THE POETRIE GALLERIE

IS LOVE FOR ME

I've seen infatuation, I've seen something deeper.

One partner grows closer, The other wants to grow older.

I've seen it in the movies, I've had thoughts it could come true.

The pain it causes, There's no cure.

The effect afterwards, There's no pulling back together.

It happens to me each time, The last time, I did more than whine.

There's one of me, In each relation, there were always three.

Someone, please tell me, Is love for me?

Sanford, FL

I heard the silence Float into the room And pirouette Above the crystal chandelier In celebration of the Vacant nest.

It bathed my ankles In its golden silk And teased my nose With scents of spice and rose.

It painted images Upon my walls-In pastels of pink and green and blue.

And then, I turned the calendar-Twice. Then twice again.

Now silence Chokes and gags me-Makes me cough.

Its silken threads Confuse my feet And make me fall

Hostile scents

Into my nostrils

Purples, reds and blacks Ooze down the walls And creep along The carpet's edge.

With patience I now wait. And wait some more-To hearing the clanging, Clinging of the Bell.

> Almeda C. Duncan St. Louis, MO

Of Wars & Things . .

The whole world is a war and we are its victims: you and me — us.

Fading silhouttes of life chasing tomorrow in euphoric blues riding high on cloud nine: a mushroom

Nourishing the pregnancies of new world war ghosts.

And living today has been postphoned: the world has declared war on peace.

THE CHILDREN

Who will feed the children all around the world?

Who will teach them, the hungry, homeless and sometimes orphans?

Nations divided and pitted against each other and each one thinking and knowing and believing they are right, They seek liberty and truth and at the same time, Brotherhood and honor are no more while we their mothers'. wring our hands Cry out in anguish ever more.

Who will lead the children in our present world and teach them how to survive without food and water?

So the children must suffer the evils of humanity, curses of Wars and all crimes committed because of personal choices.

I scream inside my body when I see the mangled bodies

of little boys and girls torn by bullets and shells mostly made in the land of the Free - The others with swollen bellies due to lack of food and water.

How does one say to them, roses are red, violets are blue,

the moon lights up at night, the sun in daylight is very bright and We the leaders love you.

> Marilyn E. Spicer Compton, CA

"The Victim"

Who is the victim? What is a victim? Well, we all know who the victim is. The child is the victim. He that walks around alone, afraid, and abused. He that lives in this sham world we call "society." He that takes on the pressures of a grown up when in reality he's just a child. He that bears others' burdens when he has so many, of his own. He that walks around always putting on a cheerful face for the crowd's benefit, when all he really feels is embitterment. He's the victim.

> **Beverley Cousins** 'Cleveland, Ohio

Power of Time

Someone said to me one day,

"All old people should get out of the way." I stood right there with much surprise And the tears came down my eyes My mind wondered, I had to say If it wasn't for them, this wouldn't be your day. There steps may be short and few, LA, CA For when they were working there was more to do.

They got theirs done, and part of yours too There is so much to be said with this in your

I'm just so sorry that there will never be enough time

Only the future in its own time Will help you win, your victory in some small

Your memory will go back, if only for a day. And find you are proud in, in every way

> CORNELIA HARROD Baltimore, MD

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