

ALL TO MYSELF

By: Nicholas G. Powell

Bumble bees and butterflies,
Cloudless days and sunny skies.
Flowers blossom through the day,
As the wind blows o'er the bay.

Magical dreams in my head,
Wondering what lies ahead.
While I lay upon the ground,
Thinking, dreaming, not a sound.

The sunrays hitting my face,
I'm away from the fast pace.
Relaxing and pondering,
And listening to the birds sing.

Oh how I long for this day,
To smell the fragrant cut hay.
A total relief of stress,
Not even reading the press.

Here time is at a standstill,
As I lay upon my hill.
It seems like eternity,
Like life has longevity.

When I awake I must go,
Taking my time I'll go slow,
I never want this to end,
Here next year a day I'll spend.

SAVIOR NEEDED

By: Michael Suave

Suffer unto us the children
Amongst gawking angels again
Valor licks our open wound
Immunity eluded as it swooned
Oppressed in our own blood and fears
Repented in our perspiration and tears

Nestled in us the children
Exults us the sacrificial wren
Eradicated in our faith at every twist
Determination coupled with a raised fist
End this eternal damnation we hold
Deliverance's mockery makes us cold

Michael A. Sauve has been drawing for as long as he can remember; even before he could write, he was drawing. He grew up in San Diego, California, moved to Colorado in 1996 to go to college for computer-aided graphic design and has been there ever since. Very few share the passion for the arts and poetry as he does. They are his reason for being.
For more of Michael's work visit his web site:<http://mikey-madness.deviantart.com>

"I don't like to say I have given my life to art. I prefer to say art has given me my life."
~Frank Stella

By Tiffany Proctor

I am the darkness made flesh.
The siren's call resides within me.
A world of horror is mine for the taking.
Deep into the night I plunge the city
and gorge my instincts on the blood of the living.
On my hands lie the souls of a thousand weeping victims.
As my sharpened teeth pierce their innocent flesh
I thank the night for bringing us together.
The chill wind casts a spell upon my cursed being
and the moonlight throws misshapen images across my path.
This scared kingdom of blood and ash and all things divine...
I feel its power resounding through the earth.
It thunders in my veins ~~is~~ all
throbbing, like a thing and