

I Wish He Knew

by Jen

I wish he were mine
(You know who I mean)
Then all of my love
Would not go unseen.
The times I share with you
Are heaven in my eyes,
They're as beautiful as a
Sunset and a sunrise.
It's hard to explain how I feel
about you,
The caring, loving, and passion
too.
Someday you'll know
The true feelings of love,
The you'll feel like I do,
A small helpless dove.

Inside

by Brian Stone

I cannot see
Or feel
The cool soft breeze
Blowing gently
Whispering forgotten thoughts
Carrying lost memories
Or distant pasts

Poetry Contest

Poets can now enter a new poetry contest with \$11,000 in prizes. The contest, sponsored by the American Poetry Association, is open to the public and entry is free. The Grand Prize is \$1,000 and the First Prize \$500.

Poets may enter the contest by sending up to six poems, each no more than 20 lines, name and address on each page, to American Poetry Association, Dept. CT-22, 250 A Potrero Street, P.O. Box 1803, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1803. The contest remains open until June 30, to allow students ample time to enter during spring or summer break. Poets who enter early will be invited to another contest with another \$1,000 Grand Prize.

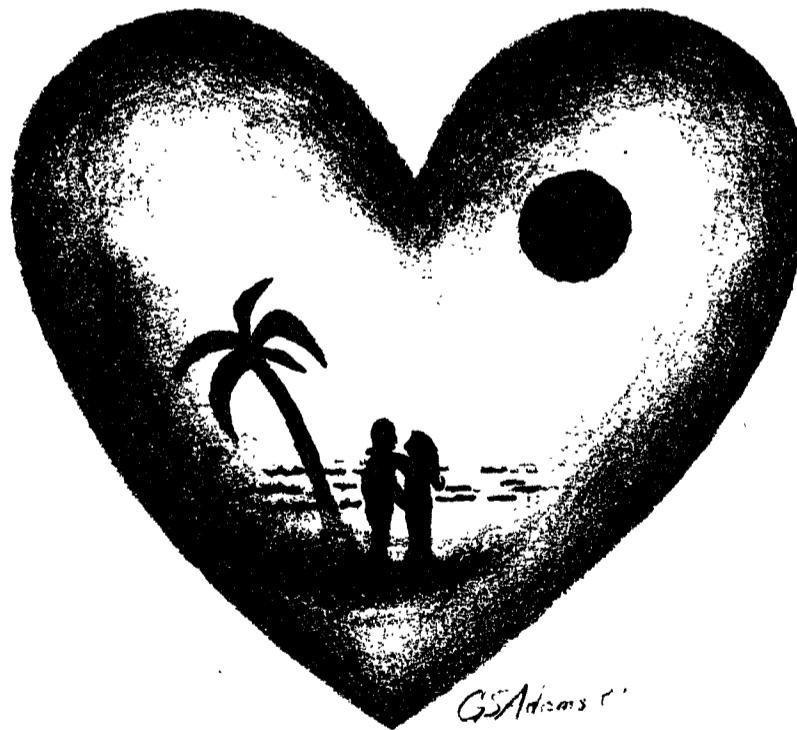
Creative

Everyone Wants to be Loved, Not All Are

anonymous

All I want is for someone to Love me.
But I have a problem with my insecurity
I haven't been shown Love from a mother
I can't remember Love from another
I've lived all my life searching for this "Love"
I cannot find it, below or above
I live my life with a sunken emptiness upon my chest
A life without Love is barely liveable at best
My self image is low, in despair I do not look
Why, because I give "Love", but no one will give it back
I try so hard, 'till I hurt deep inside
I end up with nothing, not even my

pride
Love from a family. WHAT??
What is this?
Since I was a child... not even a gentle kiss
All I can remember is hatred and fear
No one to Love me from afar or near
Even now while I am older and all grown
I still can't find Love, I'm still all alone
I do my best to be perfect, to be worthy of anyone's Love
I now believe this thing called "Love", I will never be worthy of
In my despair, death appears only relief
To a lonely life without Love.....
Constantly filled with loneliness, emptiness and grief



Feelings

by Brian Stone

On hearing you
I feel warm inside
Startled, caught unsure
Tripping on my thoughts
But gentle words
Pique my ears
And ease my tensions
Comfort overwhelming

A glimpse of you
My thoughts are flown
On gossamer wings
Dreams with in dreams come true
A golden shining truth
Outlines a soft, white cloud
Passing lazily
On a azure summer sky

Next to you
My nightmares and fears
Are cast away
Down glistening, silver streams
Falling over beautiful, majestic waterfalls
Tear drops river down a soft cheek
To be finally emptied
Into an ocean of tranquility.

What I See

by Brian Stone

Living with
Neo-science, neo-problems
Painful pasts, never ending anguish
We lead pseudo lives

Passing over
Suppressed minorities, starving masses
Genocided cultures, lost souls
We block out the less fortunate

Leading us
Ignorant authority, bureaucratic bullies
Pompous paper pushers,
tyrannical leaders
We are toyed with like political pawns

In between
Shattered glass, tailor-made insanity
Smoke-filled rooms, drunken weekends
We won't admit that we need help.