

Having you near me makes me happy.
 Just like the sun. Just like water.
 I want you to understand how I feel.
 You are like the sun; sometimes warm, sometimes cold.
 Sometimes "shinning" your love for days, or just
 going "in" for a day or two.
 Your love shines through the rays and reflects on me;
 some for me, some for others.
 And when people feel your warmth, they want more,
 for you give off a great deal of love...
 a great deal of life.
 For I am water.
 Sometimes cold, sometimes warm, maybe rough,
 or I may stay calm.
 Always moving, sharing myself with others who live in me.
 I give myself...my life to others.
 Yet there are those who are scared of me;
 They'll never come near me.
 And those who touch me, those who like me want
 more, more of my love; my life.
 I don't mind because I have so much to give,
 as does the sun, as do you.
 And I know, even after life...
 you will "shine" yourself forever.
 And through your "warmth" I hope to learn
 what it is that you have learned already...
 ...I'll learn to shine, you'll learn to move,
 and we'll shine and move for eternity.

I love you.
 Jennifer

PAIN

SWOOSH
 -Like a flying dove
 ZIPP
 -goes our love
 PLUFF
 -through the years
 MOAN
 -All the tears
 YIKES
 -I can't take no more
 SLAM
 -As I walk out the door

I.M. LOVE

Young World

The world was a snowflake
 on the tip of your tongue
 In a tiny wooden box where love circulated.
 Age and experience set fire
 to the field of flowers full.
 Fingerpaints, clouds and ice-cream,
 Smiles, squirrels and bubbles surrendered
 to the smoke that choked.
 Life's soot covers the shiny heart
 that yesterday (and I) once knew
 And oh! how that heart delighted
 in yesterdays sun.

VAF

**Baba
 (father)**

Baba the world is spinning death unto my eyes
 make me blind...
 Baba I saw the web
 and was caught
 I walked without your name on my breath
 and saw Mr. Death,
 knocking at my door
 Baba I didn't ask for you
 I had lost faith in you
 The door opened
 and Mr. Death entered in a feeble attempt.
 Baba I forsook you for but one moment
 and my soul was taken
 and my heart broken
 But now I'm holding out my hand
 and I'm walking beside you
 guide me my father
 show me the door to your love.
 show me the glory or joy
 as I knew it once.

Aruna Balladin

Insights II

Untitled

You know what?
 I'm sick of being a puppet, lead upon the string.
 The string is their hold on me.
 I should loosen the string...
 Life is much too short to listen to their advice all of the
 time.
 Who are they to judge you or tell me I shouldn't care about
 you?
 They say I am wrong.
 Maybe I am...but I can't imagine being wrong for the sense of
 warmth I feel when I see
 you.
 Your smile and your voice fill so many dark days;
 You don't even know that because I listen...I listen to them
 and,
 You know what?
 I'm sick of listening...but I'm so scared that you won't care
 or that you'll laugh at me;
 The rejection would be unbearable.
 My heart would break and I know, yes, I know I would never be
 able to mend the pieces.
 So, I go on listening...not to my heart, but to them.
 Someday I hope I'll get up the courage and the strength to be
 open and honest.
 Until then, I just pray for your happiness and wish I were
 the one you loved.

Maribeth Lombardi

Depression

I remember when my parents were cool,
 I remember when I had a girlfriend,
 I remember when I had hope.
 Those were the good old days.
 You know, when Elvis was alive, and,
 Evil Kinevil was jumping the Grand Canyon.

Michael Tambourine