

“Lowered”

by Douglass Blessing Allegretti

I see a connection
Death’s realm of ward
A murmur’s complexion
The dissection common sense and sword
Methods of mind towards a gene of cord
Stroke of attack
Pressure adored
with amnesty for a higher power
Reflection obscured
Awoke the bored in protection
Transformation endured.

“OF MY UNDERSTANDING”

by Michael Slevin

God's not dead nor living, nor swirling in our heads
He's more like the rain that falls to slake the roots of flower beds.
(like numbers can describe a thing so perfectly, yet numbers
don't exist in stark reality)
He does not know that He exists, thus can't lurk in some crucifix
Or ever part the waters for a cause
Or deign to punish people for their flaws
Or speak to holy prophets from the sky
Or bear our souls to heaven when we die.
God is coldest cold and hottest hot.
He is that place where things are and not
He's music when our inner quiet's heard.
My God was being long before the word.

“Misty”

by Donald Breen

The road is often misty
Clouded by confusion
Plagued by hesitation
Surrounded by racing thoughts

I try calming the mind
Clearing the thoughts
Living for the now
Reaching for the sky

The road I have traveled has many twists and turns
Full of peaks and valleys
Forever striving forward
Step by step I travel

Many years of struggle
Searching for this road
The road that leads to clarity
Finally feeling free

“SUNSHINE”
by Michael Holmes

The itsy bitsy spider went up the spider spout.
No rain only sunshine in the world outside.
The world is bright, beautiful, and round.
The sun shines bright and hot.
The sun is round and orange and yellow but it's not
too hot for the spider to climb the water spouts.
It's bright and relaxing and you can go to the beach
Where you see people smiling and having fun.
On the beach is the yellow and orange round sun,
where you can relax.
On the sunshine beach we can come and go outside
and see the sunshine in the summer time.
Sunshine!

“Untitled”

by Laura Sadler

Patiently I wait for him

 Looking for his smile, his laugh, his voice.

Patiently I listen to him.

 Hearing his anger, his confusion, his despair.

Patiently I hope for him.

 Wishing for healing, acceptance, awareness.

Patiently I wait for him.