

HerlandVoice

volume twenty-four number eleven

november • 2006

special poetry issue

This month we are pleased to present a sampling of the poetry submitted by you, our readers. There were many more submissions than we could fit into one newsletter. So, to enjoy more of the writings of our poets, please visit our website at www.herlandsisters.org.

Also, join us at Herland for **Poetry Night on Saturday, November 11, at 7:30 pm**. All poets in our community, even those who did not submit for this issue, are invited to come and read their poetry to an appreciative audience. Light snacks and beverages will be served.

There's a Hole in the Clouds

There's a hole in the clouds,
The full moon shines through.
The light makes me feel all will be well, soon.

The black clouds sweep by the light is gone.
Covered once again in blackness.

There's a hole in the clouds,
Light shines through.
Moonlight, clouds, light, dark
All through the night.

I feel life is like that, light, dark.
A person walks in darkness then,
There is a hole in the clouds
And the moonlight shows through.

Tex

Mortal Love

to Cindy Lou

Glancing through this purple haze
this confused mix of pleasure and pain
you see a class clown with mysterious eyes
a wanna be bubba with the cutest smile
and though your mind is not sure
and your heart is a little insecure
you step through this crack in reality
and fall onto a bed of trust
in this deception you find a confidante
as you allow me to taste your soul
which saturates me with blinded friction
as I feel your very cold hands
quickly you see the not so innocence in my face
and question my funky emotions
wishing for a shooting star
to show you all the right answers
because I can't relate to your immortal love
which pretty boy floyd has corrupted
this sexual goddess has stole your devotion
and now you can't reclaim cupid's arrow
and I don't feel special anymore
we're both feeling burned down
because of some cold hands
because we both do care
about you immortal love turned mortal
by me this sexual goddess
this wanna be bubba with the cutest smile
this class clown hiding in a purple haze
with mysterious eyes and a not so innocent face

Rebecca Harlow

Homeland Security Breached

Isabella's emissary rides through the waving prairie grasses of the heartland, his blue Castilian eyes scanning the horizon for seven golden cities.

He rides the endless plains breathing the dust of buffalo, dreaming of wealth, of glory, returning triumphantly to his monarch.

He rides and rides while saddle sores pock his Spanish butt, and cruelty fuels his aristocratic ambitions.

Wherever he goes citizen bands trail the conquistador column, silent as breath, waiting and planning for the right moment, the split second, when flint tipped shafts might spill Old World blood in New World dust.

But, when it comes, the "let's roll" rush fails, the foreign intruders continue the relentless march until every citizen is slain or subdued, and all the monuments are erected to honor the triumph of terrorists.

Dorothy Alexander

Evening News on PBS

With no more introduction than "today's dead," they stare at us from the Lehrer Report, each static face, accompanied only by name, rank, age, and home town: Kalamazoo, Eagle Pass, Tulsa . . .

Brief notice of their passing from this world, their silence echoing in a landscape that history has refined to myth, places faintly remembered from old grammar school text books: Tigris, Euphrates, Fertile Crescent, Mesopotamia, vague and coldly distant, like the "leader of the free world" who sent them to that place of death.

Dorothy Alexander

Love?

*If only for a minute
to have a safe place.
To be quiet together.
To relax on my stomach,
to drop my shoulders
into a shared peace.
To realize
even one moment
of uncommented
beauty.*

Anonymous

If

If I had been raised in the
Company of women
I would have had a lover by
The age of six
She would probably have been ten
An older woman has such appeal
I would be a fine poet
A dancer of stunning excellence
And a delicate water colorist
If I had been raised in the
Company of women.

Tay Clare

Orison

...And so I pray...
Wonder that is woman
Bless me with your grace
Bestow within me
an image...of what I wish to be
Deliver me of myself
Place me deep in your tender heart
place me amid your soft, temperate wonders
pure...so deep, so unmitigated
I beg of you, Sweet Woman
bless me with your gentle touch
bestow the smile of love
Place your loving hands
upon my upturned face
And in my hands
enfold with your sanctity
deliver me of all fear
I vow my love, faith, my soul
for I be but a mere woman
You...
Goddess from exotic shores
take this life, soul, heart, this body I give
take them all and tenderly keep
This I implore, Sweet Goddess
bestow your transmundane grace
...Till there is no beginning, nor end.

Scarlet Night

For the Land of the Free

listen children to the debate
about the way we segregate
afraid to say we discriminate
yet rush to vote and legislate
to prevent some from their wedding date
because they have a same sex mate

This country that's based on equality
is so full of hypocrisy
we claim all people here are free
but that's not the reality
it's if they look and act like me
and are in the majority
but lets look back in history

some came here to escape persecution
some came here to elude execution
some came here running from starvation
some came here kidnapped for exploitation
some came to kill the Indian nation
and turn it into their own creation

but whatever their reasoning might be
all they wanted was to be free
and this was the place for everybody
we thought we could live in harmony
but we came in such diversity
that we couldn't all agree
and started building boundaries
and pushing our moralities
so we grew up to believe
we must fight to remain free
so we can't sit here quietly
but we can do it peacefully
so the majority can see
we're not a small minority
and whatever our own preferences be
I'll stand with the ones who say they believe
a loving marriage is legal for everybody
I'll vote to keep ALL of Americans FREE

Lemmon

Shadow

I feel like a shadow walking behind you.
Knowing all the things I love about you, yet all the indecisive things you do.
Just like myself you're my shadow, walking at such a fast pace to keep up with the
movement of both of our decisions.
Not knowing we are making the same implications. We get lost in the darkness.
Wondering what we are going to run into blindly next.

These things we call consequences of life drag us carelessly through the breaking light to
tease us with happiness knowing our relationship will never be bliss. Making us wonder
why we hold on through that brief moment of clarity that we call love.
That only cleans its hands once in a blue moon.

The glimmers of light have long passed as we decide to go in different paths of
deception, Hoping the other doesn't notice through the darkness what's really going on.

The light is gone and our paths are so dark that we can't see that the other is breaking,
from the pressure of the light that comes in awaking,
every dark secret we thought we kept... that is now revealed.

The light shows to the other the decisions that change their lives forever as they choose
to believe the love is still there,
Clinging to that last bit of light from that last transparent moment,

When they thought they were still in love.

Ella Smyth

An Ancient Wind

I travel an ancient wind
Alone
Lifetime through lifetime.

An awakener who
Comes
And watches the sunsets.

Who peacefully
Walks
Among planets and stars.

I know forever
I am a voyager
And I remember.

Terri Miller

I am tired of being practical, saving socks
until they become see thru, props for the feet,
only a suggestion. Not ordering wine on a
school night. Although I'm not in school and
haven't been but you know what I mean.
Watching my weight, counting the newest
spider veins, waking up, worried. So I don't
have health insurance, where, pray tell, and I
don't pray, where will it get me besides
roaming these small cold halls and wondering
what that last dream meant.

Tired of counting pennies, brushing off the
dust, counting on my fingers. I have one of
those optimistic natures, trusting that
somehow life will even up, pay me my fair
share. So I am declaring this evening, at least,
my own and buying red shoes and going out
to dinner, ordering a small bottle of Sake, for
instance. I am calling other wimmin who
understand what I mean and take me
seriously, who pat me on the back because I
can't reach back there.

Deidra



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november 2006 events

Herland *Voice Mailing Party*
Wednesday Nov 1 6 pm

Herland *Bicycle Ride* Sat Nov 4 9 am Oklahoma River North Trails (park/meet at SW 15 & Hudson)

PFLAG-OKC Tues Nov 7
Church of the Open Arms 7 pm

Mary & Louise Tues Nov 7
Galileo 8:30-11 pm

PFLAG-Norman Thurs Nov 9 St Stephens Church 7 pm

Herland *Supper Club* Sat Nov 11 PF Chang's (13700 N Penn) 5:30 pm followed by *Poetry Night at Herland* at 7:30 pm

OGLPC Monthly Meeting Monday Nov 13 Neighborhood Alliance 7 pm

Tara Henry in concert Friday Nov 17 Church of the Open Arms 7 pm \$5

Herland *Scrabble Day* Saturday Nov 18 1 pm

Herland *Board Meeting* Sunday Nov 19 4 pm

Herland *Voice Submission Deadline* Monday Nov 20

Miss Brown to You Saturday Nov 25 UCO Jazz Lab 8-11 pm \$7

Herland *Voice Mailing Party*
Wednesday Nov 29 6 pm

Herland *Dirty Santa Party*
Saturday Dec 16 6 pm

Herland Sister Resources

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