



Pouring out to the eve
of our face.
Falling through channels,
the drunken maddhatters.
vomiting questions,
heaving rejection,
swallowing the medicine
that pours them over
shingles through eves
and to the ground.
Fallen they are at peace.

The mud is thick,
the water clean,
the mixture leaves them
spinning.
Soon sobriety will catch the
heal and leave them ill.
Without their pouring
down
medicine
the will
die.
For reality
kills.

Jack Packard

WHICH AGE?

In this age where everything matters,
true wisdom of all ages is spoken by the aged:
wise beyond their years. Older now,
They can be triumphant now o'er trials and errors,
can forgive the blame and return with undying love.
Stately as the towering eucalyptus viewing
other aged begins and youth, proclaiming
their stories: God-given gifts of southern climes.

Shedding summer's glory, limpid leaves are
languid, drooping, falling under fall wind's forces:
Startled, they remain stark naked and white as
fall rushes time...too swift for
subliminal renewal before winter descends into
bleak days, when hearts throb...
realizing red scaling bark's alive,
awaiting the new dress of spring.
Bright green shoots of vigor, ejecting
colors of new life, new friends, young again:
rebuilding both body and mind.
Yearly renewal reveals amazing possibilities
as woman and man stretch to amazing heights.
Now, they must decide which to escalate first,
their body or mind?
At which age should they begin again?
Some would say she is too old, but she knows that
like the giant (the strong eucalyptus) she can stand the sway.
Whether we are humble, weak or strong...
at any age we bust come to the time
for growing to keep living.
Never's the age to start dying.

Like a tree that lives forever, our
efforts are worth trying.
When asked, "Which age?", our answer will be:

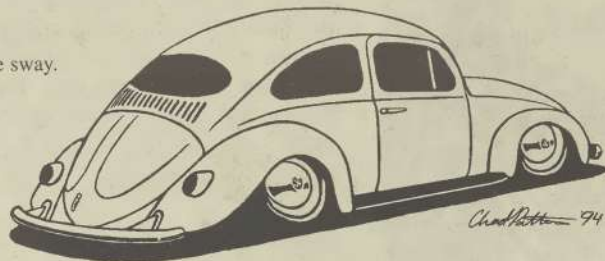
"Age can be timeless,
chronological age doesn't matter in growth.
In growth, age really does not matter at all."

-helenmarie



long
soon

Pat was
here!!



Rain Drop

You use to be a thing
that irritated me.
Now you are my only
friend.
You constantly fall
onto my face.
I know you,
I know you will
always be there
for me.
That is why I will
never leave this
place,
as long as you fall
everyday on my
soul.
Would you fall now?
I want the pain to
wash away and your
body is the only
cleanser for my
insane mind.
Sickened by pain
I just lay in bed hoping
to die.
Will you wash my life
away?
Make me a river so I can
always wander to some-
thing
much bigger than me.
Oh, I want to see,
will you rain on my
soul?

Jack Packard