



LITERARY

"Let us reminisce of that long ago past
For its been so long since I was here last."

"Its not been that long
Since you had gone."

"Ah sweet dear its been many years;
But I remember your shed tears."

"They were my tears only then?"

"Yes, then and now again."

"Oh, indeed you lie,
As I remember you too did cry."

"Well perhaps a tear or two,
For indeed I loved you too."

"Why did you not ask me to stay?"

"Because I thought you could see
That I loved you as you loved me."

"But that's just it, I did not know,
So out into the world I did go;
To fight and slay in many a distant war
Or in untamed lands that I did explore."

"Such an exciting life!
Why return here where there is no strife?"

"I am a warrior who's grown weary
Of war and death and misery.
I don't feel at all that I've lived blessed,
Fo I have lived without any rest.
Each day was a fighting crusade
That I fought with memories aid.
So I have not returned to this land for strife,
But for the woman I would make my wife.
Starting today I will well live
If to me your hand, you give."

"Oh my first beloved
I fear you have been correctly proved.
For you have been gone very long

And I for right or wrong
Am another man's life,
Another man's wife."

"Alas I am too late!
And that is the reward of fate,
For all those years ago
Letting pride make me go
Now this old warrior must be leaving
Back to wondering, his heart again grieving."

Frederick Saint Bernard



The Leprechaun's Love

Not so very long ago,
In a place not far away,
Lived a young leprechaun.
He spent his days merrily,
Dancing with daisies,
And singing to the butterflies,
Without a care in the world,
Until one day,
He came upon a fairy princess,
Who he loved within an instant,
And he knew he must be with her,
So he made his presence known,
But she had already noticed him,
And as she approached he saw her eyes,
Which were filled with love,
So they danced among the flowers,
Thinking their happiness boundless,
But a leprechaun must return,
to the site of his magic gold,
From which he draws his power,
Or he will wither and die,
However the princess was bound,
For far away kingdoms,
In which the young leprechaun,
could not survive.
They were both saddened,
By this dilemma,
And thought long and hard,
To discover the solution,
Which in the end was a compromise.
They did indeed travel,
To another kingdom,
That neither had known,
But it was not quite so far,
And with the added power,
From the love of the princess,
The leprechaun did indeed survive,
So it is there in that land,
That they still dwell now,
In love and joy and happiness.

DUKE



Dream Lover
Sitting here in a whirlwind
of wonder,
Dreams tantalizing the mind,
Love seems to be a distance
thunder,
Destinations are
Challenging to find. . .

Kindred Spirits dance to
an unwritten song,
Softly enhancing each
Other's soul.
Each one shares
how much they long;
For a perfect love
that makes two
hearts whole,

In a meadow clovers
Smelling sweet.
Dewdrops created for
sparkling in the morning sun.
Hand in hand in this quiet place
two hearts meet.
No one loses; each celebrating
heart has won.

Reality slaps one unmercifully.
Dreams seem like a lost past.
Again facing true responsibilities,
Saddened that the other world
Can not eternally last.

Deborah Ruth Wilton