

# RHAPSODY



TRY TO UNDERSTAND ME IF YOU WANT  
BUT PLEASE DON'T

In the misty shadows  
truth lies there, waiting  
I am out of reach

An ever growing concern  
of the stability of my mind  
dances on my thoughts.  
I have no partner.

An artlandish coating of  
memory glazes my eyes.  
I am blind

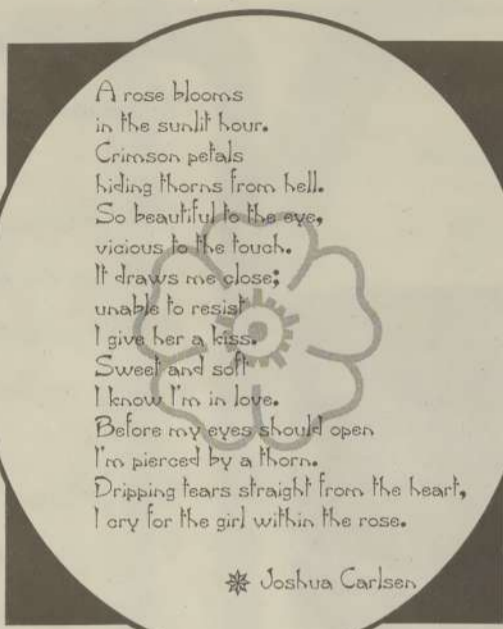
A pleading heart yearns  
for warmth from the freezer  
of the world.  
I am naked.

A sail hunts for  
a home.  
I live alone.

You try to understand  
You try to care  
But you can't  
you won't  
And if you do,  
You will be awakened  
to a nightmare that  
is unbearably painful.

You'll cry for me,  
you may even feel for me.  
But then you'll turn  
away,  
just as I knew you would  
And I'll be left  
to rot  
alone  
Just as I knew I would.

♣ Kevin Weaver



A rose blooms  
in the sunlit hour.  
Crimson petals  
hiding thorns from hell.  
So beautiful to the eye,  
vicious to the touch.  
It draws me close,  
unable to resist  
I give her a kiss.  
Sweet and soft  
I know I'm in love.  
Before my eyes should open  
I'm pierced by a thorn.  
Dripping tears straight from the heart,  
I cry for the girl within the rose.

\* Joshua Carlsen



Behind you!! Look  
BEHIND YOU!!!!  
AAAHHH!!!!!!



## Hungred Thoughts

She is driven by this hunger,  
There is a face she can't forget,  
A need to find some calming,  
Some light for gray regret.

This sullen anger conquers,  
Her voice in furied times.  
Questions find no answers,  
To soothe her tightened mind.

Will these colors lead to healing?  
Or broken hearts repair?  
Or will she fall in with the shadows,  
Amongst loss and despair?

This rainbow trail I walk on,  
Is lined with hungered thought.  
I reach for racing colors,  
But it's loneliness I have caught.

Jessie Ring

All Rhapsody submissions have been published as-is. Errors have not been edited, as this could jeopardize the artistic integrity of the works herein. Thus, The Rhapsodor considers all errors to be intentional. There, now you have been disclaimed upon. The End.

## Dream Lover

He comes to me in the still of night  
To dance across my dreams.  
Like beams of light 'cross fallen snow  
Shed from a silver moon.

My eyes close and I envision him,  
His eyes like emerald pools.  
Arms surround and hold me close  
To a heart forever true.

His lips caress in promise that  
He'll come to me one day.  
At last no longer fantasy, but real  
In every way.

♥ Shea MacLeod

FOR FRANK, PART VI  
STEPPING ON SKULLS  
THE FACE OF  
WARS  
GONE BY AND  
SPECTRES  
OF TIME  
HAUNT  
FRAGILE MEMORIES OF  
EXISTENCE

DROWSY  
WITH THE HEAT  
DAYTIME  
IT'S SAFE BUT  
NIGHT  
STEAMS  
LIKE THE MEKONG  
MONSOON RIVULETS  
DARK AS A GRAVE  
HIS FEELINGS  
RUN  
TOWARD THAT BLOOD-  
BLACK RIVER

-STEPHANIE MCKENNA



## BOX OF THE RHAPSODORS

Muey (sp?) thanks to the many special people in our various past and present lives. Marc Antony and Romeo, not to mention William Shakespeare (our father). Of course the boys/men of Chippendales, the Greek god in fond memory (the ex-love of my life), Barefoot Jaimie (for auld lang syne), Adrian/Duncan, Antonio Banderas (my newest obsession), the unmentioned and unthought-of, the voices (they told me to do it), future aspects, my cats (as always), and Shea's cat Shevy. The music (STOP!!!! No wait, never mind, DON'T STOP!!!!), Lora, Brendon, Chad (former co-Rhapsodor), the others I forgot, the people who invented the scanner, familial figures, and everybody else. Dang that's a lot of people.

(P.S. Apologies are extended for the unforeseen delay in Rhapsodical publication. Happy B-Day, Brendon.)

~ Cori Kargel und Shea MacLeod  
(Rhapsodor-in-Chief und Sub-Rhapsodor)