i wish...

I wish I were your eyes to show you the beauties of life.

I wish I were your lips to whisper my love songs into your ears.

I wish I were your ears to make you listen to my heart beats.

I wish I were your hands to build a new heaven for ourselves.

I wish I were your legs to bring you to my home.

I wish we had wings to fly through our infinite dreams.

I wish you were me and I were you just one spirit in two different bodies.

And I hope someday my wishes will come true and we will be together for all eternity.

Reza

Cearn from a

The face of a puppy Nature's innocence and purity Brought to life before our very eyes.

To imagine the world through their eyes their pursuit of happiness is direct and sincere

They desire warmth and affection just like we do.

Perhaps we should take lessons from a puppy

affection
At the same time, giving to all those in contact with her.

Who knows how to achieve love and

Love is a give and take relationship the more you give, the more you receive And everyone is the benefactor.

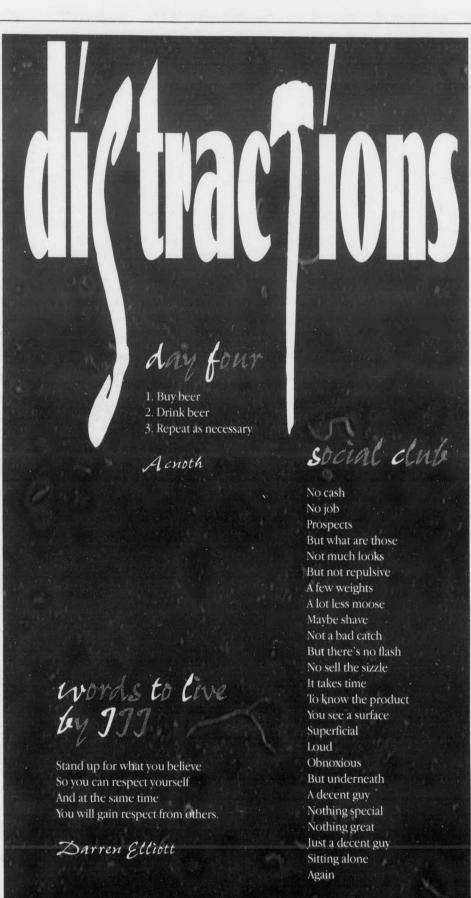
Darren Elliott

dear diary

Verses composed by a young girl's soul are found long after ideals turn to dust: So she has learned-as we all learn that we are no masters of our fate. She had only wanted to be popular, is that really such an appalling crime? Yet punishing walls built over her body Stain blood upon her crystal palace. She used to giggle to envious friends of love and painted cures on fingernails, now she cries to alienated strangers who wonder where she will end.

Locked secrets inside a pink hard cover ended at the birthday of seventeen: in drunken revelry he raped her again while she stares southward fro red shoes, red roses, and the Eden in Kansas. That symbol of her life long chastity, Poetry of grand dreaming soliloquies has forever escaped her minds eye. Colourful scenes of blues and greens are processed to films of black and white, when night comes she runs and runs and one fewer smiles light the world.

A. Barchild



Acnoth

christ's mass

And yet there is still Christmas anger absolved by the healing powers of wine, from Christ's birth to your own story is two millenia of violent birthday danger initiated by asking whats his, hers or mine: yet above all we reach, still hoping for glory.

The snow falls daintily and saintly to ground and in crowds one sees sadness in forsaken eyes, forgotten soldiers with no strength to fight shuffle listlessly to comforting caroling sounds.

Abused or lost, broken by severance of ties; left to white, green and light of festive nights.

But too, there are wondrous stories of healing and forgiveness and sympathy from those able, those who are not may yet meet God within though they have not without-trust your kneeling as those worse off who present in that stable were confident in final forgiveness of sin.

To these many shopmongers give a blissful smile keeping Christ in Christmas, and what you can give, precious or useless let become another's treasure. Like the Samaritan walk that extra mile, though it is cold fingers will continue to live and so Christmas will be our truly divine measure.

A. Barchild

the rescue

I lay here alone, Alone as any hermit in his cave, A cave in sight for all to see

I wonder what my life is worth, would anyone care if I ended it? Could I be as alone in death as in life?

Friends laugh, preachers pass by, No one cares, I'm a mirage - a dream

Someone reaches out-Across the void of my life, A light in an eternal darkness

I feel the life line tighten, Reel me in... The rescue complete

I lay on the beach of forgiveness, Alone no more, Three words spoken, not thought (rescued me)

DarKnight

poetry

You've never heard the voice of a crying little girl, calling her dead mother:" Where are you mom?"
But I have.

You've never seen an old mother crying over her 16-year old son's grave. But I have.

You've never felt worried about the attacking planes flying close above your home, where little children are sleeping.
But I have.

You've never smelled the complex of war, fighting, blood and death.
But I have.

You've never been so close to death feeling his shadow on your shoulder. But I have.

You've never watched homeless people searching for the remainder of their families just after the assault.
But I have.

So, you can never understand the difference between life and death. But I can.

Reza

mood swing

Flowers falling from the sky, Her eyes looked up to catch a glimpse Of the color of angels; sighs, But instead she saw the evil glares of imps...

"Oh despair, oh shame What is it worth to have a name?" She cries, she weeps She knows it can't be for keeps...

Where to go, what to do?

How to be saved
In this chaos of a zoo?
She stares at the blade...
...the blood seeps, and seeps, seeps, see, see...?

The Danster