

Buds

by Eileen & Molly May

It's springtime once again and a new dawn is upon us.
With the bones of winter behind we move excitedly forward.
Parks become our living rooms picnicking and playing with family, friends and canines.

As I look around at the new plant starts and new colors, I impatiently await my own new starts!
Snap Peas, Basil, Parsley and Petunias will soon be in pots to feed me nutritionally and to feed my home with color.

I'm also thinking of another kind of "buds"...both two-legged and four-legged...past, present and future.

May we all have buds in our lives to nurture us from the inside out and to enhance our lives with many colors.

curiosity

by j.mccurdy

and if
this neck
should
of its own
accord
bow
to you...
would your lips
of their own
volition
seek
the succor
of
its skin...

God is Love

by Ron Sanford

I have seen priorities change as I've grown wiser.
To be unselfish, a good listener, to not be a busybody,
but to be still, stop and smell the roses.
In this life I've learned not to hate, stereotyped, or connect dots that are not there.

I am so glad that I have a spiritual life
non-judgemental, student and scholar.
I feel as if I am a kid, having meekness and confidence.
In this life I've learned the secret to be content
and yet feast when the time is right.

In a sense I HAVE ARRIVED, because I'm still here.
I must save the ground, carry on the baton,
more was given so more should be required of me.
In this life I've played lots of gigs and met nice friends.
I know the best is yet to come.

When my eyes are set on myself, or on my past
I know there will be failure
I can only look so long.
I grew out of Gen X, daredevils, whips and chains, heavy metal,
punks puking, drunks and whores.
I'm happy to know God is love.

Stolen fire

by Avendor

Every time I write a poem
I feel I am stealing fire from the Gods.
I feel I should hurl the torch off the Cliffside
and into the ocean.
But I never do,
and probably never will.
For my words
can light up the world.
And my art,
may entrance a girl.
And my revolutionary spirit,
seeks your undivided attention.
And I want my tarnished name
to be more commonly mentioned.
As a boy who slew
such horrendous dragons.
And kick started a country,
that was ignorant and flagging.
So here is my torch
arrogant it is not
Call it the brazen fruit
of the battles I fought.

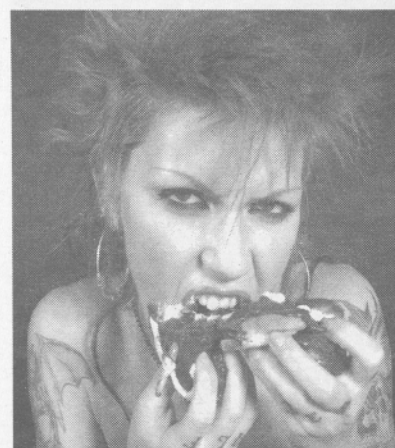
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