

DISTRACTIONS

Poetry

Hope of our new love

Sowen in both our hearts was a seed,
a seed,
a reproductive germ of flowering beauty.
Beauty through to last and flourish
producing blooming flowers of powerful love.

With great heed and anxiety,
breaking through the crust of our hearts,
the roots grew,
conveying all nourishments and care
to the blooming flowers of our flourishing love.

Illuminated by our content,
vigorous streams of love poured from our hearts.

But,

then the skys grew dark and cold,
shadows of doubt now shade our world.
the atmosphere of love disturbed by raging winds,
and violent rains flooded away our fortress,
and washed away the enriched soil,
from around the roots of our happiness.
so cold are the nights,
and so dark are the days,
so chilling is the thought of that
lingering icy haze.

Passing through the break of March,
entering the beginning of a winters thaw,
the zephyr blows upon the withering flower,
bringing new life and brawn.

Flounderingly,
in an atmosphere of new empathy,
our content shall once again,
illuminate and bring forth vigorous streams of love
which will again, pour from our hearts.

by Tracey Underhill

PANDORA'S BOX

Like you I want to open the box and reach in with my hands and pull up joy. I tried and, sometimes, still try to open the Pandora's Box. If only I could find and truly understand the key to happiness in being what I am; maybe, then I could open this box and discover this emotion of happiness.
I want to set your world on fire with my love. I'd climb the highest mountain just to be beside you, my dearest love. The oceans will be easy to cross if only your breath was my sails. your eyes in the morning light will be snow white dove that will lead me to where it's safe. That place, my darling, is in your arms. Stay beside me through the cold night of winter. Warm I'll be with your soft arms around me all through the night.
by Gille Legacy