FREEDOM

by Gary Scruggs

You forgive us, We'll forgive you.
Maybe Mother Nature can forgive us
All, too.
We will quit fighting, shedding
Blood of red,
In a foreign land, made of white
Sand.
What does it matter, now that it's
Over?
The land now turns black from mixing
Blood and crude oil.
Now that it's done, we choose to
Ignore.
Things remain the same, no time
For change.
What was it all for?
Can you tell me the price of Justice,
The price of Peace?
In our lifetime, haven't we paid
Enough for the price of Freedom?

THE FLOWER OF LIFE

by Michael J. Knox II

The flower of life is but a simple matter
Like a daisy that grows on the side of a hill
I ask you, do you know the flower of life
Do you notice the birds or only when in a flock
Do you notice the trees or only when they lose their leaves
I ask you, do you know the flower of life
Do you notice the rabbit, woodchuck and the raccoon
or must they run right out in front of you
Do you notice the grass and its color green
or must it die before you see

The flower of life is but a simple matter
Like a daisy that grows on the side of a hill
It gives to many and takes only what it needs
Do you know the flower of life?