

Many Years Ago

Laugh if you have to, sell your heart
for happiness.

Again she cries because her son is lost
to the sky.

Up and down has life been, no ride at
the carnival was as much fun.

Touch the glow of mankind, and find
the sad part of birth.

Today, many years later, I feel the
womb of suffering, blow out the
candles of life.

See years of conflict washed aside,
I twist out the tears to mark my
pride.

Ugly as it has been, lonely, sad, and
empty, my mind still thinks.

— *Ronald A. Lones*

The Bricks

What is it you say, Mr. Policeman? I cannot rest upon this tree's shade to soothe my aching body? Where is my home? I live with my large family of friends at the shelter down the street. You ask if I have money? Do I have a warrant? No to both questions, I answer. Just because I'm not wearing stylish clothes doesn't mean I'm not a clean individual inside. You say don't move and keep my hands where you can see them. Yet you disturb my rest on this tree's shade.

Move along you say but where will I be accepted, Mr. Policeman? I too once had what you possess; a home, survival, respect, but just remember to be careful how you travel along the bricks of life, for they are hard and cold and could even trip you to fall, but if you do, don't despair. You too will be accepted as a member of my family of friends.

— *Luis Cuacthemoc Garcia*

On the Street Where We Live
Art of the Heart writing project
Central Arizona Shelter Services(CASS)

Words Thrown to the Moon

For Richie Rawhide & his grandmother

Dear mom, I would like to take the lines
from around your eyes. I remember the time
when you tried to show us how to kick the ball
and fell on the ground. Boy how we all laughed.

Also, I am sorry for not coming home more often,
not seeing brother and sister
and not knowing how little sister
is in Oklahoma.

Buds become green and birds accent
the telephone lines.
I scoop up these words and will toss them
to the spring moon.

I am writing this, in hopes, my words
will tumble from the sky.
And you guys will know these thoughts
and my love for you all.

I best end for now and I have to close
the window because our famous Seattle
rain beads the glass, droplets net afternoon
light, they resemble a constellation.

— *Earle Thompson*