

# Quill & Ink

## You Were the One

Rainy nights became the cloudless skies,  
Painful screams became silent cries,  
When you smiled and laughed at me.  
Something spontaneous you would do,  
As tears filled big eyes of blue,  
The day you and I were not **WE**.

Inspiration sparked from pain inside.  
I could do nothing, but still I tried.  
Then realized it could not be done.  
I couldn't return the fire to your heart,  
If I didn't take it from the start,  
And I always said you'd be the one.

Oliver W. Wilson, Jr.



## I Saw You Dead

To my dear friend, on whom I depend  
I foresee your bitter end  
That motorcycle fast and chrome  
races, roars, and brings you home  
That motorcycle smashed and bent  
a bloodied body, a young life spent  
I saw you dead, it's clear and grim  
a senseless risk, your chances slim  
I fear my vision will come true  
to end our friendship, the end of you

W.B.B.



## The Incessant Battle

Oh the incessant battle  
this battle that will not stop  
no matter what actions, reactions  
strong spines are made to snap  
at the slightest  
incessant  
loss.

Oh the incessant battle  
this battle with its two sides  
no matter what pulling, pushing  
life hearts are made to break  
at the slightest  
incessant  
tug.

Oh the incessant battle  
this battle of hurt in eyes  
no matter what words, signs,  
love lives are made to crack  
at the slightest  
incessant  
doubt.

Oh the incessant battle  
this battle of want, and want  
no matter what, who gives,  
the end is made to split  
at the slightest  
incessant  
need.

Ingrid Scholz

## Upon Awakening

An emotional high  
is one of the worst kind,  
The landing is horrendous.

Nikki said, "Those who live on the edge  
must get used to the cuts."  
Paper cuts hurt the worst.  
My emotional cuts are thin,  
shallow stinging things.

All they do is tear  
at that thin membrane that  
covers my perception of  
reality.

It connects my heart  
to my head.  
By-pass rationale, avoid reality.  
This was a fantasy I could live with,  
but like all fantasies  
eventually  
the dreamer  
awakens...

Janna Bee

## Broken Glass

Under our feet.  
It flies up through our bodies,  
Sticks in our ribs,  
And creates lumps in our throats making it difficult  
To breathe,  
To talk.

I look at my feet and tremble  
As the foundations  
Shake.

I'm numb.  
My mind says to be a teacher.  
A servant to God and myself.  
I don't want to...  
I'm here and you are here-  
Isn't that what matters?

"Yes, hon, you did hurt me  
You're right..."  
But I don't say this.  
"...Yes hon, it was inconsiderate..."  
But was I too evasive?

I look up and smile.  
Your head is lowered,  
Your blue eyes cloudy.  
I wipe the tear from my eye  
And reach for you.

Tonya Jordan

## four thoughts at 3:30 a.m.

Jet streams  
Weaving dreams-  
Miles apart  
Yet one in heart  
My soul laid bare  
On paper; Air  
Delivering me  
Across the sea  
While here I find  
Within my mind  
You and I  
Together fly  
On jet streams  
Weaving dreams-

Cindy Moore



timing  
so awful  
to be found  
at the parting  
lovers do not  
meet  
in the final act

guilt  
moving  
forward from  
the past  
she haunts  
you  
with hidden  
agendas  
moving  
between  
us

fear  
holding my  
breath  
afraid  
to  
let you  
out  
of  
my head,  
to react

hope  
not  
to borrow  
tomorrow's thought  
but to  
believe  
in  
second chances