

Variations for two voices

Anonymous

Where do we live? Underneath sunset.
How long have we been here?
Since the time when war came without effort
and hearts didn't own a tear or a victory.
What do we do?
We hide. We answer
each question with a difficult anger,
for nothing but heartache.

When is it time? Time is that beggar
living on the street.
He dictates to us when to move, how to dream.
Run and he'll be there waiting at the crossroads.
Who'll come to save us? No one. Nothing.
Yet when the wind stirs I hear voices call us.
I've heard it most nights.
Don't ever listen. Don't ever listen.
Don't listen. For what it might bring!

Where do we live? Inside this morning.
How long have we been here?
Only the lakes remember our arrival.
Go there at dawn and an answer will come.

What do we do? Balance our shadows in the
bright sunlight as much as we're able,
eat the light and then struggle with blindness.
When is it time? Time is just like a song
you just have to listen.
What comes on invisible wings, darting
above. Now the birds sing.

Who'll come to save us? For some it's the rattling
cloud, the air before evening.
Come, take my hand, for all it's worth.
Our hearts learn much too soon how to speak.

Lost

Leo Rhodes

I walk around
Nowhere specific
I sit. Sometimes I lay down
Thinking, Thinking, Thinking

Lost in my confusion
I start talking to myself
Trying to rationalize my predicament

Pointlessly existing
Minutes turn to hours
Hours turn to days
Days turn to months
Months turn to years

Sometimes I try to reach out
In my dazed confused state
Nobody seems to understand
Or they just don't care

Frustration adds to confusion
People are starting to look at me differently
They are starting to talk about me

Feeling insecure
I start building walls
Behind my walls nobody can touch me
My walls become thicker and higher
Loving my space, my privacy
Everything seems to annoy me
Especially when they try to penetrate my walls

A room of our own

Eileen V.

A room of our own is what I desire for Molly and me.
Where we may find our solace once again, and be free.
Free of hatred, free of people, free of prejudices, free of incompleteness.
A room of our own where we can grow, develop and reunite as one.
A place to hang pictures and to have our belongings around us again.
A room of our own where we can just be.

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