

RHAPSODY DOZVANYA

A Single Soldier's Prayer

The memories of the day,
lay restless in my head.
The others are asleep,
they have made the ground their bed.

The day has ended early,
and yet it's been quite long.
And as I sit in this peaceful keeping,
I hear a sad, sad song.

I know it seems quite strange,
but the song is only in my head.
It says I just can't seem to except,
all the wounded and the dead.

If the others know my thoughts,
I know what they would do.
They would think me a traitor,
And they would shoot me too.

For I fear that I alone,
oppose the meaning of this war.
And I know as long as I live,
my heart will bear this sore.

I am a Union soldier,
or perhaps Yankee fits me best.
However to a Red,
I am no different from the rest.

I am told I fight for unity,
but unity is only in my stride.
Other Yanks may believe that,
but I know I fight for pride.

I have seen my friends fall,
and I have had some on both sides.
But it is the Union I must put first,
for it is the Union I must abide.

It seems to get very lonely,
though I am surrounded by thousands
of men.
But I miss the company of my family,
I can't even remember how long it's
been.

Yes I guess that my biggest fear,
is dying with this sin.
For what if I knock at the Pearly Gates,
And God won't let me in.

I pray that in all his righteousness,
God may be able to understand.
That if it had been up to only me,
I would not have stayed in my command.

Oh Lord please forgive us,
we know not what we do.
And when we only think of winning,
we have lost our path to you.

✠ by Brandy Kargel

BELOVED

The way we met was unorthodox
WAY out of the ordinary
But the manner of our meeting bears no importance
Only that we met at all

Before I ever saw you,
I recognized your beauty of spirit
The strength of your heart
And I was enthralled

You disdain your sweet spirit
But I know it is the spirit
Of an eternal poet with cynicism in his eyes
And ideal love in his heart

Your gift of music was meant to be
For it is the complement of mine
The music saved our lonely hearts
Until we found each other and became whole

Romantic words are foreign to me
Cynicism and sarcasm come more easily to my tongue
But I know with each other by our sides
We will be all that we were meant to become

✠ By Raven McKnight

Due to an abundance of contributions, and severe time constraints, Rhapsody is regrettably unable to publish all submissions. Unprinted submissions have been filed for the next issue of Rhapsody. All works were printed as-is.

OUR HEARTS TOUCH

Long ago they used to say
There was magic in the month of May
On Midsummer's Eve the fairies came
To dance and play
And reveal the magic
Of the Otherworld

They used to say that magic
Could be found at a rainbow's end
A pot of gold
A lucky clover
A wish made on a star

But in all this world
Though I have searched both far and
away
The only magic I have found
Is the magic of the day
When your heart touched mine

✠ Shéa MacLeod

When I die my dearest, put Beethoven on
Use the C.D. player and let it go on and on.

When I die my dearest
Put my ashes in the mud and paint-
Paint me into a rainbow.

Put the rainbow in the sun and let it disappear.
Then when sun and rain make bow again
Think of me my dear or not.
I'll be there in the colors glow or
Not.

-Unnamed



By Ron Rasch

This side of my
pond
bending
the oaks become
a guitar, groaning
in the churlish
wind,
while, closer
the finch flickers
a grain off
the soggy
garden bed,
in life
after Garcia.

DEADHEAD

Where's my van...?

