
Imaginations

Editor's note: We were overwhelmed by your response to this column! I was really knocked out by the quantity AND quality of work for this page. ALL submissions received this week WILL be printed eventually, but unfortunately, due to space limitations, we could only manage to reprint the following this week. Keep watching this column though, for your work. Thanks so much and keep writing!

The Warrior

I am a warrior
of long ago.
I walk the earth
and followed the flow
of battle,
of war,
of all you know.

I am a warrior
of long ago.
I fought for you,
for your peace.
I fought with swords,
with rusty blades,
with fists of stone,
with broken bones.
With shattered spades
I fought for you.

I am a warrior
of long ago.
I fought for your children,
for their right to live,
with killing blows.

I am the warrior
of long ago.
I am the man
you know no more.

-Derry

Audacity

A foaming, frothing ocean
Rushes upon the shore.

Pushing, pushing, the water wantonly
quells the innocent sand.

Then the ocean recedes, as if
satisfied with its work.

And prepares to
strike again.

-Anonymous

Serenity

A humming fan surveys the room
from the coffee table.
Quietly it ushers away the smoke
from my father's cigarette.

The news just over.
Bad news, it is.
A few minutes of soon-to-be-forgotten
stories of a strife ridden world.

The fan surveys the room, its
sleak blades like a cool calm,
wanting to deliver
some sort of message.

Waiting and watching, it seems.
Oh, to be so powerfully serene.

-Anonymous