

Hearts*by Janis Mel drum*

I lay,
 Fresh dirt enveloping
 arms folding,
 holding
 Valentines cut,
 pulsating;
 Good Word's in red
 Bad Words in brail;
 They sleep, side by side
 in a bed of bras,
 and oak,
 and pride,
 and glass;
 Then the chains
 rust our hands
 together,
 holding the pen
 That signed all those paper
 hearts.

**Words to
Live by - IV***by Darren Elliot*

Accept yourself
 Accept those around you
 Be Yourself
 And encourage the same of others.

Plea*by Sherry A. Morin*

Tell me that it isn't so
 that the birds don't freeze
 while singing in the eaves

Tell me that
 the dark-hearted trees
 don't hide stars from us
 as we stroll
 pretending not to see
 the raw swallowing blackness
 the huge bruise
 on the cheek of night

Tell me that the moon will be there
 to meet us
 on some other night
 even if it hasn't kept its promise now
 don't tell me that it isn't right

and tell me that the flashy sun
 won't break the moon's legs
 as she throws him
 from his nightly stage

as we huddle together
 warmed and enthralled
 at the cold and dark
 and stark performance

Tell me that it isn't so
 that I am not blind
 that I will not fall to my limpen feet
 when you finally go
 when you and your strong
 arm finally leave.

Confusion*by Bones*

Young children, laughing, innocent.
 A squeal of breaks,
 A scream.
 They are no more,
 For Death hath no mercy.

An uncle, old, wise.
 A stab of pain,
 A gasp.
 He is no more,
 For Death hath no mercy.

A friend, forgiving, caring.
 A long, painful illness,
 Glazed eyes.
 She is no more,
 For Death hath no mercy.

Grandma England, loving, there
 No more gifts, letters
 Where, where
 She is no more,
 For Death hath no mercy.

That Same Hand*by Janis Mel drum*

That same hand
 so,
 smooth
 so delicate,
 so beautiful.

That same hand
 held mine,
 in the rain,
 in the cold,
 inside.

That same hand
 touched,
 my face,
 my skin,
 myself.

That same hand
 now reaches through my
 very chest and
 makes it
 bleed.

I loved that hand.

**Pinpoints of
Light***by Darren Elliot*

Staring to the stars
 Brilliant in every dimension
 They blanket me with soft light
 Each ray a hope for future
 I open myself to them
 In the middle of the night.

Such peaceful exuberance
 They display a quiet tranquillity
 Unsurpassed by mankind
 But reached for by many
 Who understand their beauty
 And want to achieve greatness.

distractions

