

# POETRY



## I WANT TO SMILE

Show me how  
you get rid of  
pain

That word makes  
me sick and I  
wish . . .

I wish it would  
stop hurting me  
so . . .

So maybe I may  
someday be able  
to smile . . .

To smile . . .

It's just a dream . . .

And will, like all dreams . . .

Come true.

Traci

## My Chere Deesee

The night so full of anticipation  
Now in quick deceleration  
I do care, ever so deeply...

Don't dismiss me so quickly,  
I am begging that of you  
For Athena never let  
her worshippers down...  
My Demeter,  
My Artemis...

## My God!!

sweet lady behind the mask

Her words of flippancy  
a simple sonnet  
As she fills the room with  
her sweet lyrical voice,  
I am overcome with admiration  
and deepest devotion  
Oh, she smiles,  
(we've made her laugh)  
but she knows and remembers  
and does not look down

And the words in writing,  
my one page bible,  
she knows she's written me  
and I have carved  
a place inside her heart  
I think

It's not so easy to  
"pull yourself together"  
after all this time.

Maria Molyneaux



## PORTRAIT OF A VAMPIRE

I walk down the rain slicked sidewalks,  
The street lights reflected in the pools of water.  
Silently I follow you, stalk you,  
But you remain totally unaware.  
For centuries I have hunted in the city streets,  
And every night I have taken a victim.  
If you are lucky I will pass you by tonight,  
But the next night you may not be so fortunate.  
You lead me towards something I cannot foresee.  
Ah, it is your lover.  
Seeing your arms wrapped so tightly around one another  
Strikes a chord of loneliness.  
Immortality has its price,  
And one of its payments is eternal isolation.  
How I envy you.  
Jealousy does not make me ruthless;  
I will leave you to your lover.  
You move away, swallowed by the darkness of the street.  
Others appear to take your place  
And I move among the newcomers  
As their sound and smell envelop me.  
They pay no heed to the young man with translucent skin  
And full red lips.  
But if they could see the white teeth,  
Carefully concealed,  
Would they realize what beast was among them?  
No, time has made them ignorant.  
They no longer need to believe in me.  
Their fear lies elsewhere, as it should.  
I am but one horror in a world of many.



Angela

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