

Literary Page

DO I DARE?

It is hard to understand one another.
A tug of war plays inside our mind.
Do I dare risk myself of rejection?

I stare hypnotically out of the mud
splattered windows of an old city bus.
The silences around me warm me and the
laughter and idle chatter cause me to dream
my own merry-go-round-life.

"Stop! Stop!" I plead. I want to
down and ponder a simple question
may be too hard to answer.

Inside, the caterpillar of my existence
is changing and growing.
It is I who nurtures its
hungering heaven of hope.

The bus stops and I walk home
The sun is meeting the clouds and together
they make a beautiful sunset.
I smile and my eyes join with beauty

I notice someone like I watching
the sunset.
I encourage myself.
"Hello!" I express and my heart
is dancing a chance.

DEBORAH RUTH WILTON



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EMOTIONS

Trailing leaves, mystic notion.
Paths unending filled with emotion.
Drifting sand in a desert land.
Reaching Stars, take my hand,
Clouds drifting silently create,
Sunbeams caress unknown fate.
Dreaming joy and pain.
Live for the moment again.

DEBORAH RUTH WILTON

WAITING

The mood is changed by the cold in the air
The frost on the trees
The snow in the wind
I sit by myself on the lone wooden bench
Hoping to see you
When you walk to class
My memory is filled with visions of past
I call your image
I am bright with cheer
I always had smiles when we would meet
It never we stopped
I did we speak
I just once for me to be yours
I hope you will know
It is I who breaks.
I sit by myself, not alone now.
I know you are here,
Your presence is felt.

ANONYMOUS



A TIME LIKE THIS

A lazy haze of white
has settled soft this night -
the lands of bitter frost
Soothed beneath this morning's wintery hand.
Now I understand;
now that I'm alone -
Alone amidst the steady hum of blue and grey,
As countless sparkles dance and play
to silent melodies in my mind.

At times like this my thoughts are lost
to your distant heart and love full-grown;
your hand not to share with this vision our to
find.

THE ECHO

Mountain bold,
Jagged hand-hold
Ascension slow,
Whispers blow.
Forlorn hill,
Ashen rock
Forsaken will
Timeless clock.
Summet attained,
Panoramic sight.
Havoc reigns,
Throat tight.
- scream -
Smoldering heath
Heinous echo
Sooty wreath.

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