

An Ocean Night

Alone I descend the rarely used path,
Down to the ocean below;
I listen to the waves lapping along the shore,
And marvel at how the wind can blow.
I sit along the water's edge,
And let the tide wash over me;
I listen to the wandering gulls,
And gaze outward at the unending sea.
A ship slips by,
Heading into the sunset;
Its sailors head out to their only home,
As their destinies and the ocean's call have met.
Twilight arrives, and the stars twinkle,
While underneath, the sea is frolicking;
I crawl up onto a bank and drift asleep,
Not willing til morning to leave my cozy lodging.



A Parting of the Ways

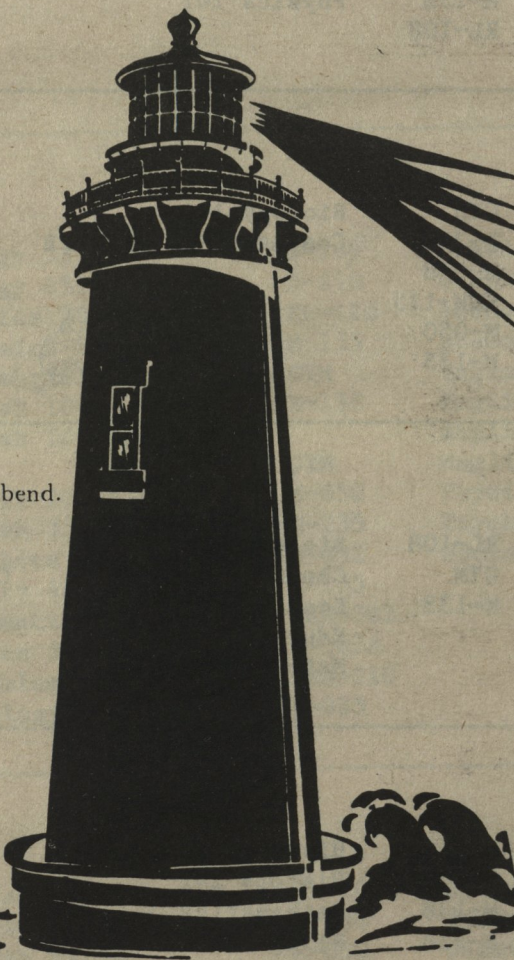
She says, "I'm sorry; it's over,"
While he sits in shocked silence;
They gaze out at the sea,
As the boat ploughs through the waves.
He thinks of their current passage through the sea,
To reach another point of land;
He compares this sea passage to their relationship,
For they had once been deeply in love.
For two years they had courted,
And had studied, gorged, and cried together;
But just as the land behind them dimmed,
So too did their love for each other.
She developed other interests and new friends,
While he did not notice her lack of affection;
Until now, when she had said, "I'm sorry,
But I don't love you anymore."
The foghorn blows,
And thick mist envelops them;
Though this fog hardly penetrates,
His already confused mind.
He mutters, "Why? When?
What have I done?"
She says, "Nothing."
It was not your fault. Things have changed."
"I love you!" he pleads,
"I'm sorry!" she cries.
They reach port,
And the great ship dock;
They walk together to the land,
Then face each other for the last time.
She kisses him,
And promises, "I'll always remember you."
The fog envelops her,
As he says, "Goodbye..."
He hears the car approaching,
And blinks into the night;
The car's lights pick up his old love,
But the car does not slow up.
He cries, "Look out ' in terror,

But it is too late;
The drunk driver never slows.
And cuts short her heartrending screech.
He runs to her side,
And yells for help;
She asks for his forgiveness,
And thanks him for his kindness.
He pleads with her to hold on,
But she cannot obey;
He kisses her brow on last time,
And curses the day he was born.

"Somewhere Around the Bend"

by Wendell Blackett.

He was a little man with one giant hope.
She was a lady who always thought she could cope.
Now his world has drifted into yesterday.
Her eyes no longer shine for the passionate play.
His wife feeds him no passionate kisses.
Her husband never ceases his screams and hisses.
His world of faded memories won't leave him alone.
Her deepest wish is for a new king for the throne.
Rainy nights won't hide the tears they both have shed.
Broken hearts and faded dreams are what they take to bed.
One day they both decided to part their spouses.
They were sick and tired of their lonely houses.
The two found each other in a dreary park.
They began to speak to each other until the night was dark.
At last a fading moment saw their loneliness end.
They knew they would meet again to talk; somewhere around the bend.



Close by the Door

Close by the door he paused to stand
As he took his class ring off her hand.
All who watched did not dare speak
As a silent tear ran down his cheek.
All through his mind the memories ran
Of the times they laughed and walked hand in hand.
Now her eyes were terribly cold
He would never again have her hand to hold.
All stood silent as he bent near
And whispered the words "I love you" in her ear.
He kissed her cheek and wanted to die
But all he could do was stand there and cry.
And just as the wind began to blow
They lowered her casket into the snow.
This is what happens to so many lives
When friends let friends drink and drive.



Author Unknown