Letter to Diogenes

Lawrence Scott Kees
College of DuPage
Kees: Letter to Diogenes

The Achievement of Love

Begin with people. Laugh, dance, music in the air.
Eyes upon eyes, ears upon ears, and feet upon feet. 
Minds intertwine, hearts mingle, souls collide.
Talk arouses, feelings excite, hands touch.
Life begins, activity increases, joy mounts.
Days upon days go by, the rain becomes the sun, 
the weeds into flowers, and like into love.
End with people, laugh, dance, music in the air.
Two bodies into one soul, 
The spirit of love upon love, joy upon joy, 
and beauty upon beauty.
And again it begins, a new beginning at each dawn 
of a new sun.
The love becomes the circle, the joy into the high, 
and the beauty into the ecstasy.

freebird
Deborah Thomas

Letter to Diogenes

Diogenes, you would not be proud of what I have lastly found.
Sympathetic truths so true that they override my solitude.
Loneliness: is not a petty pain, else, I would ignore its' ugly fame.

YES! this creative surge is deep within, although you'd say, "it's only sin".
But, I say to you in secluded rage; 
in the end I'll turn back the page, the words will be changed — for good, for, no evil will concur, or should.
Your blasted ways will want revenge but, my souls delight will bend your ends.
Forlorn bedighted? No More, I'd say.
Diogenes, foresaken, forgotten, — AWAY!!!

Lawrence Scott Kees

Algenon, You Hairy Beast, I Love You

While the billowing clouds 
puff the final scents of summer, 
The evening breeze matts your fur 
As you sit in your "just so" way 
on the sun dried grass.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I admire you.

The Spring dabbles dew 
on your furry paws, 
The tulips single 
to your unearthly charm, 
The lake ripples in harmony 
with your musical bark.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I am devoted to you.

The day you ran 
from the warmth of our home, 
I wept and wept 
for you to come back 
And when you finally returned, I drop-kicked your small body 
across the tichen. 
"Purely out of love," I whispered 
into your ringing ears. 
The birds chirped, 
and the stars circled overhead. 
But you understood.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I love you.

Chris Neesley

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Love-Searching (For P.D. of RVA)

I
Is there no rest for us, the love weary?
Are we condemned forever to search ceaselessly for love's sweet nectar?
Let us hope not. For I, like you, have tasted the bitter sweat of toiling in vain.
Only to have love vanish like a gentle desert rain.

II
And I have seen the frantic eyes of other 
Searching Ones at Disco No. 101, 
Gazing through wall-to-wall cigarette smoke for THE ONE, then for SOMEONE, and finally for ANYONE.
Seeing, alas, only no one.
Sadly, they turn hauntingly and walk softly (heads held high, nevertheless) out into that cold night — alone.

III
The Wise Ones (our proud and horny friends) tell us to take our time,
"You need to party more, girl." "Have some fun, brother." 
"Drink some wine, everyone!"
But we know — you and I — that there's no time for time.
Are they blind? 
WE'VE got to find love; it's love-searching time!

Jerome A. Atkinson

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Comments on This and That:

Any rule is absolute only to the lowest expressible order of magnitude.

George A. Whittington

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