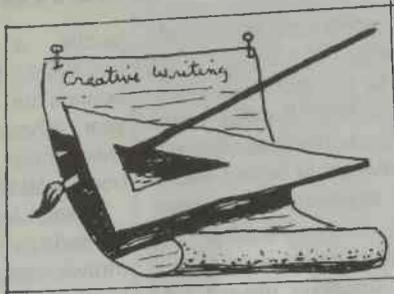


Quill and Ink

Creative Writing Editors

-Jon Pargas
-Mel Allen, Jr.



Heather Jean the acid queen
tripped the
Crystalline caverns
mirrored images and
plumes of
purple haze
adorned the walls
and ceiling
flashing color
and sound
with intricate rhythm
but
as she approached
The Door
(large, oaken)
exquisitely carved
scenes of Paradise)
one last mirror caught
he eyes
and
she touched it
liquid crystal
rippling cool
silver flash
as she dove
into
Eternity



-Jon Pargas

no need for new upholstery

like a wobbly old chair
sometimes
i get that creaky feeling
it sets in when the world sits down
or leans on my back
and my arms get tired
and worn out

you didn't know
but
you took off that old varnish
stained and refinished
i feel better
even with the same stuffing
I'll just toss the world aside
and give you a rest

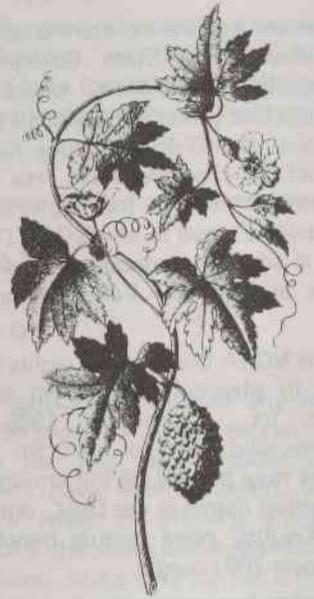
--Mel Allen, Jr.

Gone But Not Forgotten

*Little did I know
when dawned that morning
the sorrow that day would bring;*

*The end was sudden,
the shock severe,
to part with a loved one so dear,*

*Deep in my heart
there is a picture of a loved one laid to rest.
In memory's frame I shall keep it,
for she was one of the best.
Time cannot heal my aching heart
or fill the vacant spot.
I miss her presence in my home.
I miss her everywhere.
Her cheerful smile
and thoughtful ways,
how often I recall
She had a smile for everyone
(no matter how tired or sick she was)
She died beloved by all.
Beside your grave I sometimes stand,
and try to understand.
The tears in my eyes I wipe away
but the pain in my heart is here to stay.*



Have you noticed?

Have you noticed...

The trees leaves have all changed...
There are no colors.
The wind is not what it used to be...
It does not blow with the life it once contained.
There are no birds to sing our songs...
They have all gone away.
The rain does not glisten or sound so sweet...
It only lives and pounds within my heart.
There are no tears of joy...
Only tears for what I have lost through neglect.
There are no stars as bright...
As the last ones...I saw in your eyes.
And have you noticed?
WE cannot go to the moon anymore...
There's not enough love to get us
there.

--Anita F. Riojas

*Some think I've forgotten you
when at time they see me smile
But little do they know
That heartache lies hidden deep inside*

*Your special place in my heart
is still vacant
and your voice oh, so still
But the heart you taught to love
misses you now and always will.*

*In Sad and Loving Memory
of
Miss Joann Troublefield Chavis
from her
Dear Friends*

(Poem written by Ms. Patsy Smith)