

I am who I am
I get freewheelin
I need understanding, atonement
Forgiveness at every door
I want to communicate
To reach out
To touch someone
I'll look for a million days
Always in love
Shouldering the burden
Carrying on like a brave child
Holding thoughts
of sharing, laughing, getting wild
And keeping the responsibility

The Prisoner

James Hamilton

Two nights ago -
I saw you sitting in the dark,
Watching in silence
From the dark recesses
Of the room.

Then I met you.
Tall, handsome, and as crazy as I.
Then you did flourish me
With flattery and wine
Of what was on your mind.
You did capture my heart
Like the prisoner, it is yours now
And forever more.

Bonnie Sequin

Generously Absent

(in my life)

You had.
In youth.
And now from
Conscience you run,
But peace,
You'll find none.

You leave me.
Alone.
Facts have challenged
My reality,
I am not.
Who I was

At birth.
Spit out.
And as teeth
Poked through my skin,
I cried.
For you

In Hell.
I'll wait.
For you,
My father.
Ignorance does not
Make my isolation

Unknown.
Your punishment
Will be
To apologize
to me.
For all eternity

And to cry.
Eternally.
For your
Tiniest mistake,
Your generation,
Me.

Jason Meldrum

It is lonely here
without you
Do you still think about me
and love me?
You are so far away.

I miss your arms
around me;
The touch of your lips
against mine!
The caring look in your eyes.

I am constantly thinking
of you!
Your return is always foremost
in my mind.
Please return to me safely.

Bonnie Sequin

A Child's Anguish

I've met a few of those he "loves"
Or at least he says he does
Each has hurt me
In their own special way.
I've never been able to tell him;
Would he understand?

Why is it always me
To meet these "loved" ones?
I think I would be better off
If it wasn't me!
Can't he see that he is hurting me?
Or is that all he knows how to do?
I don't want that kind of love.

Why is he the way he is?
Why can't he be what we need him to be?
We love him a lot, but too often
Are pushed away.
Why can't he love us in return,
Instead of hurting us?

We need his love, but, as usual,
I cannot find the words to express
My deepest feelings to him--or anyone.
My lack of words is tearing me apart
They remain inside to torment me
And prolong my agony.


When I do find the words to say aloud
Will he turn from me as he did with her?
I'm afraid of him and I don't know why!
I wish I knew so I could tell him.
I cry for him and cannot tell him I do;
For there aren't any words.

Perhaps I'll keep this all inside
As I have for so long,
And slowly lose my mind trying to show
My love for him.
Does he not have eyes to see,
Or does he choose to ignore
My silent pleas?
I'll never know.

Am I fated to live the rest of my life
In silent torment because he cannot see!?

Bonnie Sequin

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