

Shannon Peppers

they tried

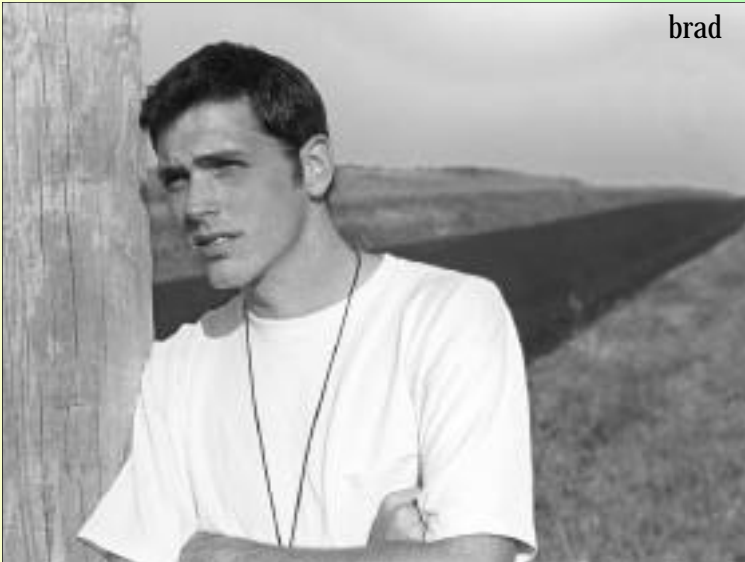
they tried to hold me down
they tried to keep me in
they didn't understand
"I was different"
they said
as day after day
I led my life
with the interrogation
lamp shining in my face

they tried to change me
they tried to bend my will
they wanted to break me
"We don't like you"
they said
but every day
I faced the battle

in splendid silence
knowing that all like me
would understand me
and thank me

they tried to make me beg
they tried to make me cry
they wanted me to conform
"We don't need your type"
they said
and I ignored them
for I couldn't let those
who didn't understand
and didn't want to learn
or respect
or treat me as human
destroy me

shannon
peppers



brad

blond hair, blue eyed
fury

Raging storms always there
Dark blue eyes, sparse blond hair
Stocky built, big calloused hands
Raging storms were a man
Tornadic fury, devastation beyond repair
Bleeding bodies every where
Afraid to move, afraid to cry
Fear of lightning from the sky
Raging storms all the time
Left in the ruins of my mind

rachel crawford

Sydney Anderson

i have my
dreams

chances two:
here i am

i don't even care
if you call me anymore
because i have my dreams
and they make me happier
than you

you asked me if you have
only so many loves in your life
and the answer is yes

sydney anderson

and it not because of fate
or religion, or chance
but the chances are just so thin

that you can find someone
that you can love, revere, respect
someone that always keeps you guessing

and someone that makes you feel alive
just by listening to the things they
say, to the way they think

that only happens so often, you know
so i guess you do only get so many
loves, so if you need me, here i

am

sydney anderson

editor's choice award
poetry



the haunting

On the shores of Tripoli
As the master said to me
Look in side yourself
And see the haunting
Try the buddha and the zen
Try the miracles of men
But you must look into yourself
And see the haunting
You must look into it's eyes
You'll be scared
And you will cry
You must look into
The face of the haunting
You have to see
Through the dark
Past the fire and the spark
You will see
With your soul
You are the haunting

rachel crawford

Helena Wolfe

can't answer that one



watercolor

i have a better job than you
i have more talent than you
i've made more money than you

i'm attractive
i'm funny
i'm kind

i'm strong
i'm intelligent
i'm beautiful

and i look at what we had
and i wonder why i ever tried
and why i ever bothered

why did i ever put up with you
why did i think i needed you
why did i let you make me unhappy

with all my talent, with all my
brains
i still can't answer that one

helena wolfe

i must believe

i've never had regrets before
i've never had any fears before
i've never been alone before

and now i wonder what i've done
and now i wonder where you've gone
and now i wonder if i'm dead

are you thinking of me right now?
can you feel me sliding under your skin
an injection coursing down your vein?

i must believe you know i'm here

helena wolfe