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## Colors

Mary Ryder-Swanson  
*College of DuPage*

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## FREE AT LAST

By Tori Skillman

I find myself fading back to our days of  
fun and love  
It is difficult drifting through different phases  
in time  
The excitement that we experienced just being  
together has gone.

Remember holding each other and having no  
awareness of what life existed beyond us?  
I remember it well

Often, in the past, I have doubted myself and  
my ability; as have you  
But now I see the joy in living and sharing

Now, I have a rich warm feeling inside, one  
never experienced before  
I feel I can love you now without making you my  
puppet.  
I can hold you in my arms without the strain  
I can be away from you with beautiful thoughts in  
my heart instead of smothered in the palm of  
my hand.

We share something too deep to be forgotten  
Too vulnerable to be lost  
Too open to be put into seclusion

There shall be a day when we can just be. . .  
And here I await whole heartedly!

## BESEECHING

By Tori Skillman

She is beautiful  
Her movements flow in  
her dance  
The smile shines but the  
love won't come through

Her flute sings softly bringing  
the world to it's toes  
So well she plays, but the emotion  
won't flow like the tunes she  
plays so passionately.

Music lives within her  
but she cannot live for me. . .

## COLORS

By Mary Ryder-Swanson

A palette, unopened, is lying in wait  
Of a hand  
That will free it  
And dabble on slate.

Life is all-empty  
And wishing for strokes  
Of color and meaning  
A soft touch of hope.

Green is illumined  
And speaks of beginning  
White is for goodness  
A God without ending.

Black is now oozing  
Of evil and cunning  
And status-quo Grey  
Indecisive and running.

But Blue seems so brilliant  
It pours out the truth  
Of healing and justice  
And speaks to the youth.

Red is all-flowing  
And courage is real  
The canvas is pulsing  
With wisdom and zeal.

Colors descend  
And swirl in the role  
Of painting a picture  
Of everyone's soul.

Brushes stroke madly  
As if filled with breath  
And evil forever  
Is sentenced to death!