



Trust

Do you believe there is belief in things one can't believe,
 Or in the things one can't perceive, or dream, or touch, or need?
 Do you secretly desire things you know you cannot heed,
 Like an orca swimming in the sky or birds beneath the sea,
 Like a horse emerged from molten rock or a snake adrift of
 breeze?
 Well let me tell you one thing that no teacher here can teach:

If everything now
 was never impossible then,
 what reason had it to be?

Sara Jones

Bliss

I love to watch the clouds roll in
 Hoping they will take me aboard
 First hearing a faint rumble
 That grows into a roar
 Then just a little trickle
 Turns into a downpour
 Standing there loving every minute
 Anything else seems like such a bore
 Then it all subsides
 But I am still wishing for more
 I go back inside and dry
 Then turn on channel four

Marion Knieling

