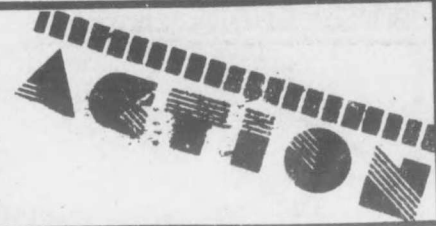




Literary Page



Dear Skittles", (A.K.A. Catherine Walters)

It seems you do not remember me
as I remember you,
to fathom the depth of the mystery
as it has asked you to.
From whence my passion blossomed
I shall say I cannot know,
for the stages we have danced on,
still brave the melting snow.

If it were in another century,
what difference be it my Dear?
for all consuming love of you,
surpass one thousand years.

Perhaps quite mad you think I am,
undaunted in your pursuit
but, the seed that has opened up in me,
still lays quite dormant inside of you.
Everything has its reason, and all
measures shall have their time but,
until you have met your many suitors
and their pleasures have been routed to flight,
I will remain alone on a savants island
by an arch of rising light.

To become a rich man or a prayer
is not so much what is at stake,
The only fact that can remain, is
the difference that love and truth will make.

I am a plane of transport but,
not the kind that most have flown,
time only blocks the access, until
safe passage can be known.

So when the secret is finally revealed
and if you find your decision confused,
just remember always, there is one,
who patiently awaits, to bend his knee
to you.

Christopher

Speaking Of Songs---

A song of sadness
whispered in a letter
slipped to a friend
deaf by lack of sounds.
Lyrics lost
in a rusty cabinet file.
Upon a sheet of
crumpled tinted paper,
stained with teardrops
it is written.
Whether or not
she'll sing a reply
is anyone's guess,
for I know she's heard it
but she never claims to
know
the reasons.

Jessica

"Of Hope"

The life of a child, so young and new,
From the cries and the screams
Hope shine through.
Ah, speak to me of wars and death.
Give me your fighting and hate.
Let disease take my body
and time steal my thought.
Don't shade from me that
my neighbors have fences
and brother kills brother.
When my time comes, please
just bless me with a sound.
For with the cry of that child
My hope is found.

Jay Elbee

The Passion

The world is a swirl in front of my eyes
From its midst I can experience
The kiss
of Truth or Death
I carry my burden like an old woman
bent over my cane
But sometimes I fly like a pure white dove
into the Light
I want to share myself, my aching love,
with you all
My friends, my fellow travelers,
What can I offer you?
Can I light your way?
Can I make it easier?

Move me, Elude me, Confuse me.

Girls, you have a long suffering to face
From which you will triumph with womanly grace
The child be man, start you so glorious
Please be keep your innocence
I have not the answers you need
But my mind be as wide as the swelling sea
You are welcome to come inside.
I am with you and I love you
All of you do I love.

Titles and Taboos

Bitter taste of blue-color ink
swallowed in thought.
A drifting, faded thought of lovers
softly wandering through consciousness.
Two names and a blank page.
Both are not nearly so
oblique as before.
Erotica paws onto a paper.
but all is fantasy.
Alone I am,
with never a moment of closeness
to come.
This I wonder why,
for I do not feel deserving
of such a treatment.
I am lost to dreams.

Ruthe

In The Dawn

The fingers of the newborn
Dawn gently reach to
awaken the sleeping earth

They stir to life all creatures.
Yet we remain undisturbed
in peaceful slumber

Feather light touches
caress my face as I gently
stretch within the circle of
your arms. I am released
from my dreams only to
find that you are real and
next to me beneath a
silken cloak of gentle
loving.

The fears and doubts of
yesterday are loosened by
the trusting fingers of a new
morning. Apologies are
not needed for
understanding and
acceptance. Only love.

I turn to look into your eyes
and sigh as your lips meet
mine. By your side I shall
remain trusting with
unspoken devotion.

By LaVonna L. Lawrence

A Letter to My Neighbour

Breaker breaker Good Buddy,
I needed to talk to you the other day,
But you and yourself were both listening
So I didn't.

I just wanted you to know that I fell for you,
And that although I'm hurt, I do understand
But I was afraid of yourself
So I couldn't.

Neighbour,
It's not that I wish to upset you,
Nor, as always am I asking for anything.
It's just that...

you've warned me that I'm naive.
Perhaps, it's true.
However, I have a piece of advise for you
when you walk, neighbour
walk with your eyes and you mind open
or the tiny world that
you have created around yourself
will only get smaller.

I have and will continue
to live a life of no regrets.

PS. I know there's a superball out there somewhere.