

RHAPSODY

Terminal Showcase of Artistic Splendor ~ March 8, 1995

Colors of Paradise

Blue,
the color of the
rising wet bruise
in the night rain.
When the shortest distance
between two minds
is a straight line
of anger.
And I am strong enough
to absorb
your need
for awhile yet.

Green,
plains of moss
alive upon
the layered dying
the moldering pieces
cast off
and hidden beneath
the canopy
of unscalable
purity

Brown,
the earth
beneath me.
Which I tread upon
with as little thought
as a breath.
Yet I fear the day
this plat rejects me
or takes me to its heart
as a man fears
his last love
or a woman
her first.

Blue is also
eyes
of my mother
of my father
of my lover
of a lake
quiencent
in its locked frigidity.

Green is also
a reflection
of myself
rarely caught
in the mirrors
of vanity

Brown is also
the skin
of my father.
The doors of my childhood.
The memories of fertile pain,
from change grown deep.

The revolution
of seasons
is never
so
gentle
in my soul.

~Maziar Ostovar

You

Life without you would be nothing at all;
This be my theme, though eternity call.

You're my morning, my evening, my sunset, my dawn;
You're a beautiful rosebud, a graceful young fawn.

You're the gentle, sweet dew drop on a tender, small flower;
You're a confident wave rolling with forceful power.

You're a fresh, running brook to a dry, barren land;
You're a warm, tender touch as we walk hand in hand.

You're the love of my life, a friend tried and true,
and as long as we live, I'll never leave "You."

~Van A. Zallee

FOUR TO ONE

Four quart pans, dusty on the shelf,
two pounds of spaghetti, excitedly
tumbled with the bubbles,
replaced by one little saucepan.
Soup, water, chili, simmer unappreciated.

Four placemats on the table, now it's one.
The others have been washed, ironed and gently
laid to rest. The abundance of knives,
forks, and spoons, awaiting the joyful
harmony of their usefulness
silently weep a mournful tune.

Four hugs, four kisses, four I love you's
once echoed every night, because one hug,
one kiss, one I love you, made in the air
and blown across the miles. The
loss of the family so deep it can be
heard around the world.

By Debra Jones