

SKETCHES Of Thought

transient

we always held hands
on the beach
seagulls looked at us
in the sky
clouds formed question marks
in gossamer fibers
love floated away

Benny

October Death

The flames wrap themselves around my arms,
Licking at my wrists, making me
Hiss in anguish, and pop in disgust.
I lay burning in a man-made hell.

My ashes spread about me;
I sigh, and scatter into eternity.

Bob Gray

Upon Dying...

I will fly to the sea
And frolic with the coral,
Awaiting the time when
I will mingle with the serene cobwebs
Of an Eternal Spider
Whose chamber houses few flies.

Tony Scullion

Solitude

Standing on a hill above the land,
My eyes strayed to the valley far below;
In stately pines the wind was murmuring low,
And desolation filled my lonely mind
As the sinking sun crept down behind
The mountain. While slowly in the fading glow,
The shadows fell and the sky turned indigo;
And loneliness was all that I could find.

But even as my weary eyes climbed high
I saw, still in the warm and rosy light,
A tiny silver speck, and heard the drone
Made by the plane, immobile in the sky;
And thought how much more lonely he must be,
So high above the earth and so alone.

Michael Read

YAK

Long-haired
humped
grunting
wild
or
domesticated
ox
of
Tibet

Daniel Webster