

## Poetry corner

Getting myself through the day  
Is not the hardest part.  
It's when the lights go out  
That the tears begin to start.

Slowly, then more rapidly  
They come without an end.  
Like raindrops on a window  
Down my face they do descend.

They seem to come so easily.  
When I'm alone and in the dark,  
My fears begin to multiply  
Leaving behind their mark.

I'm so afraid of the darkness  
It never lets me sleep  
My mind never has a chance to rest.  
It makes me worry and weep.

I wish I did not have to end  
My every day with night.  
I think that very soon  
I'm going to die from fright.

-By GBM

### Mute Reality

by Steve Aller

I see him there, his eyes inspecting my face, my bloodshot eyes, my unshaven chin. He disapproves. He's been doing that a lot lately. We're best friends, he and I, I suppose. We argue and make up, discuss what's bugging us. We've been together for as long as I can remember. I think what has kept us together for so long is the fact that we can talk freely together about anything at all. We tell each other what the other's doing wrong and hopefully how to fix the problem. But lately I don't know what his problem is. He's silent now, just watches me all the time. I'd tell him I can't help him if he doesn't talk, but he wouldn't believe me. Lately he just smiles at me as if I'm stupid or like he is too good for me. Not a real smile, mind you, rather a smirk or a grimace. I can't explain it. All I know is that he won't get very far without me, because whether he likes it or not I'm someone he has to deal with. Unfortunately, after all these years, I think I scare him. It's this fear of me that causes him to be so silent, I believe. He's afraid of me because I know everything about him and his most private thoughts and feelings. He's afraid of me because I am the closest thing to reality he knows. I really don't think he has anything to be afraid of and I don't think he should take his insecurity out on me by giving me the quiet treatment. After all, it's not my fault that I'm the face in the mirror, is it?

darkly on a crystal pony  
sultry connects in misery  
(oh, but your eyes are a separate angel lady)

i am walking through a gentle street  
in tangerine twilight  
(a casual cascading of crimson)

so lonely shaking  
endure the bells

electric figures  
the sea horse in green glass  
suspended in dreaming  
harnessing golden in mutual gallop

seen like eccentric voyeur  
in xtc hollows  
where we whisper the passion of motion

the obscure ballet  
(five naked voices dim)  
collecting mysterious  
....sensation

### THE LAKE

As the sun sets on the bounteous sea  
I look at what is in front of me.  
And I pray that it will never end,  
Because this sight would many hearts mend:

The sunlight dances across the lake  
The silence is golden and dares not to brake  
The clouds are whispered across the sky,  
Wanting to talk or a chance to try.

The water is glistening in pools of light  
Each one fading with the oncoming night.  
And as I am watching, I am filled with such peace,  
That I realize this lake has made all of my fears cease.

By Nanette Quatchak  
Feature Editor

### Time

Time goes on and things change  
Why do feelings of happiness  
Come and go, why did you leave?  
Was there something else you wanted from me?  
Did someone else have it?  
I always thought that I was enough to  
fulfill your every hope, dream, aspiration.  
But time had it's way and slipped that  
wall in between us.

Anonymous

You probably  
will never read these lines  
thinking yourself  
above the feelings of poetry

But if perchance you do  
I think you'll see  
these lines come from the heart  
to you from me

I can see you reading them  
and having a lingering doubt-  
"It could not be  
these words were meant for me!"  
But once you read them  
I hope you'll know  
It's you I'm writing about

But here is what  
I want to say-  
My feelings for you  
grow every day

Please don't ignore me  
or pretend I'm not around  
'Cause here I am  
My love waiting to be found.

--Lori

The rain streaks upon my window  
were like the words on the pages of my mind.  
And the only way to close the book  
was to pull down the grey blind.

But when the grey blind was down  
my feelings transgressed even more;  
way past the dead feeling of the rain.  
I cried. The clock struck four.

But when the clock struck four  
my feelings fell even lower;  
way below the lonely feeling of grey.  
I shuddered. The clock ticked slower.

But when the ticking crawled to a stop  
the damn silence chilled my bones;  
way past the deafening tick of time.  
The phone startled me. She called,  
"I could feel you felt alone."

by Robert Eggleston

.ambience.

courage is blind  
rationalization

fear is a private  
affair with the dark

by pecl

The snow glides softly upon the already  
frostbitten ground,  
Each flake, another wonder of the world.  
When all gathered together,  
they make a serene and beautiful sight.  
They dance like a ballerina afraid to land;  
tippy-toeing across the stage,  
daring not to break the silence.  
They've practiced their parts,  
they know them off by heart.  
No mistakes are made;  
it's a perfect performance.

-By BAN

### SPRING FEVER

I go to work every morning,  
Bring it home every night,  
I try to heed every warning,  
So my life turns out right.

I take the kids for a ride,  
Every Saturday noon,  
Watch them play in the park,  
Then a trip to the zoo.

It's off to church every Sunday,  
Ask my god for good luck,  
Then I'm back at work Monday,  
Kiss some ass for a buck.

I need a change just for kicks,  
I need a life again.  
I need a change just for kicks.

I call my wife on my lunch break,  
So she'll know I'm alright,  
She packs my lunch in a brown bag,  
So my diet stays lite.

I am a family man,  
I've got my lunch in a sack,  
I've got an I.R.A. plan,  
Stationwagon, luggage rack.

I need a change just for kicks,  
I want randomness,  
I need randomness fix.

They say that life goes by quick,  
And we know that it's true,  
But to our routines we stick,  
'Til our faces turn blue.

I've got to go for the change,  
I've got to try this life on,  
I know that things could get strange,  
But they're things that I long.

I need randomness fix,  
I want randomness,  
I want randomness fix.

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