

# Literary

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## -Ecstasy-

There, he is the one I have been waiting for all evening.  
Suddenly I notice how warm it is--  
He looks at me with those deep devouring eyes.  
He grabs my bottom with a firm grasp and won't let go.  
I feel as though I'm about to melt.  
His mouth covers mine.  
It's all happening so fast.  
As he pulls away I notice a part of me on his grinning upper lip.  
Ahh, nothing like a delicious cold ice-cream cone on a hot summer's evening!

By Barb Hicks

## Reason

The web of Reason weaves itself around self  
The spiral is designed to Perfection  
Circled by the dark nimbus  
Self pays Ransom  
with each throe  
The Dance of Death continues  
as waters of Self are consumed  
by aridity of Reason  
- Self had begged for the ash of the moment in the morass of Eternity -

Yasmin Khan

## THE PRISON

So here I am, alone, misunderstood,  
Yearning to be recognized on this planet of self centeredness  
To be perceived as a rational clear thinking individual  
Is all my desire...

But there is no one to tap my talents  
To unleash me from these torturous chains  
I have the determination to compete  
To be perceived as a kind hearted  
Loving person is all my desire

Unlock me from my unhappiness  
Release me from my pain  
To be handicapped in a world like this  
Is not what I desired

"Yozzington"

## Sifting Sand

Sifting sand through her hair  
she kneels by the shores  
Watching the iron men  
and their iron machines  
rolling up from the sea.

Sifting sand through her hair  
she hears the familiar clang  
Of the Eagle, the Sickle, the Star  
The emblems change  
the spectre remains.

Why the dull ache in her heart  
where once lay the blood-soaked boy  
Giving him life  
She had cleansed him -  
Why the bloody attire losing that life.

Spraying sand through her hair  
the iron men march on  
- Why don't you move on  
Mother, you are in  
our way -

Yasmin Khan

## Autumnal Jewel

Gems, jewel, compacted  
November treasures,  
primal crystal cut  
by awareness mined  
from animate stone,  
subjecting to pressure  
the setting of mans-made mold.

Rubies, polished and smoothed  
with cerebral core,  
bud brightly amidst  
the silver and gold  
bough of yearly decline,  
adorning with pagean  
riches, the beholder mind.

Emerald, brooches in  
autumn elegance,  
sparkle in the glory  
of crowns creation,  
a fragile human bust,  
ground by seasons passing  
into a priceless, white dust.

Flake of snow following  
a hard, gem-like flame,  
fashioned in precious  
diamond likeness by  
thoughts processed to be  
crushed, scattered into shards,  
of priceless mortality.

By H.C.G.