



Humpty Dumpty  
was pushed!!

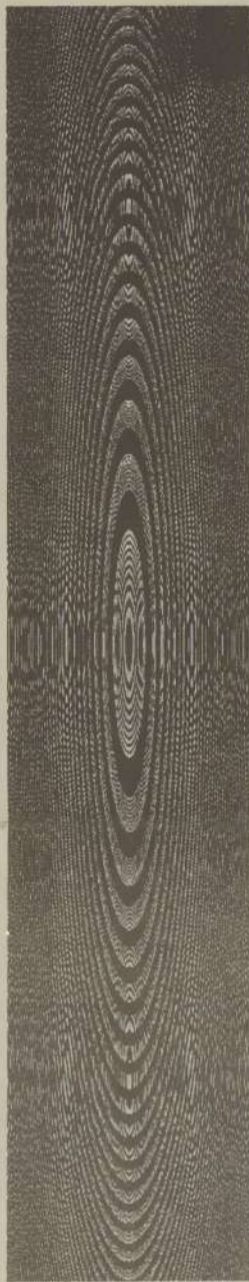
# ROCKY

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## WATERFALLS

Sitting above the falls  
I stare out on the water.  
The river's a woman;  
long and slender,  
curves perfectly round,  
peacefully smooth;  
I find myself falling right in.  
It was here that I sit  
where I once took a Love.  
I swam through her waters  
feeling her tightly all around.  
I could have swam all night  
for sure,  
be certain I did.  
As sensual as it was  
I could hear the falls in her head,  
currents pulled me towards them.  
I fought against the roar  
no use.  
Her raging torment of hell engulfed me.  
When the waters calmed  
she was gone.

Joshua Carlsten



## Highland Wind

The Highland winds are blowing,  
Stirring the blood in my veins.  
The Celtic blood of my ancestors  
calling me back again.

The Highland song is whirling.  
Urging my body to dance.  
My spirit soars with the wild pipes.  
The drums are calling me back.

The Highland moon is shining  
Over the lochs and the moors  
Midst the gathering of the fairies  
In the land that gave birth to my soul.

The Highland dream is calling  
Spinning through my brain  
I have never seen the "homeland"  
But it calls me just the same.

Phea MacLeod

# MENU

Smile

Her smile lingers in my mind  
And everytime I see her, I blush  
Words spoken turn to sweet music  
and time stands still  
Anticipation fills me with the thought  
that I cannot disclose.  
Because of its nature, it could crush me.  
It is electric, it is fire,  
it is a song, it is a smile.  
It is you and I cannot say what it is to me.  
AW

We're Celebrating!



Suspension

Dead still  
Wind splatters my face  
With handfuls of fog.  
Washed, I leave my body  
Parked like the car,  
Boiled by the sun, faded,  
Deluged with water  
Dirt drops off onto black  
Asphalt, running into gutters  
Mingling with dirt from  
A hundred others.

Sodden air still lighter  
Than my earth-bound carcass  
Bears me out of ground, mind  
And spirit rising as I wait  
For wind to push and pull me  
Like clouds awash in  
The stormy heavens.

Cooled, refreshed, buoyant;  
Floating above yellow wheat,  
Brown and fallow, mint green  
fields,  
The white bloom of potatoes  
Folds me into its warm  
Checkerboard quilt.

In the arms of calm I descend  
To cleansing humid leaves,  
Trees hover dripping life.  
Opening my mouth I drink  
To live.

J Marshall

REALITY WILL  
BE LESS PAINFUL  
THAN USUAL  
TODAY