

The Voice of the Poet

by Maddy Brown-Clark

A new voice is speaking
Sometimes in rhythm and rhyme
Sometimes in free flow
Always a story to tell
Always seeking inspiration
There is much to be said
There is also little to say
Sometimes an epic
Sometimes a limerick
Each voice is unique
Each voice needs to speak
Words are treasures we seek
Some are strong some are weak
But each story that's told
Some are bought some are sold
But a new voice is speaking
Sometimes rhythm and rhyme
Sometimes flowing freely
A little story of time.

Mongolia on Horse

by Rachel D.

Straining fibers, not my own,
collapsing through spring's thin hope,
tiny explosions under foot.

Trust the surefootedness
of the native
and the wayfarers gone before,
a naive hope.

Untitled

by J.M

the sky is blue, the grass is gree
and yellow leafs are flying around smoothly.
i sit on a bench, smoking and breathing;
stare on the pedestrians,
and wait..

for what am i waiting?
i don't know.
for whom am i waiting?
i don't know either.
until when will i be waiting?
i have no clue.

but yet - i sense and feel:
it is good to wait...

Be Kind

