Michael

n/a Trenwythe
St. John Fisher College

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Michael

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It Wasn't That I Wouldn't

You always said I had to
But it wasn't that I wouldn't--
You should have noticed I complained
Because you told me that I would without a choice.
I would more have liked to do it
If you would have said sincerely
It was simply up to me
Although I should.

KATRINE MEEDER

Michael

The sun shone silently
Golden reflections within the somber pool
Made soft by the filter of the early morning haze

Little boy fair of face, dark of eyes
Look out upon the world
Born in solitude within a silent shroud
Forever locked inside the womb

Speak Child, for the world beckons
Alas you cannot hear
Again it calls
Still you do not answer

Born a year too soon or a day too late
The world remains untouched
Visions lying dormant beneath golden curls

Words remain unspoken, dreams undreamed
Life never to be lived
Yet alive in silent death

What of the world?
No light touch more gentle grace
To meet the morning sun
No sweet smile to chase the early haze.

TRENWYTHE