Quill&Ink

D.A.N.A.

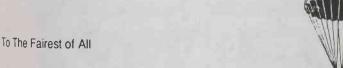
Silent I wait, waiting in vain this path I walk does seem the same.
Failure in my eyes despair once more, all these things I have felt once before.
Harder to face with diminishing hope, with each passing year it's harder to cope.
What seemed so sweet has now turned sour, things can change in twenty-four 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



full of opinion, fact and fantasy head twisted and spinning, swirling you 'round maybe someday your feet will touch the ground. stav out of your way. 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
lclimb 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.



-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 IN1983!
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 DIFFICULLTIES, AS A RESULT
OF THAT DARK AND GLOOMY SUNDAY
HAS PROVED ONNE THINGPEOPLE 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



Mirror in my face chance enlightment! 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.