

## Poets' Pride

*A poet's pride is the final product  
A pride of poets begins the production*

March, 2013

### A Waterfall of Tears

A waterfall of tears  
All that is left is her empty cage  
with her favorite belongings.  
Everywhere I look I see her.  
I think about her all the time  
Wishing she was here.  
She will be buried in the garden  
with her bed and chew toy  
so in spring flowers will grow  
beside herself.

by Adam

### My Baby

Slumped in the blue cloth chair  
in a dark corner.  
Forgotten among play things,  
I rarely dress her  
but I always keep her in my sight  
close to me

Free from dust for all  
these years.  
Now and then I pick her up  
stroke her smooth  
multicolored head from  
the many - marker tattoos  
I panned permanently  
on her face.  
and arms.

I think of the childhood  
I had for her  
My beloved "own baby."

by Meg

### Black Bird

Black Bird stands  
on my house everyday  
I see it.  
I wonder  
does it ever  
fly?

by Reshayal