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You Aren't Listening Anyway

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Brad's Poem

Do we keep our memories when we die,
Or do they die too?
Do you remember me in Heaven
As I remember you?
We were friends on earth,
But for one year only.
Without your laugh and smile,
I'll be very lonely.
When I met you, Brad, I knew
That you would be my friend.
But now you're gone, one day in June.
Those times have come to an end.
Karen Thompson

Do not fear, for I am with you.
Do not dismay, for I am your God.
I will strengthen you and help you.
I will uphold you with my righteous hand.
Isaiah 41:10

calligraphy by Beth Balliet

A rainbow crisp with color fashions
radiant contrast with somber skies.
Heavy rain and foreboding clouds embody
struggling rays to enliven winter's hue. A
muted rainbow effects a kinship with the
first. Time is proven irrelevant to the
captivated senses. A moment never captured,
perfectly designed. Rainbows gently fade. First
the pale complexion, until once clear shades,
only a shadow, return to Heaven. Plerently
calm, passionate and perfect give praise.
Karen Gail

I can't think of anything to write so I will just type forever saying nothing but always saying so much just to prove I am to myself when all they want to hear is what has to do with themselves but who can blame them after all they live every second as themselves just like I live as myself who am I to expect them to care about what I think.
Jonathan Fisk

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