On The Beach

Pebble, pebble, clutched in my hand
You don't fall apart like a strand of sand
Yet as time wears on someday you'll be
That rope of sand in another's hand
Pebble, pebble, you tiny stone,
We too, are rubbed by life's restless foam.

Stephanie M. Florio

EYES OF RED

Greg Heines

Hate begins when darkness eats the sky. To grin is chaos while pleasure is pain. Strolling through others minds. I decorate theirs with mine. Staring down, from the podium, an army of minds swims in a sea of souls awaiting my command.

Waving high toward what were once the heavens, war raged upon on the eyes that pondered down.

Innocence is nothing but extinct, yet still rains with their tears. Death becomes reality, a reality that torched itself trying to escape the pain The quest has begun.