

**Until Our Next Kiss**

by Leo Rhodes

I once knew a co-worker  
Who made me and other laugh  
I once knew a co-worker  
That wanted to be my friend  
I once knew a friend  
Whose craziness caused us to be best friends  
I once knew a best friend  
Wanted to become lovers  
But I had a girlfriend  
Which I loved  
And she had a boyfriend  
Which I thought she loved  
Early one morning I kissed her  
The next morning she told me  
"Our kiss felt like a dream..."  
I smiled real big  
Sucked in my gut, stuck out my chest, and replied,  
"Yup I get that all the time..."  
I once knew a lover/best friend  
Who made me happy  
I once knew a lover/best friend  
Who I missed when she wasn't around  
But the thought of us getting together  
Made me very happy  
I once had a lover/best friend  
Whose kiss was like a dream  
She's waiting for me up above  
And I'm pointlessly existing  
Until our next kiss...

**Stars are everywhere**

by William Adams

Stars are everywhere, how many?  
Wait, I just thought of something,  
Are they stars or actually other worlds?  
Suns? Moons?  
Who or what lives on those worlds?  
Are they better off than we are?  
I wonder if someone or something else out there  
Is looking through a telescope  
At the same time, asking the same questions.  
Maybe they are thinking:  
Ah, we got them beat by thousands of years.  
They are so far behind the times.  
Maybe a couple of those places out there are just getting started though,  
Are they able to walk on land yet?  
Or are they smarter than we are?  
Hey, maybe they are watching us through a telescope  
To learn from our mistakes so they don't repeat them,  
Either way, as I look through this telescope,  
Is someone doing the same?

**I AM NOT A POET**

**15** OF *Street Roots Poetry & Art*  
**YEARS**

**Truth**

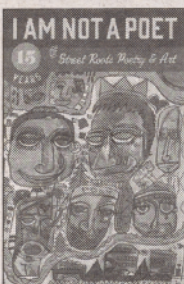
by Francis

There must be  
within the confines of  
man's being all that lies waiting  
but never once seeing  
our gift of tranquility  
that since have not known  
touched or enlightened  
as the one in humility.

**Out of Place**

by Sunnie Anderson

the late hour is bathed in yellow city light  
and the buildings are dark walls  
leading to cement streets  
to cement flower beds  
this deep and empty space  
holding instead of water  
transient air mute noise black leaves  
out of place in the low notes-  
a ding-ding of a bicycle bell  
and the chime of a child's voice



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