

Art



Lit

#94

URSA 97

Lucky Penny

He sits on a corner
Arms outstretched
Palms up
Head bowed
In shame

Had you known him before
You would never assume
That this man, who sits
Crumbling
Like a sand castle
Destroyed
By heartless waters
Could have been
Or maybe even
Was
Someone you could have known
Or maybe,
Even knew.

Some are ashamed
As they glanced his way
But for most
He
Is just another face
They choose
To ignore

And if he
Makes no difference
Why should they
Make a difference
Why care?
Who Cares?

One little girl
Walking by
Tightly grasping her mother's
hand
And in the other
She clutches
Her lucky penny

And when
He shyly smiles her way
Only she
Feels the warmth
Of his hollow smile
And senses the pain, behind it

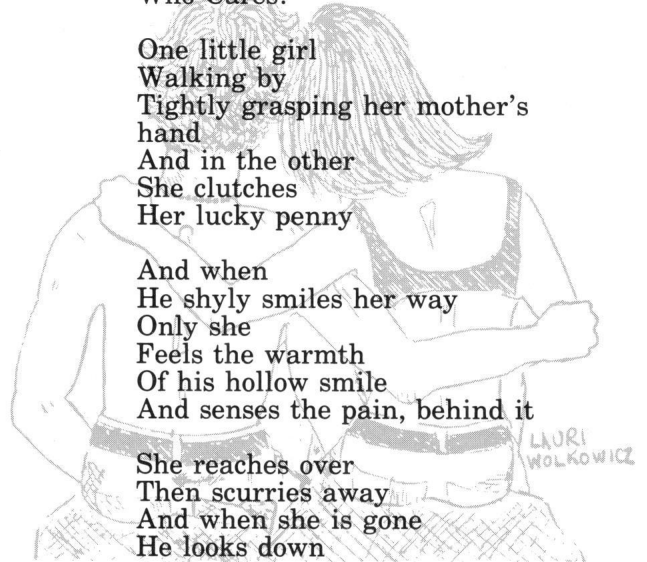
She reaches over
Then scurries away
And when she is gone
He looks down
At the shiny
Lucky penny
Nestled in his palm

Not worth much
But means life
To him
Afterall,
If
He's lucky,
There may be
Tomorrow . . .

Lauri Wolcovicz



Karen Bambonye



A River Run Dry

As I walked alone,
I hummed a tune,
That made me smile
And whisper, "soon."

I shuffled my feet.
And held my head high,
The song taking me back
To a river run dry.

A river that used to be
Filled with crystal clear waters,
Until summer months began
To grow hotter and hotter.

By that river
Many children were born,
Some mischeivous creatures
Others looked at with scorn.

It was by that ol' river,
I spent my first days,
Met my first love
And went seperate ways.

Now as I know
My last days are near,
I think of the past
And shudder with fear.

For soon I will leave
This place I've come to call my home
And good-byes will have have to be
said
As I continue into the unknown.

"Soon," I repeat to myself,
Soon I will see the sunset
Down by the valley
Where my husband and I met.

And over by the forest,
Where now stands that ol' tree
To my husband's proposal,
It was there I agreed.

In my life I'd seen many sunsets
But never did never did one so differ,
That eve it pink, yellow and blue . . .
Like my ol' precious river.

Cheryl Blum

Conquest

I put one foot in to see what it was like and I got swpet
underneath the waters of life.
Are we all soldiers in this everlasting flow?

With each stream of challenge I fight my way through,
I struggle,
Tumble,
Pull myself up to see the "scars of experience",
Marking me for the naked eye to see.
Will I ever find the quiet river of silver that seems to set
others free?
I tell myself to remember that each stream leads to
different waters.

But why has change washed away *my* path?

With my hands tied behind my back,
I hope in time the tides will turn and pull the blindford
from my face.

So maybe I can finally see where these waters have
taken me.

Rachel Eggins

The Dream

Never have I seen or dreamt of a land as cherished,
As the one over and under the hills
Hiding the truth from my heart,
Never to be stilled.
The sky is clear blue,
Mimiking my love for you.
The forest is aged and tall like the thought of my gall.
Never would I forgive my heart if I should fall . . .
On this bridge I stand,
Holding open my loving hand.
Waiting for the time when you and I,
Shall venture forth onto such a journey.
Together we shall stand and fall,
Find the path that is hidden to all.
And when we do . . . The land will be there,
Waiting as always.
The trees, the sky and finally,
You and I . . .

A Dreamer