

# Imaginations

## Memories

by JACK D. PROUD

With careful and unintentional steps, I found myself by the abandoned train station we must have passed a hundred times.

As I crushed out my half-smoked cigarette with the heel of my favourite shoes, I heard your voice with the same wavering force as always.

My stomach and heart felt unguarded as they leaped in unison with me at the sound of my name. I closed my eyes and as I turned around, for a brief moment, nothing else mattered. A thousand pictures turned chaotically in my paralysed mind.

I recalled our bright summer days together, our many walks through the calm autumn forest, and those cold winter nights by the fire, which not only burned radiant in our hearts, but our souls as well. I relived our spring picnics in the lush meadows behind the old farm by the river, where we met and fell in love.

Although we spoke of our love only once, it was enough to quench our thirst for a lifetime. I also recalled the morning you left. Your raven hair fell softly over your almost perfect face and seemed to dance when touched by the golden sun, which had just arisen, as if it knew of your departure.

I cannot remember what was said; it didn't matter. I can only remember the mist in my cold eyes as your gentle gaze met mine for the last time. I also recalled thinking this scene was from a movie we saw together, but I couldn't remember the name, and it still alludes me. Then you were gone.

These memories of you, like pictures in a scrapbook, took a lifetime to assemble, but only a moment to view.

Just like the candle I light every night since our parting flickers with the breeze coming from the open crack in my window, so did my heart as I opened my eyes, and as they searched for yours, they filled with that familiar stinging mist as before.

Was it my heart that deceived me, or the wind taunting me?

As I walked onward, I felt as though we had shared these moments over again, as was suddenly terrified to leave the spot where I heard your voice and my name.

I venture out to that old abandoned train station almost every

day now, still wearing my favourite shoes, in hopes the playful wind will duplicate your voice just one more time

I think I'll leave earlier tomorrow.

## Believing

by ALANA JARVIS

Take a look around us,  
tell me what you see.  
Do you know the answers?  
on what we should believe

Life is going nowhere,  
it seems like time is standing still.  
What happened to the love and care?  
Where is the end of this hill?

They preach "Make Love, Not War"  
and to give a helping hand  
Tell me what we are fighting for?  
Watch us, as we destroy our hand.

I'll take a look around here  
and tell you what I see,  
People that disguise this fear,  
and deny what they really believe ...

## Truth

by ALANA JARVIS

Do stories begin from the hurt  
or just from others who like to blurt  
I don't know, maybe both  
either way it's a very sad joke

He said that; and she told me  
it's all a vicious circle, can't you see  
the truth, this way, we will never receive  
because it all becomes what your made to believe

It's your own mind, so try to use it.  
Don't be always letting others abuse it  
Someday we'll find the truth shining through  
by remembering that words are not always true