

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

Learn from a puppy

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
Who knows how to achieve love and
affection
At the same time, giving to all those in
contact with her.

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

*distractions**day four*

1. Buy beer
2. Drink beer
3. Repeat as necessary

Acnoth

social club

No cash
No job
Prospects
But what are those
Not much looks
But not repulsive
A few weights
A lot less moose
Maybe shave
Not a bad catch
But there's no flash
No sell the sizzle
It takes time
To know the product
You see a surface
Superficial
Loud
Obnoxious
But underneath
A decent guy
Nothing special
Nothing great
Just a decent guy
Sitting alone
Again

Acnoth

words to live by

Stand up for what you believe
So you can respect yourself
And at the same time
You will gain respect from others.

Darren Elliott

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)

Dar Knight

poetry

But I Have...
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 ofimps...

"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