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## Her Sweet Voice Always Travels To My Ear

Francis Patrick Murphy  
*College of DuPage*

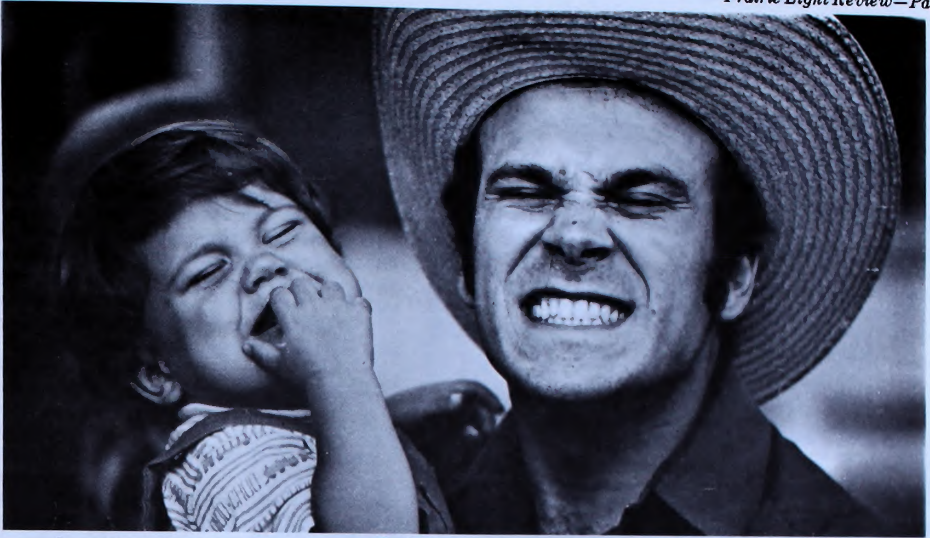
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## Heart and Soul

Share with me —  
A bit of my soul  
It is that which sets us free.

To quest and know  
The absolute  
And pierce reality.

The heart is different —  
Giving life  
And that, you cannot have.

No invitations  
Are being sent  
To apply the healing salve.

Limits are set —  
And airtight wounds  
Make it hard to give.

Pieces of pain —  
Fall on the floor  
And I need my heart to live.

But, ah the soul —  
Soothing and sweet  
To quench whatever ails.

It is yours to trust —  
Mine to trade  
And remove the stake that impales.

Oozing elixir!  
Bonding beings —  
We are free to care.

Wondrous soul —  
I thank you now  
Just for being there.

## To Dad

Robert J. Briskey

A kite to a boy  
Reaches dreams of joy  
A kite to a man  
Brings memories the years to span

To soar on high  
to see Beauty  
To feel each sky  
To care and love is the reason why.

Beatrice N. Maher

## Her Sweet Voice Always Travels To My Ear

Her sweet voice always travels to my ear.  
There is no other eloquence like it.  
Her words are wisdom sensible and clear.  
My heart and mind are touched and benefit  
From such experience that's only known  
By her. I have had time unwisely spent  
To claim those things that I may never own.  
Now how will I repay the love she's lent?

Perhaps my youth is wasted without joy  
On senseless passions I cannot defend.  
Perhaps my meager wit can but annoy  
And loosen feelings deep that may offend.

I know and still no stronger sorrow take  
Than when I try too hard for my friend's sake.

Francis Patrick Murphy

