

LITERARY PAGE

TIMES

The times I cherish are all memories from
 the past
 What dismal events had taken place
 Have no time to last
 In my mind all but the love we share
 has been erased
 As I sit alone night after night
 I feel sometimes a terrifying fright
 We have so many important destinations
 Who needs these kinds of aggravations
 The strength we hold inside
 Will overcome our selfish prides.
 The goals and dreams our minds have set
 Will take us far into the realms of pressure
 But the love I have for you I never will
 forget
 And once we've achieved our intentions
 Then we're allowed our pleasures
 So I will close my eyes once again
 And pray I have not lost the love of a
 Special friend
 Time will tell what's in store for us
 And so we'll go on pushing far ahead
 Believe in yourself and you'll go a long way
 Aim High, Work Hard.
 In the end the game of life always pays.

KATHERINE L. DINES

"TODAY! TODAY!"

Warm sunshine creeps through
 the mighty threatening clouds.
 Hope is trying to find its way.
 Rays stretch to the concrete grey
 cold land filled with robot-like creatures.
 Clouds break forth waiting for someone
 to enter its lighted path to heaven.
 Nearby pinetrees stand so tall.
 Stretching their limbs towards the mystic sky-craving
 for attention.
 A seagull flies leisurely with freedom to some
 unknown destiny.
 A haunting whispering message drifts unheard:
 "Unwind your robot minds you fools.
 Listen to the beating of the sun. Let it play and
 dance upon your hair."
 A tug of war takes place.
 Can it dare be won?
 "Today! Today!"
 "What about tomorrow?"
 "Today! Today!"
 "Don't bother me now I'm in a hurry."
 "Today! Today!"
 Clouds close their open gates.
 Sinking sun sadly smiles "good-bye".
 "Today! Today!"
 "Sorry, today is done."

DEBORAH RUTH WILTON

WAVES Waves

The Waves crash upon the shore,
 Telling me, what a fool I am.
 Letting him run my life.
 Pushing,
 Dictating,
 Never letting me be.
 This time,
 He can't stop me
 I run into the waves
 As they crash over me.

ANON

ODE TO ROYAL HARRY

Set your sails,
 Tell no tales.
 Hold your own,
 Make no bone.

 Bow up high,
 Sea and sky.
 Weather the worse,
 Win that purse.

 That's it mate,
 Down the strait.
 Through the sound,
 We're home bound.

Here to stay,
 For another day.
 For the need,
 Sow another seed.

What has past,
 Will ever last.
 In the mind,
 Of this kind.

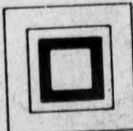
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