



sky sad blue
 one only seagull
 I'd seen that before

sometimes it doesn't matter
 who knows the truth
 sometimes it's better to walk alone
 but when you get the feeling
 that no one's following you...

putting 35c in the vending machine
 expecting love

no one can hold a sunset
 no one should try

though the calendar says
 love's a cliché
 still we wonder
 when it'll happen
 with the watch tightly wound
 still wondering
 who's going to give the minutes meaning
 how could it ever be
 a waste of time

what are last words
 what are first words
 it's these
 we live between
 —Rick Rofihe

photos by Charles Harbutt

This page
 is
 called
 the share page
 just
 because
 it's for
 sharing.
 R.R.

