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Untitled

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Powell: Untitled

Once there was a man
who was tall and strong
and held his ideals
in a tightly clenched fist.

Once there was a woman
who saw this man
and when their eyes met
they quickly turned away.

But it was too late —
their souls had spoken.
They started to circle one another
— big ones at first
then they got smaller
and smaller
till one day
late at night
they reached out
and gently held hands.

At just that moment
a tiny little star
came floating down from the sky
and landed in their hands.
— They looked in each other's eyes
and this time they didn't turn away.

This man and this woman
shared their dreams
and secrets
and they played
and laughed
and loved
until she got busy
and he grew tired
and he got busier
and she grew weary
and they stopped playing
and didn't dream so much anymore
— and their precious little star grew dim.

The man shouted, "Look what happened!"
but he was tired and heavy
and wanted to lay down their star.

The woman woke up and cried, "No!"
she wanted to protect it
— cup it gently in their hands
till it grew strong again.

But the man said, "No, we must
watch it from a distance
to see if it comes back to us."

The woman was scared
and she cried.

The star never returned to
the man and the woman
— it fluttered a few times
but it eventually burned out —
and the whole universe grew dimmer
without the light
of that one tiny little star

Annette Selsavage



James Meredith Watkins

Love is great.
Devotion is greater.
Surrender is greatest.

The object of love need only be seen.
The object of devotion must be touched.
The object of surrender must be embodied as one.

Love is a passive reaction.
Devotion is an active relation.
Surrender is solitary.

LIGHT

My house is built of
Alabaster, wine and gold
The halls of ebony,
Of half formed clouds
With vast rooms of old sun-light
Hoary oaks and furred velvets

I walk upon a path of
Brilliants
Of winter waters
And reflections of blinding white
In a heaven not very far, in my sight

And grasping out and taking in
A handful of this living light
I fling it into neverness and
There is born new life

Marie Ford 1