

YOU'RE IN THE WINTER . . .

by Chris Kleinschmidt

You're in the winter of your sensitivity.
Dandelions don't turn the under side of your chin yellow.
You're not even ticklish anymore.
I loved you when you squirmed,
While i teasingly poked at your ribs.
What happened to you?
Do you ever think of building sand castles,
Or playing flashlight tag in the moonlight?
I still do.
But maybe i'm just being childish.
Does the sun ever shine on your side of the wall?
Let it creep over the edge sometime,
And warm your soul a bit.
The sun doesn't always shine you know.
Some days it does rain.
If the sun shines too brightly
I'll give you a hat to shade your eyes.
Or if the rains do come
You can have my umbrella.
i don't need it anymore.

PLAN FOR TOMORROW

by Brian Walker

"Plan for tomorrow," they tell me.
But if you spend today planning,
Tomorrow you won't have any memories.