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Amirul Amirudin

Not So Distant

I have many thoughts as I sit here.
I have many worries and I have many fears.
I think about college and my future career
And all of the knowledge that I have gained
this year.

I have lots of work and tons of stress
My papers are scattered in a mess on my desk
Only one thing is on my mind and I just can't wait
To get my diploma and graduate!

My Home

The place to be
The place for me
The place that has my games and t.v.
The place that holds my favorite stuff
Like pizza, pop, and cheesy puffs
The place where I can sit back and relax
A fort that protects me from the weather's attacks
The place where I can get my rest
The place where I can rest my best
The place I think is perfect for me
The perfect place for me to be!

John Capraro

I REMEMBER

I remember warm summer days,
Where a soft summer breeze would make the trees sway,
Where a walk 'round the block seemed many miles long,
Where young hearts and young minds were filled with
a song.

I remember cool summer nights,
Where the stars shone above and your mind would take
flight,
With new worlds to conquer, yet not far away,
Were loving parents at the end of the day.

I remember chill autumn eves,
And the tall and proud trees bereft of their leaves.
Red and amber and orange and brown;
The colorful carpet they left on the ground.

I remember brisk winter days,
No matter how cold, in the snow we would play;
With sledding and snowmen, our breath in the air,
White snowflakes on tongues, and we hadn't a care.

I remember glorious Springs,
The promise of Summer, and birds on the wing;
White powder-puff clouds float above in the sky,
A song in the wind as it whispers on by.

I remember friends from the past,
Times we look back on; how we wished they would last.
All the neighbors' backyards in which we would play,
And coming back home at the end of the day.

Connie Clifton

You healed my heart

You have put a
Shield
Around my heart
You make me happy
You help me understand
You taught me how
Not to be afraid
You healed my heart
You don't bring tears
To my eyes
You make them open
Wide
I LOVE YOU
You healed my heart!

I Love to be held

I love when you hold
Me tight
All through the night
To have you put your
Arms around me
Shows you care
So I know you will always
Be there
MY DEAR
Hug me once a day
So I know you will never
Go
Away!

John Capraro

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MY DEAR
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So I know you will never
Go
Away!

Patrick Franks

HI

You have some good ideas
 Write them down
 Let's hear them
 Do expound
 Just, as you do
 Put at least one foot down
 Nail it to the floor
 Or
 Staple it to a coffee table
 Or
 Jamb it, underneath a door
 With your insight and your wisdom
 Your head might come too near to the clouds
 I'm not sarcastic, not making fun of you
 (It's that if you don't do what you say
 A perception of you can turn out quite a
 different way)
 All that I mean to say is with your head up in the
 atmosphere
 as you go about your rounds
 --Even if you sit--
 Just keep something on the ground!

TWO

I saw two doves today

They sat together
 And neither flew away

I saw two doves today

It wasn't much

They were not in flight
 Nor did they play

I just saw two doves today;
 And thought of you.

The Philosophy of Poetry

It is how it's put
 It is how it is said
 Little of tongue
 Mostly of heart
 But
 Crafted, a bit
 From some sudden muse
 Of some sudden start
 Of some sudden thought
 That seemed to just
 Grab hold of your head

Diana Hage

WHAT HAPPENED?

Did all the right things,
 Led a moral life,
 But What Happened?
 Sacrificed for those in need,
 Fulfilled my obligations,
 Did not desert my loved ones,
 Then what - ?
 What Happened?

Life can be so unpredictable,
It lifts you up then drops you down,
And we think, should we keep going?
Or take the high road and not look behind.
So after all is said and done
Upon reflection, did we give too much?
Is it wrong to expect gratitude?
What Happened?

I REMEMBER ...

Many sad times, many happy times,
But more importantly - I remember
My mind is as sharp as a needle
As it plays back into nostalgia
The main characters have left the scene,
And forsaken me, abandoned me
All alone.
But then I look at life as a book
I am writing the final chapters
My legacy will be one of optimism
Carry on my children,
Carry on my tradition
Love, Honesty, Respect
Live life to the hilt!

Amber Heery

True Definition

I can't move you with my voice,
or make you see what you don't want to.
I can't fill your heart with joy,
or tell you what the meaning behind your life is.

I can't make you understand that not everything
can be defined,
but I CAN tell you that with life+love, nothing
ever really is wrong.
I can't make you see the beauty in everyday,
but I CAN tell you that it's good
to take things slow sometimes.
I CAN look forward to the future with an open mind,
but to relive my past-i can never.
Our hearts and minds need to be left open, but
let the eyes close, for it's only our actions
that tell others what we are.
But, what is the cause behind my actions?
Who knows the True Definition of what we believe?
What we seek for in our lives for them to be
complete?
Who knows?
For... all i can tell you...
is what i can define.

Tick-Tock

Time passes, you can't slow it down.
No matter how hard you try-it will always be around.
So, make every minute count-because each second is
priceless.
The most important things in life will make you
think, "You could never buy this."
Life is a treasure chest-waiting for you to find the
key, of love.
Once it is opened, you will cherish each moment, as
if it is your last-
and flying away on a dove.
But time passes, it's never slowed down.
And no matter how hard you try- it will always come
around.

Linda F. Hicks

Dynamics of Self-Destruction

A hideous green is jealousy-
Sickening to the eye
Coveting hearts fill with despise
Hatred builds Lucifer's enterprise

Healing Process

Hurt
Tired
Crying over it-
Movin' on

Christian Ponderings

O' Keeper of the Sparrow, I ponder,
"Shall I sin and trust in grace, or
Continue to pursue integrity?"
My cheeks are bloody from turning one to the other,
My tongue cleaves to my mouth-
I am choking on unspoken words
Sensual pleasures I ignore
Daily I take not your revenge

O' Keeper of the Sparrow, Where are you?
Tight and narrow is your path
Open wide my heart to love your way
Send your breath, strengthen me
Help me not retreat

John Kelly

A Poem of Impossibilities (Inspired by the movie "Alice In Wonderland")

That pink elephant that you saw the other night
after you had too many drinks knocks on your door
one day selling Avon cosmetics

The can of green beans sitting on your shelf talks
to you and yells, "WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU
EATING!!!" when you are eating a Whopper hamburger

When walking on a warm spring night it rains real
glittery diamonds and you forget to keep any

Sitting on the edge of a country river on a cool
summer's night and a green river frog hops next to
you and says, "Got any stock tips?"

A thousand daisies bloom brightly and dance the hula
in your backyard to celebrate the first day of
spring

Following the brightest color of a rainbow and
actually finding the end

Julie Moffitt

THE PATH

All the roads that are traveled require COURAGE
Having COURAGE helps one weather all of life's
storms

And when the soul sings there is HAPPINESS and JOY
When there is true JOY it can only birth great LOVE
LOVE is a gift that can't be bought but given over and
over again

The greatest gift in life is HOPE which is always there

to reach for
And HOPE brings FAITH that leads towards a path out
of darkness.

WINTER SONG

Shades of gray move across the sky as winter moves
in
A blanket of snow covers the earth as it sleeps
Ice glistens on the branches of trees and shines
brightly as a diamond
The wind blows and snow swirls creating it's own
winter ghost
The light of day slowly slips into the dark of night
All is quiet as winter sings its song

William H. Murphy

Love Echoes: A Builder's Dream

On these happy hearts I will build my family,
And my love will echo through the ages.
Love Echoes

Brave first words: Not a baron's hall of stilted
hanging portraits,
Instead, a symphony of singing strings.
Vibrations do not echo,
Lovingly, lovely, laughter lets us echo.
Love Echoes

Silt, from the happy heart at flood stage,
Renews, so give them their days of flowered field
They will listen on the valley floor
For the wind of the mountain laurel
And be completed by it.

Shining eyes reflect- Echoing.
Love Echoes

Traceless tears, tracing letters in the trackless sand
Ask, do they understand the builder's dream:
Each generation playing tag with the next,
So that mirrored, smiling faces go echoing through
the nations.
Love Echoes

Jean Orleans

My Child

I have loved you from the moment of conception
As you and I shared each precious breath
Our hearts then beat in perfect unison
My love for you grew and engulfed my soul
So small, so dependent, so vulnerable
My special treasure only I could hold
Never again to be alone, separate
How warm, how fulfilling a joining
I felt your tears, I felt your laughter
As you felt my most inward feelings
Me your protective outward casing
You my deepest most secretive creation
My surprise to unfold for me to see
Your parting time came much too soon
My body shed its share of tears
Now to hold you in a different way
To enjoy the taste and smell of you
Someone so new, so fresh, so innocent
To share with, my love of life

Echoes

I bring you to my nurturing soft breast
 For the warmth and comfort of a human touch
 I let you in to share my contentment
 Walk softly on the tender ground that lies inside
 Let yourself rest inside my inward peace
 A momentary shield against the turmoil of life
 Each second is like a precious breath
 Filling us with a sweet refreshing essence
 Do not look for what is to come
 Just allow each moment's beauty to unfold
 A fantasy just barely touched
 To pack away for a future day
 When is a private moment
 A smile may cross a weathered face
 Listening to the happy echoes of laughter
 Reflecting from a sharing heart

Rachel Quinn

Forever and Always

As these tears of bitter agony fall down my cheeks,
 I think of you. I think of all the memories we
 share, the good and the bad. I think of all the
 pain, there is a lot of it, some you have caused me
 and some, I have caused you. But the battles have
 been fought. Not a white flag in here or there. We
 are stronger than that or we pretended to be, at
 least. The bad thing about pretending is that when
 it comes to war pretending doesn't get you far at
 all. That is what happened to us. You said and
 promised you would be here for me forever and
 always. Well it hasn't been forever so where are
 you? It hasn't been always, I need you.

For that little bit of time you were my sunshine
 even when it was raining. Then one day my sun
 started fading. I thought you were just hiding
 behind a normal little white fluffy cloud; little
 did I know that, that little white cloud would turn
 into a deadly storm. One strong enough to tear down
 our castle and cause this war. If I would have known
 I would have run and taken cover to save myself from
 all the pain it caused. But I am stubborn so I
 didn't leave even when more warning signs started to
 appear out of the darkness. The clearer they became
 the stronger I seemed to stand my land and not move
 a muscle. I didn't want our happiness to end. I
 thought you were my forever and always...

Moving On

Once upon a time, you were mine,
 We agreed to be there for each other, rain or shine,
 Happiness or pain,
 All the emotions, even insane.
 You held me tight when I cried,
 I loved you when part of you practically died.
 When the world tore us apart,
 We both searched tirelessly for a new start.
 I couldn't tell you if what we had was lust or love,
 But wherever you seemed to be, I found the dove.
 You always brought me happiness and joy,
 Like a child opening a brand new toy.
 Especially the afternoon on that little hill.
 When you were sad, I loved you still.
 We grew farther and farther apart,
 And I just stood there as it was breaking my heart.
 All I could do was run and hide,
 I vowed to never again let anyone inside.
 It seemed pointless, to go through all this pain,
 Without even the slightest of gain.
 Now we have been there through all these points,
 high and low,

And people have seemed to just come and go,
But you stayed by my side,
And I felt like I never needed to hide, on this
crazy ride.
The thing is I can't seem to get you out of my mind
And you just seem to be leaving me behind.
So after all we have been through,
I need to move on from you.

I found someone new.
It wasn't too hard to do.
I just opened my eyes,
And to my surprise,
He was right by my side,
Arms outstretched, ready to guide.
He has a heart of solid gold
While mine is just ice cold.
He likes me, for who I am,
Looks, personality, humor, and all that jam.
With him, I never have to hide,
These emotions that happen to lurk inside.
This guy deals with me,
And he seems to do it happily.
I have moved on from you,
Can't you see we are through?

My brain seems to be wired
To tell you all I ever desired.
This is bad,
But this new feeling is making me glad.
This proves I can be happy after you,
And all the mounds of crap we have struggled
through.
The feelings I have had for you,
Have tirelessly puzzled me through and through,
I am done being hurt,
So I know this is curt,
But this is what has to be done,
So I can again see the sun.

You had me under your spell,
But dear I do wish you well.
I will always be there for you,
I will keep my promise true.
But we are only now friends my dear
Please open your ears so you can hear,
I am moving on.

Sal Rivera

MARIELLE

Can't wait to see you: our beautiful daughter
As you're being formed inside your mother
We have yet to meet you
But we crazy about you
I sometimes can't believe you're here
The other day: as I held your little socks, in my
eyes there were tears
Both I and your mom are extremely excited
Beyond words: delighted
I know you're going to have a lot of hair
Your mom's a hairstylist: you're in good hands
Kind of like Allstate: no matter your state
We'll be there every step of the way
At times no words can say
How happy we are: you're our superstar
Marielle Marissa Rivera
We longed for you: quite long
In our hearts, there's a new song
Truly, it's true: We love you
Our sweet babygirl
Our precious pearl
Can't wait to hold you in my arms
Your daddy will protect you from harm: with his
charm

I saw your feet, hands and heart
At the ultrasound: I was dumbfounded
Your mom cried: your legs open wide
It's a girl: our Tinkerbelle
Marielle

Family: Finally (Thanksgiving 2009)

Finally: a family to call your own
Knowing they have your best interest at heart:
whether you're home or somewhere else
Family is like nothing else

You're a part of me & I'm a part of you
No matter where we go: I'll never part from you
You seen me since I was born
Been there for me when torn
You come in the form of a: mother, father,
sister, brother & so much more
You're in my heart: close to me like pores
To you there's no end: my life long friend
Finally: the epitome of a Family

A bond like no other
They all can leave, but we got each other
The precise enterprise of a family
or should I say familia
This is beyond cultural boundaries
The same is defined in all countries
Like yarn knitted into a beautiful quilt
You all accepted me like your own: so this is
heartfelt
Family
F - father
A - aunt

M - mother
I - me
L - love
Y - you all

Aaron Robertson

Pale Blue Eyes

All I see is your pale blue eyes
A sullen whisper, a rumbling groan
There you are, in my heart
Nothing more, than a song
How could you, be so cruel
As to see, my heart you rule
Do you know, how it feels
To see, what is no longer real
I cannot, imagine why
You would be so damn wry
What is it, that makes you sing
That song up on the mountain,
Heavenly embrace, majestic and suave,
Beauty that skips a beat, that makes my heart...
grow chilled
Let it take you, let it take you
Now close your eyes
See what you do not
Open your ears
Hear what is distraught
Dance in sunlight, never glance away
See what God has done, to take your breath away
He gave me you...oh how I love
To hear your song, of pale blue eyes
Pale and blue, now gone askew
A fate so cruel, unearthly to bear

The beats of life, count one, two, three
 And then you're gone, no more mine
 Return to the dust, you must for all
 In the sky, you sing, I hear
 It rains and my eyes open
 My ears close and I hear no more
 I see what I want, I cannot bear
 A love so strong, words are not well
 Unite so swift, we cannot tell
 My ears are closed, and then my eyes
 My senses yours, my spirit guides
 Happy once again, my love in sight
 Your pale blue eyes
 Once again mine

Flow

Shining of light, miraculous glare in an abyssal mute
 A single rasp of breath brings forth perfection and
 a dulcet melody rings
 Timeless quality. The first we have ever known, the
 last we would willingly refute Creatures of the
 clouds, the grass, the waves...graceful and fearsome
 Made fine by the hand of God, corrupt by our own

Progression

Stand mighty in the eyes of man, answer to the Judge
 of your might
 We slay and we slander, yet still we march on
 Upright are those in the favor of God. One hand that
 is to guide you. The other to nurture.
 They utter and inquire 'What is the greatest sin?'
 There is no such thing If sin is to be great, are we
 to be defeated? If strife runs over land, are we to
 care no more?

God is a surrogate. He loves those who cannot find
 it in themselves
 God is a protector. He shields those who cannot
 fight
 God is a shelter. He welcomes those that have no
 more
 God is a musician. Orchestrator of amicable life,
 conductor of cordial spirit, mellifluous mercy
 As I write this poem, I laugh at the injustice of my
 words
 But He hears. You are better to whisper than to
 unctuously pronounce His name.

Progression

The cycle of our existence moves with a flow that
 transcends time
 As we go, as we grasp our prideful smirks and
 prodigal praises, let us be liaisons of an undying
 love.
 A love that is with us to the marrow of our bones

Progression

Andy Schuck

Artifact, part I

Burning it creates white smoke and a crackly noise
 Opening it makes a zip sound while it moves from
 side to side
 You might be able to hear a little smack
 then it makes a huge crack noise
 Its light pink tray is about two inches in height
 When you shake it, the inside makes a rustling noise
 Sounds like combing nappy hair
 when you write on i

It too is a rather large magnet
 It smells like a newspaper
 They make squeaky sounds
 It's a hollow sound as with a wooden bat
 It makes no sound unless you twist it up and hit
 something
 without being connected to the oxygen machine
 It shows it helps it tells it lowers
 Its clear long tube splits off into two smaller
 tubes
 It doesn't make a noise when it's not stretched out
 It makes a clanking sound when touched
 This is placed between the legs to help one
 just use the arms
 They are for everyone's safety as well as the
 sake of organization
 It smells like paper and tastes like it as well
 It makes people enjoy their food more
 It is round in shape with iron legs to stand on
 Children do not get hurt badly if they happen to get
 hit by one
 They can make no sounds
 They can learn colors and words by playing with
 dinosaurs
 It also has a little picture of a pumpkin on the top
 The top has a plug which helps prevent spills
 It adds to the Halloween festivities
 It's a big attention getter
 They pop out from the surface like small hills
 It feels cool and refreshing, but really there is no
 taste
 So many people drink it
 The front is written out with little yellow stars
 which makes it easier to move around freely
 although you cannot see the wood underneath
 Only the border is circular

John Smolinski

Feet First

Mom's dying spreads like ivy.
 Consciousness washes in
 and out again.
 She requests cremation.
 "Do they put you in feet or head first?"
 The tide rolls out,
 she slips back into trance.
 Two o'clock in the morning
 hollers my name.
 My sister charges, bedside.
 Mom unruffled, angelic.
 False alarm.

I sit rocking in a chair
 beside the death bed,
 back and forth, nervous energy,
 hold and stroke her hand.
 The sullen quiet makes me drowsy,
 I doze off.
 Fitful dream of an erratic merry-go-round.
 Mom opens her eyes, squeezes my hand.
 "Hard to be born, hard to die."
 I think she's busy unraveling life.

She is present and she's not.
 It is the inner screen mom watches,
 invisible program she views.
 I tell her how Sally, a poet I knew
 died and floated above her body.
 Summoned down a dark tunne
 to the presence of a blinding light,

ecstatic, she was about to enter
when a lilting voice whispered, "Return."
"Go for the light mom."
Her plain expression comes alive.
"That's next week."

Hospice says she is in the last stage.
"I think your mom predicted accurately."
Ties to this realm loosen fast.
The phone rings.
Susan tells me our mother has
unfolded her wings.

Mom, the funeral home says
cremation is feet-first.
No-one has ever asked that question before.

*The Myth Of Us
(A Language tale)*

We were the best of enemies
Pushing opposable thumbs
Into each other's eyes

You were the thirty-first of October
In the dawning of November
Thrust in bone white couture

Leaving no trace to come
Of what would be the end of day
The veniality of grace

Bullets between Eden
And bedlam burning
Witness of the twin flames

And the magic circle
At the scent of water she
Would pirouette and proclaim

Red meat cures
The devil endures
Riding a coal age horse

I will steal softly
Among everyday people
Offering a false lucent dream

Promise of amber wave
Collector of hearts and names
Of the dead spoken in ictus

You coldly stalk
The last hint of innocence
With the tenderness of wolves

Our lady of the lost and confounded
Not quite a blushing bride as a
Jury judging a blind mirror

This is the myth of us:
We pushed the rock sideways
Over the edge and onto ourselves

Cheryl Vatcher-Martin, M.A

St. Patrick's Day Fun

Shades of green on display
Painted faces enjoy the day
Masked in glory, they attend a play

A field of leprechaun dreams marching
In the St. Patty's Day Parade, celebrating
One's heritage and perhaps a tall glass
Of beer;
Others prefer the mint green chocolate,
Or the freshly scooped evergreen colored
Vanilla ice-cream.
An Irish holiday, perhaps,
Yet the spirit rises in those who want
To reminisce about the old potato farmers.
Interesting enough, The Ides Of March,
And St. Patrick's Day, nary a couple of days
Apart.

Haiku

eternal love lasts
forever and a day now
wishful thinking for most

Haiku

love poems don't rhyme
Valentine's inspiration
magical releas

Shari Welch

Elevator

Why is it when people are in the elevator they all
look up
Conversation is taboo --- no one takes the time to
speak.

Illuminating numbers moving up top is what we
seek.
Ring ring floor 2 --- doors open --- straight
ahead
Time to go. Filing out in order and not a word to be
said.
People exiting through the door and some coming on
board.
Doors close---in motion---moving upward to the next
floor.
Some people look down at their toes, checking out the
latest footwear.
Anything to avoid eye contact or conversation. Oh no we
don't dare.
Looking up- looking down- keeping our personal space
intact.
Just like this small elevator, everything is overwhelmingly
compact.
Ring ring floor 3- doors open and the same ritual takes
place.
This elevator does absolutely nothing for the human
race.

Wrong Way

Going down this road is not the right
one.
A dark cloud seems to be looming along this
run.
These eerie, illogical events take place without a
warning.
As if the clouds decided to open up --- letting out
it's storming.
A coincidence of déjà vu --- we have been here
before.
Let's learn from this foggy experience before leaving out
of this door.
Going the wrong way is obvious at this point
in time.

Taking the road less traveled may just bring some peace
of mind.

Tamika Wilson

Reality

What is it?
Is it waking up every day?
Is it the birth of a child?
No one really knows.
Reality is seen through the eyes of the beholder.
But it can become blurred.
Reality is one person's myth of one's truth.

College Life

Michael Sikes
Had classes on Monday,
Ran nude on Tuesday,
Coughed on Wednesday,
Felt worse on Thursday,
Green slime oozed out of his body on Friday,
Prayed for death on Saturday,
Took medicine on Sunday,
This was the week
For Michael Sikes.

Magnetic Poetry
from
the Young Adult Blackboard
and
Adult Reference Display





