

the HERLAND VOICE

April 2005

Special Poetry Issue

volume 23, number 4

Herland Poetry Month Events

April is nationally designated as Poetry Month, and Herland has several poetry events planned.

First, this April issue of the Herland Voice is devoted primarily to poetry from our very own community.

Secondly, Herland is hosting "**Moved by Words**", a **workshop in creating and appreciating poetry**: Saturday April 9, 2005, 1 – 4 pm at Herland. This workshop uses movement, meditation and poetry to connect with self and others. Participants will write their own poetry, contribute to group poems, and share their poetry at the evening's HERLAND poetry gathering. Our workshop facilitator is Carol Davis Koss, a well-known and respected Oklahoma poet.

This FREE Workshop is limited to 15 participants, so please call Herland at 405/521-9696 to reserve your place, or email herlandsisters@cox.net with "Poetry Workshop" on the subject line.

Finally, there will be a Poetry Gathering at Herland at 7:30 pm Saturday evening, April 9, 2005. Participants from the workshop will be encouraged to share their poetry and all other members of the community, especially those who have contributed to the Voice, are welcome to participate also. This will follow our monthly Supper Club, which will meet and dine at Pei Wei Asian Diner.

Book Art Classes at Herland

Herland will be offering a series of 6 book art classes from noon to 3 pm on the following **Sundays: April 17 & 24; May 1 & 22; June 12 & 19.**

The classes will be taught by esteemed local artist, Connie Seabourn who says "I believe that the interest in book art has been growing for some time. There was a thesis on book art that presented some statistics about how female artists dominate this field (and

speculation as to why). There are many ways that this particular art form would especially promote emotional health and social bonding. I love books and visual art, and this combines both."

Pre-registration is required. Tuition (which benefits Herland) is \$20.00 per class or \$100.00 for all 6 classes if paid in advance—which gets you one class free. The classes are limited to 10 students, so register early. Supplies will cost about \$20.00—or as much more as you care to spend. Once registered, you will receive information about purchasing supplies.

To register, call (405) 521-9696 and give your name and a number where you can be reached or email Herland at: herlandsisters@cox.net. Tuition can be mailed to Herland Sister Resources, 2312 NW 39th, OKC, OK 73112, or brought by Herland on Saturdays between 1 and 5 pm.

Herland Spring Retreat

Plan now to attend the annual Herland Spring Retreat, May 13 – 15 at Roman Nose State Park. Pre-registration is due by May 6th – see registration form on page 2. Accommodations include rustic group cabins with bunk beds, a group bath house with restrooms and hot showers, and a meeting hall with group kitchen. Meals include a light Friday night supper, Saturday breakfast, Saturday lunch on your own, Saturday evening potluck (bring a dish to share) and Sunday morning breakfast.

There is always a lot to do during this weekend getaway, including tent camping, horseback riding, workshops, bird and nature hikes, Frisbee, softball, Scrabble, Trivia Pursuit and many other games. We also have campfire gatherings for stories, singing and roasting marshmallows and an open mike for poetry, singing or other talent.

The Saturday night concert will feature the band *Iris* and Sharlene will do a workshop on personality, Sat. at 10:00 am, focusing on temperament types.

Your early registration helps our volunteers plan this huge event.

Herland Spring Women's Retreat Registration Form

Roman Nose State Park - May 13, 14 & 15, 2005

Below are guidelines to help you select an appropriate registration amount. Deadline for pre-registration is May 6th. Please remember that dogs are welcome but must remain on leashes and are not allowed in the dining hall.

Registration fee enclosed (payable to Herland):

___ \$15 ___ \$25 ___ \$35 ___ \$45 ___ \$60

___ Concert only - \$10

Sliding Scale Registration Guidelines Based on Income		
Single Person Annual Income	Household Annual Income	Pre-Registration per person
under \$6,500	under \$13,300	\$15
\$6,500-\$13,300	\$13,300-\$18,000	\$25
\$13,300-\$19,500	\$18,000-\$26,000	\$35
\$19,500-\$30,000	\$26,000-\$50,000	\$45
over \$30,000	over \$50,000	\$60

Name(s): _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

email (optional): _____

- () I need a scholarship to attend.
- () I'm enclosing an additional \$ _____ to help provide scholarships.
- () I'm bringing _____ children (girls of all ages and boys under age 10 are welcome).

Please return registration form and check to: Herland Sister Resources, 2312 NW 39th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73112
A retreat packet with all information will be sent to you.



OKC Lightning Women's 2005 Football Schedule

All games start at 7:00 pm

- April 16th – OKC Lightning @ KC Krunch
- April 23rd – BYE
- April 30th – Austin Outlaws @ OKC Lightning
- May 14th – OKC Lightning @ Denton Stampede
- May 21 – Dallas Rage @ OKC Lightning
- May 28th – OKC Lightning @ Austin Outlaws
- June 4th – Denton Stampede @ OKC Lightning
- June 11th – OKC Lightning @ Dallas Rage
- June 18th – Denton Stampede @ OKC Lightning

The OKC Lightning will play their home games at Taft Stadium, located at NW 27th and May Ave With kickoff time for all games being 7:00 PM.

Support women's sports!!!

Calling All Women Golfers!! (and wannabe golfers)

Herland is organizing a golf outing for all interested women who would like to get together with others for 18 holes. If you are interested in playing golf with a group some Saturday or Sunday in June, please email Judy at jawber@lycos.com or call 721-6578 by May 15th, 2005. She will coordi-



nate the time and place if enough participants respond. She will communicate directly with responders after April 30th to coordinate the best time and place. **Beginners Welcome!!**

bell hooks to speak

The Oklahoma State University Women's Studies Program invites you to a lecture by bell hooks, 7pm, Tuesday, March 29, 2005, in the Student Union Little Theatre, in Stillwater. Ms. hooks will speak on the topic of "Creating the Beloved Community: Ending Domination". The lecture is free and open to the public; for more information contact Trish Long at 405-744-7575

bell hooks is an internationally recognized author and lecturer. She will discuss issues of gender, race, class, and culture in her talk. While known primarily as a feminist thinker, hooks is well known for her interdisciplinary writings on a number of topics including gender, race, class, culture, teaching, and the significance of media for contemporary culture. Her work emphasizes the interconnectedness of these issues, especially the myriad forms of racism and sexism, both subtle and blatant, in the United States. Centering her arguments on the black female experience, hooks has thrown down the gauntlet to both the feminist and antiracist movements, which have historically been at odds with each other.

This Month's website of the month is:
<http://oklahomawomen.blogspot.com/>

Elie Wiesel to Speak in OKC

Nobel Peace Prize recipient and world-renowned human rights activist Elie Wiesel will speak at Oklahoma City University, Wednesday, April 20, at 8 pm, in the Freede Wellness Center, NW 27th and Florida. There is no admission fee, and seating is first come first served. Wiesel's address is sponsored by the OCU Distinguished Speaker Series.

Wiesel was fifteen years old when he and his family were deported to Auschwitz by the Nazis. There, his mother and younger sister perished, his two older sisters survived. Elie and his father were later transported to Buchenwald, where his father died just before the camp was liberated in April, 1945.

President Jimmy Carter appointed Elie Wiesel Chairman of the President's Commission on the Holocaust in 1978. He has received over 100 honorary degrees from institutions of higher learning.

For his literary and human rights activities, he has received numerous awards including the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the U.S. Congressional Gold Medal and the Medal of Liberty Award, and the rank of Grand-Croix in the French Legion of Honor. In 1986, Elie Wiesel won the Nobel Prize for Peace. A few months later, Marion and Elie Wiesel established The Elie Wiesel Foundation for Humanity.

The Voice is published monthly by Herland Sister Resources, Inc. 2312 NW 39th, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. The Voice is offered as an open forum for community discourse. Articles reflect the opinions of the author and not necessarily those of Herland Sister Resources. Unsolicited articles and letters to the editor are welcomed and must be signed by the writer with full name and address. Upon request, letters or articles may be printed under a pseudonym or anonymously. Herland reserves the right to edit or not publish any article. Subscriptions to The Voice are free upon request although a donation is requested to meet publication and distribution costs.

Don't Forget to Support the Voice!

Your contribution is important! Just \$15 a year will help us pay for the \$300+ it costs every month to print and mail the newsletter.

Enclosed is a contribution for \$ _____

Please add me to the mailing list for The Voice.

Please change my address (new address below).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HERLAND EVENTS CALENDAR

(Herland is a non-profit organization run entirely by volunteers. At any and all Herland events, your donation is welcome (though not required). Your donations help Herland to continue providing services and events for our community.)

April

- **Friday, April 1:** Informal showing of the second season of *The L WORD*, at 7 pm. This is a free event.
- **Friday, April 8:** Informal showing of the second season of *The L WORD*, at 7 pm. This is a free event.
- **Saturday, April 9:** Herland Hike at Martin Nature Park, 5000 W. Memorial, 10 am.
- **Saturday, April 9:** "Moved By Words" — Free Herland poetry workshop 1 to 4 pm. See article page 1.
- **Saturday, April 9:** Herland Supper Club will meet at Pei Wei Asian Diner for dinner at 5:15 pm, followed by Poetry Night at Herland at 7:00 pm. Pei Wei is located at 1841 Belle Isle Blvd.
- **Monday, April 11:** OGLPC Monthly Meeting at the Center, 2135 NW 39th, 7 pm.
- **Friday, April 15:** Informal showing of the second season of *The L WORD*, at 7 pm. This is a free event.
- **Saturday, April 16:** Badminton at Herland starting at 2pm.
- **Sunday, April 17:** First Book Art workshop at Herland, noon to 3 pm. See article page 1.
- **Sunday, April 17:** Herland Board Meeting at Herland, 4 pm. **Everyone welcome.**
- **Monday, April 18:** OKC Pride meeting (at The Center, 2135 NW 39th, third Monday of each month at 7:30 pm.).
- **Friday, April 22:** Informal showing of the second season of *The L WORD*, at 7 pm. This is a free event.
- **Saturday, April 23:** Herland Video Night, 7 pm—film to be announced.
- **Friday, April 29:** Informal showing of the second season of *The L WORD*, at 7 pm.
- **Friday, April 29:** bell hooks at OSU—see article page 2.
- **Saturday, April 30:** Herland scrabble night, 6 pm.

Future Dates—mark your calendars

- **May 13-15:** Herland Spring Retreat at Roman Nose State Park. See article page 1, registration form page 2.
- **October 28-30:** Herland Fall Retreat at Eufaula State Park (**this is our 40th Retreat**). This will be a very special retreat with big events planned so don't miss it!

Herland Needs Donation of a Laptop Computer

Minimum System Requirements for donated laptop to run Windows XP Professional and Office Professional Edition 2003

- 300 megahertz Pentium III processor or compatible processor
- 128 megabytes (MB) of RAM
- 6 gigabytes (GB) hard disk
- Super VGA (800 x 600) or higher-resolution video
- CD-ROM or DVD drive

Poetry

~A Reply to an Absent Friend

by Cory Elizabeth Middleton

This time drips
Not slips
As the last few drops
From the faucet
I won't get out until
It falls, drips
Time passing in drips in
Plashes on my toes and
The tops of my feet
Lolling, rolling under the
Faucet
In this room I thought of
Her champagne bubbles
Her silky lingerie

Wishing time would perform
For me that way
In this room
Under this faucet
With water between my toes
Oh God how it goes
From here
Writing for my
Dreaming of my
Bleeding for my
Time to begin
While life splashes on
The tops of my feet
I won't get out until it drips
Or stops
In time I miss her
Smile
Light
Her water laugh

Dripping and plashing on
Her southern men
Latin men
Lingual men
All in lines behind her laugh
And these splashes on my toes
In this room
Have dripped away the
Minutes and days
And the time for work
Is now
But my mind is full
Of her
Champagne bubbles
Her silky lingerie
Wishing time would
Pass for me
That way

Trite Tonight

By JR

There must be something new to say,
or at least a new way to handle
the same old stuff
that's been around forever,
or at least since Eve
discovered sin and pain
and learned you can live with both
(although I'd rather not).

Love, you, I, love, you...one thing
leads to another, they say.
But I don't know if love led me to you
or you led me to love or I, loving,
led you down that rutted garden path
and left you there, worrying too much
about the crop of weeds to be able
to see the flowers.

A new way...must be a way.
It'll be a shame when I-love-you
is finally worn out from having been
hailed out too often from a pocket
of the soul and handed over
as down payment on hire-purchase
happiness.
Repossession's bad for credit ratings
with both the bank and self.

I...love...you...

there's something encompassing
about those three short words,
and pages of search for an alternative
won't come up with a better foundation
for life - a three syllable poem
of monogometric promise.
I love you.

THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

by Becky Jolly

*To everything there is a season, or so that's what they say.....my
Heart has waited for so long to finally meet this day.....
Every night & day I spent just hoping I would meet
the other part of me to make my life become complete.
Longings of the heart are sometimes cursed & sometimes blessed, &
Over all the years, these longings wouldn't give me rest.....I
Vowed to one day, find some peace to put within my soul, but
Every time I thought I had, I still
was not made whole.
Only God could know the pain & loneliness inside, & give to me
Fulfillment, after everything I tried.....
And all that emptiness that made my heart so cold & bare, was
Merely just a "waiting place" till God could put
You there.....
And now my
Life has meaning; the pain remains to cease, &
In its place, I have a heart of reassuring peace....
For I was given all the things to make a fresh, new start...for
Every part of me is now connected to your heart.....*

Poetry

THE BROKEN VESSEL

By Becky Jolly

I SAW A TINY VESSEL; PRECIOUS CHINA
FROM AFAR....

SO BEAUTIFUL & FRAGILE... NOT A
BLEMISH NOR A MAR.

I WANTED JUST TO TAKE IT FROM THE
TINY, LITTLE STAND...

AND PULL IT SAFELY NEXT TO ME & HOLD
IT IN MY HAND.

I FELT SO DRAWN TO HOLD IT, BUT NOT
REALLY KNOWING WHY,

WHEN THE VESSEL DROPPED &
SHATTERED... THEN I BEGAN TO CRY.

I SLOWLY WALKED TOWARDS IT, NOW
PIECES EVERYWHERE,

AND PICKED THEM UP, EACH ONE BY
ONE...MY INSIDES FEELING BARE.

THE TINY, LITTLE VESSEL I COULD NOW
NO LONGER SEE...

BUT WITH LOVE, I CLUTCHED THE PIECES
RIGHT UP NEXT TO ME.

NOT REALLY UNDERSTANDING
THE CONNECTION THAT WAS MADE,

CONFUSION AND UNCERTAINTY MADE
EMOTIONS SLOWLY FADE.

I WASN'T SURE WHAT ALL THE PIECES I
WAS HOLDING MEANT,

BUT I CARRIED EVERY PIECE WITH ME,
EVERYWHERE I WENT.

I HID THEM IN MY POCKETS AND
NEVER TOLD A SOUL,

BUT LONGED TO SEE THE VESSEL MADE
COMPLETE AND WHOLE.

I ADMIRERD THE TINY PIECES AS I'D HOLD
THEM IN MY HAND,

AND WONDERED IF I'D EVER SEE THE
VESSEL WHOLE AGAIN.

THE VESSEL, I COULD NOT REPAIR, NO
MATTER HOW I TRIED...

UNABLE NOW TO LAY THE BROKEN BITS
OF IT ASIDE.

THIS TINY, LITTLE VESSEL HAD
DISTURBED MY ENTIRE LIFE,

CAUSING ME TO HAVE NO PEACE...JUST
CONSTANT, NAGGING STRIFE.

I RECALLED THE LITTLE STAND ON
WHICH THE VESSEL LAID,

AND WENT BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE I
KNEW IT HAD BEEN MADE....

THE ONE WHO MADE THE VESSEL WAS
STANDING AT THE DOOR,

AND SEEMED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I
HAD COME THERE FOR....

MEEKLY, I WALKED UP TO HIM, A LITTLE
BIT AFRAID,

AND HANDED HIM THE PIECES OF THE
VESSEL HE HAD MADE.

HE TOOK THE PIECES, ONE BY ONE AND
HELD THEM IN HIS HAND...

THEN PLACED THE VESSEL, WHOLE AND
NEW BACK ON IT'S LITTLE STAND.

AS I BEHELD THE BEAUTY I HAD SEEN SO
LONG AGO,

THE MAKER LOOKED AT ME AND SAID,
"NOW YOUR HEART CAN GROW,

FOR ALL THE PIECES YOU HAVE HELD
WERE ALL JUST PARTS OF YOU,

AND BECAUSE YOU GAVE THEM ALL TO
ME, I HAVE MADE YOU NEW."

"Taken Away"

by Stephanie Foote

The separation is startling
nothing can stop it
in the blink of an eye
never ending thoughts race the mind

too painful to think about
too wonderful to have to end,
No sound or smell
a whole new surrounding
Something is missing
it's out of touch

So far away
waiting and wondering
if it will ever come back
A final decision
for total separation.

Poetry

Judas-like KISS

by Lila Pettyjohn

Sometimes I feel like you don't hear what I say, It's like when I fall to my knees and I pray,

The words hit the ceiling or go into the floor. It's like you don't want to know or hear what I'm saying anymore.

The churches are preaching that I cannot love, if it's not in accordance with what they preach from above.

God will not hear any words from your mind, and praying to God is just wasting of time.

God is not love he hates faggots, not whores, he hates gay men and women, but not the spiritually poor,

He hates sodomites, lesbians, transgendered and queer, but the adulterous fornicators, who are straight, He will hear.

Proud sinners of Satan that's what we are called, Smoke of our incense to his nostrils applaud.

Only straight haters of faggots will be in Heaven above, Only straight haters of faggots really know what is love.

Love is not for us people who are doomed in our sin, but my question is simple: How does your love begin?

I know my love is easy, we just treat people right, and resist all the arrows in this spiritual fight.

I'm not sure where it comes from, my strength to resist, but I don't think it came from the Judas-like kiss.

How do I say...

by Anita Sullivan

How do I say...
Words can't describe,
You open my thoughts,
That I meticulously hide.

Miles away,
yet, you have this gift,
To make me smile,
My spirits lift.

You brighten my day,
You warm me deeply,
How do I say...
That you complete me!



Untitled

by Diedra Murray

I WROTE DOWN YOUR STORY, HOW TIGHTLY WOUND OUR MINDS
THE WAY YOU PROTECTED ME WHEN YOU SAW I WAS WOUNDED,
YOUR SOOTHING VOICE LIKE VELVET DRAPED ACROSS MY HEART
HOW YOU MADE A PERMANENT PATH
YET YOU WOULDN'T LET ME UNDO THE HURT OR UNTANGLE OUR LIVES
THE BRIEF MOMENT WHEN YOU ACCIDENTLY LET ME STEP IN
AND HOW WE LAUGHED AT HOW EASY IT IS TO LOVE SOMEONE ELSE
WHEN EVERYTHING, EVEN RAIN, WAS WHY

Hollywood circa 1650

by M.E.C.

The stars sparkle
Like shattered glass
On the moonless night
Over a sea of grass
Which hisses from the passing air
Redolent with scents so fair
Of pine wood, sage and other rare
And wondrous smells
Not found where mankind dwells.
The cloak of darkness swells
To engulf the prairie where deer sleep
And rabbits leap
And creatures of the night creep
Out of hiding to greet their day
And make their way
Through the grass
In search of prey.

Thank You

by JR

It was only a kiss in celebration...
of what? I don't remember —

The dawning of another year?
the ending of December?

Two friends, not lovers—safe and warm,
compatible and fun.

A resting place from pain when the ties
that bound my life came undone.

I'd wrapped myself in a synthetic shell
around, below, above...

But, in that moment, that touch, that kiss,
I remembered love.

Poetry

The only thing

by Peggy Johnson

The only thing
you have to be jealous of
is Death itself
Which will steal me away from you
so clean and complete
You won't know what hit you

It won't be like all those other lovers
who took my attention
and my time
and pieces of my heart.

Death
The possessive lover
The all-consuming,
smothering co-dependent.

There is no need to fear
another broken heart.
You will join me
eventually
in Death

Or I, you,
According to its will.

For I, too, find myself
Being jealous at Death
Which will take you
from me
Without so much
as a request
much less
a permission slip
or a deference to our love.

Perhaps a nod
Or a tip of the hat?

NOW THAT I AM ALONE

by M.E.C.

Now that I am alone
I walk with the arms of life around my waist
The head of wisdom on my shoulder
The feet of adventure in step with my steps.
The arms of life hold me securely
The head of wisdom tells me all things
The feet of adventure keep me company
Down the road of the rest of my days.

Untitled

by LaRue Starr

I feel our love settling in
Becoming sure-footed on a path
That becomes more familiar with each hike,
A road traveled frequently,
Your body becoming accustomed to my touch,
Knowing with confidence
That it will take you where you want to go.

I feel our love settling in
Like a favorite pair of jeans,
Soft, worn and fitting just right,
We fit together like spoons with circling arms
And walk in step,
Our hips swaying
To the beat of an inner rhythm.

I feel our love settling in
And know the confidence
That comes with the trust that is building,
The feelings that are deepening,
And the joy that we're sharing
As our love settles in.

Untitled

by LaRue Starr

I stay
And yet I wonder if to go
Is not an answer,
To hermitize, retreat
Someplace where moods are mists
Instead of downpours.

Poetry

THE MOON LETS IN ENOUGH

by Deidra Murray

Its easy to identify the beginning of a storm,
The thick air blocking your view,
This night is not long enough
To fit your dreams

You say: no regrets:
But I wonder

The wariness of bittersweet
A familiar taste



The heat of jazz rises between my legs
When desire came- before-
Without explanation
My history a flame beneath my heart
When mystery was a cheap book
When the mind becomes a traitor
To desire,
Each detail tearing love apart,
A crisis of belief

Life was a riot, a howl,
Not a yawn,
Or middle of the night flight.
There was a later
And whether it ever existed
Is beside the point,
The moon lets in enough light.
Life was jazz, not opera.

Crisco

by Denise Fox

That Crisco - what a player!
She muscles her way inside the lane,
dislodging thin women left and right.
Lauded silly farm girl -
were you hurt when you found
out that your appellation was an insult?
Or did you laugh at yourself like the others?

You sure took one for the team,
sacrificing your heart on a bed
of fruit cocktail,
you waited.

Surely he'll come tonight....

Marriage, sigh...the true endurance sport....

Psyching yourself up with sexy negligee,
you check into the game, but your opponent plays dirty.

Quarters 1,2, and 3 come and go.
Pleading with the referee, you cry,
"What is wrong with me? Am I so ugly?"

But your private sobs convince no one,
not even you. The game ends
with a score of husband - sane: wife -
losing her mind.
Secretly you wonder what your name is,
and like all old sports legends,
you corner anyone who will listen -
"They called me Crisco."

Little Foot

By Tex

Coming out of Wal-Mart,
a little girl I see.
She's holding a kitten,
she's looking at me.

A smile on her lips
and hope in her eyes,
she holds the kitten out to me.
It's Free~



I just can't say no,
I think,
as I take the ball of fluff.
Just what I need,
another Little One.

The little thing
cuddles in my arms
and purrs the biggest purr
I have ever heard.

It is night now,
sleep is hard for me.
Its lonely in this bed

that used to hold two.
A little ball of fluff,
too light to dent the covers,
comes to me.
He curls his little body
into my hand,
the one she used to put
her head on.

My hand warms,
and so does my heart.
Then the purred lullaby starts.

Well, maybe I do
need another little one,
I think, as I drift off to sleep.

Poetry

My Healing Place

By Tex

Pain, my heart aches.
Once there were two,
now only one.
The Pain.

I find myself walking.
my mind is full of words,
painful words,
words said by the one
I gave my heart to.
Heartache.

I walk, the sun warms me.
The wind softly caresses my face.
My steps are heavy,
the weight of loneliness is great.
I must go to my healing place.

The trees close in around me,
their leaves shading me.
The sun's light touches me
every now and then.
I am still here, it says.

A path I take, a path barely seen.
To the crest of a ravine,
then down almost to the bottom, I go.
I settle on a big flat rock.

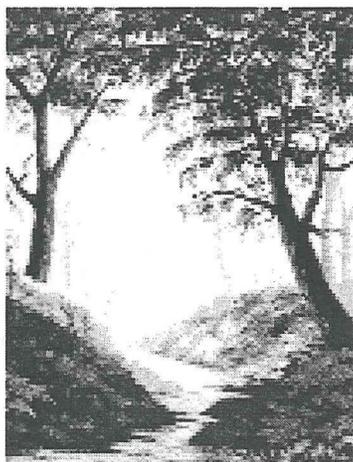
Quietly I sit.
It's cool here
quiet, too.

The sound of wind whispers through the trees.
Mother's windy fingers ruffle my hair.
Her whisper quiets the hurtful words
running in my mind.

I sit,
lonely and in pain,
wondering, will it ever go away?

Silence closes around me.
A rhythm, a small sound.
a tiny wonder I hear.

Water,
a soft melody it makes
as it travels on its way.
Its slow beat reaches me,
Soothing me like a lullaby.



It sings: listen to me.
This is the place to be.
Leave your pain with me.
It will pass, you'll see.
Soon your heart will be free.

I am at peace.
Here, hurting words
have no meaning.
Here the pain flows out.
Here I am not lonely.
I am one.

The wind touches me again,
setting the leaves in motion.
The sun's light slips through
and dances on the water.
You must come back to the world,
The glimmering light says.

I sigh as I rise,
my ache will return, I say,
as I turn back to the world.

But, not as bad as before,
the water says.
And, when the pain
becomes too much to bear,
come back to me,
Your healing place.

Land of Perpetual Fear

by Donna J. High

Quietly the pain awakes me
Silently my eyes search empty space
As pain reaches into my soul
This pain of the midnight air

The caress of the wind has stopped
The warmth of street lights dim
The wish of stars retreats
And my body rebels with fear

I need you now this silent night
I need your arms to comfort
And you are gone so far away
With pain instead my companion

Time to wear the mask again
The mask of eternal smiles
And try to protect the heart once more
From this land of perpetual fear

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From "Confessions"

by JR

I'm not much good
at reality.
My special brand of talent is
a particular form of cowardice
perfected in a vain attempt
to be the Me
that others see.

"Imagine"

by Stephanie Foote

Our imagination is the most
important faculty we possess.
It can be our greatest resource
or our most formidable misfortune.
It is through our imagination that
we find possibilities and options.
Imagination is the deepest voice
of the soul,
and can be heard clearly, only,
through guidance and careful attention.
A relationship with our imagination
is a relationship
with our deepest self.

Poetry

The Plunge

By Paula Sophia

You may say that I am getting ready to take a plunge,
a lunge straight into hell...
I might as well jump off the Empire State Building...

But I say that wouldn't be so bad
a good time could be had,
and right now as I contemplate the trip
I feel the pull of gravity...magnetic
a gigantic force that I no longer have the will to fight.

It ignites a curiosity
enticing me to see if I could survive such a dramatic dive
into what might be – oblivion...

Or I might get caught up in the weather and float like a feather
in the drafty winds that blow about,
here and there,
up and down,
hovering above the town where the lights twinkle bright
a delight to my sight...calming my fright
as I lean further than sanity allows...

I release my grasp to embrace my fate—
I'm not sure what kind of trip I'll have...
Such is life...

Could it be terminal, an end in itself?
Or could it be something like eternity – suspended in a moment –
forever in a breath,
nothing like death or life
Being

I look down to the street below, hypnotized,
no time to rationalize...

I fall...

I saw you at the window on the 83rd floor.
I heard you yell,
"How's your trip to hell?"
And I yell back,
the wind engulfing my lungs
riding the breeze,
feeling the ease as the burden of decision gets left behind.

"I don't know," I scream. "But the view looks good from here"

Ode to a Small Feline

by Donna J. High

You would approve
I'm sure
Of what I attribute
To you

Worshipped in Egypt
In past centuries
Now parked on top
My computer

Japanese believed the calico
A good luck symbol
For me I now see you
Questionable critter

Splashed with many colors
Glowing eyes of golden beams
Does mystery lie behind those?
Small demi-dreamer

Sporting with me you actually dare
Antiques bite the dust again
Food changed, again and again
Whatever her oneriness pleases

A thousand and one meows I hear
As you mirror my voice in time
We travel together, but just out of reach
My furry, elusive companion

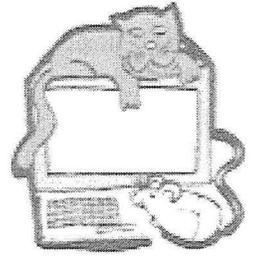
Once in a while, a great while it's true
You actually seem to be trying
To understand this human owner
Who feeds and houses and loves you

Most of the time, but an overseer
Moving from room to room
Behind me you watch and anticipate
Before dropping into sleep contentment

CAT NAP

by M.E.C.

Tell me, what do cats dream of?
Do they dream of feline love?
Do they watch the sky above
For robins, wrens or the turtledove?
When their whiskers twitch, then their feet
Are they chasing some good thing to eat?
Or washing their fur so they'll be neat
When they awake from slumber and retreat
From dreams of feline love
And that elusive turtledove?



Poetry

Hopes and Dreams

By C Johnson

I have so many hopes and dreams for our present and our future.
 I hope the small farmer will still have a place to farm and be able to sell his crops and animals without the big corporate farms driving him out of business.
 I dream car manufacturers will break away from the wants of big oil and develop more vehicles which use alternative and renewable sources of energy.
 I hope we quit confusing weapons with liberty and make ourselves a little bit safer by overcoming our fears.
 I dream of the day when we all feel valued just for being ourselves. A day when plastic surgery is only used by those whose health is compromised, because we are all secure in our own self worth.
 I hope I live to see the day when the masses are motivated by a genuine caring for each other instead of greed on a daily basis not just during times of crises.
 I dream of people having an open dialogue with one another, through this we will achieve tolerance and acceptance of each others differences.
 I hope we get past the medias lies; learn how to live happily without creating so much waste.
 I dream of peace and justice for all. Each of us has the same wants and needs.
 I hope we can do away with labels, look underneath the wealth or poverty, realize it doesn't matter what color someone is, what church they go to, who they voted for or even who they love. These things do not define that individual.
 When we can do all of that we will have realized there is no us and them. just us. Just us. Just us for all.
 Justice for all.
 Mohandas K Gandhi once said " You must be the change you wish to see in the world."
 So this woman is working on her hopes and dreams one day at a time.
 I hope others will see that I am, and share my dreams with me.

From "Confessions"

by JR

Happiness
 is love;
 is a friend;
 is the fullness of silence;
 is time-without-end
 Together.

How I resent the secret
 uncommissioned campaigns
 of the depths of my mind.
 Battles for sanity, so I'm told;
 but in the sweeping siege
 to clear my mind of that
 not easily borne
 have been dashed those moments
 that made all things
 bearable.

Love Which Laughs

by Donna J. High



Your eyes hold the
 twinkle of mischief

The breath of your
 soul seems to live there

The rise of yellow
 Energy and power

The evergreen of
 Life peeks through cues

I gasp at the
 Palette of this world

For I'm held by the
 Power of those eyes

So drifting, half dreaming
 Astonished by the love

To feel laughter
 Escape with a gasp

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Metapoetry Samples

Words flow	Truth living
From heart	On the edge
To head	When privacy
To paper	Is lost
Byes watch	Words flow
The mind	From head
Move forth	To heart
In time	To paper
Quick record	Editing time
Before they	To reflect
Are forgotten	To perfect
And gone	to question. . .

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