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An Original Poem - Stolen

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Cover Page Footnote

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AN ORIGINAL POEM - STOLEN

To be yours, may I not cry, rage, bluster, strut?
Must only soft soothings of satisfaction be heard?
What of the seething, piercing, blood-red cacophonous word
That swells painfully within my stricken gut?

And what of that chilling, stilling trance
That locks me in my psyche's blackened nooks,
The fears unclassified in wisdom's books,
And what of the ripping, frenzied, tearing dance?

And what of the urgent press to purge this guile;
The ancient, amorous hallowed deities defile;
Does love, your love, demand I *always* smile?

Ehmann-Amann
(victim-thief)

Poverty is a pest with a thousand faces. Most
of us have witnessed the poverty of the penniless.
Many have seen the decay of physical poverty. Some
of us have even known the aching poverty of the mind.
But few of us have ever experienced the torture of
one whose poverty is spiritual. All the gilded
riches, physical prowess, and mental magnificence in
this world cannot begin to appease the torment which
wracks the soul of those poor in spirit. There is
nothing in this or any other world which can *begin*
to approximate the devastation left in the wake of
spiritual deprivation. Hope is found only in love.
The joy transmitted through a tender touch, a knowing
smile, an understanding word, or a lovingly sincere
glance can do more for one who stands spiritually
unfulfilled than can all the wealth of all the worlds.
Happiness is loving and being loved—forever!!

Jim Koeniger
1969