

## LOVE IS...

Love is like a plant-  
If it's cold, it may not bloom  
If you don't communicate to it  
It will die like an ancient tune

When you start, the plant is full of life,  
Waiting to see how you will treat it;  
If you take care and give it time,  
Then it will reward you with blossoms ripe.

If the air is not quite right  
Too much heat, or too much draught;  
Even so much as a temperature off,  
The plant will fail to find reason to succeed.

Sometimes you must to it talk;  
Play it music, check the soil,  
Listen to its silent thought  
And it will tell you what it needs.

It needs sun-light, water to give it joy  
And darkness to give it sleep.  
Too much light or too much dark  
Is a heinous mistake indeed.

Love is much just the same,  
Too much energy is unbalanced, draining.  
Too little sleep weakens the soul,  
Spending not enough time or even too much,  
That in truth decides the imbalance in love.

Focus is the key to grow:  
Ask yourself what recipe,  
Love does not hinder, it is not shallow,  
But allows freedom to chart  
The uncharted seas of tranquility.

If you see it every day  
And not give it some time alone,  
You will be very much sorry,  
When the plant all of a sudden decides not to grow.

Love loses sense of time and reason,  
A schedule is not necessary,  
Much to be deemed are more important elements,  
Of an inner sense that creates love's high quality.

Should the elements be just right,  
A plant will be blooming and green;  
Radiance and joy will be read on its face,  
It will grow tall, long, healthy, not lean.

The blooms are so delicate,  
Soft, petite, and gentle,  
If you caress it too much or too hard,  
You will break each vital tender petal.

Harsh words can do injustice, cause harm,  
Yet a soft, tender voice shall succeed.  
A gentle touch and a careful heart  
Are the bodies of this silent lucidity.

Imagine you're in a holy place,  
A hidden jungle waterfall.  
The plants there grow so beautiful,  
For that is the atmosphere for perfect passion.

Patient to wait, regardless of time,  
Growth is not a rushed nonsensical rhyme.  
The soul feels mellow, happy and at ease,  
If love decides to make it one of its fateful casualties.

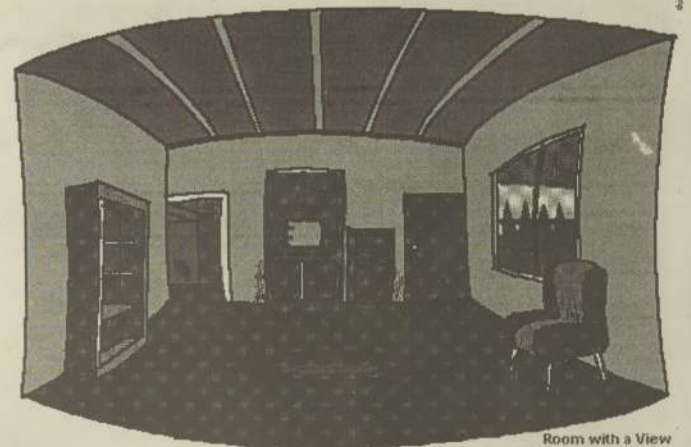
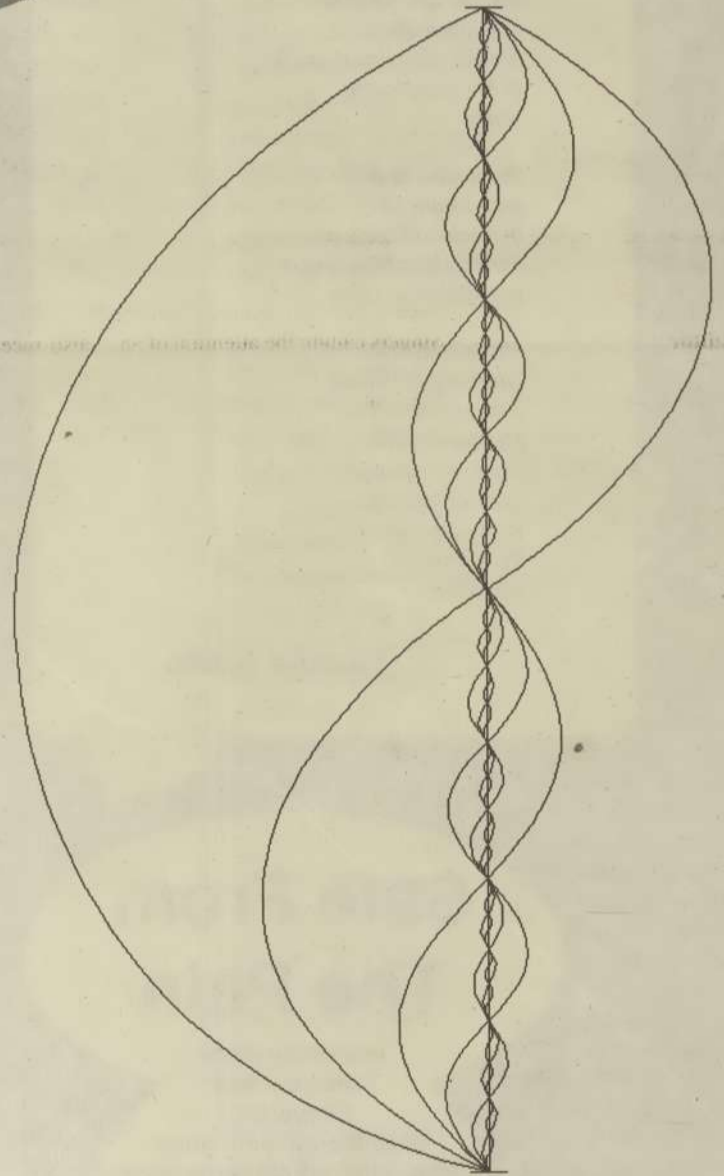
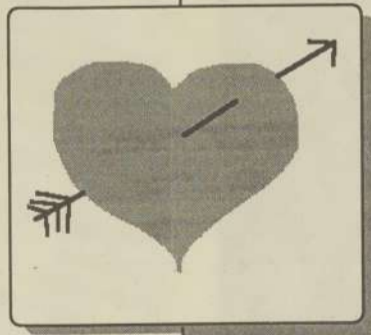
You ask me how I know this true?  
How can these thoughts be not myth and absolute?  
And to your suggestion my reply is a question.  
Have you found the love who has created you?

By Daniel J. Rogers  
for Kerrie Vockrodt

## THE NIGHT

Your bones are my bedframe and  
I drape myself over you  
to keep you warm when you're cold at night.  
The moon shines, the birds make noise  
I am awakened and toss in the bed made  
up of you.

-Lora Wahrgren



Room with a View  
by Chad Patteson

Drink more Rhapsody, Smoke more Rhapsody, Eat more Rhapsody, Wear more Rhapsody, Talk more Rhapsody, Watch more Rhapsody, next term.