

# The Broncos' Song

## SISTER MOON

By Gyendor

Brazen Moon laid midnight bright  
in the haunting summer's sky  
like the blameless whore she was.

Amber-bellied Clouds parted softly,  
slowly revealing Moon's silvered nakedness.  
And, startled by their sudden unveiling,  
scurried to cover her shameless beauty  
like an embarrassed father or distant friend.  
But contemptuous Moon, having none of this,  
simply ran away from their unwanted attention  
like the happy child at play  
told to come home too soon.

The envious Stars, so jealous of her total beauty,  
they did a naughty strip-tease in her stead.  
But my Mind would have none  
of their wanton display  
and I did not turn my head.

And seeing this, sensuous Moon kissed my heart  
and soothed my soul's love-play.  
then, like a precocious cat,...  
simply walked away.

Oxened June Sister Moon,...  
I wish that you had stayed.

## UNTITLED

by Cedric Hurst

SILENT IS THE WIND ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY  
ALONE IS HE WHO CANNOT FIND HIS WAY  
BRIGHT IS THE SUN THAT ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE  
BLIND IS THE MAN FOR LOVE HE CANNOT SEE  
MONSTROUS IS THE RAIN THAT BRINGS THUNDER AND FEAR  
SO SAD IS THE FACE THAT GROWS WETTER WITH EACH TEAR  
CALM IS THE OCEAN ON A SAND FILLED BEACH  
GENTLE IS THE HAND OF SHE YOU LONG TO REACH  
BOLD IS THE PLANT THAT FOREVER REACHES TOWARD THE SKY  
GROUNDED IS THE HEART THAT ONCE KNEW HOW TO FLY

"I was reading the dictionary. I  
thought it was a poem about  
everything."

-Steven Wright

## SOUL FLOWERS

by Lesli Sample

I've got soul flowers  
And they're ready to bloom  
I've got soul flowers  
Growing in a little room  
Way back in the far reaches of my mind  
Across the span of my heart  
Down deep in the depths of my soul  
I've got soul flowers  
Opening up before my mind's eye  
With the fragrance of laughter and love  
And colors from a divine paint brush  
Brush strokes from above  
I've got soul flowers:  
Tear's shed over Alice and Toni's stories  
My personal muse;  
Nikki and Maya's poetry  
I've got soul flowers  
Like vivid memories  
Is often how my soul flowers look  
Memories of  
A song, a play, a dance, a book  
Or something I once heard him say  
Or the way he looked at me on a particular day  
There's a soul flower for each  
A memory that can be reached  
I've got soul flowers  
So, when I come to you  
With bloom in hand  
It's not just any gift or treat  
It's what I've longed to give to you:  
A special part of me.