

PAPERWEIGHT DREAMS

Flowers
 Suspended in air like an eagle in flight.
 Colors preserved simply to hold paper in place.
 A life-like appearance unlike anything else.
 Unknown by sight,
 A cool, smooth surface, like that of an ice cube.
 When I close my eyes,
 I can hear a sweet melody
 Soft and gentle,
 Like crystalline voices of mermaids,
 Flowing across calm ocean waters.
 My attention endlessly captured,
 Leading me to wonder and dream.
 Was it a field of flowers where two lovers secretly met?
 Was it given in memory of a loved one?
 Or a symbol of hope and care?
 Endless stories flow in my mind while I try to work.
 Very distracting but an everlasting joy.
 On my desk for me always to enjoy.
 Jane Singleton



AFTER THE PARTY

Good times, bad times.
 Dreams between golden stars
 seem half melted away.
 He thought he had her fire
 held firmly beneath him.
 There was no one, except her.
 His world and himself, except her.

Now he watches the stretch of road
 while holding the wheel steady
 through a deserted valley.
 The wind whispers
 her name.
 How lovely she looked in a yellow blouse;
 her chin nuzzled on the soft pillow.
 His head turned from her.
 He now drives to nowhere
 away from everyone.

He is going to drive away
 her memory.
 Jenny Schmidt

ENDING

This sharp emotion moves
 A solid black cloud through my eyes
 Pounding at my posture
 Grabbing every heartbeat
 My brain falls as a tangled spider web
 With cut strings
 Wavering sharp base notes deafen
 My sensitive ears
 Every piece of my cracking skin
 Turns to jagged rock
 Falling gradually
 Into a chasm full of nightmares
 Hurling waters rush stinging needles into
 my empty body
 salty and bitter

I want to
 cry all of my salt
 scream out my lost voice
 blow every piercing breath

Until
 My soul shines again

Light
 Sun
 Life

Lisa Furukawa



**Meg Tuttle
Felt Tip Marker**