

### One Lone Glove

by Jack Noris

Whoa there, one lone glove  
 Why so disregarded  
 Why so mistreated  
 Why so neglected  
 Why so misused.  
 Blea Blea Blea! You get the point.  
 Or do you?  
 Why so easily placed  
 Why so organically misplaced  
 Why so many of the same  
 lefts and rights  
 And why so black  
 Blea Blea Blea...  
 You get the point.  
 Or do you.  
 Many bleak lefts and rights. Rights and lefts.  
 Last year it was empty baggies and leaflets of Jesus!  
 Now it's rights and lefts of  
 Black hands  
 Are you just a glove  
 Or the hand of your master.

### What I've Become

by Brian Nye

What am I aware of  
 How can I be aware of more  
 What is really at the core  
 The pain of the past I want no more  
 If I think too much about it  
 It leaves me crying on the floor  
 I cry to God to take it away  
 And pray to God no more  
 The pain has left me to abhor  
 People who are whiners  
 As much as I do a spider  
 I was taught men don't cry  
 Yet bottling it up, makes me want to die  
 I'm aware of what's inside me  
 I seek what I need so i can just be  
 Some day, with God's grace I'll  
 Finally get to be free

### Flowers

by Abraham Vinzant

They look good and smell great  
 We give them as gifts  
 Like friendship, sadness  
 But the best time is just for love.

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