

FROM OUR READERS

HOLDING ON

Eyes in the face of sickness,
they burn like ice blue fire.
It's not infection that ignites
such energy in the tired.
These flames are no sweet fever,
no blind desire for heaven.
Life fights the body for consent
to rise from ashes once again.

ANNE M. CHILD
Houston, Delaware

MY CHARACTER REVOLUTION

My mind of complaint and tribulation
Bridles me to a barbed wire fence.
For generations of lifetimes.

I will set me free with
A mind of sunshine and sweetness;
Ever thankful of my strengths.

To practice living, with doubt
And discontent; feels dismal.
I must restrain my volatile mind.

My private war is my fight over my grumblings.
I sense joy and harmony erupting
Deep inside of me!
My biggest enemy is my mind! and,
I am winning over this adversary.

CHERE WOO
San Francisco