

Quill & Ink

A Poem

"Je m'enfou" she said with her
sultry brown eyes as she took a sip

of capucino and me looking at
her reflection in the glass tabletop and

I envied her so I looked away and
said "Porquoi?". "Je ne suis qu'une

filie mortelle. Avant de mourir il faut que
je vivrai comme les Olympians." her lips

moving every which way as she pronounced
each word with care and thought for that

I envied her too so I closed my ears to
her being there we sat until we finished

the capucino and left walking through streets
of cobblestones and rain. "Les Olympians
n'existent plus." I stabbed her three days
later I went to her funeral

and poured mead over

her lips and eyes and I
envied the sweetness of her face.

Ingrid Scholz

I want so badly for someone to fall in love with me.
Then again, I've always set unreasonable goals.
I see lovers kiss and smile and argue then make up.
I want so badly to fall in love.

Krys Wood

Almost a year ago,
You said you loved me
though we never danced
And I do, yes I do,
But fools do differ.

You went away, far away
and I did too.
You gave little, lost nothing (but my trust)
In the cold I returned and heard
the wind sing.

Almost a year ago,
You said you loved me.
Though we'll never dance,
I still do, yes I do,
Sadly, some fools never change.

Almost a year ago,
You thought I wanted you
to follow me.
And I did, yes I did,
But fools do differ.

You had the moon on your head
I, in my head.
You led me by the hand, across the lake
In the fog. I returned and heard
fairies sing.

Ingrid Scholz

Flying birds above the treetops
do you know where heaven is? Among the leaves,
among the people
hurried footsteps fading fast. Swiftly moving, fly
with freedom
all is well high in the sky. Lead the way to joy and
splendor
perfect peace is where you are. Eat from berried
trees, eat flowers nature is home divine.

W. B. Browne

Champs

There was a lust in his eyes as he accosted me shile
I swallowed your Kamekazi so that you couldn't
get sick of it or drunk and he says he thinks I'm
pretty while I'm contemplating leaving these intoxicated
children but then I caught the look in the waitress' eye
and I knew the bar would close so it didn't
matter anymore this dilapidated version of Heaven
in Hell was closing its gates and the babes
(for babes they were drooling liquor on their pretty sweaters)
would return to their cradles and sleep dreamlessly.

Ingrid Scholz