Untitled

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Cover Page Footnote

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East Rochester
-Karin Carr

There's a neighborhood that once made me cringe.
A place I thought was cold and hard.
Between city and suburb it's merely a hinge;
Just multiple houses all sharing one yard.
Not parted by grand river or babblin' brook,
But, railroad track and freight train clatter.
I could have taken a closer look;
To an outsider, though, it doesn't matter.
It's a blue collar haven, not especially poor.
There's an ugly, looming, water tower
Now seen daily at my door.
But springtime yards are all plants and flower,
So the sidewalks each day, I continue to roam,
As house after house, becomes home after home.

Untitled
-Kevin J. White

Anger Rage
Where do they come from?
Where do they go?
Do I dare allow myself to feel?
Do I indulge it?
Or do I shun it?
Do I allow myself to go with the moment and take the consequences?
Or do I rationally bury it and become “Civilized”?
When is it OK to feel it?
As a soldier I am to draw on it and use it for strength,
In the real world I am to temper it and control it?
How am I to know which path to follow?
Can any one make this decision for me?
Or do I have to take the chance myself?
Is it a part of nature and survival?
Or do I control it?