singing a new song
Love as you'll see takes two.

Me, I'll still be waiting for you
For I'll have seen your love grow
We both now know what love can do
And together will go through life with this to show.

Star

Time

What is a watch?
I've often wondered
It can be small
Or large if you like
It can be Timex
Or Rolex like Richard's
But whatever it is...
They're all the same
They rule us!
They say we're late
We have to obey them
We have no choice
But why?
Why do we let them?
Why is there such a
Thing as time which
Has to be measured?
Can't we just let
The beauty of things
Take their course by
Themselves...without
Timing them?
I suppose not
When you think of
The world we live in
Time is a very
Important factor.
I guess that's the
Way it will always be
I wonder why?
No time to wonder now
I'm late!!!

Debbie Brine

31 10

George's

Like an untold secret
He thunderously whispered
I love you
Being heard forever, he revealed a forgotten truth
Then he shouted
Again I love you
Three people turned
The man cried
Then died
We love you too
They thought
And stared

Alexander

SIDEWALK CAFES

Once again, I roam
My dusty city streets;
I gather the ashes of my dreams
In those sidewalk cafes;
Once again, I paint
My lilac sunsets
With the colors of your smile.

You feel my thoughts, each time you see
My eyes, crying out to you,
To speak the words again,
For, only your words
Have revived the beauty,
The colors, concealed beyond
The haze of my barren life.

Whispers outside my door
Enter not my dreamless nights.
I hear only the echoes
Of carefree young laughter
From the sidewalk cafes.
And, my anguish melts
Into the warm night breeze.

I shall never cry again;
I shall never feel the pain;
Not when you are near;
Not when your words
Glow, in the amber of your eyes,
Rendering me the strength,
To live without hope.

You return to me the life,
I had cast away, faded and torn;
You color it with your smiles.
And, I know, some day,
You will desert my world, without a farewell,
Yet, your words will remain
Within me as my days unfold.

I grieve not, though soon we shall part.
We must each follow our own path.
Your hand leads me out of the dark,
Once again, to the sunshine
Of my sidewalk cafes.
And, as I watch you walk away,
I am one of the living.

Idil Ozerdem