

Love Gone

*You never miss something until it's gone,
 the hurt and pain lingers on and on.
 That special someone who makes you feel special,
 is not around anymore to make you feel special.
 Staring into space and thinking of love,
 a love that is only sent from above.
 But alas you are lonely and wanting it ever-
 more,
 praying God be merciful and have that love in
 store.
 Missing that person in bed with you at night,
 hoding them and loving them right.
 Hoping they will call the next day,
 but see no messages and the phone not ringing
 right awy.
 You want to call, but are skeptical and not
 sure,
 your heart aching and body becoming impure.
 Comtemplating thoughts of rejection and dis-
 trust,
 but keeping hope and the love you must.
 Until it comes a time when all is gone,
 the love never dies and the pain lingers on and
 on.*

By: David Squirewell, Jr.

D.T.H. EDITORIALS

What is it that makes a statement
 so fierce?

Do the letters team up against you,
 devising their sinister plots-
 fighting for a common cause?

Each word strategically placed
 like army platoons ready for war.

Or gang members
 protecting their territory
 on the very last page.

Are words really that powerful?
 Or are they just simple pawns
 battling on plain white chess
 boards?

Nothing more
 than the marriage of pen and paper-
 the alliance of tongue and breath.

Maybe some words just sit there
 like tigers in their little jungle

just sitting...

waiting...

anticipating their chance to pounce.

By: Delvin Davis