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Father

Daniel Shipley

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Words

Angela Cid

Words are the blood of our souls
And when we speak, we bleed with emotions.

Emotions are the truth behind our tears
And our tears are cause for speculations.

Speculations stem from fear and ignorance
By those whose souls have been bled dry.

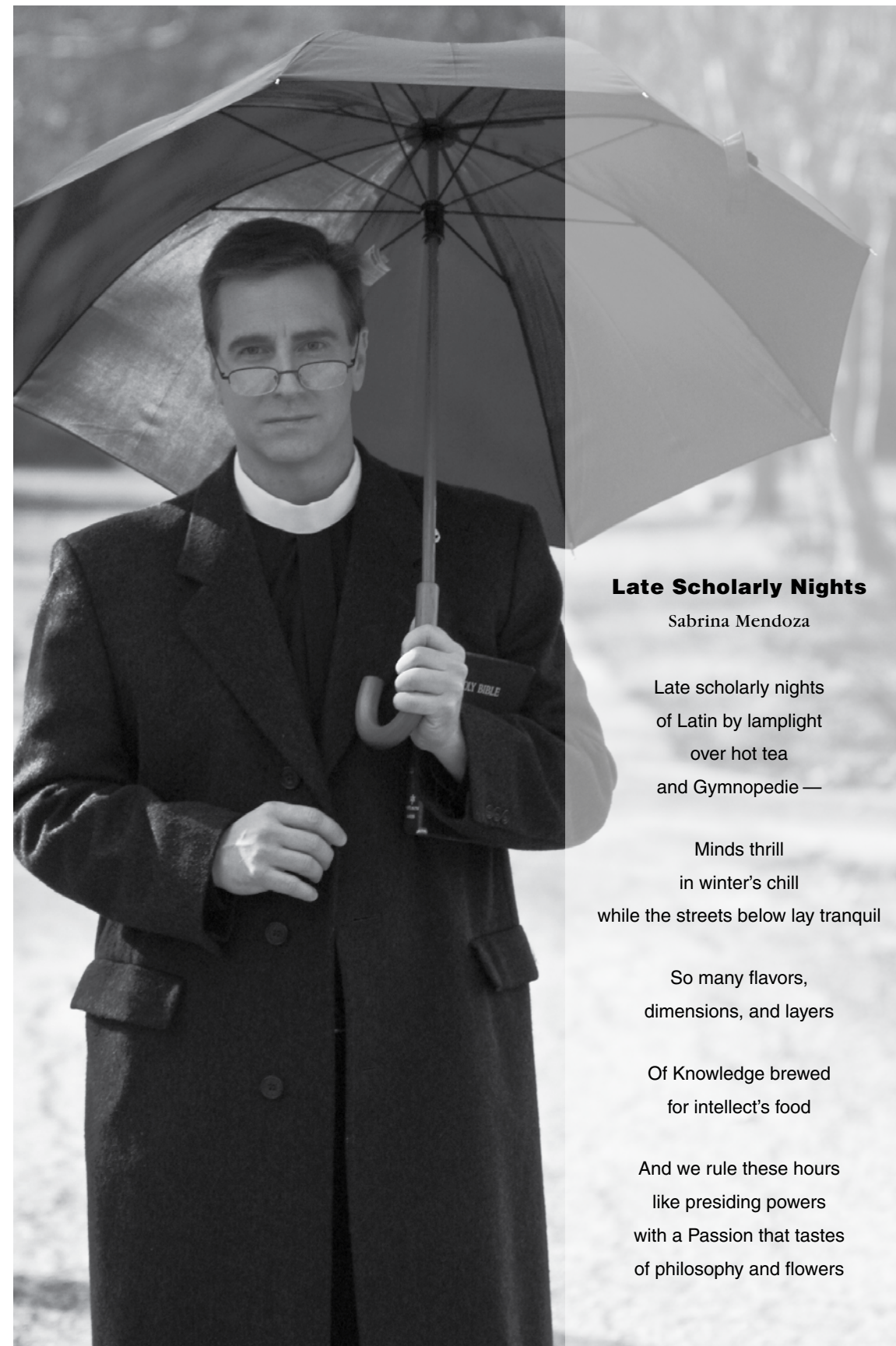
Dry are those who've tried and died
Blind to everything but the very lie.

Lies are the absence of truth
And the truth is all that sets us free.
Free are those who have faith in all
But those who don't will never be.

Be that of truth and let bleed
Allow your soul to speak and shout
The pains, the happiness, and the sorrows
Of what our generation is all about.

Words are the blood of our souls
And when we speak, we bleed with emotions.

Emotions are the truth behind our tears
And our tears represent all our devotions.



Late Scholarly Nights

Sabrina Mendoza

Late scholarly nights
of Latin by lamplight
over hot tea
and Gymnopedie —

Minds thrill
in winter's chill
while the streets below lay tranquil

So many flavors,
dimensions, and layers

Of Knowledge brewed
for intellect's food

And we rule these hours
like presiding powers
with a Passion that tastes
of philosophy and flowers

Father Daniel Shipley