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Untitled

S. Adams

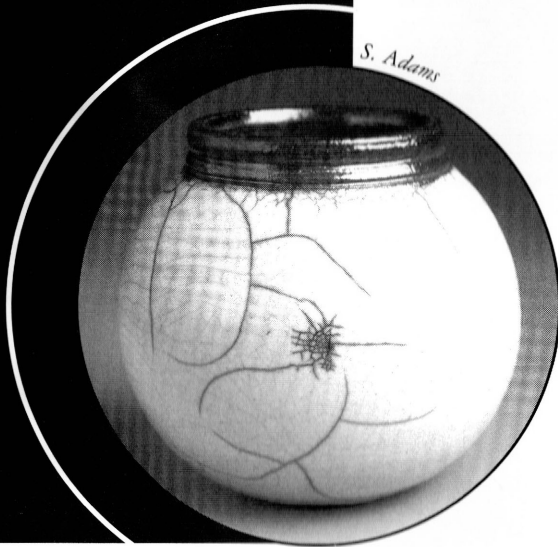
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The Intention

Molly Boyce

Seen with human eye, man's form captivates
An impressionistic brush of the artist's pose
Shadows, angles sweep eased canvas
Reflections of the outward man.

But man is not mere body that fascinates us so
Made up of thought and vision and mystery.
A spectrum of function from heart to toe
A precise movement of beauty.

Then what constrains our body or soul,
Immortality's brief glimpse into infinity?
As mortals we are all born to die
Why then are we mindful?

So, if our body travels from dust to dust,
Our existence a sheer wisp of imagination,
What purpose then is man's role
In the creator's will and mind?

To live, to die under diverse adversity,
Prove strength or digression of character,
Share humanity's common ground,
Experience both heaven and hell.

Timeless

Raymond DeSantis

Pressed down against the ocean floor,
Her current pulls the waves ashore;
If I could only hold her hand,
I'd feel the pulse that runs this man.

Palms so warm my heart would flutter,
Movement made from nerves she rudders;
Meshing fingers curl and twine,
To hold the polished gears of time.
Two minds form a single band,
To count the endless grains of sand;
Ages pass the ticking knows,
This watch she wound forever goes.