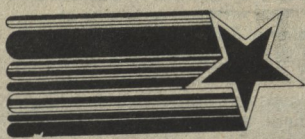




The Tide of Life

They scramble to their refuge
with a sense of security
bored or maybe not
with shallow thoughts – perhaps deep
thinking – hopefully loving
wondering what lay before them
on a superficial sheet of paper.
Their worries are many
but truly only few
as they stare out a clear window
with vagueness and wait for the next call.
As they gaze they rest their feet upon a brown desk
watching time thinking of it like a tide
and learning to control the waves of life.
Time ends and they carry their leather day in hand
careful not to bruise it
as they bring their thoughts home to their other safe place.
They stare again and the unification of minds
crosses their own leaving trails of unanswered questions
having abstract conclusions
creating frustration.
The answer seems trivial
but truthfully momentous
occurring sporadically but still occurring
creating a real answer that they know but do not reveal.
They go on existing for their day
hopefully for other days
waiting for the next day
perhaps regretting dawn.
Darkness falls and the tide recedes
and they dream of what they pondered
dreaming of loving others – hoping for a good life.
by Scott Maynard



Second Date

By: Malcolm Gorrill

She urgently combs her hair,
And spill some of her perfume;
She realizes he will soon arrive,
And combs her hair once again.
A week ago, she had hardly cared,
Whether this fellow lived or died;
But now she feels quite attracted to him,
And hopes to make a good impression.
She hears his car,
And rushes out of her room;
She falls down the stairs
And Tangles up her hair—do.
He helps her into the car,
And they depart upon their second date;
They come across a car stuck in snow,
and offer to help.

For the Little Brunette

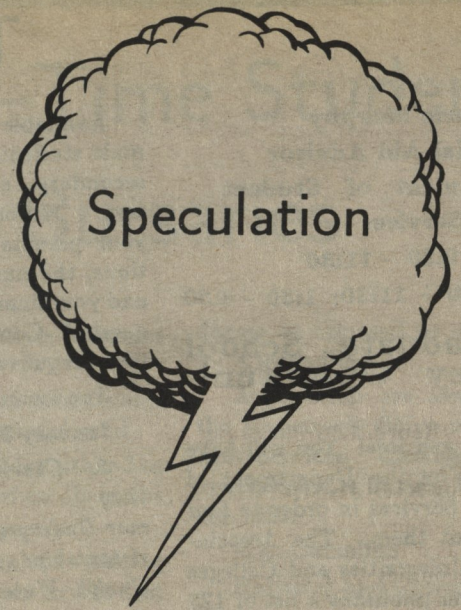
by Paul Madryga
For a while, it was pure ecstasy
The fact that I had exceeded my own confidence
Was thrilling enough
But my heart and I were cartwheeling
when you said “yes”.
Neither of us saw the dagger in you belt.
The desire to find happiness is not a fault
So it isn't in my power to blame you
Nor can I fault him, for the same reason.
He had a head start; what could I do
Besides turn my gaze elsewhere? I did so; nevertheless,
The cartwheeling crashed to a halt
When I saw the weapon unsheath itself
You were with him in a remote corner
When it found your grasp and the found my heart.
Just as you had done earlier
You held the steel, but you didn't wield it.
You didn't have to.
I fell on it.

The Other Side.

You walk aimlessly,
With no future ahead,
Everything appears distant,
You are all alone.
No-one to listen to your problems,
Nobody who cares,
No person to share feelings with,
You are all alone.
Your mind is made up,
You enter the rat-race,
You have to make a name for yourself,
So you won't be alone.
You become one with the confusion,
And discover a new you,
You meet others like yourself,
Who are feeling alone.
You graduate with honours,
From lifes biggest test,
When suddenly you realize,
That you are NEVER alone!
— The Union Jack. —

They push the car out of the snow,
But then discover a flat tire;
She grabs the jack out of the trunk,
But clumsily drops it onto her date's foot.
He fixes the tire,
But becomes quite tired;
They return to her house,
So that he can rest and meet her family.
The father meets them, and says
“So you're the young man
Who's been making my daughter neglect her studies.”
“Oh, no sir!”, he pleads. “I...uh...”
“Our Daughter is yet quite young,”
The mother confides;
“I'm sure that I don't know,
Just what she sees in you.”

Speculation



Another cameraman and a lady
With a concerned look on her face
asking questions and speculating
on the cause.
“He was a quiet person,” they answer,
as she gropes for some tiny thread
to separate him from the rest of us.
“He was a different sort,” she announces
reassuringly that night to an entire nation.
“He wasn't around a lot,” they tell her,
but she looks deep into the camera lens
with big, honest eyes and confesses that
“He didn't like anyone and the feeling
was mutual.”
“He must've been on drugs,” some guy says
“...or retarded,” another smirks,
as he raises a coffee cup to his lips.
“the girl was forced to do it,” one lady
asserts, then asks, “What was her name, anyway?”
Everyone talks with boundless enthusiasm,
hoping to uncover his motive for doing
such a horrible thing.
No one knows, except one person,
and none of us took the time to find out why.
Everyone's speculating, wanting to know,
but no one ever asked.
VB



He is then introduced,
to his date's younger sister;
“Ah, don't tell me, Sis,
That you've brought home another nerd!”
They watch TV for a while,
And talk about their courses;
At 9:30, he prepares to leave,
And she walks outside with him.
They confess their love for each other,
and gaze up at the blue moon;
He points to a star, and promises,
To always think of her whenever it shone.
He says goodbye,
She says adieu;
One single star silently shines,
Bearing witness to a new love born.