

Fear Is ...

Fear is shivering souls pleading to be freed.
from the death of darkness
or the chains of sin.

Fear is alone yet surrounded by the screaming silence.
of a world never travelled
but plagued with footprints.

Fear is the sensation of peace in the coming
blocked by towering walls
and mazes of serpents.

Fear is unforeseen by the conscious mortal eye;
a hollow place within the soul
with its barrier ajar.

Fear exists where the unknowns are alive and aware
of the brave and the bold
who can soon be leased in.

Lifeless
Still
Dead
I lie
No coffin,
No satin,
No comfort,
Can't see,
Can't move
Can't scream.
Only listen
To the laughing
For eternity.
As I lie
Lifeless
Still
Dead.

Shanna Ramsay
1989

Finale

Shanna Ramsay

The Jester's Tears

The jester stood amidst the royal
autumn trees.

His tears fell like a shower of
animated dead leaves.

His colorful soul writhed in pain, the
picture in which he lived seemed insane.

The dark sun int he sky, which shone
through the light rain,

It seemed as though reflecting his
'Masters' wreak of shame.

And soon he'd have to cheer his
Masters' conquest of fear.

The court was growing restless,
clarions began to fluster.

Evil, Greed, and Jealousy so dark
presently needed their jester.

So he went unable to abstain,
his Masters' wreak of pain.

Shawn

Hot sand
slips softly
between my toes.

It comforts
but does not replace
the empty space
next to me in the sand

Your outline, still fresh
in the sand,
fades slowly,
as the hours fly by unnoticed.

Eventually, the water returns,
engulfing your vanishing remainder
as the wet blanket sluggishly
covers me,
my trance is broken
And I stand.

Pausing briefly, I stare
at the incoming tide.
Hesitantly, I move away,
wondering if the tide
will ever go back out.

Tim Wartman