

*Pony of the Past
Pony Express*

*Riders who looked for adventure did their best,
by getting on their horse and starting the pony express.
There was no grace in the way they delivered the mail,
by riding across the west.
Riders would ride into the night
With saddlebags full of mail.
They made a path and off hitting the trail.
That path is still there for they use it today,
As they invite others to cross the Nevada
Territory, a state that was just becoming a part of the United States.
American History was on its way and being
Captured by the Pony Express.
The trail would go into California and back to
Nevada and across the country.
The tempo of the horse and the movement of the pace.
The Pony Express, the legend of the American West.
Those who attempted to ride and did their fete
Was priceless.
A figure of a cowboy making a distinguished moment in time.
Speed was the movement to keep in touch with
This side of the world.
There must have been an exhilaration of excitement
and exhaustion, in the way they delivered the mail.
To ride across the desert and mountains and territory,
Made for a lot of tension.
Nevada, in our time will have to react by bringing it back.
The events when the time has come to this Capitol
City and Genoa. You will find where they stopped.
The riders of the past. Stopping at the building, that still stands
there waiting for the cowboys to feed and rest.
Changing the horses, those who want to keep the legend alive,
Riding the trail again and making history.*

Virginia Krone

Time

If that fate were the dearest friend of time
I would make but a single change of heart
To pause for reflection in saddest hours
When the great ghost of my shadow hangs low.
For with your hand in mine, arrowed souls
Whether summer fine or dark wintry day
No matter how high the mountain to climb
We journey as doves, angels forever.
Thus eagles fly and sons boldly do dare
Into tomorrow, as ovums, oceans
Where great dreamers of dreamers magnificent
All seek the streams of angels innocent.
Proteus, all fabled Gods are we not?
Together shimmering in our Heavens.

Lindsay Hutcheson

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A Man Spits Up His Soul

*Like a hairball in a cat's belly
He coughs up his soul.
Puts it on display
Until someone cleans it up.
Makes it pretty and neat.
Again, he spews his soul forth.
All of it not just the beautiful parts.
He hangs it on the wall.
Or scribbles it on paper.
He watches as they rip it down.
Making things orderly.
Again an again they tell him to stop.
He holds it in,
But his gut hurts and
He vomits all over...
Until there is nothing left.
He dies leaving a mess
They can never clean.*

PAN °27

Economy

*There it too much
civilization,
too much industry and means
of subsistence. What will be
done with all this commerce?
The bourgeoisie get no more
from this. They must create
disorder and fight for
what is theirs. They will never
compromise or share
the wealth.
They must conquer new markets
to prevent their own destruction.
By doing so, they bring into
existence those
who will carry out their deaths*

Ferris Jones

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A Lover's Touch

Lovers should be kind and caring
To listen to the other's dreams
To comfort when one's in pain
Bringing humor and laughter into your heart
Sharing their visions of love and life
Loving yourself as much as your lover
Putting your lover beside you, and equal in every means
Standing together through sadness, joy and life's stresses
To embrace and caress, to hold in your arms
Wrapping your heart and soul around them
Your lover should be your best friend
Love's the answer to one's soul
For my lover to answer takes a soft touch
And gentle words of encouragement
Those gifts from one will engulf the soul
And spirit around you
So love how you love freely
It is written when a door closes to you another opens
So I open my heart again, may love be granted to me
My love is strong, to be shared with a special heart
I put my heart to the winds to be answered
My life has just begun again.

Brian K. Godsey

Prince of My Dreams

In the gossamer mists he came to me,
the Prince of My Dreams.
Arms open wide
he swept me inside
and there I stayed
for the sweetest while.
Alas, now 'tis dawn
my Handsome Prince has gone.
Morning dew sparkles
on the lips of his rose
as softly I whisper
"You are my true love,
did you know?"

Tomi Fratto

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Transition

Angel of dance you are safe
In my heart
Spirit of life tucked away
Like a lace handkerchief
Until the cold blows away
And the leaves turn green
Bloom will come again
To the vine
Drinking of the fine wine
Of life
Dancing within tunes of spirit.

Denise Ferguson

Desperation

The Short road
to Insanity
Or Worse

Bart Mullin

Red Rocking Chair

A red rocking chair
abandoned in a field
of freshly cut clover,
rocks back and forth-
squeaks each time
the wind pushed
at its back,
then,
retreats.

Michael Johnson

Sunsets

Sunsets are such beautiful things
When soft gentle clouds
Have wispy pink wings
Or maybe the sky is angry instead
With strokes and slashes of fiery red
Discover them quickly
For soon they are gone
To give way to the evenings
That wait for the dawn.

Ellie Hill

This May Dream of Mine

A simple earthen pot ceramic
Set high upon ledge of mortar
A bask in downy glow
Collector of sunshine
The seedlings' soil' the very soul of life
The pot bleeds of Water
Ever slowly. Ever gently.
A vision thick with hope.
Man's piece with peace.

Tiffany Lang

Destitute

"Destitute," you say?
"No, surely not," is what I say.
And if you think that,
You know me not.
Pitiable, deprived, unfortunate?
Oh no, oh no, that 'tis not me.
So never, ever pity me.
Deprived? I think not,
Can't you see?
This is the life,
I choose for me.
Unfortunate? No, "fortunate,"
Is more my fate,
And that is what I firmly state.

Vonda Novelty

The Lights Gone Out

Though the light of your love has gone out
as I look up to the sky
I see it twinkle there in a million stars
like it did once in your eyes
And now the flame no longer burns
to warm my every day
I sometimes bathe in the warmth of your memory
that will never go away
And though your laughter no longer rings
I hear it deep within
For 'tis truly the sweetest gift
left here by you my friend
So go in peace in the arms of God
my precious, once faithful love
And know you'll be in the joy of each memory
As I look to the night sky above

William Hues

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