



### THE GYPSY'S WARNING

Trust him not oh gentle lady  
 Tho his voice be low and sweet  
 Heed him not who kneels before thee  
 Softly pleading at thy feet  
 Now thy life is in its morning  
 Trust not this thy happy lot  
 Listen to the Gypsy's warning  
 Gentle Lady trust him not.

Lady once there lived a maiden  
 Young and pure and like thee fair  
 Yet he wooed and wooed and won her  
 Filled her gentle heart with care  
 Yet he heeded not her weeping  
 Nor cared he, her life to save  
 Soon she perished, now she's sleeping  
 In the cold and silent grave

Do not turn so coldy from me  
 I would only guard thy youth  
 I would shield thee from all danger  
 Save thee from tempster's snare  
 Lady shun that dark-eyed stanger  
 I have warned you - now beware.

Submitted by  
 A Romantic Pervert  
 Who Admits His Ignorance in  
 Not Knowing the Author

### "TRANSITIONAL CHANGE"

**Legacies lost in travelling times**  
**Savaged souls entrapped in mystery**  
**Tattered and torn between baffled barriers**  
 Fickled Fantasies sailing thru damaged dreams.  
 Enchanted tales of days long past  
 Magical moments Savoured with pleasure  
 Alluring sincerity wrapped in a smile.  
 Ransomed Reality faced with fear  
 Growing pain in a world of war.  
 Thoughts unkind of human molds  
 Transforming images of yielded personalities.  
 Each person symbolic of masterful creation  
 With every man woman and child a purpose ex-  
 ists  
 The world is full formed of various lives  
 Ambitions fires burning a future of fame  
 Hold on to your passions  
 Hold on t your treasure of values  
 Release not your right to fight  
 And always believe in you.  
 For no matter how high the mountain  
 Or how long the race  
 It is yourself within you must have faith.

KATHERINE L. DINES

### BEYOND BLUE SKY EYES

I stare beyond the horizon,  
 My thoughts drift away leisurely.  
 The dreams I never seemed to  
 dare dream before are like a  
 television scream before my  
 blue sky eyes.

The curtain slowly opens the way for me.  
 I can feel and taste sweet glory.  
 Applause of the wild world thunders into  
 my soul.

I smile, I bow, and toss my hair  
 and from my quivering lips I blow a  
 dainty wet kiss.  
 I turn the channel and see...

Tickling on the tip of my tongue  
 Cold creamy delight in dreamland.  
 I pull back the drapes of the  
 cottonball sky and my bare feet touch  
 the soothing warm gold sand.

I skip and I jump and follow  
 the dancing sunbeam's path  
 The rainbow field of wild flowers  
 draws me near and I  
 lay on nature's bed and laugh.

A bee buzzes by and a sweet smelling  
 clover tickles my nose and I feel free  
 My quiet rest soothes my being.  
 I journey some more and see  
 a masterful tree.

As I climb I scrape my knee;  
 blood trickles a tiny waterfall spree.  
 I shrug and I sigh and I keep reaching  
 high until victoriously I reach the  
 red fruit with glee.

"It is mine!" I scream and I  
 jump from the tree and carry a  
 song in my heart.

I feel so free and my soul dances.  
 The world turns black but the  
 curtain is still blowing in the wind.

DEBORAH RUTH WILTON

