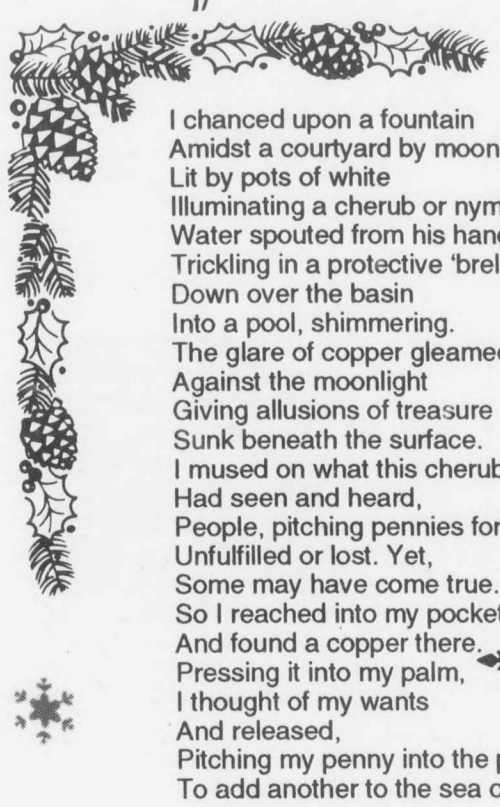




DISTRACTIONS



I chanced upon a fountain
Amidst a courtyard by moonlight
Lit by pots of white
Illuminating a cherub or nymph.
Water spouted from his hand
Trickling in a protective 'brella
Down over the basin
Into a pool, shimmering.
The glare of copper gleamed
Against the moonlight
Giving allusions of treasure
Sunk beneath the surface.
I mused on what this cherub
Had seen and heard,
People, pitching pennies for dreams
Unfulfilled or lost. Yet,
Some may have come true.
So I reached into my pocket
And found a copper there.
Pressing it into my palm,
I thought of my wants
And released,
Pitching my penny into the pool
To add another to the sea of dreams.

SDB

ESCAPE OF A CLOUD

My love is beautiful,
Shapeless but rounded to bursting,
Yet expression is wrong,
To hold your hand, flaunting,

Your hazel eyes are soft and yet sparkle,
No barrier to your soul,
And your gift to me alone.
But beware, don't look too long,
For our love is only to be shared
Out of sight and out of mind
Of those who have a different kind of love.

If only we could float on high,
Over yellow vales and hills,
And stay out of reach of those saboteurs,
Who want it all for themselves.

James

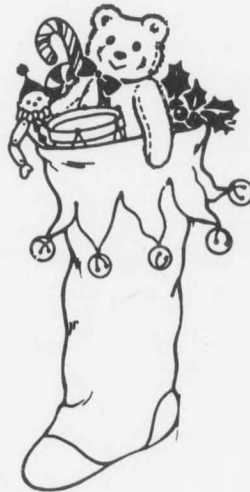
A Nice Poem About Mom and Dad

(that rhymes)

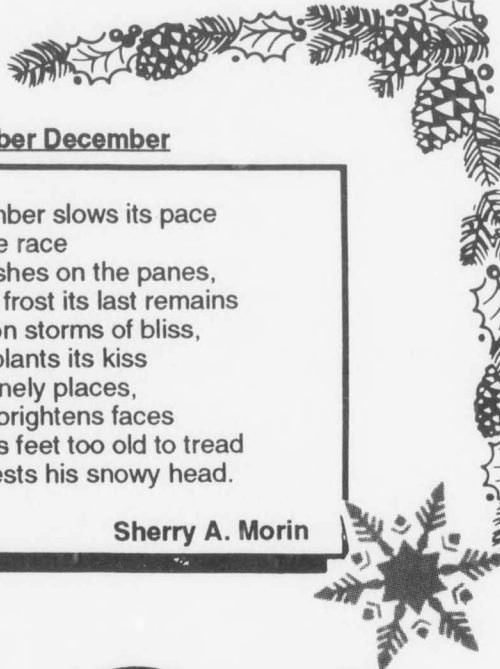
The sweet incense
Of fresh bread
Crowds the empty corners
Of my old homestead.
Softly she hums
As the table is set,
I grab for a roll
"No" she says "not yet."
So I offer a hand
At preparing the food,
"No, no dear," she laughs
"Not in your clumsy mood."
So I sit and marvel
As she fills the table
With a meal of dreams
Or of a Disney fable.
The door is open,
In stomps my Dad
He smiles as he sits
And recalls the day he had.
He asks me about school,
I quickly pass it off
I play it cool and ask
About his nasty cough.
After supper is done
Dad and I do the dishes,
Mom sits and smiles,
"God has answered my wishes
As only He above
Could fill this room
With such love!"

Jason G. Meldrum

In dedication to all those
who prefer this type of
poetry. (And, of course,
who think I can't write
like this, and to those
to Mom and Dad).



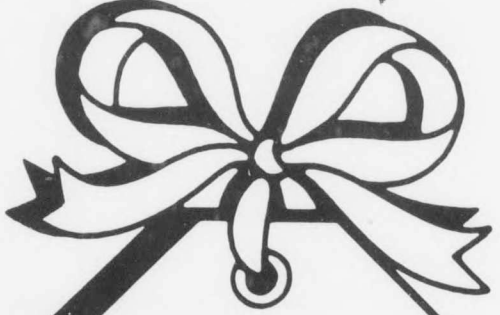
Remember December



Almost gone, December slows its pace
January enters in the race
Etching goodbye-wishes on the panes,
December leaves in frost its last remains
Setting souls adrift on storms of bliss,
Excellent in love, it plants its kiss
Carrying its gift to lonely places,
Eminent, its feeling brightens faces
December slows, his feet too old to tread
Arrested, now, he rests his snowy head.

Sherry A. Morin

Walking



Walking.
I thought,
I think.
It is the best time;
Alone,
To be who you are.
To search
within yourself,
And Question
Your happiness;
Unhappiness.
Your sanity;
Insanity.
Reflections
Of your soul
Mirrored through a window
That looks into
You.

SDB

"The Awakening"


I imagine Maytime meadows
Where we spend our days together
And evenings, we sit down by the shore
With a feeling of forever.

We gaze into each other's eyes
And talk of what the future holds
We don't know, but we'll be together
As we travel life's many roads.

We talk of when we're man and wife
The road so many loves have taken
With affection we get closer but
Before we kiss... I awaken.

Tracy-Danielle Heath

Perfection



What is it that you want to hear?
That I do, that I don't.
That maybe I will
Maybe I won't.
It's not all up to me.
I do know everything.
Call me vain or something else
But you're all wrong.
Dream about it, about me.
Nothing ca compare to me
In anything.
I am second only to one thing.
Life.

Aaron Berg

