

Feelings

They can be surrendered to . . .

. . .or subjugated

But never escaped!!

by Jay Kaiser

Hold me...

feel my warmth

embrace me tightly

I love your strength

caress me..

touch me tenderly

stroke me delicately

you are an artist - submerged

love me...

arouse my soul

lie still - then boil

overflow

by Jacqui Poole

To My Friend

Please, my friend,
 Be patient with my impatience —
 I do not mean to rush through life.
 Be my friend,
 Tolerant of my anger —
 It will pass like any storm.
 Understand, my friend, my fears —
 For I do not.
 Be sympathetic of my tears —
 I do not cry often.
 Respect my silence —
 For it is mine.
 Share with me, my friend,
 My joys and happiness,
 My moments of triumph and victory —
 They multiply in numbers.
 Believe in me, be my friend
 And love me, as I love you.

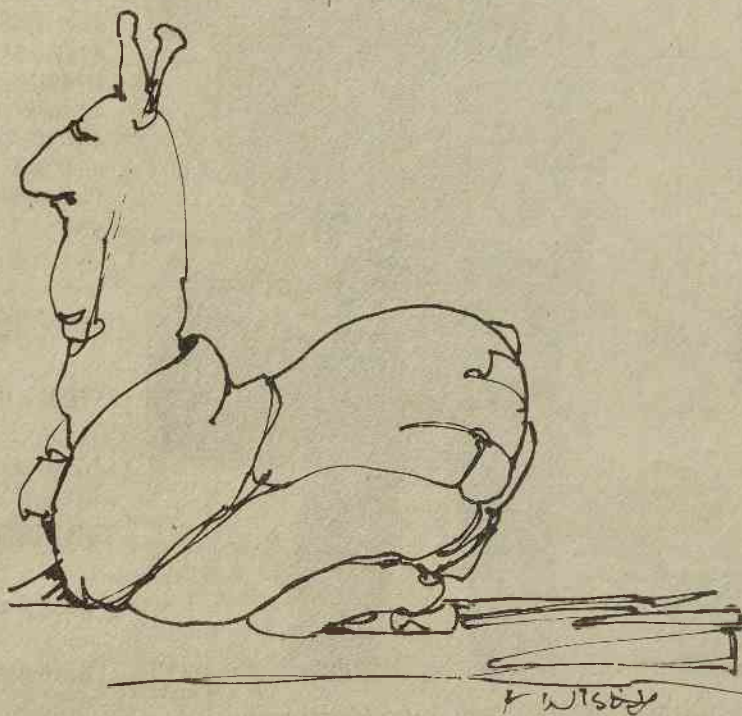
by Lillian Goss

A Battalion of wheelchairs guards the entrance,
 So-much-Flesh-and-bone
 Waiting for visitors never coming.
 Beached Jellyfish wishing for a wave.

Orderly hoisting vegetables into chairs,
 Urine sacks of Potatoes sitting,
 Staring the stare of senility
 With their ain't-life-abowl-of-cherries smiles.

Must be nice in your second childhood.

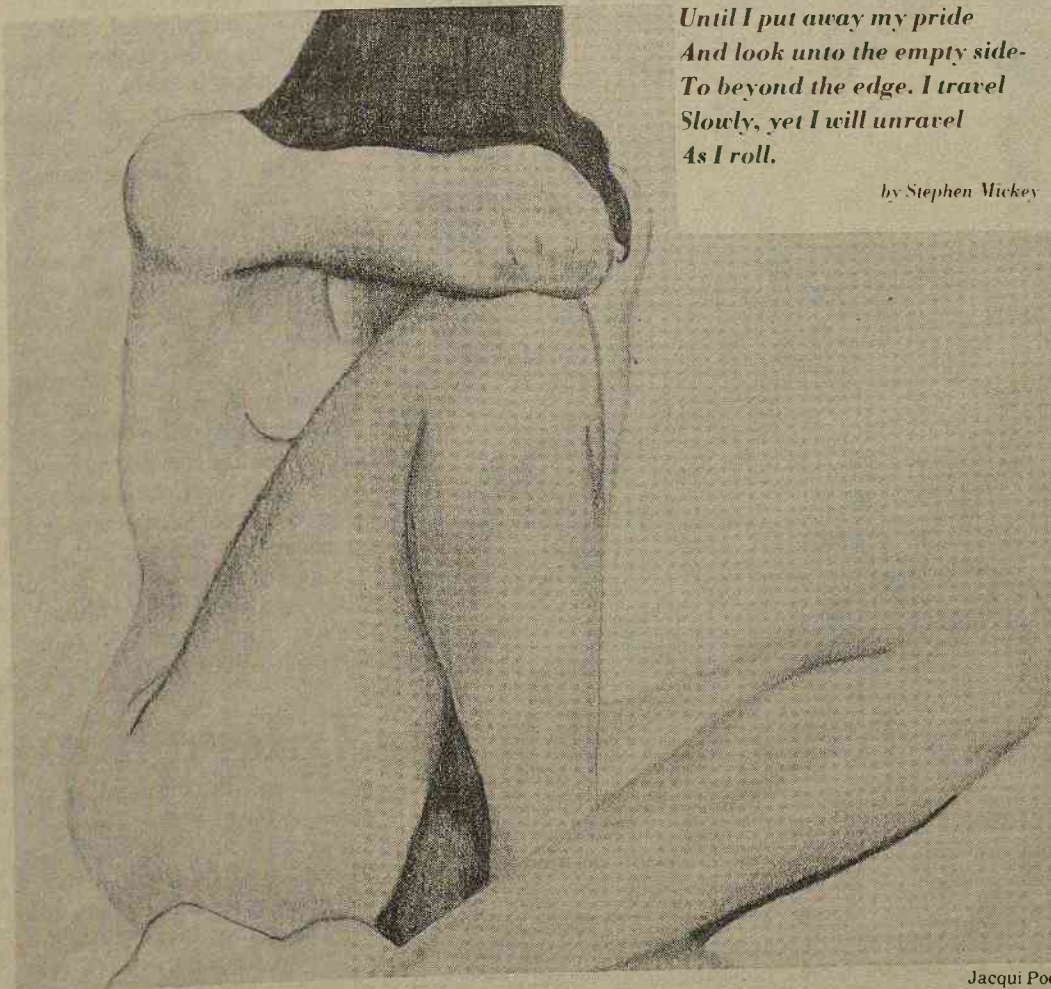
by Chuck Davis



A Hand
 The world in a palm
 two hearts in two hands join;
 a life in a hand
 great love in a hand.

The world in a palm
 all hearts in two hands join;
 all lives in a hand
 great love in a hand.

by Stephen Mickey



Jacqui Poole

Day and Night

The sun sets slowly,

leaving little height,

While everything is silent,

In creeps the night.

The flowers close their petals,

The birds end their song,

And down in the little meadow,

A lark for morning for morning longs

And as the sun comes up,

And morning fills the air,

The world is awakened

From another bad nightmare.

by Todd Murphy

Beyond

To beyond the edge I travel
 Slowly, yet I will unravel-
 As I roll. The
 Place of emptiness is smaller,
 But eternity is taller-
 As I roll. As
 I look back and feel exalted
 I snag and stop and there am halted
 Until I put away my pride
 And look unto the empty side-
 To beyond the edge. I travel
 Slowly, yet I will unravel
 As I roll.

by Stephen Mickey