

Soul

riage. A though
rough the maze
ck me like a wet
l of a hot fist:
an is Jackson
ag!"

missed this as
got back to the
l. I arrived back
to realize the
a third party
penetrate the
D.A. and Stan.
motion, I blurted
familiar words -
then Stan had
e control; "Hey
ked, "would you
y pornographic
e Sleaze was
are" she said,
nder index finger
and sucking the
al juices that had
ousand orgasms.
f Stan's mouth
oubt due to the
flow, as she took
on my face", he
crept into the
k off in seclusion,
on of life from my
had just seen the

ave a passion as it
crossed legs

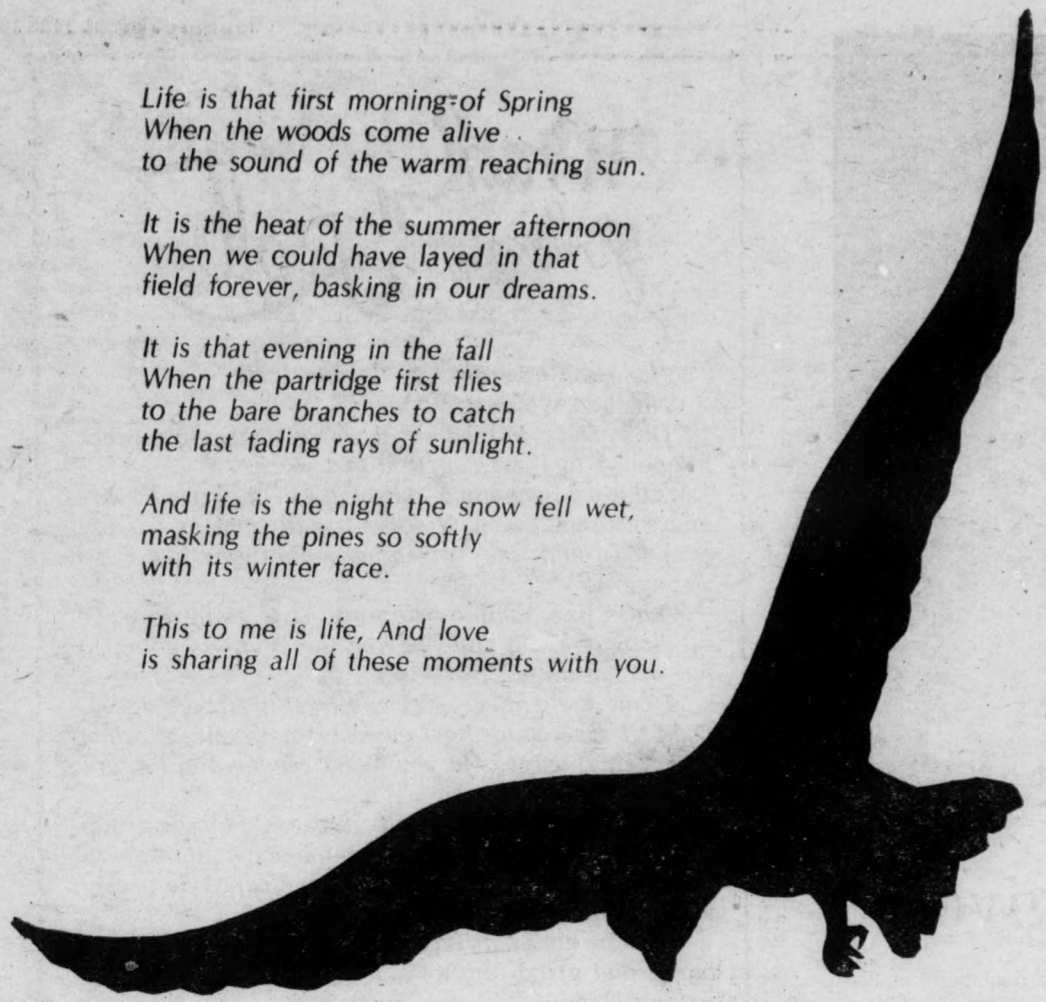
Life is that first morning-of Spring
When the woods come alive
to the sound of the warm reaching sun.

It is the heat of the summer afternoon
When we could have layed in that
field forever, basking in our dreams.

It is that evening in the fall
When the partridge first flies
to the bare branches to catch
the last fading rays of sunlight.

And life is the night the snow fell wet,
masking the pines so softly
with its winter face.

This to me is life, And love
is sharing all of these moments with you.



If I could buy a dream.

I would save all the love and warmth that could be found,
Collecting it and holding it close.

And with this I would buy
the world a ring.
A ring made of life and
formed by People clasping hands
Encircling the nations with
understanding of what it is to
care for the ones who stand beside you.

Into this brotherhood I would weave
a smile, to make wars a fleeting memory and hate
a passing frown.

Together we could make it
The world would breathe again,
And the winds would flow
with the sounds of people
reaching out for, and sharing,
the love that was meant for all.

If I could buy a dream.

I saw a small-child at the circus.
Her eyes danced at the fresh new sights,
Capturing and absorbing so perfectly every
Mood and melody of the merriment.

So much did those eyes remind me of yours,
In that same sparkle you stole from Childhood,
that lights at the sight of a friend.

And her eyes were your eyes as they
filled wet and shiny at the antics
of the sad clown, that was me.

Teach my hands
to be gentle, open,
reaching instruments
of my will to love.

Let my eyes seek trust
and my face mark
with sincerity these
words I speak to you.

I care for you, more
than you car, ever
know. My thoughts
die in an unreturning
echo of my illusions
of us.

Though yours is not
to change, but to look
at me and learn.

That I am still filled
with laughter and hope
That I will know what
it is to be loved, not
just to be.

NUTSY LADY

Oh yes, this is the one who used to play
marbles with us on a warm summer day,
This is the one with the purse full of purses
The one with bright baubles and beads
and flashing pink hat with multi-coloured reeds.

But more so, this was the one to
which taxes and wars were a game
that you play, and death was simply
a word you could say.

So what of this strange lady with the cane,
And tell me if you can, who is really sane.

Poetry by
Dennis J.
Doherty

