

# Imaginations



## Within

Vast land before us  
Thorn trees, brush, grass  
Out of nowhere  
Trumpets sound  
Thundering feet  
Flapping ears  
Eyes flashing  
The magnificent animal appears  
Splendor, glory fills the air.  
The Real King  
His kingdom surrounds us.  
We are his subjects  
Standing in awe  
Bird perched on his back  
The court jester  
His queen follows behind  
Little prince in tow.  
We are invisible to him  
He glides past  
Trumped up glory  
Follows him  
Magnificent King  
Returns to the court

--Victoria

## "A new beginning"

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,"  
A learned wiseman once wrote.  
But the question, I'm sure, can be simply dismissed  
For the effect of the words end all hope.

"I Love thee more than words can say"  
"I Love thee more than hearts convey"

All this and more, I could say to you  
If only my purpose was for you to woo.  
For what is such love, when the heart is not ready  
To talk things through, to commit, to be steady.

We loved, we hated, we acted out of spite  
Yet love, sweet love, was with us each night.  
We did all we could, we tried to love true  
We cried ourselves sick when we knew it was through.

"It's my fault, it's your fault" we roared to deaf ears  
Yet no single fault was the source of our tears.  
Our efforts were flawed, we just went too fast  
The fights, the greed, the pain- our past.

Our stars may yet shine, again in their spheres  
But together, still together, will we blaze through the years.  
And as our hearts grow, to ourselves we stay true  
May our love stand the test, and in us, start anew.

So the question is not, "How do I love thee?"  
For actions, not words, are undoubtedly the key.

--Craig Blair

## Pain

Pain constantly pursues a person through their entire existence.

Is pain, discovering for the first time the stitches you received as a small child, and your Mother telling you how stupid you were because of her affection for you.

Is pain, the hurt you inflict on somebody, and then realizing how much you injured that person emotionally.

Is pain, watching your closest friend unable to support his wife and child because of hard times and the way he accepts life stoically.

Is pain, not being able to make a person laugh, or find some word of encouragement because you're selfishly having a bad day.

Is pain, tripping into a door because you find yourself staring at a woman.

Is pain, the ability to perceive good in a person, rather than the bad.

Is pain, seeing your father suffer a heart attack for the second time.

Is pain, the indifference to enjoying the simple pleasures in life, like jogging early in the morning while the sun is rising, and realizing how nice it is to be alive.

Is pain, seeing the poverty, bigotry, class divisions, and brutality that permeate society.

Is pain, being unable to appreciate how deliciously a woman's hair is spread across your chest in the morning, and watching the rays of sun filter through her hair magnificently.

Is pain, realizing the mistakes you've made or pangs of regret that distract your thoughts every now and again.

Finally, is pain not just something that you can never escape from, but somehow alleviating the discomfort by simply making a person smile.

--G. Anderson