

# The Broncos' Song

## THE HEARTLESS SIDE OF LOVE

By Gyendor

The ebb, sometimes,  
is deeper than the flow.  
The ways we feel's  
not always how it goes.  
The whys for which we  
love's  
not always what we know,  
not always what we know  
at all,  
as how it sometimes is  
with love.

The tears you cry  
alone at night  
bring back fears you  
thought died  
in the shade of light;  
everything's wrong and  
nothing is right  
and you're winning, no...  
you're losing this lonely  
fight alone,  
down this winding road of  
love.

The wants you willed  
that wouldn't be;  
the truths you've felt  
but couldn't see.  
The real deal that's fallen  
on your reality...  
that's finally, sadly,  
torn your little world  
apart...

the heartless side of love.

## AN ACROSTIC BY GYENDOR

DEATH  
RUNS IN  
UNDER  
GROUND  
SEWERS WHILE,

IN  
NODSVILLE,

VAGUE,  
EMPTY  
INHABITANTS,  
NEVER AGAIN  
SEEN,

CONSUME  
AN  
UN  
SEEN  
EVIL;

PAINFULLY  
ASCENDING  
INTO  
NOTHINGNESS.

## DESERT STORM

BY GYENDOR

HERE ALONE I STAND,  
ONE MAN,  
AMONGST ONE MILLION  
OR MORE

LIKE GRAINS OF SAND  
ON THE DESERTS FLOOR.  
SWIFT SANDS THAT  
DRIFT,  
SHIFT, AND MARK TIME  
LIKE THE WINDS THAT  
BLOW

THROUGH THE FORBID-  
DEN CHAMBERS  
OF MY MIND.

SWIFT SANDS THAT STOP  
TO TAKE

A COOL DESERTS REST,  
CARESSED TO SLEEP  
BY A MOON IN FULL  
DRESS.

SWIFT SANDS, CLOUDY-  
EYE CLOSED  
TO THE BEAUTY, IF  
OPENED,

THAT WOULD REVEAL HER  
POSE AND FORM.

SWIFT SAND LULLED TO  
SLEEP

BY THE QUIET THAT IS  
HER NORM...

LIKE THE RIOT-CALM  
BEFORE THE STORM;

THE QUIET CALM...  
THE DESERT STORM.

## SELF EXAMINATION

Rodney Sapp

*Are you the inside look-  
ing out  
or the outside looking in?*

*The outside fabric is sub-  
jugation,  
whereby...jealousy de-  
stroys the container  
that holds its own.*

*To know is becoming  
wiser and humble  
with sound thoughts for  
self improvement.*

*To obtain self under-  
standing is simplistic,  
yet, believing leads to  
complication and  
blurry vision.*

*Self Entity is the  
Creator's residence,  
but the outside is the au-  
thor of  
deception.*

*to know Self is Truth,  
but where is  
the mirror?*

### ATTENTION POETS

The National Library of Poetry has announced that \$12,000 in prizes will be awarded this year to over 250 poets in the North American Open Poetry Contest. The deadline for the contest is March 31, 1994. The contest is open to everyone and entry is FREE.

Any poet, whether previously published or not, can be a winner. Every poem entered also has a chance to be published in a deluxe, hardbound anthology.

To enter, enter ONE original poem, any subject and any style, to The National Library of Poetry, 11419 Cronridge Dr., P.O. Box 704-YF, Owings Mills, MD 21117. The poem should be no more than 20 lines, and the poet's name and address should appear on the top of the page. Entries must be postmarked by March 31, 1994. A new contest opens April 1, 1994.