For Shawn

I saw you today
I spoke with you
You saw me there,
conversing coldly
making etiquette
evident
Leaving me chilled
and alone
by your manner,
you continued
with your
proposed activities

Kathryn Popovich



It's My Own Fault

Here I sit in my lonely room Two clocks ticking Waiting, hoping that You will knock on my door as you have done once before much to my surprise and delight. But as time goes by you do not come. I'm disappointed, of course but it's my own fault. You gave me no committal answer that you would come again tonight. I'm hurt, but it's my own fault As usual, I've expected too much of someone Someone I barely know But I know you well enough to know that I want to get to know you better But if I don't it'll be my own fault again

Debbie Brine Sept. 14, 1977

Because of you, my beautiful daughter

I knelt on stones to tend a weed; I nourished it with tears and lived to see an orchid greet the sun.

Maurice Spiro



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Sunrise

sunrise comes like paint pinks, blues, watery hues smudging out the night

Kathryn Popovich



Star thinking In July

Tonight as I sit here gazing at the July stars thinking of other stars. I remember the ones I gazed at long into the warm December night just a few months ago. At first I blushed at their rememberance (I think), but now I don't (I'm positive!) I know now that the surge of blood was childish, yet special at the time. As I remember all the time I've wasted reliving the stars I didn't see, that warm December night I realise what a fool I've been Oh well, I guess that's life and it's also finished (long before it started)

But as those stars leave my boggled memory, others come surging back, the stars of last July.

Those were shared with a friend, the best friend of the summer, maybe even of lifetime I have yet to live

We missed most of August last summer, my special friend and I But this year we won't I have to gaze at these stars alone now, as he's not home yet He will be tho, in a few days and we'll be able to talk like we did last July, like friends My friend, I miss you now, So do our July stars but we're patient as always

Debbie Brine 1977



to see the extra light to see past, above, beyond the evident and actual, is comprehending the unusual is seeing through the thin layer & logic, reason to universal understanding

Kathryn Popovich



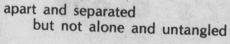












Kathryn Popovich





Reflection

What we ask of each other
We are afraid to name
For we have to give much more
Than what we can claim.

Aftab Patla