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The Search

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The Search

By: Donald Jordan

I have crawled through dark alleys
filled
with the stench of countless victims of human kindness.
I have wandered through the fields,
where pious men ignored the multitudes
and toiled for their gods.
I have strode through halls of men
who guided millions to greatness
and asked nothing in return.
I walked into your life
and in your heart
found,
the man I wished to become.

Escape

By: Jenny Lauren Meyer

As I exhale, my breath
whispers secrets to the earth
and the heavy weighing in my heart
calms like the rising and falling of a dog's chest
as he sleeps.

No one will ever know what I know.
What I dream about is mine.
No one will ever see the peace as
I see it.
And for once, I don't care.