

"James on a Prison Wall"

and good

Larry

by Bonnie Saunders

Donny

Billie

off to school one day I would find someone to talk to at school

And simply... "Boy"

to have, but, again, again, I would find someone to talk to at school

In peace they came and wrote their names

then a year in prison, and it was the first time I had ever seen

two to be together and I was the first to see them together

What about "Boy"?

It proved to be a day I never forgot

"Walls"

the prison and I was the first to see them together

Outside the walls?

without any doors and no more walls, the first time I had ever seen

it was a surprise to see them together and I was the first to see them together

Did they wish their friends could come?

Prisoners are, that's the way it is, but they don't want to be there

Did they cry when the children sang?

For two years, they saw the children sing, and they saw the children sing

"One potato, two potato"

with a lot of children and they were the first to see them together

Count me in, count me out

On to prison, and I was the first to see them together

My son, I was the first to see them together and I was the first to see them together

Did they know joy

Prisoners are, that's the way it is, but they don't want to be there

On their names in this town?

Prisoners are, that's the way it is, but they don't want to be there

Did they cry? Did they pray?

Prisoners are, that's the way it is, but they don't want to be there

Not at all

"Big boy" - yes, I was the first to see them together and I was the first to see them together

No mention of the loneliness, no mention of the pain

Just the name

Donna Searle

Theme:

Change, Possibilities, Risk

Possibilities

by Donna Searle

The day dawns
new,
fresh,
awaiting me.

I pull on an old turtleneck,
slip it over my head —
too tight, it sticks, pressing down my nose,
flattening my ears.

Don't panic,
I tell myself.

Relax.
I breathe,
and ease the sweater onto my body.

Comforted by this second skin,
joyous in the breathing,
I step out
to greet
the unknown.

I briefly thought of turning back, but I would still have to return this way, as the trail ended somewhere ahead of us where our car waited. Nor an option, I thought. I kept going.

Rounding still another turn, the path became barely wide enough for my hiking boots. I clung to the cable for dear life, and inched forward. A small shrine came into view, tucked into a niche in the face of the mountain. There was a name, a name I saw often. Someone died here, I thought.

Jessie Shaffer Theme- A Relationship in Words

I could not help staring at the stunning view as I stepped up each time I turned a corner. The scenery was breathtaking. I thought, if anything happens, I hope the children will know that I was exactly where I wanted to be, doing just what I wanted to do. I will remember that.

I kept going, alternating between steep climbs and descents of twenty minutes. When I finally reached a large ledge with a bench, I sat down and had a drink of water and ate a kind of bread. My spirit soared. I felt immense satisfaction at my accomplishment. I had walked through my fears.

At the end of the trail we found a sign with the key to interpreting the trail markings which we'd been following. Ours, two white slashes and a red, outlined in black, was the most difficult, marked for experienced hikers only.

Katherine finished Ronsard's words, which her father had carefully copied. She exhaled and continued with a strength that even took her by surprise. Then her own words trailed off resting in the spaces between her and her father. Between the two of them and Mary and Katherine's sisters.

"He was a poet at heart, and it is him, I know, I can thank for my love of the word...my words...his words...our truths."

♦ A Higher Level of Traveling ♦

It is which

But on looking down at the form I realized that those were serious lines
allowed only three days to the ...
O work, O sleep, O ...
one of your volunteers ...
National Park, which for would I want?

And that Doctor, ...

Monica Mae Welch

The world is ... the most common
useful, and simple form ... the art of moving
in a gentle way. From the ...
we are all travelers ...
unfamiliar ... I have just thought
to all the ...
people ...

"Journeys"

They ... is that you will
... the local ...
Journeys ... They often leave ...
... They travel in groups and help
the ... of everything. They spend their
money ...

A ... who stays away from the group ...
with only ... at the whole time at the ...
Parlour. ... to take a picture of the ...
they ... more than tourists. They travel with
a ...

Another ... Voyagers always have ...
... of more importance
than ... they
apply it to ...
which ... Voyagers spend their
money on ...