

You Never Know

by Daniel Cox

Smoldering dream.
Time & time and half in a bygone era.
Here lies the last remnant of hope.
Their only wish was a new facet of hope for them,
Their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

Why Do I Write

by Cynthia G.

When I'm in a bad space I love to write
I write about what's going on inside of me
I can be at home, on the bus, anywhere
and still have my thoughts come to me.
Sometimes I need quiet places.
Sometimes it doesn't bother me.
I can concentrate sometimes,
it depends on how my mental health
is for that moment in time.
Some nights I write for hours
and my pen just flows.
Other days it just isn't in my interest to even write.
I love to make poems of just thoughts
written to God & Jesus.
Other days I write down thoughts to my husband.
Life is good when there's a topic to write about.
Although mostly I write from my heart
and that's when the pen just flows.
Talking from my heart is where it's at
cause the pen just flows and doesn't stop
until I am done talking through my heart.
I believe anyone can do that,
if they just listen to their soul, heart & spirit.
'Cause when you do that it's a great poem for all.

I don't really know how to write short poems.
I'm usually writing long heartfelt words
in hopes to help others.
Through my thoughts I might
help another person
even if it's just one person.
Each poem I can feel good about
helping that one soul
cause what I might say could keep
another alive just one more day
or help them see a different perspective
to help change their thinking to
a positive outlook to help them through
a tough time in their life.
What you say might save my life
but you don't write down thoughts of your own.
A special friend might need your
words of wisdom and you never know
where anyone's at in their walk
and you might just help them out
to either help them through another day
or maybe a different look on life to help
them think of a different outlook
or just love someone.

On Writing

by Aileen McPherson

To write or not to write,
Is that even a question?

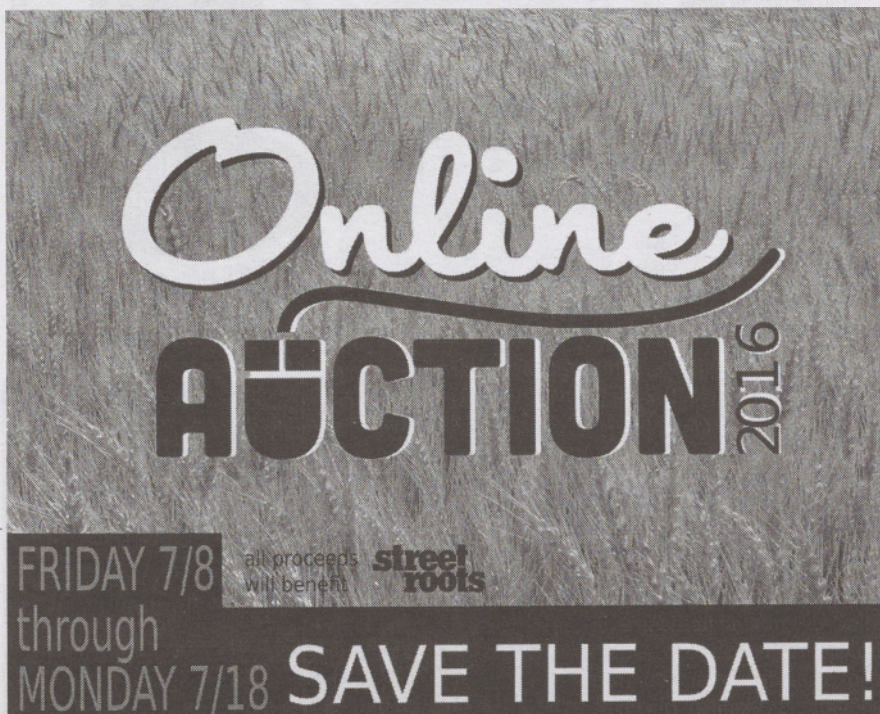
My writing as other art forms happens,
As gentle as Spring dew kissing flowers in April,
To the thundering Tsunami threatening devastation.

No special place is needed,
merely the precious tools of thy trade.

Glorious pen, quill, brush, or lead,
Joined by ink, paint, paper, or other canvas
of choice.

Tools and a thought, sometimes it's all ya got.

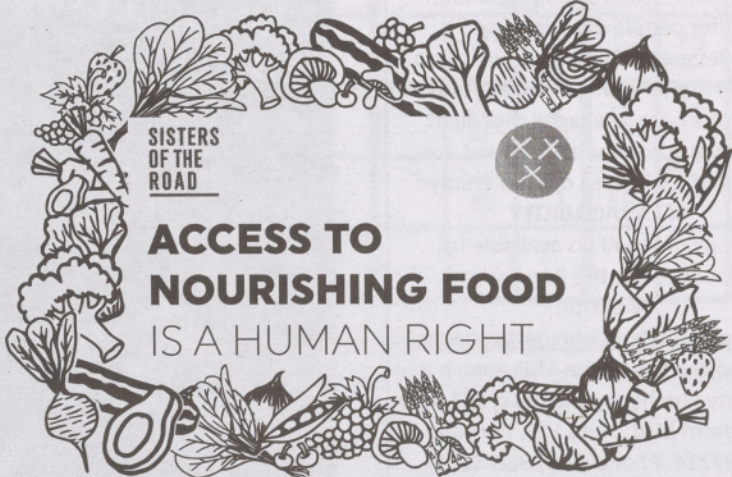
Let my words be true,
My heart honest,
My mind always open.



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