

Quill & Ink

D.A.N.A.

Silent I wait, waiting in vain this
 path I walk does seem the same.
 Failure in my eyes despair once more,
 all these things I have felt once before.
 Harder to face with diminishing hope,
 with each passing year it's harder to cope.
 What seemed so sweet has now turned sour,
 things can change in twenty-four hours.
 From Jeckell to Hyde I do not know,
 confusion and doubt continue to grow.
 The pain turns numb cold winds blow,
 valleys of ice covered with snow.
 Once a spark a flame does burn,
 a decade to grow but never to learn.
 All things equal it's just another day,
 feelings evoked by D.A.N.A.

Will Your Heart Be Cold

The blink of an eye the flame has died,
 so many tears, none left to cry
 Once I was happy now I despair,
 it seems to me life is unfair
 It gives you joy then takes it away,
 with each time your heart can decay
 Your soul gets empty cold -then black,
 far too late there's no turning back
 The sun is bright yet only you are cold,
 find a little warmth and strengthen your hold
 Never give up or start to give in,
 some will lose and others will win
 Your soul may be empty, desolate and torn,
 a road not easy, the day you were born
 Take some time to gather your strength,
 too many emotions and feelings to think
 All these words take them to heart,
 once in a while emotions will spark
 Then maybe a flame to warm your soul,
 and never again will your heart be cold

-Devo



-FRIENDS-

REAL FRIENDS ARE EXTREMELY
 DIFFICULT TO "COME-BY".
 THOSE FRIENDS WHO'LL "STICK-BY" YOU WHETHER
 THE "WORST" OF TIMES OR THE "BEST" OF TIMES!

I KNOW THIS FOR A FACT AS I FOUND-OUT IN 1983!
 IN JANUARY OF MY SENIOR YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL,
 I WAS HIT BY A DRUNK DRIVER (A RE-PEAT OFFENDER
 WHO RAN, NO LESS)
 THAT INTERUPTION PROVED TO BE AT THE
 WORST POSSIBLE TIME.

DIFFICULTIES WITH MY SPEECH
 WHICH IS ONE OF MY DIFFICULTIES, AS A RESULT
 OF THAT DARK AND GLOOMY SUNDAY
 HAS PROVED ONNE THING-
 PEOPLE IN THE "MODERN ERA" OR NOW ADAYS ARE
 ALWAYS IN A "HURRY, HURRY, HURRY,"

SO AROUND ME, MANY TIMES, PEOPLE WON'T TAKE THE
 NECESSARY TIME
 TO LISTEN COMPLETELY OR TO HEAR MY COMPLETE
 THOUGHT.
 AND THAT'S REAL TRYING AND PROVES TO BE
 LABORIOUS!

BUT I HOPE THINGS ARE TAKING A TURN
 FOR THE BETTER.
 I'M EITHER TALKING CLEAR;
 OR PEOPLE ARE TAKING TIME TO HEAR MY COMPLETE
 THOUGHT.

CHIP NEAL



To The Fairest of All

full of opinion, fact and fantasy
 head twisted and spinning, swirling you 'round
 maybe someday
 your feet will touch the ground.
 I stay
 out of your way.
 I dare not burst your bubble,
 not cause you any trouble.
 lest you strike out and knock me off my ladder,
 glass houses do shatter,
 but what need I fear.
 beneath me lies a net of safety
 woven of the truth
 and try as you may
 to cut it with your opinion,
 shred it with your fact,
 and burn it with your fire of
 fantasy

IT REMAINS ...SO
 with my ladder firmly on the ground, neck craned to the sky
 I climb and see
 you ful of opinion, fact and fantasy
 head twisted and spinning, swirling you 'round
 and patiently waiting for the day
 you wil crash to the ground.

IMMET2



Mirror in my face
 chance enlightenment!
 perhaps.
 only my pastor really knows
 the ways of being such as I.
 Glass and silver
 will never reveal
 what lies beneath the surface.
 The color of plum mixed with fuchsia painted on a nights sky
 and only I remember
 it was never like that in the stories the elders told.
 The image before me is not mine.
 A mask made in Taiwan
 \$3.50 retail
 twice the cost.
 I wear it as if it were my own.
 I gaze at the perfect lips, pucker, the smile
 who am I kidding anyway!
 Chance enlightenment!
 go back to your stories of the East and its ways
 and leave me here
 to wander in the looking glass of my mind.

IMMET2