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A Dream

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Poetry

Fantasy

*Come with me sweet stranger
to a far and distant land,
We shall ride the unicorns
across the silver sand.*

*On winged' stallions
we shall fly
above a purple mist
and land within a sheltered grove
that only sunlight kissed.
The dawn will see us lying there
upon our clover bed,
The shy and gentle morning sky
will find us Eros-fed.*

*Our enchanged world of dreams
will know not guilt nor pain,
we shall walk barefoot through these hills,
and run naked through the rain.*

Reggie Murphy

A Capital Idea

*Idaho,
where Execution
is a natural right.
Can't afford a permanent structure,
so look for
a cattle shed
or a mobile home
to do them in*

Lee Kesselman

Self-Awareness

*Lately,
there's been an
empty chair next
to me.
And for some reason
I smile at it
as if
there was someone
there.
To tell you the truth
there has been.
A real good friend of mine.*

Joan Leindecker

Introspection

*I am searching
the corridors of my mind;
searching for answers
that may be difficult to find.
The corridors darken,*

*The corridors darken,
for fear of what an open door
might reveal.
Even more obscured, then,
is what a closed door
does conceal. . .
Darkness results from fear.*

*Darkness results from fear.
Locks and hinges
begin rusting, too.
Illumination occurs with courage,
as open doors likewise do.*

*I am searching for answers
that may be difficult to find;
searching behind doors
throughout corridors,
obscured by my own mind.*

Stormin'

*A sudden summer storm,
And I lay safe and warm.
My thoughts caressing you —
Wherever you may be.*

*For so long,
I've sang my love song
Of me and you; of something borrowed,
Something blue.*

*I smile now,
Feeling the warmth of your love somehow.
A summer storm, and I —
So very, very warm.*

Jerome A. Atkinson

Laura's Eyes

*When after a soft kiss or embrace,
I look up and see your face.*

*I'm taken in by what I see,
those eyes that look back at me.*

*Not only are they too good to be true,
but they are the most amazing blue.*

*How I long to hold you close,
so I can see what I miss most.*

*The color stolen from the sky,
and placed so gently in each eye.*

Christopher R. Dorris

A Dream

*How do you bury a
dream?*

*Banish it from heart and mind
and say,
"Begone."*

*Were it a sudden fancy or a whim,
it's demise would be sure and swift.*

*But too long my heart has
nurtured it.*

*My dream
like a kite
has flown heavenward,
for prayers keep earnest
dreams alive.*

*"Just cut the string"
is your advice?*

*I'll do just that —
but it's my heart-strings
that hold it tight.*

Mae R. Mortensen