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Colors

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FREE AT LAST

By Tori Skillman

I find myself fading back to our days of
fun and love
It is difficult drifting through different phases
in time
The excitement that we experienced just being
together has gone.

Remember holding each other and having no
awareness of what life existed beyond us?
I remember it well

Often, in the past, I have doubted myself and
my ability; as have you
But now I see the joy in living and sharing

Now, I have a rich warm feeling inside, one
never experienced before
I feel I can love you now without making you my
puppet.
I can hold you in my arms without the strain
I can be away from you with beautiful thoughts in
my heart instead of smothered in the palm of
my hand.

We share something too deep to be forgotten
Too vulnerable to be lost
Too open to be put into seclusion

There shall be a day when we can just be. . .
And here I await whole heartedly!

BESEECHING

By Tori Skillman

She is beautiful
Her movements flow in
her dance
The smile shines but the
love won't come through

Her flute sings softly bringing
the world to it's toes
So well she plays, but the emotion
won't flow like the tunes she
plays so passionately.

Music lives within her
but she cannot live for me. . .

COLORS

By Mary Ryder-Swanson

A palette, unopened, is lying in wait
Of a hand
That will free it
And dabble on slate.

Life is all-empty
And wishing for strokes
Of color and meaning
A soft touch of hope.

Green is illumined
And speaks of beginning
White is for goodness
A God without ending.

Black is now oozing
Of evil and cunning
And status-quo Grey
Indecisive and running.

But Blue seems so brilliant
It pours out the truth
Of healing and justice
And speaks to the youth.

Red is all-flowing
And courage is real
The canvas is pulsing
With wisdom and zeal.

Colors descend
And swirl in the role
Of painting a picture
Of everyone's soul.

Brushes stroke madly
As if filled with breath
And evil forever
Is sentenced to death!