

# Quill & Ink

## REACTION

My toes freeze, my shoulders contract,  
my spine cramps, I shrink.  
My cheeks red, my knuckles white,  
nails dug in deep, ears throb.  
Small seedling of fury swirls,  
roots brushing my heart.  
Predictability fertilizes soil  
of flesh and blood.  
Vines shoot up,  
smothering and choking.  
Buds develop,  
ready to flower.  
Trembling under force of life,  
the first flash of colour there.  
Exploding into a myriad of reds and yellows,  
full blossoms surfacing.  
The fruits well-known, I sigh,  
letting everything go up in smoke  
in the good tradition of love and hate.

Ingrid A.W. Scholz  
January 9th, 1990

The thunder crashed above our heads,  
The lightning flashed before our eyes,  
The waves crashed about our feet,  
and the salty air filled our nostrils,  
as our hands clasped together.  
The rain splashed on our faces,  
The sand sank with each step,  
The sun fell down behind the horizon,  
as our lips met once again.  
My eyes looked at his,  
his eyes looked toward the sky,  
his hand turned cold,  
and mine dropped away.  
He turned his head,  
as tears ran down my face.  
I watched his footprints,  
as he walked away.  
Then I turned and left  
my memories in the sand.

Anonymous

La La Le,  
La La Loo.  
Out on the sea  
Heading out for the deep blue  
I spy the gleam,  
the glint of a silvered back.  
The arc of an oft-remembered dream  
Showing mortals what we lack.

La Te O  
La Te Ya-me  
Trapped in a silent land of snow  
Where silence deafens every hopeful ray  
The sunlight returns  
to burn a hole in the sun.  
The sun has learned  
that the land will allow the moon or none.  
Janna Bee

"We really ought to free ourselves  
from the seduction of words."

-Friedrich Nietzsche

## SEDUCTIONS

sweet  
seduction  
sweaty  
words  
that  
work  
breathe, pant  
pull  
and  
stretch  
in need-time  
straining  
slipping  
off the tongue  
into the  
salty  
crevices of ears

seething  
seduction  
salty  
words  
that  
bite, sting  
the skin  
wrench  
the eyes to  
tears  
the heart  
to horrors  
in pretense  
of  
some purification

bitter  
seduction  
biting  
words  
that boast  
bark  
break

the spirit  
and stain  
the soul  
like a  
coward's kiss

sweet  
wicked  
seduction  
sour  
words  
that turn  
and  
twist  
the tongue  
to  
lies  
laced  
in dark  
deceptions  
and  
fouler  
stenches

sometimes  
seduction  
words  
that work  
lead  
mislead  
prey  
upon us  
like predators  
bleed us  
till we  
dry up  
cuddling  
and castrating  
our meaning  
the mutations  
of mouths

-like kisses  
sweet seductions  
precursors of hunger

Jennifer Hitch

## MY MISTAKE

Now I know what love is.  
It's nothing that we've got.  
Love is suffering in silence  
but...  
Love is also communicating

Love is feelings  
You remember, those things we ignored  
Love is caring and warmth  
but...  
Love is also pain and hurt

Love is many things  
None of which we are  
Love is innocent and playful  
but...  
Love is not cunning nor sly  
Love plays no games,  
but that is all we do

Janna Bee



The tree on my island  
touches the sky -  
and if I climbed it  
I know

I would end up  
at the beginning  
again.

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