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Nonsense Syllables

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Nonsense Syllables

Benjamin Fitzgerald

Life - a confusing conglomeration of miscellaneous shapes, nonsense syllables, cardboard cutout moments. Repetition, repetition, variation, repetition, time and place, here and there, same as the last, just as before. Go to work, sweat and bleed. Make love. Smiling: peanut butter cookies and memories of home, the inscription on Grandmother’s tombstone - poetic, silent. Time flashes by, days go on. Nothing more, nothing less, the way it’s always been.

Patience, Carefree, Happiness

Julia Payne

I'm not sure how much more I can take of this. Those who find these virtues easy to obtain, stretch my patience, blood rushing through my veins. No, I don't want to follow your idea of happiness. What you enjoy is far from mine, you and your filthy righteousness. How truly irritated I become when you preach at me—Take you and your opinion away, you are the last thing I want to see. Please don't ever begin to think you know where I'm coming from. I run deeper than you can imagine-no, what's been said is done. I've tried to listen, tried to place myself in your shoes. I'm insulted and hurting, anymore more of this and it's my mind I will lose. “Patience, Carefree, Happiness?”
I'm not sure how much more I can take of this.

Solitude

Julia Payne

Heaven slips gradually and softly. Into, and through the heart, The voices caress the soul. A sigh of relief. They fall. The calming tone chills, smiles warmth. The blessing. The power of sound that brings voice to heart. The dust lifted by a breeze. Clean, cold, crisp air, The rush of life inhaled. Exhaled, the deepest pain. Finally, My Heaven.