1965

And I...

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placed the body of the child upon the stone and surrendered her right to its life. Her son she placed upon the stone.

There was a feeble light in the horizon just beginning to assert its presence as she walked homeward. The sun, like a glowing coal struggling for life, rolled and trembled in the sky. Now its moment had arrived and it burst into radiance."

**Struggle**

Life often sparkles and shines.  
Then suddenly I close my door  
And fall into the night.  
There I wander aimlessly  
Until I find the stairs,  
Then I climb and climb;  
Finally I reach the top  
And happily burst outdoors.

J. R. Pike

And I,  
in the dawning stillness of your eyes live reflected,  
reflecting on the unidcaness of you.

Gregory Conchelos