

Poems

Paranoia

Yes, I feel you reaching for my thoughts
from within! I hear your harsh Whisper!
There, in the back of my Mind. I know
You are there.

Persecute me at your Will! I know that
someday you will win. But, until then, I
will fight you with all my power.

You!
My Insanity!
My Mental Disease!
My Schizophrenia!

- Lois Smith DeLong

III Omen

I was born in April,
Under the Sign of the Ram;
When Fate saw me, She spoke one Word:
“Damn!”

- Lois Smith DeLong

Sometimes You Are Told

Sometimes
you are told
indirectly

words that mouths
can't form

they come from corners
of eyes
in perceptions

or pens that write
alone in the night

sometimes they come
from near strangers
and those friends
decipherable by
slight movements

they are whispered secrets
between some
(clandestine thoughts)
common knowledge
among others

- Jack Challem

There Are Moments

There are moments
sometimes while I wash my hands
when my mind saunters from where I
stand

and I find myself reacting to first
moments
of love that everyone has all over again
in a simple thought, a passing light
that's difficult to explain

and likewise to the tingle of
apprehension,
the jerking from danger when dreams
begin

the chills slide through me again
so do the flushes
I recall faces and stones
and recognize unfamiliar walls
passing briefly through my mind.

- **Jack Challem**