

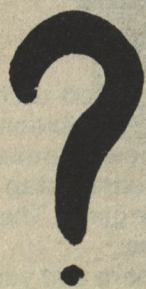
"Kindred Spirits"

by Wendell Blackett.

A bird sings sweetly high up in a hanging tree.
I look for an inner peace through its solemnity.
Rhythmic lines are drawn from a single vision of love.
Nothing else has touched me like my lovely winged dove.
If I began to look for you in the shadows of the night.
It might be too hard to find a guiding light.
I know you are hurt, I know you are lonely.
There must be a voice of love which has begun to stone me.
Yes, sensitivity is my greatest crime in life.
Such is love when it begins to cut like a knife.
It is known to me what your passion is with a kiss.
Through all the empty visions, a new gorgon will hiss.
Don't tell me how much you don't think of love.
When nothing is further from the truth above.
What my heart tells me is that you are a dreamer.
A kindred spirit I have sought, another lonely sleeper.
You and I are alike in so many different ways.

Our visions are not dissimilar, and our crimes never pay.
we are just two kindred spirits walking a path together.
The truth is we will lead each other through the stormy weather.

Why?



Why am I so afraid?
Everyone falls in love
At one time or another.
It's just never been me before.
I've always been able to help
Everyone else sort out
Their love affairs—
Why
can't
I
help
myself?

L'erral D' Amour

"The Hour"

by Wendell Blackett.

We are living in a world which is neither tainted nor perfect.
Crying in the night, will leave us neither a master or a subject.
You can tell me the truth behind the wall you have closed.
The hour is now that you are to release the visions of woes.
Never let the hour pass where one line is forgotten or lost.
The nightbird sings in tune and the bees fail to count the cost.
You can love me or leave me, but I will not stand for indifference.
The hour has already past, from which you can possibly withhold an inference.
There will be no more toleration of the selling and buying of should.
Your visions of hopelessness will be torn asunder without our goals.
Living in a dream world will force the hour to be lost in time.
It has finally come to pass that I have committed the perfect crime.
Tears cannot fade unless the heart is willing to be turned about.
Your final spoken words will leave us in a world with no clout.
I have heard of the stories, I have witnessed the lost passion.
The hour will never come where my dreams become out of fashion.
The secrets of the past will never be revealed till it is too late.
A dungeon full of dragons could not seal a more horrible fate.
The hour which had passed will slash the visions in my mind.
I have seen the derision and I cannot wait for us to unwind.

The Other End of the Phone

Quietly she sat
staring at the phone
knowing he was there
on the other end
waiting for it to ring.
Her life had gone on
above and beyond.
But he had stayed behind, adrift
in his memories
lost in his hope.
Unseeing, and unfeeling
he waited by the phone.
How could she help him
to heal and to grow beyond the past.
How could she tell him
her guilt and her pain
for she knew he was there waiting by the phone.
He has to see that there is an end to
the stress and the strife
but it will not come
if he won't let go.

Anonymous
- for Wendell Blackett

"What Am I To Do?"

When I start to fall in love,
What am I to do?
As I think of things I want,
All I think is you.
As I look at things around me,
All I see is you.
As I listen to things around me,
All I hear is you.
As I speak of things I know,
All I talk is you.
When the world comes crashing down,
What am I to do?

C.B.



"A New Girl"

Why do things have to be the way they are?
What I want always seems so far.
It seems the harder that I try,
more and more I begin to cry.
When the tears roll down my face,
I always feel so much disgrace.
What is this feeling I have inside?
The one that always makes me run and hide.
Is there ever a release of the strain?
Is there no way to get rid of the pain?
Death can never be counted out.
Is that a good way? I doubt.
But wait, is that a new girl over there?
She looks so pretty with her long black hair.
I really like the way she walks,
but I'm too scared to go and talk.
My god I like her just so damn much.
Will I ever get to feel her touch?
Damn it just has to be done,
before the nerve I have is gone.
When I asked her to go, she said yes.
God I felt like giving her a kiss.
Whenever I see her I want to run.
I can't believe it; this could be so fun.

C.B.

First Date

Verse I

Hastily he combs his hair,
And nearly drowns himself in cologne;
He notices that he is running late,
And lets out a little moan.
He races out of the house,
Crying, "I can't be late! I can't be!"
He starts his car and roars away,
Scaring twenty cats up into a tree.
She puffs her nose once again,
And glances at her watch;
She hears his car and descends the stairs—
She is not at all nervous, or at least, not much.
He pulls in to the driveway,
And holds the door open for her;
He steps onto a skateboard,
Plummets to the ground,
And does not for a long time stir.

Verse II

They rush into the theatre,
And hastily take their seats;
He wonders again if she thinks of him,
As little more than a creep.
"Oh, what a boring movie," she thinks,
"I've seen all this before;
And I'm afraid my date will turn out to be,
Just an absolute bore."
He cheerfully buys popcorn for her,
Buy then spills it all over his date;
"That does it!" she cries (and rushes outside),
"What do you think I am, a crate?"
He hurries after her,
And begs for her forgiveness;
She thinks for a while, and then says,
"All right! I'll give you one more chance..."
She then surprises her date by giving him a kiss

By Malcolm Edward Gorrill