

## Ideas of Peace

It is but with forlorn thoughts that ideas of peace leave me.  
 It is the only truth, salvation, redemption that appears to me.  
 It is the way the hair falls off her face.  
 It is but her cold heart, angered, that leaves me in disgrace.  
 I see the sunshine, as it pokes out amongst her cloudy face.  
 I feel its heat, though it finds me when coldness, as solitude,  
 Has become the very umbrella under which I stand.  
 I suppose the only real truth is in beauty.  
 She walks this way, draped in beauty's cloak, but I see the truth;  
 she is but a smile's messenger. Filled with joy,  
 but surely overcome by joy's unavoidable responsibility.  
 I agree, she looks much like the moon when it rains.  
 I can see how you would find her bitter, and curse her.  
 But I,  
 alas I, I find my soul underneath her tilted brow.  
 I see the heavens crying, she wipes God's tears now.  
 She sees me shrink to remember, and rises to forget,  
 like past aimless lovers gone, she takes a wrong turn  
 and glides beside me. In the reality of the moment  
 I am transfixed by the way each part opens up for the next.  
 I am amazed by the sound her grace makes as it dances silently  
 past into the raging fire of arms. She calls them friends,  
 but indeed they are arms, where no leg dare tread.  
 I'm there though,  
 beside her, under the shelter where we are both emancipated  
 of expectations, of disappointments, of unease.  
 She whispers and I move closer to hear,  
 "I am free, I am free."  
 She dances, her legs moving as if controlled by Gabriel,  
 and I fall to my knees, surrounded by all that perfection,  
 and elegance, and beauty, and style, and poise, and solace and  
 can think only one solitary thought.  
 It repeats in my head, like the loyal soldier trumpeting the troops  
 to battle, I hear it bounce of one enemy, to the other.  
 It sounds like music and I am slave to its bay,  
 "I love her, I love her, I love her."  
 -- Nihil Verlaine

Roses are Red  
 Violets are Blue  
 Sugar is Sweet  
 And so were You

But the flowers will wilt  
 And Sugar dissolves  
 But in spite of it all  
 I love you so far

Come June I'll sing  
 When my Wedding Bells ring  
 And I'll remember the day  
 You didn't want to stay

So I've invited you here  
 To see someone dear  
 For today is the day  
 I'm being given away  
 -- Patricia Cousins

## An Old Photograph

(7/5/94)

A photograph of us.  
 Only one exists!  
 It was taken years ago!

It shows us,  
 Standing in the sand,  
 Happy and content,  
 In one another's arms.

It brings me warmth,  
 Feelings of happiness and  
 joy,  
 Memories of tranquil days,  
 And passionate nights.

Time has worn this photo-  
 graph,  
 As it has our once shared  
 feelings.

Even so, I treasure it!  
 For it keeps you near  
 And brings back,  
 Some of the joy  
 You once brought me.  
 -- Marco Scappa

When I think of you I get this funny sort of grin across my face  
 and the whole world knows that I'm thinking about you.  
 Its as almost embarrassing at times to realize that I've spent the  
 last few months walking around with this silly grin across my face.

I know when I see you I don't always have on my pretty face,  
 But your one of the few people that I feel comfortable around and  
 feel secure enough that I don't always have to smile for.

I try hard not to get mad at you really I do, but my guard seems to  
 always be on coffee break when your around, although I am  
 negotiating with the union about that and hopefully we'll see some  
 improvement in the next couple of weeks.

If I seem confusing at times and you can't figure me out,  
 be rest assured by the fact your as hard of an act.  
 If life came with a book that said what to do  
 I guess that would end a lot of "I do's."

Please accept this note on behalf of your heart,  
 If you give it to your mind it won't be able to figure it out.  
 Love's such a confusing thing if you ask me,  
 But I love a good challenge, and I'm well worth the wait.  
 -- Patricia Cousins



## I Flew

My boyhood friend  
 Playing with matches  
 Baking soda and vinegar  
 Once told me something that I'll never forget as  
 the sun  
 Tingle - pierced his naked chest and  
 The flimsy blades of green grass  
 Attempted raping the over - calloused soles of his  
 reluctant boyish feet

Imagine if I could fly he said  
 Wouldn't I be the best friend in the world  
 I looked at him and the sun over his shoulder was  
 Shamed by the overwhelming brightness of his  
 eyes  
 And the powerful twitch of his cricket spring  
 ankles

Imagine if you could hop on my back  
 And we could fly to a cloud with a  
 Bowl of crushed strawberries and two  
 spoons

So we could eat sundaes until our stom-  
 achs exploded  
 His flashing piano key teeth smiled at me as  
 He turned away and for a single tingle - piercing  
 Moment I believed he would take to the air and  
 Leave me to lay upon the ground as he  
 Swooped among the clouds eating stars and  
 Washing them down with cupfuls of sun  
 But he just got on his BMX and pedalled away  
 Promising to return tomorrow

That night I did what I did every other  
 Night of my childhood while I lay awake

I flew  
 I parted the billowy white curtains of  
 My upstairs bedroom and took to the night air  
 Grabbing a green apple from the tree by the lane  
 And flying to my friends house to look in his  
 Basement floor window so I could watch him  
 sleep

I watched him until the sun came up like  
 A boy preparing for a day of dreams  
 I watched him sleep  
 I watched him dream  
 I wished I would fall

-- Tim Lea