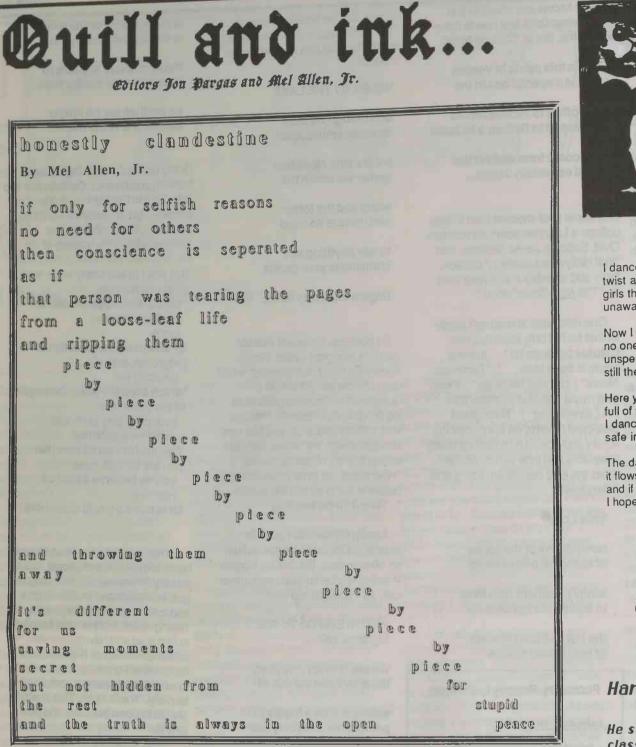
THE LANCE



Is there anyone out there? I need somebody to listen right now. Can you here me? Friend? Mom? Dad?...Somebody? I won't take up much time, I promise. Please listen.

Hey you! I know I've never met you before. Even a complete stranger will do for now. Would you mind lending an ear or two? I won't take up much time, I promise. Please listen.

Am I important to anybody? Is there a Person who will admit they truly care? I just want to tell you something special. won't take up much time, I promise. Please listen.

I guess I'll just talk to myself again. I should have learned by now, nobody loves A person like me. I'll listen to myself-as usual. I won't take up much time, I promise. Please listen.

All I wanted to say was that "I love you." It's hard to tell yourself that - But who do You tell when nobody cares about you? You see, I didn't take up much time. Did you listen ... yet?

- Randa Richards

End of Her Reign

Reading with deep anticipation My eyes ponder upon a foul deed goddess struck down from her throne Within mid-air, her body projects light Her heavenly body, turns to shadows The sky mourns her decline With fierce tears, the sky cries As her body ceases to be.

---J.F. Bradsher





I dance the dance I call attraction twist and turn towards satisfaction girls they shimmy and they shake unaware of hearts they break

Now I dance the dance of death no one to share this feeling with unspent motion flowing free still they will not dance with me

Here you see the dance of life full of pain and grief and strife I dance this dance in the public's eyes safe inside my heart's disguise

The dance you see is Poetry it flows from deep inside of me and if I dance my poem for you I hope you feel it flowing through

---Jon Pargas

Harry

He sat quietly in a second class railroad car. I thumbed through a book purchased at Dachau that very day. Dachau: the first Nazi concentration camp, a paragon of torture, dehumanization and death The beginning of a dark page in man's history. An aged hand politely reached for the book I gave it to the man Such friendly eyes He looked at it quietly not needing to turn a single page Memory was his book He handed it back to me Then steadily he pulled up his sleeve to reveal the branded numbers They were his copyright. He spoke no English and I no Polish but the word he spoke told all "Auschwitz"

Heidi Jernigan Reflections from Abroad