

WAR

PRELUDE

The war is real to me and it is a sight...
I pray my children will never have to see.
I do not yet know the reason I fight,
But of this I am sure, our cause is right!
I am writing this letter to say I love you,
For tomorrow The Battle perhaps my last.

THE BATTLE

Dawn broke the canons boomed
Ahead in the mist the ramparts loomed
Soldiers charged sabres clanged
Muskets echoed but no birds sang
All around my comrades cried
Face down in the mud was how they died
My foe stood before me this was the end
Another time I would have called him friend
His gun was levelled but mine spoke first
I watched in horror as he chest did burst
For as long as I live I will always see
His flesh and blood all over me.

AFTERMATH

The struggle is over, though I do not know who
won,
For the dust from the battle, holds back the sun.
Horses and men, lay dead on the ground,
While across the field, I can hear but one sound.
One lone bird sings a mournful song,
Reminding me of friends, who are dead and
gone.
I finish this letter, and say that I am well,
Though this desolate place, is a living hell.

EPILOGUE

Wake the next day
You who survive
Remember the battle
Lay back down and cry.

KYLE

EARLY MORNING

Full moon suspended with
half wicked smiling face
looms over town and
the condensation is running
down my windows and Ortner's
article lies, half read on the
Flannel...
Full head and heart of feelings and thoughts
of you - somewhere, pleasantly tucked away
where I can't embrace.
Sighing, breathing, rising, falling
memories; Monet, Paris, Le Mont, Caen,
Maupassant and anger begin to boil
as I feel, feel, feel the need to -
Take a deep, deep turn inwards into
the pit of rage in by bowels, and breath
just before I wrap my bony hands
around your long neck and;
There is no more room to love -
only to replace.

R.R.R.

Literary Page

FEELINGS RELIVED

Sunlight streaming,
Shadows dancing on the floor.
Feeling memories dancing out,
Of years gone by,
Of years no more.

But still so alive in
Sunlight shadows
Dancing on the floor.

I feel you yesteryear,
I taste of long ago.
A fleeting moment
But oh! So cherished.
As I live again
The feeling memories,
That are no more.

A moment in time
I cannot grasp, I reach,
Let me hold you,
Taste you, feel you
And climb the barriers of time
Back to the memories so alive.
In sunlight shadows
Dancing on the floor.

A beautiful sunny afternoon, sun streaming in
west window in front room, brought the past
alive for a fleeting moment.

JOAN CRIPPS

She sang quietly to herself as the wagon trundled
down the hot, dusty road. He was silent.
It was not to be a long ride; from the black
building at the edge of the town that had been
their home to the field near Michelson's property.
Everybody else would probably already be
there, laughing and drinking. It was such a
beautiful day for it.

She was in her Sunday dress; he in his best suit.
She held his hand, tightly.

A tremendous cheer arose from the crowd as
the wagon drove through the gate, and continued
as it pulled to a stop under the tree.

It was a majestic tree. He had climbed it many
times as a boy, and he and his friends had
pretended to rule the world as they perched in its
highest boughs, hidden by the dense leaves.

They stood. He kissed her once.

And the cheer rose to a deafening roar as the
ropes were put around their necks.

By PETER THOMPSON

ONE TO GROW ON

I thought how unpleasant it is
to be locked out;
and I thought how it is worse
perhaps to be locked in.

Virginia Woolff