

don't mind. May I be original with you?" He was unbearably close. He kissed me.

"Okay, okay. I'll go out with you but, mind you, I'm a good girl."

"And I'm the knight in silver armor. Call me Lancelot. You like me, I can tell. I like you, too. We're perfect." He took my hand, leading me out.

"Wait! My books. . ."

"No trouble. . ." He went to the desk, looked around, then jumped up on the desk. He kicked the books, pens, everything off the counter in a crazy dance. He jumped down wiping his hands. "Bill her."

"Why did you do that?"

"You just met the king of the anti-establishment . . . And love, too, makes me crazy." He took me by the waist, leading me out. I was hopelessly absorbed in his magnetic charm.

Today's Worries, Tomorrow's Dreams

by E. Lersch

Virginity is in my heart.
No dripping faucet today. The water is
turned off. My emotions are at a
stand still.

A man will never know the
hidden image behind
the mirror
A flower on the outside
An interior surrounded by eternity's
four walls No roof, nor bottom
just a key camouflaged in the design of
everyday living.

Depress shun is the major sin.
Is a thorn that pricks
the unhealed womb.

That social society graces are
just so proper
to step above them is a monstrous mountain of
rocks, one cannot help
but fall prey to the vultures who
circle the top of the
Mountain of innocence.

My knight in shining armor
is in a far away dream.
His horse grows anxious to lead the
way to the fallen mare.
But the bridge is out.