

Words For Nature ☆

*To me every hour of the night and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle.

WALT WHITMAN
Miracles

The Work-out

by Barbara VanAssche

Whistle sounds:
 Cool impact,
 Glide through velvety layers.
 Stroke begins
 Even, uninterrupted,
 Swift, effortless through satiny smooth water.
 Natural, easy breaths,
 Steady comfortable rhythm
 Strong, powerful, stroke.
 Sound of water surging past.
 Thickening water,
 Necessary breaths,
 Stretching muscles,
 Heavier arms,
 Breathlessness, strain.
 Thundering water.
 Weariness,
 Tedious motion.
 Thoughts of area yet to cover.
 Straining muscles,
 Stinging, smarting eyes,
 Gulps of air mixed with water,
 Pounding tumult,
 Anguish and torment.
 The final laps:
 Thrashing arms,
 Dense water,
 Aching body,
 Frantic effort to end it all.
 Unconsciousness of all but the approaching rim
 The solid edge.
 Relief.

Nowhere Goes The Sea

by Cheryl Howe

I stand among the rocks in shadow
and lift my eyes to gaze toward
the sea.

Beyond me flows the blood of life
going nowhere, destined to always be just
the sea.

Somewhere I belong, out beyond the waves;
closing weary eyes a wanderer joins
the sea.

Tranquility reigns over rippling water;
the rocks are barren and toward nowhere goes
the sea.



J. MILUINAS



Snows Deceit

by Chris Kilyanek

It's so soft and fluffy,
 Like cotton.
 It shines and sparkles,
 Like diamonds.
 Its beauty is so pure,
 Like heaven.
 But it's so bitter cold,
 Like ice.

The Wind

by Lynn Campbell

The wind—

warmly wild

Ever moving

and searching.

Worrying grasses and

trees in its incessant

chasing flight.

Shifting

the softly protesting earth

with rustlings

and swishings

and gentle murmurs

of fleeting regret.

The Mountains Hold

by Carol Wolvin

Far they rise,
Majestic peaks.
Before my eyes
Great mountains sleep.

High above
Summits reach.
Places I love,
Places I seek.

Snowcapped tops,
Purple bases.
Forgotten are
Human faces.

In their height
Stories untold
Power and might
The mountains hold.

Words For Music

*A song is more lasting than the riches of
the world.

PADRAIC COLUM

Polonius and the Ballad-Singers

My Wife

by Richard Fritz

I had a very pretty wife,
Who was but twenty three.
Though I did dearly love my wife—
She loved not me, but thee.

I bought her many lovely things,
You just could not believe,
But I could not fulfill her needs—
She loved not me, but thee.

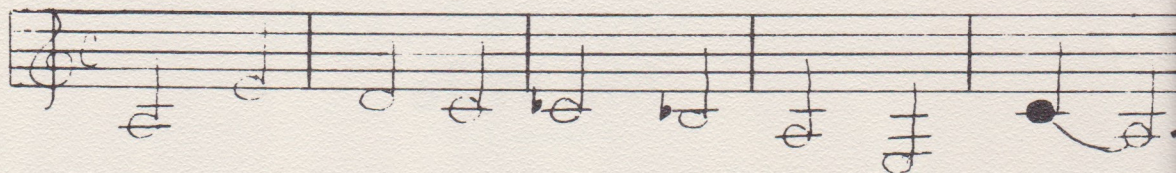
I said I'd give her just one chance,
And then I gave her three.
But still her thoughts remained unchanged—
She loved not me, but thee.

I did my very very best,
As you can plainly see.
But it was not enough my friend—
She loved not me, but thee.

I told her that she had a choice,
Of either you or me.
So I was forced to KILL my wife—
She chose not me, but thee!

Times Are

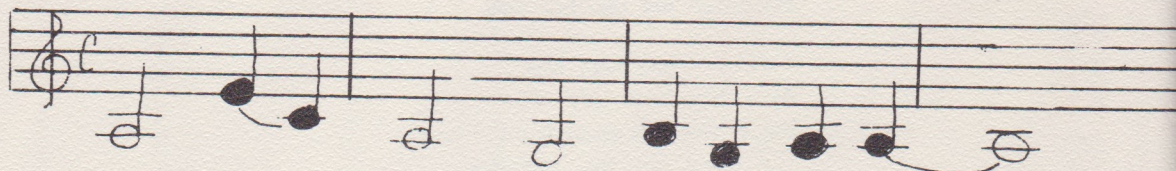
by Doug Stamp



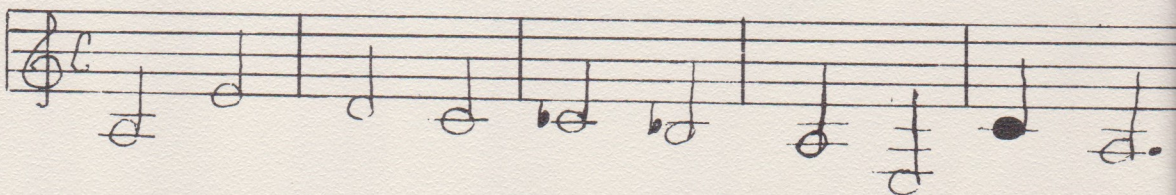
NE - VER SAW A NIGHT SO BLACK BE - FO - RE



SO HEAVY BLACK IT'S BOUND TO CRUSH ME - -



WHILE YOU CHILD YOU HAVE BEEN SLEE - PING



SLEE - PING IN A NIGHT NOT MADE FOR SLEE - PING

You've got your mother crying

23

'Cause the world's not dreaming, only you.

No time to rest your eyes.

The room's cold, your mother old and dying.

Can't you see it; boy?

Can't you feel her tears?

She's telling you what you don't understand;

She's touching you softly with her small shaking hand.

Yet when the morning comes, child,

You'll know what she said:

You'll see the dry tears on a placid face

Wrinkled with years.

SOUNDS

by JoAnn Bowers

The Music starts

gently playing.

Notes begin swirling and chords start twirling.

Round, Round, the room

Filling every corner with

Such exquisite sounds

BOOMING notwithvolume

but with Beauty.

Then gently

leaving off;

Playing the last few notes

slowly so

You

Can remember Them

Forever.

Loved No More

by Barb Katterman

Her grace, her form, was hers alone;
For she was so unique.
Impossible to imitate,
That's Jane of whom I speak.

She's lived a sad and troubled life
Since she's been nine plus three;
She has had many heartaches . . . Oh
Three times married was she.

Her first true love was not so true,
Another stole his heart;
The same the second and the third,
From her they always part.

For her there was so little life,
No meaning to exist;
So overcome by some strange force
She slashed her trembling wrist.

BRIGHTLY
WITH FEELING

"IT AIN'T NO GOOD"

WORDS AND MUSIC
DAVID BYDLOWS

SHOW ME A RICH MAN, I'LL SHOW YOU
TWO POOR. SHOW ME A PERSON WITH MONEY
IN VAULTS, I'LL SHOW YOU THE RICH
WITH PAIN IN HIS HEART. SHOW ME THE RICH
MAN WITH LEISURE TIME, I'LL SHOW
YOU THE COMMON WITH LOVE ON HIS
MIND. SHOW ME THE RICH. THESE
ARE MINORITY. SHOW ME THE COMMON.
I'LL SHOW YOU MAJORITY. BUT WHO
RUNS THE WORLD? IT'S THE FEW WHO
ARE RICH. WHEN IT COMES

MANUSCRIPT PAPER

TO DECISIONS, THEY SAY IT'S THE MANY

WHY IS THIS DONE, BREAKING THE

RULES OF BEFORE? THE ANSWER ARE

THE ARISTOCRATS WHO LIVE BUT

SHOULDN'T IT BE THE COMMON WHO

WORK? THERE BY POOR FORTUNE

THE WORLD AND I. THE WORLD AND

TO GODA + 2. C G7 C G7 C

I I FINE



Thinking

by Ron Aitken

If ever I should stop and think
About the world today,
I'm sure that I would turn my head
And look the other way.

I can't quite understand it all,
The fighting and the wars,
While some big politician
Just sits around and snores.

If I was where the leaders are
I'm sure I'd change all this.
I'd stop all fights, and war would cease
The world would be in bliss.

But just right now I can't quite think
Of how to do all this,
But still I'm sure if I had the chance,
My theories could not miss.

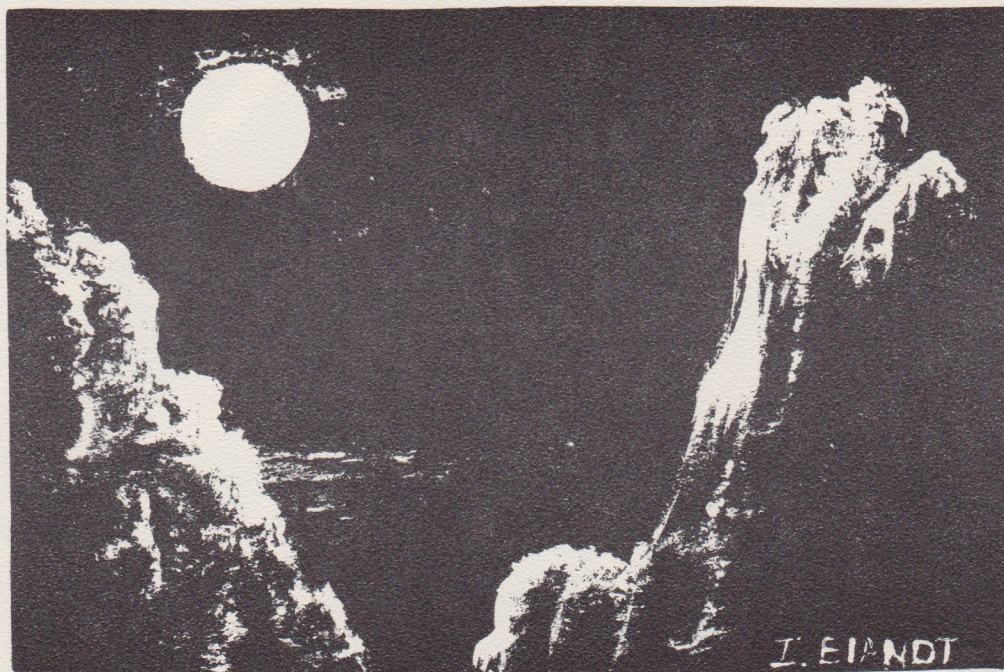
If ever I should stop and think
About myself today,
I'm sure that I would turn my head
And slowly walk away.

Words For Death

*Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

FRANCIS BACON

Of Death



Death In Waiting

by Carol Sparling

I sat there silently in the dark musty room. Not a sound could I hear, just the thumping of my heart. My mind was quietly and busily at work. I went over and over the plan in my mind, until I could almost see every little detail, just as it was going to happen.

I had been hiding there behind the boxes for hours; my limbs ached and my head pounded, but I paid no attention to them. All I could think of was those poor unsuspecting souls. Oh, how my heart bled for them. Ha, I could hardly wait.

This was the day I had been waiting for. Somehow I knew, this was exactly the right moment. I was ready. Slowly the door crept open inch by inch, wider and wider. First an arm, a leg, then at last his head. I aimed; I fired; I killed! His body fell to the floor with a thump. The blood was running from his head. Ah! At last, he was dead. Ah! but his brother; where was his brother? Oh, yes, now I remember; yes I had killed him too. Oh how I laughed. I had killed him many years ago. Just as someone had once killed me.

Catch It If You Can

by Lana Presley

The wind screeched and howled outside, driving the snow against Janys Kelly's car. As she drove along the narrow mountain road, Janys kept hoping that she would not meet up with a car coming in the opposite direction. The look of surprise on her family's faces when they saw that she could make it for Christmas after all, would be worth all of the worry and wonder that she was going through now. That is, *if* she got home. As it was, the windshield wipers were doing a fair job, but not much more.

About one hour later, the wind was still making a tremendous amount of racket, and the snow was coming down even more than before. Janys' eyes strained to see the edge of the road. She knew that to her right there was a shape dropoff of about 500 feet—straight down. This made her doubly nervous. With a start, Janys brought herself back to the present and strained her eyes again to see the road. But, by that time it was too late. Janys' car went straight when it should have turned

At 10:00 p.m., the police station at Morrissey, Kentucky, got a call from the mountain police.

"Sergeant Tiffin, you'd better send an ambulance to the Moresby Pass Road. Looks like we got ourselves one humdinger of an accident."

"Mountain patrol, can you give us a more accurate description of where this accident is located? You know, Moresby Pass road is an awful long stretch of blacktop."

"Sir, the car is just down the hill from

Lookout Point. Does that give you a better idea of where this mess is located?"

"Yes, that's fine, mountain patrol. We will get someone out there pronto."

By the time the ambulance from Morrissey got to the scene of Janys' misfortune, it was approximately midnight. The officer was standing about the wreckage, shivering, with a look of tragedy on his face.

"Gads, man, she's a young one, isn't she?"

"Yeah. It's too bad she had to go like this."

"You said it, chum. Well, let's get her back into Morrissey for identification, shall we?"

As the police officer, the doctor, and the ambulance attendant loaded Janys' body into the back of the ambulance to take to the morgue, they failed to notice her purse lying on a little mound of snow a few feet from the wreckage. Just an inch from her purse, also unnoticed, was a little white card which read:

MY NAME IS JANYS KELLY.
I AM THE VICTIM OF CIRROS-
TOSIS, A RARE BLOOD DISEASE.
IF I AM IN AN ACCIDENT, I MAY
HAVE THE APPEARANCE OF A
DEAD PERSON, BUT ACTUALLY
I AM ONLY IN A COMA. I NEED
HOSPITALIZATION IMMEDIATE-
LY! ! !

Restless Sleep

by Doug Stamp

Soldier though I am,
 Why blame me if I cry.
 I marched to war in glory.
 Now in a ditch I lie
 With slime to rest my head,
 With rain to drown my sigh.
 Take me from this wretched bed;
 Touch me, see me die.

My body now lays still
 Where soldiers once marched by,
 Sleeping like a filthy rag
 Among the sow's black sty.
 There'll be no cross upon my grave;
 Yet no one can deny
 The right of any soldier
 To bow his head and cry.



D.S.

Night Tide

by Doug Stamp

Dreaming desperately
 Softly stepping
 In the mad lust of lunacy

Dreadful and drear.
 Abstract adversity
 Beguiling Consoler of night
 The joking monarch of Sleep
 Perched upon a dream.

TO H... WITH IT...

by Lawrence Acker

We were standin' around, cussing at each other. Talking 'bout how I scared the h--- outa' that old man. H---, we wasn't worried, we'd been in gang fights before. This one wasn't no different, 'cept for me. The guys wasn't scared, least none of 'em said so. Somebody had some donuts he stole from that bakery down on the corner an' he passed 'em around. We was at the usual spot, talking as always 'bout how we'd been out swiping hubcaps and shoplifting. I remember 'cuz I started thinkin' how it wasn't always like this. Now I was one of the guys; I was "in."

It took me a long time. Course I had to go through the usual initiations, like scaring that old guy with the knife, and swiping the junk out of that store. I was nobody 'til last month. I wanted so bad to get "in". Well, I did it. Now I have friends. Now I am somebody. 'Cepting now I gotta leave it all.

I remember the pressure from everywhere... "Join a group." "You're nobody by yourself." Friends—the ever present need for companions. "Think like the others; be like everyone else." Well, yesterday's loneliness is gone. Today I have friends. Guys to follow, guys to be with. Guys who are willin to fight for me. Like tonight, in the street fight we were like one body, struggling together

for the same purpose — to destroy the enemy. I still don't know where that knife came from, though.

Now I lie in this crummy alley; an' I'm gonna bleed to death. Not like I'm scared or nuthin'; I don't care about dying. H---! dead I got it better than those idiots that do what their parents tell 'em. But where are all the guys now? Where are my friends now? How come they all left me to die alone? How come they didn't come back like they said they was gonna? I'm one of the gang. How come they didn't come back? Don't they care either? Naw, that's not it. Somethin must be holdin' them up....



O, When I Die

by Bev Toma

O, when I die don't wear the black of grief
Nor weep or wail for loss of such a friend:
For as I lie and look upon your face
I do not weep, though worlds apart we are.

For my world lives while yours is long-time dead.
We'll join our separate worlds when time is gone.
There is no pain, nor love, nor hate to feel,
But just the cold and black of ages past.

There is no heav'n nor hell for us who died
In sin so great yet love so strong for God.
Yet, what is God? The thought of ideal man?
I know the answer now, my friend, through death.

My Seashell Collection

by Cheryl Howe

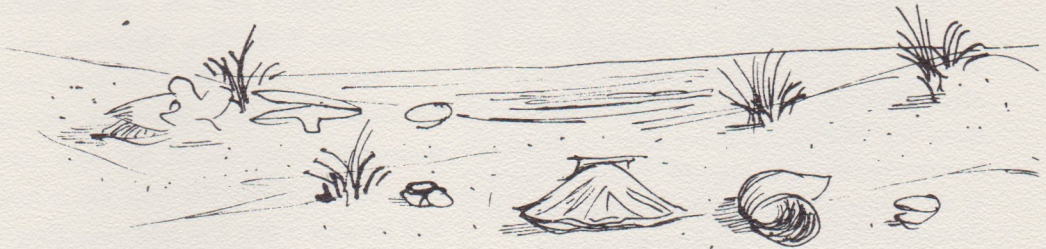
The wide corridor of the hospital was empty that decisive day. The hospital room at first glance appeared to be the same. A second look revealed however, the presence of a Mrs. Chanella. She was lying still and small but yet alive. No, there were no visitors, no relatives, no well-wishing friends and no medical staff present as the "long awaited" event took place. The hospital had provided the minimum of doctors and nurses for the woman. Entering with little identification, she had been considered to be a recluse with no funds for medical attention.

Hers was a life nearing an inevitable

end no specialist on earth could postpone. And so she died, a woman who had lived for twenty years in a lonely Philadelphia apartment needing no one.

The funeral and burial, of course, were like the death: simple. Then it was found, the bank account. There was no great fortune but it was in the hundred thousands. How she obtained the money I am not sure because no one knew much about her. I only remember her before the period of reclusion. She had been so young looking, so adventurous, but most of all so carefree.

Of course after her death there was a



B. MERTZ

will found leaving various amounts of money to various near and far-off relatives which were her only ones living at the time. The greatest amount of money was left to Mrs. Chanella's sister, commonly known as Great Aunt Belina. This woman was very rich and I doubt if the six-hundred thousand dollars meant much to her but then neither had her sister. Oh, the look on her shriveled up old face as the lawyer read off her name. As if she had any right to be conceited! She hadn't even attended the funeral.

After the money was given to her, she dwelled on it. Her sister the ugly recluse had become a celebrity in the town Great Aunt Belina resided in. Mrs. Chanella had grown up there. Being the recipient of the largest amount of the fortune made Belina important. Fate has its way, though. The day the money was deposited in her bank she was stricken with a heart attack and died.

Perhaps the most odd facet of the will was the money left to two insurance men. They were brothers and sixth cousins of Mrs. Chanella. She had always detested them and had once accused them of being swindlers although no one believed her at the time. They received one-hundred thousand dollars. Unfortunately (and I apply that term loosely) they were later to be imprisoned for murder. The money had led to gambling, to drinking, to bullets. The money did them little good.

Mrs. Chanella had had a step-aunt who had one child, a boy. He later married and together with his wife formed

the rest of Mrs. Chanella's heirs. They were remembered quite justly although she had never forgiven them for not having children to bring new relatives into the fast dying-out family. They lived in Grand Nichols, I believe. Yes, that was the name of that city in Kansas. They operated a small dry-cleaning shop which was managed quite happily before the money. They took to arguing over the fifty thousand dollars after the inheritance was announced. The wife ran away with a New York artist before she even saw the money. Shortly afterward the husband hung himself. I dare say, you must agree that that was for the best. The wife, learning of her husband's death, flew home to attend to some financial matters and was destined to be killed in a plane crash. They both got exactly what they deserved, in my opinion.

You are by now, wondering where I come in. I would hate to have you think I have deceived you but I am afraid that is the case. I am Mrs. Chanella. No, I'm not dead . . . yet. As I lie here waiting for death I think of them, my only relatives miles from me at the only time I ever needed them. But you know how it will be after I die. I've told you. They will pay for all the suffering and anguish they caused me. On second thought though, punishment is too good for them. Let them stare in disbelief when I leave all to the janitor of my apartment. Scandalous, you say? No, he always wanted my seashell collection.

SILENCE LINGERING

by Doug Stamp

Death is
 Silence
 Lingering
Still As the stars
 Imbedded
 in black

Soft
and
Pleasant

 Sleep.
 Deep
As the meaning of
 Soul
Molested never.



HANDZEL