

Rhapsody

"A Potpourri of The Arts"

"The Rose"

Your love is like a rose
Deceiving in looks and fragrance.

You charm me with your beauty
And flatter me with your smell of love.

But when I reach out to you
You prick my heart.

You leave me to bleed on my own
To heal my own wounds.

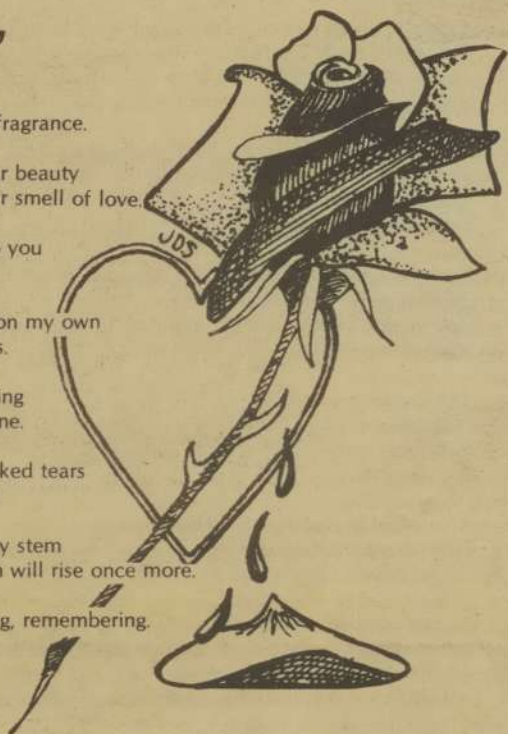
Well now the rose is dying
The petals fall one by one.

Just like the blood streaked tears
Trickling down my face.

All that is left is a thorny stem
Waiting to see if the sun will rise once more.

And always remembering, remembering.

Cindi Hanback



"Untitled"

Two trees grown together,
With roots intertwined
To withstand the weather.
To find

Where they begin and end,
A curious fate will tear a rend,
To test the strength of each alone,
Of branches stumped and branches grown.

Robert Graham

"Friends"

Often I've thought
Of you and I.
Together laughing,
Together crying.
It never could cease
Those painful tears
That blaze in your eyes
Whenever I'd hurt you.
I've had more than my
Share of chances with you.
Yet they're all
Vanished from reality.
What else can I say or do
To someone that has loved me
More than I showed
My love for them,
Hopefully, be their friend.

Steve Luper

"Butterflies Must Die"

One by one, they hatch
Nature is waiting again.
Waiting for the birth
Of something new.
A strand of silk
Starts to transform
Something new into
Another gift of life.
Anticipation of each day
Makes the time freeze.
Cold surrounds the construction
Of carefully woven thread.
Time decreases to
A minute size,
Only to envelop itself
Inside the cocoon.
Silence is heard for
The last time.
Struggling wings peek out
As if looking for
The afterlife.
With a final shove
The butterfly emerges
From its dead life of
Crawling to begin a colorful
Life of carefree flying.
But only for a new life
Is another death expected
For everyone knows that
Butterflies must die.

Steve Luper

"A Guy I Know"

He works in a restaurant, suppressing his ideas
Working below his skills, to make a simple buck
Living from paycheck to paycheck, saying "I'll quit tomorrow"
But tomorrow never comes.

He knows he can do better, and find more pay
He can't hide from the bills anymore
Says he's doing his best, they have him cornered
Now what can he do?

When Friday rolls around, he parties with the best
Never uses his own money and he never says no
Runs up his VISA limit, then cries "cause he don't
Got nobody to hold.

Sometimes he goes to the waterfront
To watch the sailboats, always wishes he had one
Dreams of traveling all over the world
But knows he won't.

The high school kids come and go
They all found something better to do
But there he is waiting on tables
Talking to his regulars.

He sees his face in the mirror
One more wrinkle, a little less hair
Hears your voice in his mind, thinks of all the things
He should have said.

He wonders why no one touches him like you did
Wonders why you're not here anymore
He can't see you got tired of it all
And decided to go.

Renada Anderson

"Sailing Dreams, Sharing Hopes"

Please kite, teach me to fly
Give me a chance, let me try.
Clinging to your flowing tail,
I feel I could never fail.
If perhaps I should fall,
I'll have the memories to recall.
If perchance I learn to fly,
I'll not try to reason why.
My days among the clouds I'd spend,
And hope that it would never end.

Julia Singer

