

BITTER SWEET

I am crying because I love you,
it took just that one short night.
I am crying because I love you,
but how am I to fight?
I am crying because I love you,
and I am well aware
I am crying because I love you,
but I know not if you care.

I don't know exactly, just how it began,
but I was a woman, and you a man.
And you made me feel that we were just there,
Nothing else mattered, no one. No where.

Your touch was so gentle, your eyes so kind,
you were the love I was hoping to find.
Your words were sweet, but how sincere?
There was no talk of love when we were near.

Our love was awkward and unrehearsed,
but I feel happy, my head would burst.
You see, when I fall, I really fall hard.
I dismissed my defences and let go my guard.

And then, early in the morning, on the very next day,
You softly kissed me good-bye and went away,
You were going back home, just for awhile,
"Merry Christmas," you said, and turned with a smile.

You gave me some lines that I want to believe
There was no way to know what was up your sleeve.
You looked so cute, red bangs in your face,
gave me your pepsodent smile that made me feel in place.

You couldn't be lying, your eyes were too blue.
With that freckled face, I had to believe you.
Now when I think of it there was really no lie,
Just the one night which ended in good-bye.

I remember it well, with absolutely no regret,
I cherish each second, from the moment we met,
You were just there, and I was there too.
You said kind things to make me love you.

Anyway, I knew you'd be back for school in three weeks,
But I couldn't stop the tears as they trickled down my cheeks,
For although you would be back, I'd never see you again,
It's always been like that, so damn all men!

Love is supposed to be so god-damned great.
Well what am I, a piece of freight?
to be handled and mauled and torn apart
And then left right there, for someone else to start?

I'm tired of being sucked in and used and hurt.
I am a woman, I am not dirt.
A piece of freight, that is what it's like,
The same from evey Tom, Dick, Harry and Mike.

Do you ever stop hurting, you god-damned men?
Don't you stop to think, now and then,
About all the hurt and pain you make.
It just isn't fair for anyone's sake.

If you just want me, for that one damned thing,
You know what I mean, a real quick fling?
Well couldn't you just tell me before,
And give me the choice to open or shut the door?

Maybe it's different with someone real pretty,
But what about the rest of us, you know it's a pity,
That you don't stick around long enough to find out.
You just leave us there wondering what the hell it's about.

Believe it or not, there are still a few,
And whether or not you already knew
That some of us don't like those one night things.
Now, I'm not saying there need be any rings,

Just love in the daytime as well as the night.
Love for myself, here in the sunlight.
Not just in the dark and in a bed,
But love me for me, deep in your head.

Now I have said it. That's what this poems about
Here I am sitting, wondering, deep in doubt.
Because I know what I feel, but what am I to do
For all I feel is love. What about you?

Yes,
I am crying because I love you,
It took just that one short night.
I am crying because I love you,
But how am I to fight?
I am crying because I love you,
And I am well aware.
I am crying because I love you,
But I know not if you care.

Lynn

a Lilianne

It's hard to be yourself when you don't know who you are.
Or when you look at life from the inside of a jar.
What world do you see from that corner of your room
When it all passes by and your mind is in a tomb?
I look at you and think, "What a silly thing is that!"
But then I start to wonder at the changing of your hat.
From red to green to indigo, and then it changes shape
And then you start to change too, to a Madagascar ape!
From your lonely corner you spring into a rage.
"Call the zoo," I bellow, "and put her in a cage!"
But then you start to change again into a child of three.
You blow your nose—another change—a silver Christmas tree!
Your Christmas balls are heavy, your branches start to bend,
Your tinsel falls like raindrops—My God, is this the end?
But then I hear a heavy sigh, high and sweet, but strange.
Your branches give a quiver as you start another change,
And then it's you again, familiar, different too.
A little older? A little wiser? I can't say. Can you?

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GAZELLES ON THE GEHENNA

Beyond the thicket,
Amid the high grasses of the plain,
Crazes an antelope herd.

Nervous.
Wary.
They fear even the trees,
And the wind that brings first hints of danger.

They start.
Then freeze.
Pricking up their ears.
Leg muscles always taut
And ready for flight.

- Rick Hatt

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