

The Broncos' Song

My Little One

by Tawanda Giles

My little one is my heart.
He is the one who gives my life that extra spark.

My little one looks at me and I see a bright future in him;
A warrior to be.

To my little one, I am his mother and his father
Just because the boy who helped create him
Feels he doesn't have to bother.

I will teach my little one to be a man.
I will teach my son how to take a stand.
I will teach him how to express his words to the world.
I will teach him how to be forever heard.

My little one will be a strong man;
The kind who commits little wrong.

My little one is my heart.
It hurts me when we are apart,
But knowing the man he will grow up to be,
Will forever keep that extra spark in me.

HOURGLASS

by Shawn-Paul Antwuan

The sands drop through the hourglass,
a constant, steady flow.
Each small grain a memory, with a
story to be told.
Each sand a touch, each sand a gaze,
each sand a moment to be remembered
or a moment to regret.
Separately insignificant, but collectively
important as a whole.
And like our lives, the hourglass timetable
is predestined and foretold.
So as we toil our daily day's endeavor, the
sands drop to drop no more.
And deep within our mind's subconscious, we
already know what life has in store.
So, the sands drop through the hourglass,
just as our mornings turn to night.
And as the last grains of sand drop through,
there comes a brilliant light.
And this life as we know it, like the sand,
comes to an end.
And the hourglass is turned over, so that
our new life can begin.
So make the most of every moment, every
single grain of sand.
The hourglass is running and your fate is in your hand.

LOVE

by T.G. Maynard
a.k.a. Flasher

What is Love
Love is undefinable, unconquerable, unacceptable
to certain people imaginable
Love can bring you
joy, pleasure, pain
it will tantalize your body and strangle your brain
sometimes it makes you think that your insane
which causes some people's lives to slide down the drain

Love can bring together
Love can destroy
It is not to be played with
because it is not a toy

To be in sorrow
and think about tomorrow
causes one to stop and think
that life is only a blink

To be in love
and don't even know it
causes you to be happy
and sometimes foolish

The only type of love I believe is
giving thanks and praises
to the one above
because he gives everyone love.

77 Nova

by Bryan K. Turner

I, first time behind the wheel
seventeen with blue feet, I turned the key.
Leather seats and loose lace recline
engine purring like a sedated panther.

HYPNOTIC

handling the curves of a soft shoulder
I drive feverish
tires turn firm around delicate hills abundant.
Warm wind wets my ear
never have I felt so alive.

PISTONS PUMP

red hot...90 mph
throttled thighs vibrate through warm dark tunnels
as my rubber burns up the road
can't stop driving the hot rain blinds me
fear I'm gonna...CRASH

I'm a man now.