PLEAD THE NIGHT

Plead the night its voices to share

or to shed or to find faces you can answer

The oak is amber is ample in the evening fills its shadow twice
A moonful of summer light spills from its hands but its eyes are moonshot and see only its own shade

The field is aside is away in the nightfall calls from across fence
A nightwall of shiftless shades leans on its back but its breath is nightcool and breathes only its own wind

The forest is tall is talking in windwords hums an animal chorus A predator darkness is homeful in its fist but its ears are nightfilled and hear only its own song

Plead the night its faces to show or to share or to find voices you can answer

The fluorescent streetvoice is too human its small circles denying the night plead no answer

The darkhouse voices are too silent telling quiets you nod your head to determine cannot be answered

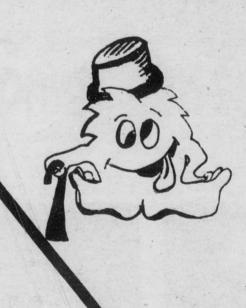
The star voices mingle down from the unroofed sky freefalling first then wind caught and the shuffled harmonies dealt like gypsy fortunes before the unweathered dawn No answer is known

Plead the night its voices to call faithfully waiting the slow answer

Loneliness haunts you
You grow tired and desolate
Wondering where it will end Should you end it yourself?
You are on the brink
But something holds you back
It is the faint hope
That someone cares.

When you're feeling sad and lonely And you don't know what to do Get dressed up and hit the town And you'll stop being blue There's nothing beats a pub or dance To lift your spirits high So go on out and have some fun Tomorrows left to cry

Shelley Beck



There was a man from Squallet Who one day lost his wallet When he asked why And they said because He didn't know who he was

Alexander

For Anne

I held you close last night,
I told you of my love
and kissed your pretty cheek;
a thousand years from now
I'll kiss your breath,
I'll tell you of my love
and hold you even closer.

Maurice Spiro

Act of Worship

Standing in line, before the great god Zerokks.
It's flashing maw opening wide, gorging on an endless metal feast,
My food devoured before it touches my lips,
Parched, as the bone dry glass rings hollow and loud.
"Time, gentlemen, please."
Not now! Not now! Look how much I still have to do!
I dreamt of that place, a hundred dollar bill in my pocket,
It was Hell, I couldn't get change.
"Buddy, can you spare a dime?"

John Newland

SOME DAY

Some day, I shall smile That sunny smile You could not see, For, only the rain Dared touch you, then. Some day, I shall laugh The laughter you strangled With cold insensitivity Some day, I shall weep In security, for Someone will console me, so I can not have the time to Recall your mockery. Some day, I shall speak Without having every word Return, broken-up against Your listless eyes. Some day, I shall be loved As deeply as I Have loved you, Difficult as it may be For you to imagine. And, some day, Should I cease to wonder why, Having loved you as Dearly as I have, No tears Can I shed Now faced With this meaningless parting, And your careless smile, No longer shall I keep Telling myself

Idil Ozerdem

These lies.

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