

# The Broncos' Song

## Senses

By Jackie Walker

Sometimes a woman loses sight  
of who, what, and where she is  
even if she is  
still a woman  
in every sense

Sometimes a woman cannot hear  
words that define her world  
she strains toward sounds  
that become whispers  
barely audible

Sometimes a woman cannot touch  
flesh and textures that bring comfort  
her reach is limited  
to her imagination  
and to memory

sometimes a woman cannot taste  
the richness of life's garden  
Her palate dulled with bittersweet regret  
leaving only ambiguity  
a taste indefinable

Sometimes a woman cannot smell  
warm summer evenings and cut wisteria  
her perfume long shelved  
awaiting special occasions  
becomes the scent of sameness

Sometimes a woman loses her senses  
a symptom of isolation  
She simply forgets how to be  
when there is no external stimulation  
she is left...to question her identify.

## Sunshine

By Stacy Weaver

*It was raining today.  
I watch you from my window.  
I didn't go anywhere  
because with the rain,  
brought cold air.  
It was peaceful, oh so peaceful,  
Because I couldn't cry  
(And everyone would have heard).  
I cannot let them know  
I get unhappy also.  
I have to keep on smiling.  
Even though it's a rainy day,  
I am expected  
To be sunshine.*

## CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

By Rasan A. Jackson

Heart and soul piercing eyes  
Ignored by all walks of life  
Zomified of the chances they took with  
The night.  
Who will save their lives,  
Who will hold their hand through the night...  
No one.  
We are all to occupied with our own lives'  
Afraid to end up in the night.  
Death would befall most of us in one night;  
To these children the night is their only life.  
So we must change the night  
If only to save the children from its plight.