

A Revelation

My back aches...
As the cold hard ground robs me of my strength.
My soul aches...
As the heartless city passes by, steeling my passion.

A dark luminous fog clings to the sky of my dream,
obscuring the light of tomorrow.
i shut my eyes, hoping to find refuge,
in the silent cocoon of my sleeping bag.

i dream of a great trial.
i stand naked before the great mother & father,
alone, without my brothers and sisters,
who have run to the comfort and wealth of darkness.

Where has all of the love gone? i ask.
Has it dried up in the hot blistering heat of hate?
Cry with me my great parents, to wash away the sorrow.
i whisper, as i awaken to the sound of rain, beating
it's drum of love anew.

— Frank Candor

Stranger, Again

The wind-ripples on the water

ECHO in my veins

The sounds on this Planet
Reverberate in every nerve

Your smile
Opens my heart

Your love
Warms me

... and yet i am UNTOUCHED ...

— Marion Sue Fischer

To-war-loon-da (Hill of storms)

My soul cries at night
for the want of you,
brave spirit gone.

To-war-loon-da,
my spirit sings
of rains and thunder

One by one,
the clouds swallow
the brightness of it all.

My heavens
once a tapestry
sparkling with light.

Now the darkness
creeps across me
in the silence.

I walk through
the heavens
without stars.

Alone

(This poem is from the Algonquin name for Blue Mountain in the Adirondacks in Upstate New York. While I do not believe that any Algonquins remain today, the isolation and loss of identity felt by the homeless comes through in a loss of the stars.)

— Carol Cross



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