

POETRY

Expressions

By TRACEY M. WILLARD

You are but a reflection
shadowing my present existence
rushing and exploring through
my deepest crevices
startling
but
luring the embryonic creature
to come forth
be born
be known
and
live
Inhibitions impulsively spark
and hiding proclaims
Until force
reaching
grasping
and
compassionate
envelopes and cups me. . .
'There is real magic in you'.

Grew you. . .
Grew me. . .
in our days together.
I never realized how fertile
was this seed,
Until your water
fell upon me.

A thought can be found in the look of your
eyes.
How beautiful it would be,
to express in words
the pictures your vision holds.

Reflections

By EDISON T. HARRIS

Sitting here
in this four-cornered room,
exhaust fan
blowing,
outside wind
flowing
past my rippled windowpane.
I wait in solitary confinement with
white shirt and brown tie constricting
my neck, for
the five-o'clock world to begin.

Yes for me, it is indeed
a five-o'clock world
when the whistle blows;
out of sight out of mind goes
this place.

The outside world is empty, foreboding;
a place of functionality for me (i.e.,
at least most of the time). . .
Inside, heartfelt thoughts
of you.
Our Love,
helps keep my rhythm flowing; while
also helping to exert positive vibes
and delineate purposeful directions, in which to chart
my mind energy
. . . As I head toward the crosswinds
of Loveland to rendezvous with your Love-Spirit,
where the Sun is
ever-turning around the effervescence
of our Hearts of Fire
. . . Forward and outward,
upward and expanding; not even the sky is the limit.

Encounter

By TRACEY M. WILLARD

It's interesting to think about the way people meet.
Creating situations and experiences on first takes.
Impressions made from
"How do you do"

or

"What do you do?"
Exchanges of spontaneous profound thoughts;
Challenging to outweigh one another
While securing stability on one another's part.
"That gesture she just used,. . ."
Hmm quite interesting;
A possibility which may lead to this. . ."
And the bait becomes more intense
As the stakes increase.
Until eventually he says:
"Um, what about me and you . . . ?"

Expressions

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Your life is a gift
that is given to you.
Its splendor depends on
your imagination.

God made me the possessor
of a magnificent gift,
To be used by my own will.

My mind
and
my soul,
are scurrying through the trials
of this maze;
Searching for the comfort
and familiarity . . . of home.

Let us travel on to the annals of reality
and become a part of the purpose of time.

Let us live in the spaces of life
and be encompassed in the riches of her care.

Let us lavish ourselves in the colors of creativity
and paint a home for tomorrow.

And it is from this creation,
that you will find new meaning in life;
for its presence will motivate
and inspire your inner most spirit
to teach,
learn,
and grow. . .
Your love and knowledge will be
needed and respected.
Guide your child to infinite levels
of turth,
freedom,
and understanding,
for a time will come when they shall lead.