YOU • YOU • YOU • YOU • YOU • YO

"A Brief Affair"

Have you even seen something that you wanted so badly, it hurt? Have you even been told you could not have it because it belongs to someone else?

Yes, I can understand.

I have been there.

No, 1 am there.

The only thing is that what I want so badly is not a thing.

it is a person.

If it was a thing, I believe I could handle it better. Much better.

I have waited so long for someone like you.

I have even cried myself to sleep in my lonely, salty tears.

Because only you could fill certain void in my life.

I have torn myself to shreds trying to figure out why the feelings I feel for you could not be mutual.

Is it my clothes?

my friends?

or what?

Lord knows I have searched trying to find out why.

Never once did it occur to me that you "belonged to someone else."
Maybe if you would have been straight up at first, things would
be different.

You had many chances to tell me.

Like when we were lying in bed watching television,

or when we were holding hands and sipping wine while listening to Roberta and Peabo,

or when we dimmed the lights and eased out of something...our clothes

into something a lot more comfortable...the bed.

Most importantly you could have told me when one long kiss led to several hours of making sweet, passionate love.

And I do mean warm, moist dripping love.

The kind I have not been able to capture since.

Now thinking back

You did not have to tell me, because I should have know the moment you ran off with guilt in your eyes, while still drenched in my juices, and carrying my scent on your skin.

by R.S.D.

The Enduring Generations

Me and mine have struggled for a long time

and we still are now

but we have come a long way gaining endurance and respect

We moved so many obstacles from our paths

but

there is still more waiting us.

Each generation profits from the next.

All we needed was a chance and when we got it, we worked wonders

We never wanted to be treated better than anyone else -

but neither did we want to be treated any worse.

by Patricia Ann Holmes