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My Escape

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MY ESCAPE

It's not city lights I long for
Nor gaudy malls
Nor far-off beaches
Or even gala balls.
It's not dinner on the town
Or a shopping spree,
The latest show,
No, that's not for me.
My dream escape is simply time alone
At home, with all the family gone.
Quiet time to think
Or do my thing
With no callers at my door
No phone to ring
Just myself to answer to,
Doing what I really want to do.
No little hands and voices pleading,
Asking questions, calling, needing.
Let me be selfish for a while
To cherish solitude and silence
Nourishing a soul exhausted
By all the daily violence.
So don't invite me to the show
If you really want to please me,
Instead, just take the kids and go
And leave me home — alone — and free.

— *Sharon Kane*

UNTITLED

It requires so little time and thought
The attendant effort is modestly more
But it too is minuscule
When measured against blessings gained.

Like a pebble dropped in water,
The deed ripples outward
Touching all it meets
Tenderly according worth
And nurturing hearts.

This act of grace
Synonymous with humanity
Earnestly beckons each of us...
To be kind.

— *Wayne Atkinson*

A CHAIR NEWLY PLACED

A chair newly placed
by my wife in the bedroom —
bounds redrawn, not gone.

— *Robert N. Georgalas*