



WITS

*Community Chapbook*

A Collection of Poetry by Readers of  
Writers in the Sky (WITS) E-zine

## **WITS Community Chapbook**

This collection of poetry was written by readers of Writers in the Sky (WITS) E-zine, which is produced by Yvonne Perry, owner of [Writers in the Sky Creative Writing Services](#).

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## The Wind is a Wanton Wolf Tonight

~ Pamme Boutselis

The wind is a wanton wolf tonight,  
giving its quarry no quarter  
to run, nor hide.

A glistening muzzle takes hold,  
bloodlust in its grip; the prey  
icebound, unable to stir.

## Untitled

~rkraneis

Green waves tumbling west.  
Eastern reds meet southeast grays,  
Suddenly sunrise.

[http://richardkraneis.typepad.com/richard\\_kraneis\\_blog/](http://richardkraneis.typepad.com/richard_kraneis_blog/)

## Dreams

~ Melissa Meeks <http://trustjourney.blogspot.com>

Dear to my heart  
Though ever so fragile  
Desires alone comprise naught.  
Dare I release them?  
It could be You  
Knocking at my heart.  
Still –  
I fear human voracity talking.  
Your peace shall prevail  
Multiply my blessings.  
When I seek You –  
I Risk – I Hope – I Fly!

## Love

~ Hal Manogue

Love  
Speaks A Different Language  
It Has No Country  
Of Origin  
No Dictionary  
Filled With Symbols  
It Is Not Black  
Or White  
Or Controlled  
By Polarity Poles  
Or Waves Of  
Electromagnetism

It Rides Freely  
In The Flow  
Of Consciousness  
Always Present Ready  
And Able  
To Be What I Am  
Following  
And Leading  
Shaking  
But Never Breaking  
Surrounding  
And Protecting  
The Essence  
That Is Me

Somehow  
I'm Remembering  
The Basic Part  
Of Me  
That Is Universality  
Its Form Is Free  
A Floating Star  
A Golden Tree  
Put Inside  
Dimensionality

From the *2008 Collection of Spirit Songs* by [Hal Manogue](#) poet and author of [Short Sleeves Insights](#)  
and [Short Sleeves A Book For Friends](#)

## A Self

~ *By Hal Manogue*

A Self  
Is Found  
In Each Belief  
In Each Moment  
In Each Experience

A Self  
Is Energy  
Completely Aglow  
Fueled  
By The Match  
Of Consciousness

Burning At Different Intensities  
The Flame  
Of Each Self  
Becomes A Candle  
Within The Framework  
Of Spontaneous Selves

The Self  
Is A Reflection  
Of Becoming  
In The Awareness  
Of The Wick  
The Wax  
The Candle  
And The Light

## Rock Talking

~ Magdalena Ball (In memory of Pripiat)

In the final chaotic flutters  
of your heart  
the ghost broke free  
travelling the perimeters  
of a ruined city  
arctic winds screamed silently  
past the zone of alienation  
spray painted silhouettes  
fifty thousand missing people  
echoed through empty corridors  
flooded with water.

They called it the peaceful atom.

Icy rain  
so full of caesium-137 and strontium-90  
Five hundred years won't bring her back.

Behind your dying eyelids  
rapid movement propels you through a broken Ferris wheel  
of abandoned dreams  
barbed wire and wild boars  
fill a space that once held playground equipment  
laughing children  
fellow ghosts  
dimmed by time and space  
the timebomb machinery of a defunct reactor  
crumbles  
while murmuring rocks  
tell the story of a secret city  
human error, imperfect technology  
a heart that no longer beats.

A handful of dirt now covers your handsome face  
the dust and debris of a life not wholly led  
blows through wasted trees

quantum nuggets of hope for those of us left behind.

*Magdalena Ball runs The Compulsive Reader. Her short stories, editorials, poetry, reviews and articles have appeared in a wide number of printed anthologies and journals, and have won local and international awards for poetry (including this year's Roland Robinson literary award), and fiction. She is also the author of the critically acclaimed novel Sleep Before Evening, a nonfiction book The Art of Assessment: How to Review Anything and three other poetry chapbooks Quark Soup, and, in collaboration with Carolyn Howard-Johnson, Cherished Pulse and She Wore Emerald Then. She runs a monthly radio program podcast [www.blogtalkradio.com/compulsivereader](http://www.blogtalkradio.com/compulsivereader)*

## You Are Like the Light

*~ By Iris Erielle Foss for her sister Maria who died of AIDS*

You walked along the wrong path  
For a very long time,  
You stopped when you knew  
You had crossed the line.

It took something very wrong  
To make something very right,  
Before you were in darkness  
And now you're in the light.

You learned bad experiences  
You almost lived in hell,  
You learned possibilities  
You were saved by the bell.

The "virus" I call the bell  
Because it opened up your soul,  
Before the world was over you  
But now you're in control.

This time God really barked  
He barked, but didn't bite,  
It just scared you enough  
To make you want to fight.

In your old path of life  
You refused your way out,  
But now you finally realized  
What life is really about.

When you discovered your disease  
You thought you were said and done,  
Not realizing at all  
Your life had just begun.

Now you're on the road  
Now you must keep on living,  
Testify your experiences  
And heal by giving.

Enjoy your living life  
Let go of all your fears,  
Remember all the laughter  
And forget about the tears.

Life can be very long  
It can also be short,  
Just have proof of innocence  
When you reach heavens court.

Oh sister, you're in my heart  
And this poem I had to write,  
Before you were in darkness  
But now you're in the light

I love you! I can't wait to see you again!  
I miss you! But until then.....

## **I Can Do It, Lord**

*~ Dianne Hansen, Enjoying Your Health*

I can be who you want me to be!  
I need practice every day for the rest of my life,  
But I know now that I can respond to you as you wish.  
Please be merciful and kind to me.  
Pay special attention to the ways I learn best and  
Teach me according to my mind set.  
Be as gentle as possible, I ask.

As for me, I bravely set myself to practice the lessons  
You give me from day to day.

My testimony is:  
The Lord and I are working together.  
We have lots on our minds...much work to do  
(work in my inner person, testimony to give others,  
fruits of the Holy Spirit to bring forth,  
many good works to accomplish).

I remain your faithful and loyal servant.  
What's my next assignment?

## **Futile Effort**

*~ LavendarRose*

Sweep, mop, vacuum hairs  
On the bathroom floor  
They grow back faster there  
Than they do on my head!

## **I Don't Miss You at All**

*~ Mia Calderon*

It's just that every time  
I inhale thoughts of you.  
I put my flame out  
For you to see  
The candle you blew out  
Or how the smoking still won't cease.  
But I don't miss you at all...

How you "don't understand"...  
The crystals hang  
Reflect me for all to see...  
Or I don't care  
If they love or hate my disastrous eyes  
That have seen too many things

But I learn minimal things  
About the things I need to know.  
To leave my heart naked, over-exposed  
And balance it there  
And not miss you at all...

So that I learn the minimal things  
Disastrous things I need to know.  
The nights grow longer every night  
That I don't miss you at all...

The wheels turn around and round and round  
& rumble through the repetitions  
of my reminiscing  
Of not missing you at all...

And I can't sleep.

## Starlight

~ Dennis S Martin

The sun fades in a distant west as  
Twilight caresses the evening sky  
With its' gentle colors of passionate pink,  
And tiny pinpoints of starlight ensue.

Time grows weary and all the concerns of  
The daylight dim as the sun settles in  
To the tree tops, resting but a moment,  
Offering promises old and new.

...And you fill my evening well into the night,  
Holding my hand as the starlight appears  
To capture the Heavens, filling the darkness  
With all its' abundance of elegant grace.

Treasures abound in the evident spectacle  
Born in amazement, meant to be shared.  
But diamonds and gold can never compare to  
The wonder I find in your sweet loving face.

## Free Love

~ Dennis S Martin

Let me just enjoy the freedom  
In the joy of loving you.  
Let the sun shine brightly on  
Two loving hearts that beat as one.  
Lift our eyes in vigilance to  
Ponder not the whys and whens,  
Accepting every day as though  
Our lives had only just begun.

Daylight passes yet the love  
Remains, continuing to grow.  
Glowing brightly from within  
It lights the night and shows the way.  
Knowing no direction but  
Expanding from horizon to  
Horizon past all boundaries  
With no rules to obey.

Spirits rise beyond the heights  
That any mortal man may see,  
And we can soar beyond the stars  
Because our love is free.

No matter how long I may walk on these beaches,  
No matter how wondrous the luminous prize,  
Nothing on Earth or on this side of Heaven can  
Outshine the starlight in my lover's eyes.

## Walk With Me

~ *Dennis S Martin*

Walk with me as all the trials  
Of this weathered world beat down  
Upon our naked supple flesh to test  
The strength of our resolve.

Help me see the light as we  
Stroll hand in hand along the sandy  
Beaches watching sunrise/sunset,  
Silent as the world revolves.

Stay with me. Be my passion.  
Be my heaven here on earth.  
Sharing joy as well as sorrow  
Just the way love's meant to be.  
Cherishing our time together,  
Locking treasures in our hearts,  
From forever 'til forever  
Take my hand and walk with me.

## Bliss

~ *Dennis S Martin*

Bliss,  
This.  
You,  
Me.  
We  
Be  
Heart  
Free  
To agree  
Or disagree to  
A degree on  
All we see.  
Lovingly  
Tenderly  
Knowingly  
You hold the key.  
Thankfully on  
Bended knee,  
I share with you,  
You give to me  
This  
Bliss.

## Who Knew?

~ *Dennis S Martin*

Who knew...

That you would be the one,  
The only one to steal my heart away.  
Breaking every rule established  
By polite society.

It's true...

That I was waiting for  
A miracle to come along  
And sweep me off my feet,  
To carry me to ecstasy.

Adieu...

To old memories of  
What love was supposed to be.  
No clue is what I possess  
As you confess your soul.

All new...

Are these feelings that you  
Stir in me with every breath.  
The sudden, certain knowledge that  
Your love is my true goal.

Who Knew?

## The Air That You Breathe

~ *Dennis S Martin*

Sometimes I lie awake at night  
Sensing no other presence than  
The breathing in and breathing out  
Of my true love lying next to me.

You have no idea that I'm waiting,  
Listening to your life flow  
In the gentle rise and fall  
That touches my heart so tenderly.

The facts have a way of giving a little  
Piece of themselves to every lost and  
Wandering soul encountered as  
Their patterns interweave.

And I am truly blessed to be  
The one whose lips you kiss goodnight,  
To hold you close, to touch your face  
To share the air you breathe.

## **Last Love**

*~ Dennis S Martin*

You were not my first love  
But, if fate is kind,  
You will be my last.  
Let us then grow old together  
Counting seasons wrapped  
Inside each other's arms  
Listening to the music that  
We know so well.  
Holding hands and strolling  
Along beaches in our autumn sun,  
Watching as the seagulls work  
Their magic with the wind  
And wondering what secrets  
Lie beneath the sands along the shore.  
We are two,  
Yet we are one.  
Bound in spirit, heart and soul.  
Heaven smiles on earth below  
To bring together our last love.

From Dennis S Martin's collection [Love Endures](http://www.iwritesome.com). <http://www.iwritesome.com>

## Demons

~ © RJM 2006

Faceless, nameless, shapeless demons abide  
within the recesses of my mind.  
Dusk to dawn, dawn to dusk  
demons are my constant companions.

Faceless figures haunt my thoughts  
and keep me from tasks.  
Dusk to dawn, dawn to dusk;  
demons are my constant companions.

Nameless fears from the harpies  
deep within my mind.  
Life never free, always on guard.  
Dusk to dawn, dawn to dusk;  
demons are my constant companions.

Shapeless shadows cloud  
the moon at night,  
the sun at day.  
Dusk to dawn, dawn to dusk;  
demons are my constant companions.

## The Moon's Dress

~ Yuvia Chairez

I will be watching the moon,  
but I'll still be looking at you:  
crunched-up amongst the whispers  
of those who decided not to find you,  
not even to tell you how much you look like  
to the mischievous illusionism of my delirium.

Because the stars have told me  
that, like the moon, you too get drunk with whiskey.  
And then you let yourself go wrapped-up in laughter,  
by the waves that the sea prepares for you  
in its attempt to make love to you on the beach.

I don't know if to feel fear or compassion,  
by such displays of unbridled love and passion;  
or maybe I'm just envious  
because I've always wanted to participate in that orgy.

## Sky

~ Yuvia Chairez

Rain falls from the sky  
down on to the white desert of satin,  
from a dark hazel emotion  
as the devil smiles away his sorrow  
in seeing his angel fly,  
saying he was never afraid of anything,  
except the part where he became a memory  
blurred out of the sky.

See how many times I write sky?  
Is because Heaven is un-existent,  
and I cannot speak of that which I cannot pray  
... and I cannot pray to the sands of satin...  
not while the rain falls from the hazel-colored sky.

## To My Lover, on a Wednesday Night

~ Yuvia Chairez

Sometimes I wish it never happened  
The sea drifting to side to side,  
Wondering where the moon goes to hide  
When the sun tears up her skirt and smiles.

We are all vile creatures  
For the dreams me might be able to conjure up  
But deep inside I know you well  
And know that you too will laugh

Sometimes I wish it never happened  
The sea drifting from side to side,  
And I'll be sitting around waiting for it to come get me  
While you can bleed out on the hill that's aside.

## **The Desert**

*~ Yuvia Chairez*

I cannot tell how long has it been...  
All I know is that the soul cannot carry the wind,  
the words...  
and the moon...  
all in one poem gone astray.

Because all I know is that I don't want to know  
and I don't need to feel the absence  
you bring in your presence.

The sea arrives...

The waves bring me a song of what you are,  
of what you have become:  
an empty shell in hopes of a soul to fill it -  
a soul to trade it.

And the stars are stained with the ashes of this memory...

... and the desert?

The desert is still living in your eyes.

## **B's Eyes**

~ Yuvia Chairez

The blue that reflects  
Deep in the limits of my memory,  
Awaken my doubts,  
And generate emotions,  
That a computer could never reach.

Do you want to know something of my lust?  
That it usually comes on a Wednesday night,  
When it's two-for-one at the cinema,  
And everything turns in to a shade  
Of a nuclear ray.

Definitively, I should find a better way to get in the groove,  
Than this one of drinking vodka.

## **I would like to say**

~ Yuvia Chairez

I would like to say  
(now that I have the patience to say it)  
That there is no moment, nor time, nor effort;  
That there is no heaven, nor earth, nor sea, nor wind;  
That the sun and the moon just live in make-believe  
From the imagination of a God that suffers from a broken heart,  
Since he's got no one to tell a story to.

## **Unbreakable**

~ Yuvia Chairez

Dreams shatter,  
Lives die.  
You shake and hit,  
you tell me lies.  
But I swear...  
You cannot break me anymore.

Love comes,  
Love goes,  
deep in my heart  
memories die along  
But I swear...  
You cannot break me anymore.

Eyes your steal,  
skin you take,  
pleasures I give you  
in exchange for my pain.  
But I swear...  
You cannot break me anymore.

So you can take me now  
with my body your lust quench.  
My tears will not surface -  
not now, not ever again  
For this oath is forever,  
You cannot break me anymore.

## Nostalgic

~ Yuvia Chairez

If you saw me, desire me  
Like the moon desires the sun's sighs,  
Like the clouds desire the touch of the rain.  
Beautiful as the sunset,  
Beautiful as the night sky,  
You are far away...

I can't have the luxury of having you  
Because I cannot have the luxury of having a soul,  
That misses you,  
That wants you,  
That tells me just how empty is my existence without you.

How little poetic we become,  
When we turn all mushy and nostalgic!

## Sky

~ Yuvia Chairez

Rain falls from the sky  
down on to the white desert of satin,  
from a dark hazel emotion  
as the devil smiles away his sorrow  
in seeing his angel fly,  
saying he was never afraid of anything,  
except the part where he became a memory  
blurred out of the sky.

See how many times I write sky?  
Is because Heaven is inexistent,  
and I cannot speak of that which I cannot pray  
... and I cannot pray to the sands of satin...  
not while the rain falls from the hazel-colored sky.

Yuvia Chairez. Born, raised, and currently living in the border town of Juarez, Mexico. Writer, Veterinarian, and Teacher, she has been published in several cultural magazines in Mexico (Fronteras, Armario, Tierra Adentro), as well as several poetry anthology books from various authors ("Ciudad de Cierto, Rio", "Voces de la Frontera", "Memorias del Encuentro de Poetas" -- all of them from Doble Helice Editorial). As a writer, she has won the David Alfaro Siqueiros Award given by the Chihuahua Culture Institute with her short story book, "De la Luna y Otros Vicios" (From the Moon and Other Vices). She currently works as an ESL Teacher at the North Regional University (URN).

[www.deviantart.com](http://www.deviantart.com)

## Untitled

~ *Ericka Williamson*

It's night time the sky's so bright  
It's got several stars to light  
As she looks at the stars  
she makes a wish for her son to come back  
and her once was lover  
to be friends with  
for she misses the little one so  
Even though her lover had to go  
for why she'll never know  
but someday her heart will grow  
and the pain and hurt that is there will be gone  
for she could then move on  
but she needs her son back in her life  
because he doesn't deserve to be without his mother  
just because the husband left his wife  
she's his mother no one can take that place  
for she cannot wait to see his face  
sometimes people loose there way  
and it takes them to fall to realize this day by day  
so she picks up the pieces one by one  
then soon her work will be done

[Ericka Williamson](http://www.freewebs.com/constadelacrem) is the 27-year-old mother of a son who is three. She enjoys writing her own poetry and stories and would like to be a published author someday. Her hobbies are dancing, photography, gardening, learning about herbs, yoga, helping others, and being a good listener.  
[www.freewebs.com/constadelacrem](http://www.freewebs.com/constadelacrem).

## Awful Splendor

~ Carolyn Howard-Johnson

My screen seldom used.  
I wipe away a frail skin,  
dust, residual surface calm.  
“I don’t watch TV,” I say, “but...”  
I search unfamiliar contours  
to find the power icon. Click.  
The dark panel flickers.  
A flame coils from the desert,  
floor, a tornado from Hades,  
desert dancers costumed  
in orange-hot veils.  
I stand in trepidation,  
do not turn up the sound.  
A mute portrait, framed. An image  
on a museum wall seen by  
night’s camera-eyes as green  
fluorescent bursts against a  
sky the color of Wedgwood’s  
Portland blue. A triptych  
appears. Here, a camouflage palette  
the colors of geckos skittering  
over the sand. There, a Turner  
landscape, hazy as if seen through  
early morning vapor. And look!  
There mauve clouds pulse.  
Siroccos blow a purple pall  
across the horizon, soundless winds  
smear the scene, disguise  
        it with a mask of splendor.

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Carolyn Howard-Johnson’s chapbook called *Tracings* published by Finishing Line Press won two awards and is available on Amazon. Her recent chapbook coauthored with Magdalena Ball is *She Wore Emerald Then, Reflections on Motherhood* is also available on Amazon. She is the multi award-winning author of *This is the Place*, *Harkening* and the *HowToDoItFrugally* series of books for writers.

**Carolyn Howard-Johnson’s Special Valentine offer** until February 18, 2009 (to allow time for the perennially late lover! Give the gift of poetry for Valentine’s Day. Carolyn is offering *Cherished Pulse* as a free .pdf download. You can give it to a loved one or offer it to your Web site visitors at no charge. It may be printed into a booklet—on linen, in color! Tie on a satin bookmark and voila! A Valentine unlike any you’ve ever given before, I bet! Read more about it on [www.howtodoitfrugally.com](http://www.howtodoitfrugally.com), or download here: [http://www.compulsivereader.com/html/images/Cherished Pulse.pdf](http://www.compulsivereader.com/html/images/CherishedPulse.pdf)

## If Dreams Are Born Here

~ Malcolm R. Campbell

If dreams are born in this wide valley,  
Yellow and green and rolling  
Upon the moraines and terraces  
Left by late Pleistocene Ice,  
If dreams are born here,

If dreams are born here  
And guarded by boundaries and golden eagles  
Along the continent's shining crown  
Where life is nurtured with the Earth's blood,  
If dreams are born here,

If dreams are born here  
And populated with herds and dogs,  
And if these dreams are wide enough and deep enough  
To survive perverse seasons and storms,  
And the influx of the alien rich,  
The monopolistic greed that steals away sheep,  
The coming of rules and roads,  
The disappearance of haystackers  
And the men who built them,  
The cancerous creep of houses and shopping centres,  
The edicts of skyscraper capitalists  
Who do not feel the land's pulse,  
And the random strokes of plain bad luck,  
If dreams are born and raised here,

Then with these dreams  
A man can grow tall  
And temper himself with good work  
And find his natural place  
In the order of other small things  
And become most holy  
When he sings what he sees into the world  
With his own true voice.

Malcolm R. Campbell is the author of the new age fantasy novel *The Sun Singer*. His work has appeared in *The Smoking Poet*, *Living Jackson Magazine*, *Nostalgia Magazine*, *the Atlanta Journal-Constitution* and the *Rosicrucian Digest*. <http://www.malcolmrcampbell.com>

## A Tribute to President Barack Obama

*By Irene Brodsky*

Like a spectacular rainbow of brilliant hues,  
he arrives just in time to brighten up the sky  
after a thunderstorm storm has passed.

Yes! He does!

Change has come! His name is Barack Obama  
His smile is a breath of fresh air  
Like a blessing from above

Yes! It is!

Let us embrace him in our hearts  
and make him welcome in our thoughts.  
For the world will be a better place with him in it.

Yes! It will!

Congratulations to President Obama,  
his lovely family and new puppy, too.  
They bring joy and happiness to you and me.

Yes! They can!

May the harvest moon smile upon them  
May autumn leaves pave their way  
May stardust light up their lives  
And May God bless them always!

Irene Brodsky is a recent, 62-year-old graduate of Brooklyn College. *Poetry Unplugged* is her first published book.

## In the Footlights

*by Tracy Lucas*

In the ghetto of memory the voices watch,  
calling to the mist you used to be...  
remembering for you, all that you were going to become.

“It is your time,”  
they cry,  
“Where are you?”

The stage is lit,  
the audience shifts in their seats,  
and the spotlight is waiting.

Confused boredom is the ruling mood out front,  
while a little soul sits backstage in the shadow  
remembering a time when soul was a bigger thing,  
and days were going to keep coming for a while,  
and sure that it can't be  
her name on the ticket.

Tracy Lucas is a writer, editor, and mother living near Nashville, TN. By day, she edits books at Published by Westview (the subsidy press she co-owns), and by night she writes poetry and fiction. She is currently working on her first YA novel. Tracy may be reached at [tracy@publishedbywestview.com](mailto:tracy@publishedbywestview.com).

## Soul Mate Man

~ By Jan Bossing

I dreamed that I'd find my soul mate man.  
Everything about him would be right.  
The truck, the house, the grin, the fun.  
He'd play my music every night.

I didn't know how and I didn't know why.  
But I had to find him; at least, I had to try.

I waited and watched; I hoped and dreamed.  
Then I saw him in the spot-light beam.

Not the head-liner, and not the star.  
Sang back-up in the opening act.  
He looked real shy; he looked real fun.  
Could I get him to call me back?

I didn't know how and I didn't know why.  
But I had to find him; at least, I had to try.

Surf the web, get an e-mail address.  
Send out a message, hope for the best.

He called me, he lived not far away.  
Everything about him is just right.  
We text; we talk; we meet at last.  
He sings my music every night.

I didn't know how and I didn't know why.  
But somehow I found him, the soul mate guy.

Jan Bossing © 2009 Joelton, Tennessee. Jan was born in Oklahoma and grew up in Kansas. She have lived in Tennessee for 25 years – this time. Defined by her amazing family and wonderful friends, she has been regularly writing poetry for about five years–this time! <http://myspace.com/jb2jan>

## Exodus

~ *Melissa T. Greene*

I watched as my mother carried him, my  
baby brother, his brown legs dangling about her hips as  
she drove us silently from our lives, innocent  
sheep to the slaughter, believing our guide to be true  
loving, ever loyal, our mother, after all,  
would not harm us.

Into the driving rain they entered like priests through  
tabernacle curtains, with reverence for the task of escape.  
Watching this scene now of a mother and son drenched in the torrent  
a young daughter following cautiously behind with her face  
drawn blank, a mask given on her ninth birthday,  
watching now, I sob deep unearthing sobs that turn the dirt  
sobs that shake a foundation named shame  
sobs that know what will happen when these children depart  
these doors,  
leave the party that could have been childhood.

## I Have Known You

~ Melissa T. Greene

I have known in you the  
bearing down of black tides, the haunting of  
empty cups solitary  
sips, the gulps of longing. I have known  
you when you wore the mask for Mardi Gras, your  
pale brown eyes searing through the holes  
hoping not to be seen, only  
to see us  
the beautiful people. I too  
have longed for the rays of gold  
on my face.  
I knew you lonely in the town square at  
6pm, the wind across your back  
pacing into the gray clouds that hover  
above shade trees. I have  
known in you a keen loving  
an intense and  
peculiar touch of worship by human hands  
in celebration of our flesh, clapping for the workings of  
our bodies against their own  
good thinking.  
I have known you in  
all you hide, in all you give and  
withhold. In a hungry child, in unrestrained laughter, in  
moving under the weight of guilt, regret heavy as  
a stone about your neck. I knew you were lonely  
vulnerable when lips make promises of water to  
the body parched with wanting. When  
evening brings its darkness over our suffering, the lamp  
light of hope flickers alive in our hearts. I have known  
the joy of being loved, the despair of saying good-bye when  
no one is listening, inhaling the smoke of your  
enemy's sweet tobacco and wishing it were your own.  
I have held you  
I have wished you to suffer, I  
have known you and  
loved you  
nonetheless.

## About Writers in the Sky (WITS)

[Writers in the Sky Creative Writing Services](#) is a professional writing and editing service based in Nashville, Tennessee. We offer a quick and easy method for outsourcing a wide variety of writing and editing projects to include fiction and nonfiction books and e-books, biographies and memoirs, media releases and marketing copy, résumés and cover letters, query letters and book proposals, articles, and business documents. We also help authors with online book promotion.

WITS owner Yvonne Perry is a freelance writer and editor, award-winning Amazon.com [bestselling author](#), podcast host, blogger extraordinaire, newsletter publisher, Internet marketing guru, and an outstanding [keynote speaker](#). She is a graduate of American Institute of Holistic Theology where she earned a Bachelor of Science in Metaphysics. She has earned Platinum Expert Author status for her 170 articles on spirituality, death, afterlife, spirit communication, suicide, politics, and humor published on [ezinearticles.com](#).

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