

Dedicated to Daniel in December

One day cloudy gray  
Next day sunny bright  
Dismal night then pale moon light  
Changing moods like phasing moons  
Am I wrong or right?

Contrasting views leaving no clues  
Why the blues when everything was right?  
I'm a sight, cried all night  
Do you care? Shall I dare  
To keep dreaming or give up the fight?

Your extravagant state, elate  
Then perpetuate, my confusion  
Delusion and ultimate confusion  
Is there an end, or a clue to send  
To bring some conclusion?

Tell me soon, my sun-moon  
Is my doom in the waiting  
Anticipating and contemplating  
Hoping against hope, starting to mope.  
My Love is constant but yours fluctuating.

Love ya later,  
Marie

TAKE TIME TO NOTICE

The sun comes up along the shore  
There isn't a doubt that there'll be no more  
Nobody notices  
Nobody cares  
It's just another sunrise  
Nobody stares,  
What if this was the very last one  
We'd cherish it and savor it till  
day is done.

The sun goes down along the mount  
The stars spread out like drops from  
a fountain  
Nobody notices the moon  
half or whole  
Nobody looks at the  
sky black as coal  
It's just another night  
may it be warm or cold  
Savor every moment, is this what  
we're told?  
Take time to see the sunrise  
Take time to see it set  
For if you wait too long  
there'll be too much to regret.

**CREATIVE**

# POEMS<sup>6</sup>

## TIME

Something we take for granted  
something we don't see  
ticking away the seconds  
until we are set free

Time is here, time is there  
in doorways, where the  
soul can escape fear

Something we don't touch  
tangible it is not  
wishes are to keep  
because time is keeping us.

A timebomb ticks  
as a clock runs down  
war machines turn  
under a huge mushroom cloud

Where are you going  
what are you to do  
time has run out  
on which road are you.

## SENSE TO HEAR by Daniel Hued

Oh! How I enjoy  
my sense to hear  
all the wonderful sounds  
that nature gives to us.  
The songs of the nightingale  
that lulls me to sleep each night  
The question of the owl  
which flies in the air  
like a wisper.  
The fierce yet gentle wind  
that blows beyond my window pane.  
But what happens when my  
sense to hear fails me  
and there is only silence?  
How can I enjoy life's  
most tender songs if my  
most precious gift is lost?  
Now I will never ever  
be able to hear the  
crying of my own  
flesh and blood  
that I now hold  
in my arms.