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Letter to Diogenes

Lawrence Scott Kees
College of DuPage

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Have you ever heard of College of DuPage?
Well if you haven't then you're surely not a Sage.
College of DuPage is the Academic rage.
Those high upon the gauge are graduates of College of DuPage.

Whether you're an Alaskan Eskimo,
Or a Southern Georgia Peach,
You'll gain alot of knowledge,
From the subjects that they teach.

This honored piece of paper that I now possess,
Hangs upon my wall and brings me happiness.
It earns me great respect,
And shouts that I have knowledge,
And it's for this I'm grateful,
To this inimitable College.

Now I beg your leave,
For I must go you see.
But this is not the end,
There'll always be . . . C/D and me.

Haroldeana Markel (Bunny)

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

Comments on This and That:

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

George A. Whittington

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, sould 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, — A WAY!!!

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 tingle
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 itchen.
"Purely out of love," I whispered
into your ringing ears.
The birds chirped,
and the stars circled overhead.
But you undersstood.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I love you.

Chris Neesley