

I See Myself Alone and No Goodbyes

Marielys Figueroa-Sierra

I see myself alone and no goodbyes
I thought that life could hold on to my dear
I walk and try to figure where time flies

I see no reason for him to have died
The solemn sky is blue and crying tears
I see myself alone and no goodbyes

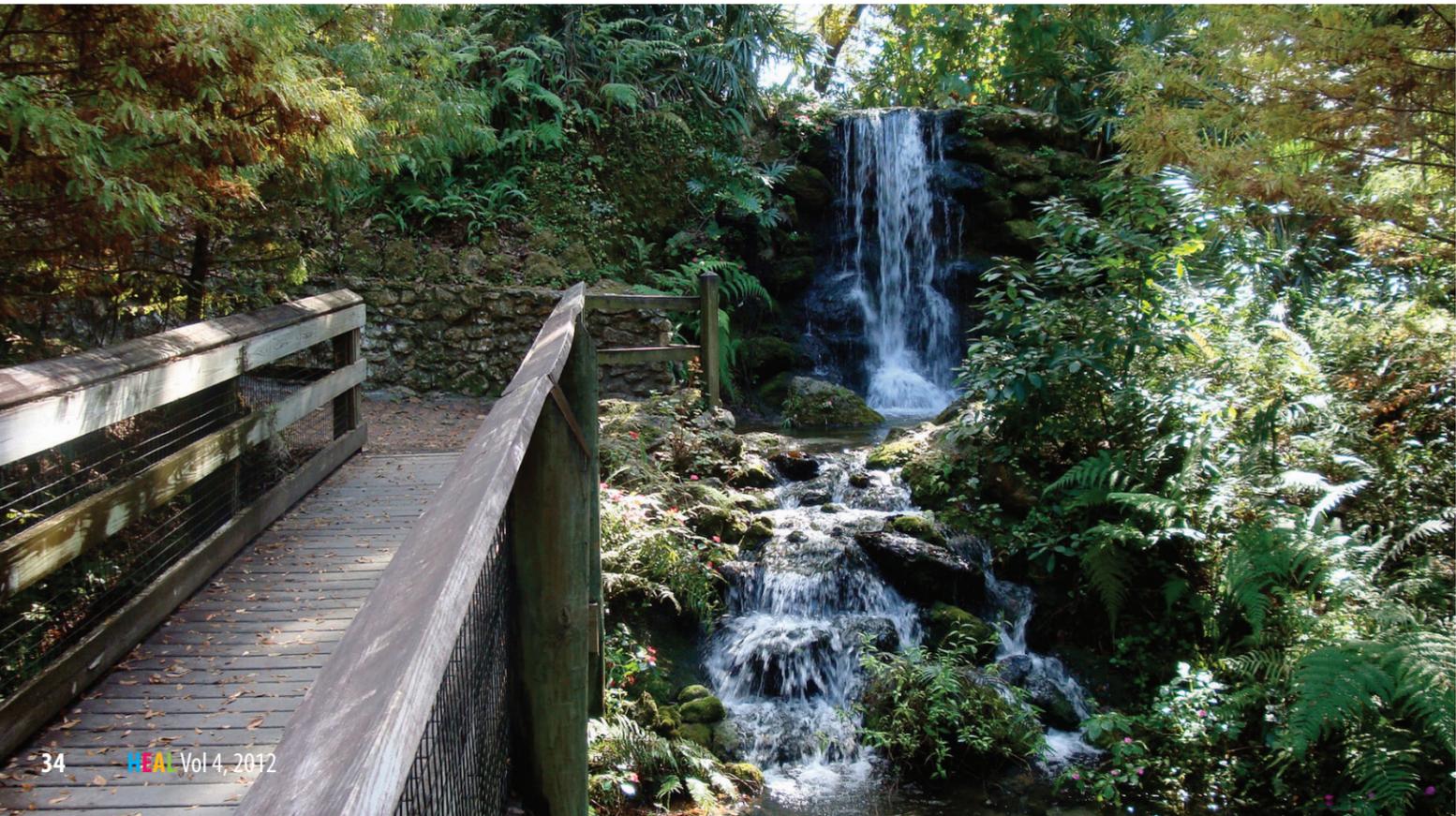
He told me things that carried such great lies
But things that always brought upon some cheer
I walk and try to figure where time flies

I saw one day a thing that said a sigh
I walked towards the night and in my fear
I see myself alone and no goodbyes

Why do you live among those that are dry?
If you could live one day, what day is clear?
I walk and try to figure where time flies

It seems that day is one I can't deny
I held him close to me but through that year
I saw myself alone and no goodbyes
I walked and tried to figure where time flies

Garden of Colors
Marielys Figueroa-Sierra



How Many Times Must We Go 'Round This Tree?

Kendall Campbell, MD

How many times must we go 'round this tree?
The lesson not learned, what could it be?

Here we go again and again you see
How many times must we go 'round this tree?

We just don't get it or at least it seems to be
So yet again we have to go 'round this tree

Through faith and patience we will see
God's plan for us as we go 'round this tree

With brand new mercies, yes that's the key
That keeps us strong and enduring as we go 'round this
tree

Understanding our purpose, the purpose that He
Put in us from the beginning, the beginning you see

So don't be discouraged as you go 'round this tree
There's purpose in it for you and for me

A plan that's wonderful, great and free
Full of abundance and love, just bow your knee

To the one who gives life more abundantly
Lesson learned, here we go, last time 'round this tree

September

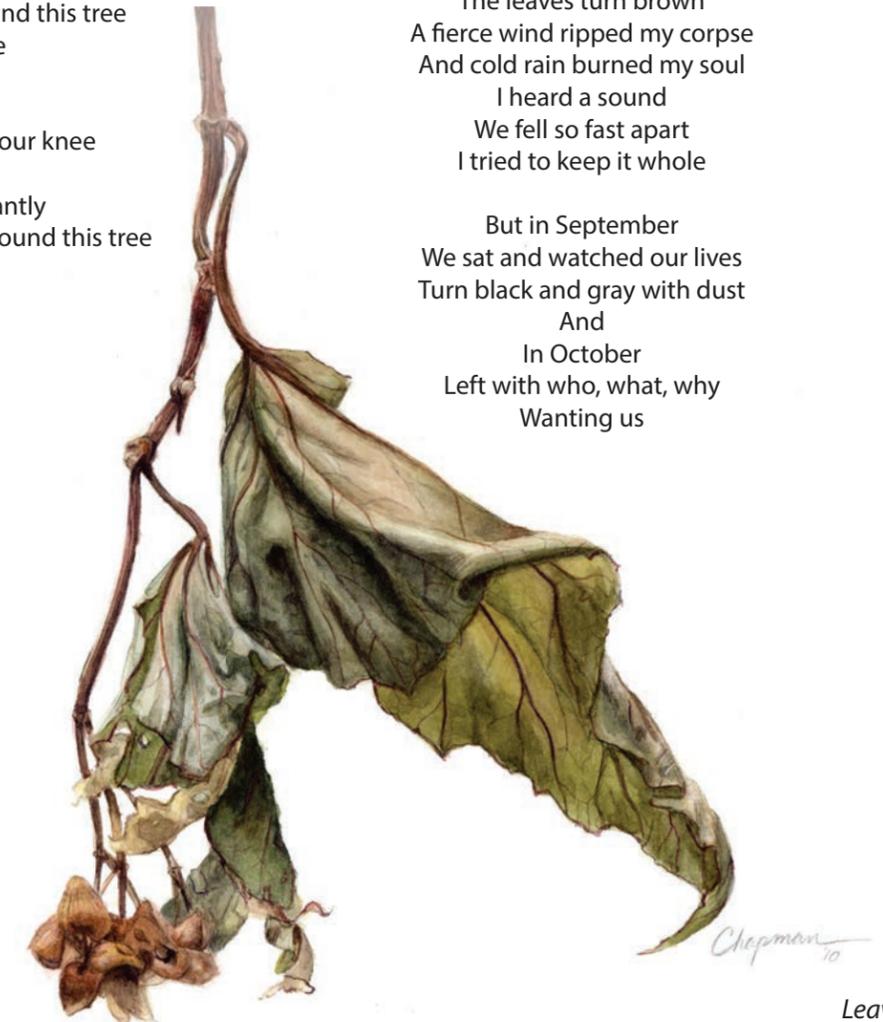
Alexandra Mannix

And Sunday
I spent with you in mind
Your eyes chiseled in my brain
And on Monday
It was finally time
To erase all my pain

So I wonder
Now lying in my bed
With obstructed sight
Crashing thunder
Shakes my ears, broken dead
Reminding me of night

The leaves turn brown
A fierce wind ripped my corpse
And cold rain burned my soul
I heard a sound
We fell so fast apart
I tried to keep it whole

But in September
We sat and watched our lives
Turn black and gray with dust
And
In October
Left with who, what, why
Wanting us



Leaves
Jodi Slade