

ON FREEDOM

What is freedom, liberty, independence?
Is it being unrestricted?
If so - complete freedom is impossible.

"Do the difficult now,
But take a while on the impossible."
This is my quest --
To develop immortal Love and Peace.
To cut the rope -- and be free.
A Little madness is good --
But respect Freedom and Humanity.
To form my own ideas,
And to listen to all opinions.
To keep an open mind,
To serve -- but not slave
To be myself -- free thinking,
To understand freedom,
To let all be free --
to climb the walls,
And to swim the moats.
Not to slowly dissipate in the mist.
To march into Life (or out of it)
With a Purpose -----
A purpose that's free.

Julian Eubanks

Look through the window-pain of your mind
Let the summer pour liquidly around your face
--Let it caress you --
this summer is my gift to you

Will you wear it
on your sun-rained curls
Honey-suckled sweetly
Round the edges of your thoughts

Sandal-soot, sidewalk songs
Starved and stiffened Sunday memories
Thrashing across your love-stained pillow

Glassed in dreams
Cathedral - cased hopes
Time dancing restlessly
Shattering your slumber

Libra Lad
come my way
Heather-clad
and tear-torn

by Tony Sparger

*In my life
I stopped pursuing
and remembering it -
let it flow, they told me ...
live, and live
and that's all - everything*

*please sit by me
but hear your own heart
Taste your breath
And reach out across a paradox
with faith
and take the rose
I love you*

Tom Cavano

A stilted goodbye
mother of infinite tears
when one is alone
pleading

Overwhelming bitterness
born with cruel tearing asunder of friends
when one wanders alone in the wind
crying

Crippling frustration
growth of lack of understanding
when one struggles alone
screaming

Celia Sparger

*Wander in the cold white pools of morning
The dogs are licking all the doves
bathing in the light
my flowers gold and white*

*Of a million sought time loves
speaking in the leaf tongue whisper
crying where and why
knowing dawn and yes and now*

*They smile in the puddles
That dances on the window panes
That children's fingers quietly engrave
on the mist of time*

Lynne Hedricks

As the evening lamp
Lights this parchment
The scripture pours
the too long awaited words.

The girl is Sina.
and I know her as the ocean a vast sea
of searchable mystery
Who is found only in the galaxies
of climbed mountains giving notice to the lonely
moon.

I don't cause disturbance
For she studies the moon's surface
Searching for its wonders
(Wrapped in desire, like any poet,
to write well of it)

I am satisfied to watch this maiden
of her description,
Seeing the moon's breeze
caress her face giving desire for Life.

Accident snapped branches,
distracting her,
Ask me to leave; for which I quiet,
continuing to watch.

I am patient very patient.

For I studied the moon surface,
and know when she turns to find words
of moon poetry
She as I saw, will know the lonely moon
Must be shared.