

The Small Things in Life

by Doug Marcks

It's midday. I am sitting on my usual stool at the counter having coffee while waiting for the eggs and bacon of my weekly brunch. I can smell the coffee, the bacon frying, the maple syrup being warmed up and the pancakes getting slightly burned, just like I like it. It's raining outside, so the air is crisp and clean coming into the diner. It mingles nicely with the scents coming from the kitchen. The waitress's perfume is flowery, as she bends to place my plate down in front of me with the scent of roses and lilacs a great contrast to my musky aftershave and wet wool.

I am one of only a few in here. I like to beat the Sunday church crowd. It's slower. If I want to chat with my server, I can, or if I want peace and quiet to reflect on my plans for the day or coming week, I can.

Then the church crowd comes in and it is controlled chaos, so I just sit back and watch.

Gratitude

By Ron Sanford

The mystery of suffering can't be translated except by proximation. No words can describe the pain of an abused child, and orphan or a helpless widow.

Someday I will write of happy topics like finding true love in a depraved individual, learning how to overlook the most hideous of flaws, flowers and kittens and such.

Homelessness has been quite an experience, but I have been blessed. Cursing was turned into blessing in my case. I no longer mock the afflicted, the poor and those victimized by others in various ways.

I will choose to learn the easy way, the best I can, knowing my faith in God and dogged persistence will pull me through and save me. "Lord, I believe! but help my unbelief!"

Compassion must be learned, it is not handed to you on a silver platter. Yet it is a free gift which cannot be earned, you just need to learn how to accept it with gratitude. Say, "Thank You!"

Forward Backward Are Just Words

by Cactus

On the side of the road
that I was walking on
there were some woods
that didn't have any houses
or buildings nearby.
Turning into them
without a path to follow
dense scrub oak
drawing closer together
until branches have no space between them
on the ground.

If crawling is a direction
that's where I am headed
under branches
through them
Sunlight is coming through
Branches are gone
Ground is white
with little bones
scattered around
shuffling in the treetops
black wings
cawing
croaking
dozens of crows

No one's ever told me about a place like this
I don't know if anyone's been here
Probably most people
don't crawl around under these trees
I am crawling back to the road.



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