Quartz Original Works
Volume VI

a compilation of poems
and short stories from
Quartz BBS

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Quartz Original Works, Volume VI

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Quartz Original Works, Volume VI

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by Patriot

This is us,
You and me,
The way we walk together,
As seen through my eyes.
I reach for you,
To comfort me,
To take my hand in friendship.
You took my hand,
As we walked along,
The path into love.
You gave me friendship and so much more,
You gave me your sweet self to love,
And love you I did,
As never had I loved before,
So here we are,
Arm in arm,
Your hand touching mine,
My heart is yours,
As yours is mine,
Never to be split a part....
I love you.

"The Dream" by Drucilla

the day has come to an end
and sleep is next to come
the dark night begins and
so have the dreams.
the time of night will pass
but the dreams will linger —
the thought will stay.
the mind will go on and on
with the thoughts of the night.
the day will begin and the
mind will dream again.
the light will bring new
circumstances.
the mind will go on and
always be ready to dream.

Anonymous

We started out right, ended up wrong
For one another babe
When life is too short, we leave it too
Long to find each other, babe

I don't know, I don't know just how
We got this way

Inside this breaking heart
the pieces fall apart
And all I'm dreaming of
Your true devotion
I don't remember when
the pleasure turned to pain
Just want you back again
My true devotion

Yesterday's dream like old magazines
They lie beside the bed
The hurting inside that old-fashioned pride
The things we never said

Sorry now, funny how
We bite the hand that feeds

Inside this breaking heart
The pieces fall apart
And all I'm dreaming of
Your true devotion
I don't remember when
The pleasure turned to pain
Just want you back again
My true devotion

Turn out the light say goodnight
Time to draw the blinds
Sleeping alone, nobody home
Ain't love unkind

Missing you
Who's kidding who?
We can't go on this way.

"Stefanie" by Trilobyte

he woke from a dream with tears on his pillow
he tried to remember what made him upset
a beautiful girl with hair like sweet honey
"Stef'nie!" he cried out "I still miss you yet!"

six years ago they'd been engaged to be married
then she met another and left him alone
he thought he'd recovered and made a new life since
but "Stef'nie! my darling, where have you gone?"

and now he was crying with wounds freshly opened
the Pathos and Angst that he thought was long dead
she'd married the other, and he'd dated many
"Stef'nie! my lover, I'll marry you yet!"

he plotted and schemed; he searched for a plan
he wracked all his brains and sifted his wits
his poor heart was aching, and his sleep suffered
"Stef'nie!" spoke calmly "here comes the blitz!"

he got in his car and drove to Binghamton
the town, he was told, where they'd settled down
he scoured the phone-books, and examined the road-maps
"Stef'nie! there you are!" said when she was found.

he oiled his pistol, and loaded the bullets
he wore his best clothes, with a cunning disguise
he knocked on the door, and when the girl answered
"Stef'nie!" he shouted — aimed right 'tween her eyes

they both held the pose for what seemed an hour
she did not dare move, and he stood rock-still
but then he fell back, and reversing his pistol
"Stef'nie! goodbye." and himself he did kill

and then as he lay there, she looked at him closely
saw tears in his eyes as he slowly expired
when he was quite dead, she called the policemen
"Stef'nie Champney. My ex-lover just died."

"Naked Creek" by Isepik

Peaceful gurgling...
Quiet sighing...
Cheerful wanderings of a babbling brook
On its playful, meandering
Journey through a deep dark forest...

by Deacon Blues

Who selected you, why?
Who decides live, die?
Why must the pain be endured?
How can I be cured?
*I guess I'll just *sigh*.*

"he" by Resident Lunatic

he was about six feet down his sidewalk,
when he turned to face what had been following him,
a feeling of anxiety crawling up his spine,
and when he opened his eyes, it was gone.

now he was never one to openly talk,
especially to those who over the years had troubled him,
but he needed the ear of one with the time,
the comfort of a friend, one he could count on.

the years had been fair to him, he mused,
never making it big, but living comfortably, on his own.
"world's most eligible bachelor" he joked to his friends,
but when they were gone, so was his smile.

for the life of him he could not remember the words he used
to describe his perfect dream. he wished he had known
back then that this was how it would be, again
feeling uncomfortable, but only for a while.

"you never know what life will bring you" came a whisper. he
shot up to meet the gaze of a man as scared as he,
his face in the mirror, the whisper his own.
not a word was all that he said as he stood there in shock.

he didn't sleep that night, at least not very well, as history
was forming all around him, silently encompassing. he
knew not what to expect, only that he felt his home
betraying him somehow, and then on the door came a knock.

tripping on nothing as he made his way down the hall,
he arrived at his door to greet blackness in
all of its splendor. no one was there, not at his door,
not anywhere. he was alone in this place.

he fell to the ground, his heart pounding, leaning on the wall,
and wondering to himself "where have I been?"
the silence was too much to take, reaching into his core,
he then fell into himself, leaving behind him not a trace.

"Fragments" by Cheshire Cat

The man slowly rose from the bench. The grey papers shifted with a sound that echoed hollowly in the park. He quickly checked the ragged coat he wore to be sure he had all his possessions. The sounds of wood tapping wood were heard in the distance. An officer came into view as he finished gathering the papers from the ground. "All right, buddy... Time to pick it up. You can't sleep here at nights. Move on."

The man didn't react to the harsh voice, he coughed twice and shuffled away. The wind rose, sending a bitter chill through him as the coarse coat shifted. His gnarled dark hands wrapped around the rough edges flaying, and drew them in. The cool air caused the small bugs to crawl around, but he had grown used to it many years before.

He reached within his coat and drew a bottle from a pocket. The top was slowly twisted off and he raised the bottle to his chapped lips. The warmth spread from his mouth and down his throat. A slight moan escaped him as he swooned in his ecstasy. His dazzle filled his sights and thoughts, and he blindly entered a back alley.

"Hey! Pop, wanna share with us?" came form his side.

The man stopped walking and lowered the bottle from his lips. Six young men gathered around him as one of them spoke up again.

"Are you deaf? I asked you if you wanted to share with us?"

The man stood still and the bottle fell from his grasp, shattering on the concrete. The sound filled his ears and his entire being focused on the glass shards. Light exploded from the flying fragments and the dazzlement filled his heart. A sense of freedom flew in front of him and he grasped it and soared to the skies. His eyes followed every particle and felt the edges caress his skin as they went away from him. His eyes found one small piece, so insignificant in size, and his very soul leapt at it as his body fell to the rough cold below, not feeling the blows that beat upon his back.

Footsteps fell on the ground, the glass tinkling under their feet. The giggles of the two women echoed in the dark alley as they smoked their cigarettes.

"Yeah, but John hit on me!" the first divulged.

"He didn't?" the second straightened her dress. She wore a black blouse and a dark maroon skirt. Knee high black boots covered black nylons. Her face glowed palely in the moon's light. Her lips painted a shade of black, pursed together in a smile as she continued to speak. "He just broke up with Andrew and now he is hitting on you... What?"

The first girl had stopped walking as her eyes shifted to the body in the alley from under her dark make-up. "Look!" she said.

The two women stared at the body for a moment, their faces becoming instantly solemn. They watched the slow trickle of blood that formed a pool a few feet away in a low spot of the payment. They stared for what seemed like an hour before they looked around and checked to see if anyone was there. Nobody was.

"Shit!" the second girl said as her laughter began to echo from behind her black lips. "God, this is so cool!"

The first girl began to giggle uncontrollably and leaned against the alley wall to stop from falling. "God... we should bring Charles here, he'd love it!" she said after her laughter subsided, "Oh this is so choice..."

The second girl stepped forward and tried to see if he had a wallet. She squealed when she touched him, "Oh how gross, he's like covered with bugs and shit!" She flayed her hand around getting a small bug off it, and kicked the body. The body moved slightly and was still.

"Cool..." the first girl said, and she lightly kicked the body. She giggled and swiftly kicked him again with more force. The two women began to kick the body laughing to themselves when they heard a noise down the alley. They turned and looked into the darkness. They grabbed their purses and ran down the alley towards the street, stifling their giggles along the way.

The white vehicle turned into the alley, it's headlights illuminating an area of wall before filling the small passage with it's light. The car halted when the officer motioned for it to stop. Two men in white clothes stepped out of the vehicle and moved to it's rear, opening the back doors. The officer watched the two men carry the stretcher with indifferent eyes. He escorted them to the body that lay on the ground.

"Damn, sure is an ugly fuck of a human..." mumbled the larger of the stretcher bearers.

"Yeah, well let's not take all night with this mistake, the Lakers are on tonight."

The officer moved closer to the men as they mechanically lifted the body to the stretcher. "Lakers, huh? I've got $30 on Boston..."

The men shoved the stretcher in the vehicle. The first guy turned around and looked at the officer as the doors were shut, "You've lost your money, pal... Aww shit, I got that fuck's blood on me..." He walked to the wall and wiped his hand on it. "That's not going to screw your report is it?"

"Naw, prolly won't be one anyway." The officer said as he got into his car. "Boston, pals, Boston..."

The few pedestrians who had stood and watched, moved on as the two cars left the scene, going their separate ways.

The mortician stood over the body, staring down at it as he drank from a coffee cup. "Another late nighter, huh? What do ya have for me?"

"Hey, we don't label, we just drop off, Doug." the first stretcher bearer said as he left the white room. The ceiling lamps filled the room with blinding white light that forced the idea of the night away from those who worked within. The doors opened and two men in green uniforms walked in.

"Jesus, another street bum?" the older of the two asked of no one in particular.

"Yeah, another one... you oughta know the rain never stops." Doug said.

"Hey, Jim, this is your first night why don't you just sit and watch, okay?"

The younger man nodded his head and took a step back as they began to quickly check all of the wounds and bruises. Jim, quickly left as the two men began to drink coffee before they began any work on extracting the glass shards. Their laughter faded out as the doors behind him shut.

The cool afternoon air blew across the barren field. A light drizzle fell down to the earth as a group of two men in grey clothes got out of the pit in the ground. An officer escorted a group of ten men to a truck, where they grabbed a plain wooden box and placed them into one of the many pits, one box to a pit. After several trips, the truck was empty.

"You ten over there, " an officer shouted at a collection of men, who were milling around and smoking some cigarettes. "If you want any credit for this on your prison record, then you better get your asses in gear!"

The men moved slothly as the rain ran down their faces and limbs. The men made idle chatter of disgust as they walked forward towards the graves.

"Burying bums almost isn't worth the marks... Bums, ma, just fucking bums... They're worse than rats, only we can't flush them down a toilet, they just keep coming out of them... I hear they don't even know their names, they just call them John Doe and bury them like this, and no one is the wiser, no one even cares... Why doesn't that asshole help bury them? Doesn't he want to get some good marks, those fucking cops...

Fucking bums, just some goddamn fucking bums... Like some damn dogs or something..." drifted up from the group of men, only punctuated by the occasional thunderclap. The officer yelled once for the prisoners to be quiet. The prisoners continued to work in an inaudible mumble.

Toward the far end of the lot of graves, one man turned to his buddy next to him. "I wanna see what he looks like."

"What the hell, man?" stuttered the second man.

"I wanna see the bum in this box, man."

"You're sick, man, really fucking sick..."

"Maybe so, but I wanna see this fuck. I need you to do something to get the cop off my back."

"Like what?"

"You figure it out, I don't care how you do it, just do it!"

The second guy looked around as he rubbed his neck. He got close enough to a prisoner near him to be hit by the shovel as he worked.

"Hey, you asshole!" the second guy said as he turned around and faced him. The man with the shovel turned around and was caught by a fist on the jaw. The men around them dropped what they were doing as the two men began to pummel each other, the officer's whistle barely audible above the shouting.

The prisoner lowered himself down the pit, the dirt on the sides clinging to his wet body. He reached down to open the lid, the noises of the brawl above being muffled as another thunderclap echoed in the shallow pit. His stomach began to clench and unclench as his hand reached for the edge of the coffin. He slowly opened the lid. The only sounds he heard were the sounds of the rain hitting the wooden coffin, the sounds of the fight no longer in his ears. He looked inside the coffin. Inside was a middle aged man. He was wrapped in a coarse wool coat, covered in stains, some recognizable, some not so recognizable. A look of suffering covered the pitted and crevassed face, several days of growth covered his neck. The rain made a soft slapping sound as it hit the forehead of the body and ran down it's skin, matting the hair and wetting the man's coat.

The prisoner gasped a breath of air, and listened to hear the fight still going on above. [illegible] he thought, [illegible] He wiped his hands on his mud caked shirt and reached into the box, he touched the cold, soft eyelids and slowly lifted them. He stifled a scream as a feeling of shock and horror came over him, his eyes caught by the body's. He turned and kicked the lid shut as he scrambled to get out of the hole. [illegible]

Doug was sitting at his desk, drinking a cup of coffee. The room was again filled with the blinding light, not one corner sheltered a shadow from the light. The place was quiet, only broken by the click of the cup as it was placed carelessly on the desk top. The doors leading to the room were forced open and Jim walked into the lab. Doug looked up as the doors opened.

"Hi, Jim. What do you want, we don't have a stiff in yet?"

Jim looked at Doug almost as if he didn't know what to say. "Um... Do you know the name of that guy that came in last night..."

"Nope... He didn't have one." Doug lifted his coffee and placed the cup back on the desk with a click.

"What do you mean he didn't have one?" his voice rose a little, a nervous tension creeping across his small frame.

"He didn't have one. probably didn't before he got here either..."

Jim hit the desk as he moved forward, "How can you say that? I mean, everybody has a name, right?" The coffee mug began to rock a few times and then tipped, falling over the desk's edge. "Everybody's got a name."

The cup hit the floor and shattered. The sound echoed in the room with a hollow reverberation. The searing light exploded as it hit the flying shards of the cup, sending a shower of light rays in every direction. Jim looked and watched the pieces fly as if they were in slow motion. One piece flew towards his hand and it hit, a gasp escaped his lips. Jim raised his hand and licked the wound clean as a drop of blood fell from his hand and hit the glass splinters below. Jim stared at the glass on the ground and noticed how the perfect reflection of the light was coated with a red tint.

Doug looked up from the floor and looked as Jim staring at the mess. "Don't worry about it. Just sweep it up and forget about it..."

Jim looked up at Doug, and listened to the words resound in his ears. He stared for a second longer before once again staring at the reddish glass on the floor, not moving at all.

by Phaedrat

the words pierce my skin
they drift
and float

up to the sky
down to the earth
into my heart

many colors
angry shades
of red and yellow and black

sticks and stones may break my bones
but words can break my soul

bones heal

i trusted you, dammit

"Memmoric Tatters" by Cheshire Cat

Sunlight; faded gray
Morning prayer — childhood innocence
Spattered blood;
Faded, torn dress;
Pair of pale hands locked in care.

by Mystee

"why?" she whispers
cowering in the corner
curled up with
teddy tucked tightly
beneath her blue blanket
in the darkness
the night wind howls
echoing "why?"
and the silver moon shines down
among a sea of stars
whispering "why?"
and she dreams
fallen deep in slumber
wondering "why
is it forever?"

"Shamal" by Rumil

A heartbeat in the desert
Watching ships in the night
Pauses listening,
Vague and shifting,
Only wind and sand in sight....

Is a hand on a trigger
worth a name on a stone?
A solitary greenback
in the darkness
on his own

People,
watching people in disguise
People,
make no compromise

These colors never run....

A pilgrim in the desert
A martyr in the make,
Day by day no seasons change
no thoughts of what's at stake

Tonight could turn the heavens
into pillars of fire,
Euphemistic cataclysms
deepening desire

People,
Watching people in disguise
People,
Make no compromise

I will defend.....

Only water can dry
In so arid a sky
With unspoken weapons
We drain our resolve
Say 'goodbye'

We've drawn out a line
that is much too sublime
when people play hero
on someone else's time....

by Leetah

I see you standing there before me
And my heart leaps with joy; I
Smile because you are smiling
I take a step, and then another
You hold out your arms to me
I reach out to pull you close
But you are gone, I have awakened
My tears wet the pillow as
I silently scream your name.

by Magi

On a dark, deserted highway,
Walking endlessly along,
Suddenly a car zooms my way,
With its bright headlights on,
Light at first dim but clear,
Then brighter and warmer now,
Finally bright and painful when its near,
Then it passes, you see not how,
Your left helpless for the moment,
But slowly your world brightens once more,
And by your heart, your body's sent,
Once again along the desert floor.

"Dance In The Shadow Of Love" by Rabbit

So maybe I take things too seriously
Or maybe I take things too light
Maybe I can't always understand things
When we lie in our bed in the night

Sometimes I feel a bit backward
And feel just a bit out of place
And probably make you feel awkward
When I sit there and look at your face

I don't always know what you're thinking
Don't always know how to react
I don't always catch when you're teasing
Don't always know when to tease back

Maybe I'm lacking in confidence
Maybe I knock at the door
All that I know is this love
Stronger than ever before

I've never felt love so intensely
Sometimes I don't know what to say
And never have felt so unsure
Never knew how to take it before

If you could be me for one day
You'd know what I can't seem to say
You'd know that I love you so much
That sometimes I feel out of touch

Sometimes I get so uptight
Get myself frantic and tense
Picture myself all scared and alone
When really that doesn't make sense

Sometimes my mind plays me tricks
And makes me believe what is not
Sometimes my dreams are an outrage
Making me wake up distraught

I've never felt love so intensely
Sometimes I don't know what to say
And never have felt so unsure
Never knew how to take it before

Afraid and alone, my feelings have grown
Like a wave bound to crash on the shore
I'm new at this stuff, this feeling called love
That I thought that I knew once before

Then I feel the shadow of love falling upon me
A feeling so strong and so real
Dance in the shadow of love, fall upon me
Bright in the shadow of love
A feeling I hope that you feel
Then I feel the shadow of love falling upon me
A feeling much stronger than life
Dance in the shadow of love, fall upon me
I'll gladly be with you for life

I've spent too much time in the rain
Don't know to come in from the storm
I've spent too much time in the pain
Don't realize it's safe here and warm

I'm really beginning to understand
That what we have here is so good
I'm making myself open my eyes
To look at the things that I should

The fear that I'm feeling is silly
The fear of the fearful unknown
The frightening images children might have
The fear of being alone

This powerful love that I'm feeling
Is something that we should let grow
And we can stand here in the sunshine
Dancing with rabbits and shadows

(Continued...)

"Dance In The Shadow Of Love" continued

There's something inside me explodes
The love that I'm feeling just grows
Whenever your image crosses my mind
And I'm thinking of you all the time

Sometimes you wonder just what's the big deal
And I can't explain the feelings I feel
And end up all troubled and tongue-tied and sad
You misunderstand and think that I'm mad

Believe it, it's true, that when I'm with you
The fear and the pain just recede
Please don't ever fear that I won't be near
I'll always be there when you need

Then I feel the shadow of love falling upon me
A feeling so strong and so real
Dance in the shadow of love, fall upon me
Bright in the shadow of love
A feeling I hope that you feel
Then I feel the shadow of love falling upon me
A feeling much stronger than life
Dance in the shadow of love, fall upon me
Bright in the shadow of love
I'll gladly be with you for life

"Sunset" by Deacon Blues

The time of day when thoughts turn
To rest, repose as the sun burns
A fiery path into the night;
Timid creatures scurry out of sight.
For this is not the end, it just marks
Another beginning, to which a different soul harks.
Is it wrong? Is it right? Who knows?
It might be different as a rose.
As one world settles to a well-earned rest
Another stirs, to play out the jest.

by Mistress

I want to scream because I was so little when he ripped my soul out of me.
I want to scream because I was so little when he choked me and hit me and fondled me.
I want to scream because I was a woman before I was a child.
I want to scream because his way of loving me was to use me.
I want to scream because he molested me in the starkness of the day and not just in the shrouded night.
I want to scream because I cannot pretend he was a monster under my bed.
I want to scream because I was so little.
I want to scream because he didn't protect me.
I want to scream because he thinks I made it all up.
I want to scream because of so many years of pain.
I want to scream because of the times — over and over that I hurt myself, tried to kill myself because the pain was so great.
I want to scream because of all the hurt I have caused others when I unleashed my pain on them.
I want to scream because I have no parents.
I want to scream because the struffle to find my voice has been so long and cost so much.
I want to scream because I was born beautiful, with a spirit and a voice and all of this was methodically tortured out of me by people who said they loved me.

"searching" by Resident Lunatic

as if the day were over, he sat alone, in solitude
waiting, waiting for something
searching, within himself
noticing detail not before seen
experience, thinks he, expands knowledge

darkened by the light of the night
enlightened by the openness of the surrounding black
searching, without himself
looking on as if he were not he
knowledge, senses he, broadens understanding

overwhelmed by the power of the mind
tired from the events of the day
searching, withstanding himself
relaxed, smiling, content
understanding, knows he, is the key

"Earth & Sky" by Noko

When you rain
I'm here to catch your tears
and console you with a rainbow

When you thunder
I'll watch the beauty
of your electrifying fury

When you are overcast
I will reflect your grayness
with a mist of my own

When you snow
I will accept your coldness
but turn it into a sight wonderful to behold

When you shine on me
I'll bask in the warmth of your love
and reflect it back to you.

by Wild Rose

removed from grace
burned, compressed in lace
the heart desires
a burning hunger
shattered, my mask
fire consumes my face
forgotten, the rat race
death? i enquire
losses acquired
silent, the crowd cheers

by Patriot

I see you there,
Standing alone.
I walk towards you,
My feelings unknown.
You turn to me,
Looking closer.
I open my eyes to your questioning glance,
And let you into my heart.
You come inside freely.
I feel you there,
Inside my heart.
I want you there,
For now,
For always.
Until our love fades away...

by Deacon Blues

Whispers of a breeze,
Coming from a meadow.
We stopped to have our lunch here
All because you said so.
I smell the scent of heather,
Of roses, orchids, too.
All of these are mixed in
With the sweet, sweet smell of you.
Here we are, so far away
From struggling and strife
And here I'd like to stay with you,
Be your love and your life.

"The Hazards of a long distance relationship."
by Dirk Gently

She looked at me with apprehension in those eyes, eyes i had spent many an hour gazing into. Once filled with love and caring, now those eyes were filled with confusion.

"Well, I don't know what i want to do, I'm...confused. I don't know"

She knew what she wanted to happen. I thought she knew. Perhaps I was just trying to rationalize myself. Perhaps I was just trying to reduce my own guile at what I was going to say next.

"I think, that with me away at college, and you here, and with.." I gazed down.."..and with the baby you'll need someone to help you. If I'm 180 miles away, I can't really do much. I don't know if I'll be able to work, or how much..."

"Yeah.."

"So I guess it'd be better if we split up at least for now..."

"That'd probably be best." She said, looking down at her swollen belly.

I glanced down too, and she touched her belly, rubbing it, and I quickly looked away , looking for something...

"So you'll probably be better off with Mike. Besides, you've been living at his place for awhile..."

I couldn't believe I was saying this...

Of course I could! She had moved in with him while i was at college, had cheated with him, at least once she admitted. Even though she had been kicked out of her house and he had gotten her drunk...

"Did you realize today is the eighteenth ? In two days we would be together for two and a half years..." I stated, with a forced chuckle.

"Yes, i noticed." she replied, doing the same.

I looked into those eyes again, those green eyes... (I shiver as I write this) and say fear of the future (I shiver again). I say apprehension, perhaps sadness, perhaps release, release of the uncertain.

Almost Paradise drifted through my head. Our song. Hell, *Almost Paradise* and *Hell Awaits* I added cynically to myself.

"Well, it's been the best two and a half years of my life. " I murmured, truthfully, choking back a sob.

"Hug"

I gave her a hug, a long , tender hug, being careful not to put too much pressure on her bulging middle.

The hug, the most meaningful hug I've ever had. I could feel all the emotions I've ever had for her during that hug. All the love, caring, concern....

And I could feel her doing the same.

(I reflect)

I gave her a small kiss.

"I suppose I'll see you sometime, huh"

"Yeah. Sometime."
She walked to her car, and she turned and looked at me. She was crying.
I hurt.
And she got in and drove away.
I hurt.
I hurt.

And now the emptiness left in my life has been filled.

Filled with confusion, guilt, and gnawing, unending ANGER.

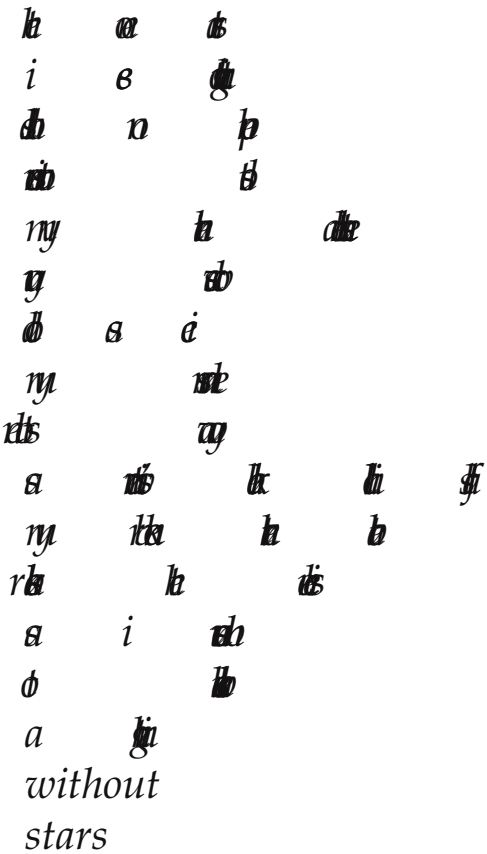
And I hate myself.

ANGER.

"Frustration" by Cheshire Cat

AHHHHHHHHHH!
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up you lying
bitch! All you do is scream in my ear
and make me want to writhe and rave at
the darkness you throttle into my
fuckin ear! Go away Just go away and
let me breathe! Listen, listen to me
for one fucking time! Leave and don't
walk back with the twist and turn that
pulled me near the first time
you tempting little bitch! Let me
speak, let me breathe just let
me talk and let this out
before you end up with
my arms around your head
Let it end, let it end
Let it end right here, just go
away and stop speaking that darkness
that crawls into my ear! Go away and
let me scream of the madness you
force into my ear! Let it end
and let the wind come back and fill
my lungs so I may breathe again!

by Mystee



by Mystee

lost in time
cold fire
burns
inside
an icicle
stabbed
through my heart
as the darkness surrounds me
wraps its arms about me
suffocates me
extinguishes the flame
the rhythm of life
and I let go
drifting
the pain subsides
and I sleep
free
at last
in peace

by Stormwind

My world is always changing
My world is always new...
Would I could hold the world in my hand
Ease all of the pain
Right all of the wrongs
Cleanse the world of the
Evil
That has roots deep into the
Hearts
Of many men.
Yet I am only one
Though I lack strength,
I fight onward
One day...
Everything will be righted

by Cheshire Cat

The sounds clamor and complain
I shout why do you keep coming back?
I feel the sinews
Grind and strip my muscles from the bone
I hate this land
I hate it's every shape
it's every colour
Why do you keep coming back?
Shouting in my ear
Spitting in my face
I hate you in your insolence and condescending grace
Just never come back
Before I never can feel again
The echoes shake and send me to my faulty knees
As I crawl to my bed
I grasp it's simple frame
and feel your warmth and hear your breath
Why do you plague me so?
How did you get in my heart
How did I find myself in love with you?
My sinews just grind me to my very bones
Cry and cry and cry
This blackness
How so like you it is
Why and why
Why do you keep coming back?
Leave me to my fate
Because I can still feel the pain
Leave me with some fashion of myself...
This blackness... how it is starting to seem more like me...

"night breezes" by Resident Lunatic

sometimes as the moon rises, I sit and I stare
across the moon-lit fields, right through the chilling air
the wind whistles past the bush to my side, and I turn to see
it, and it turns and hides, afraid of what I may be?
i look back again, to the pinpoints of light
dazzling in their undying brilliance, bright
as the sun in their own special way, and I
think to myself, "why?"

and as the night passes, with time slowing down
my sight grows dimmer, and I hear not one sound,
'cept the wind in the bush to my left, and I awaken
to catch it, and the wind, again, my gaze has left, and I take in
to my heart all that surrounds me now, as the breeze picks up around me now,
and stirs my emotions inside.
and in there it cannot hide, the wind that softly whispers
"why?"

as the moon shines down from its point so high,
and the stars are more noticeable in the sky,
I relax, to find myself unaware of the beauty surrounding me,
yet, more aware of the beauty abounding me,
and I dream, of the night sky so bright, and stars casting their own light,
and why they never ask "why?"

the chill in the air has now made itself more known, as I sleep on the chair
under the stars, unaware, more aware, sitting there
the breeze picks up again, off to my right,
but this vision I want to hold onto tight,
for it cannot possibly ever be again, never where, and never when,
but the wind continues, calling my name, and I look, rightly so,
at the trees it is swaying, and can't help but hear them saying
"why?"

and I look behind me, to the events of the night, and wonder
how much faith there is in hindsight, for only I can stare from under
this blanket of cold, into the light, and know what is right for me,
as the moon lights my path back home,
and the stars dance and play in the sky,
I smile and laugh as I say aloud,
"why not?"

and the moon falls, and the stars fade,
and the sun rises to warm the air, as those winds of the night
duck into the clouds, and the world awakens,
I rest, sleeping easier, knowing that its not a question of why,
and when next I arise, warm and content, all I will say is
"try."

"Night" by Drucilla

i lay in bed and the terror
of the night creeps over me.
the night seems to possess me
and hold me in a state of
altered consciousness
i feel paralyzed with the thoughts
of what my dreams will bring.
nightmare or fantasy
terror or joy
losing control of my soul —
SLEEP COMES!

by Mystee

the air grows
tangibly colder
i see you standing there
do you remember me?
the winter wind whips back my hair
as i cross the barren tundra
winter has fallen
across my frozen heart
and i have but one word
goodbye.

by CoolGuy

There I was, staring at her picture....how long I don't know.

I get up, come closer to it and blush. Suddenly I'm outside. There's a full moon out there, spreading its white milky light all over the greenery of the garden. And there she is, looking beautiful as ever! Her eyes sparkling in the night. She walks towards me and I her. Gently our hands touch and entwine with each others. Slowly, we start walking towards the water fountain towards the end of the garden. She stops me, turns and brings her lips down on mine..

and BOOM! I wake up.. still staring at her picture.

by Shag

Silent within the tomb,
the womb, shaded, secure,
bathed in tears,
remnants of the party
lying nearby,
slowly drowning,
forgetting not to.
He smiles,
stops,
and smiles again.

by Patriot

I know that she'll be back real soon,
It makes my heart rejoice.
For the only thing I want is,
To be near and hear her voice.
I love that woman don't you know.
She is my everything.
And all I have and more is hers,
And she chooses to take from me.

"In 8 Minutes" by Pamela

As you prepare,
not ready to hear,
"We'll be landing in 8 minutes.

As you feel your heart pound,
trying to steady the beat.
Hearing the pulsing sound,
"Please buckle your seat."

As you look around,
your thoughts rush through your veins.
The air is thick of muffled sounds,
your senses become scenes.

As you loose yourself in your thoughts,
you cherish the growing times.
Which now look like tiny steps,
packed away in each other minds.

As it seems like an eternity,
for this moment to come to life.
Your body becomes motionless,
with the thought of being his wife.

As the others pass in the isle,
you wonder how long you can wait.
With your belongings in a pile,
its time to approach the gate.

As you step onto the platform,
onto solid ground.
Your eyes meet for the first time,
you can no longer hear the sound.

As the stare becomes a memory,
and your future is reality.
You wonder what he is thinking,
-is this a possibility-?

As your steps become closer,
towards each other.
Your arms begin to reach out,
to embrace one another.

As the first embrace,
was soon to be a memory.
Our lips would finally touch,
why did we wait so long.
In 8 Minutes.

by Cheshire Cat

How does the darkness writhe and bustle in the
endless chattering and screaming of the
heart-broken souls as they clambor
and they rear, dragging the next to the
lowest ebbing tide of the despair
that floats by the darkest night.
How shall one fill the moans and the
horror with the light of hope when
the gleams of the desire has faded to
grey, oh show one the way
to fly into the night and save
the missing heart in all its
endless plight. Shall we write
as if we know not what we are
or what shall be done, so end it,
end this thing which shatters and holds
the masses at bay and keep the
subtle touch of humanity away from
our enfeebled grasp...

by Phokus

And I phight, to the death
I phight, to the death
I phight, to the death,
I phight.

by Cheshire Cat

It's a thousand degrees below zero
And I'm trapped here underground
I have no idea where you are
I have no idea if I'll be found.
"Where are you?" I cry into the night
"Where are you?"
I'm scared into blind fright
And I'm trapped her underground...

"Thirds" by Xray

There's a part of me that listened
and part of me that can't.
There's a part of me that knows your right
and a part of me that rants.
There's a part of me that died that day
and a part that still lives on
I'm torn in thirds right from my heart
and under silence hide what's gone.

The first part heard you say those words
"I just don't feel that way."
It hurt, it cried, it ran away
It whispered silently, "why must it be this way?"
but it came back and vowed to be a friend in word and deed
for the joy you brought — that did not stop
when those words I was obliged to heed.

The second part just did not hear
It can not be that way.
For it felt SO right those special nights
I will not let you get away.
and so to gain a moment in your busy day
I followed, begged and offered
whatever might bring you out my way.

The third part wavered back and forth
"What means typed words you did not say?"
How can I know what comes not from virtual reality?
When ignored for a while and then kissed one day.
Switching hearts from filled to lack
From then on, every touch and glance
was pondered... Is she back?

I know not which an ear to give
sometimes each part seems right
I only know I never lived
so much as when she was my light.
Do I now forget her and
attempt to ease my heart?
or should I stay at hand
and learn the friendship art?
or might I win her to my side
as happens often in my dreams
If but one more time I tried?
Each answer causes pain it seems.

"Tragedy" by Cheshire Cat

Vacant stares,
Falling thoughts
Tumble in the night
And still I sit
still I stare
Mumbling of right
Cascade of bright black
Falls on my shoulder
And I hunch over
[... infected in this awful...]
Bending on the altar
Of a holy reign.
The rain of red clouds
Bleed upon my back
And dark winds
Sent tumbling in the night
... tumble perfect...
Masked in the night
Underneath a bridge
Underneath a bridge
flowing... flowing...
Underneath a bridge
Underneath a bridge
... why...

by Shag

little annoyances
getting in my hair
getting under my skin
getting between my teeth
getting in my eyes
harder to dodge
than the big things
the little things
are the ones
that kill you.

"Life's Questions" by Xray

Last time it was "What if?"
I wouldnt make that mistake again.
So I said it.
I knew she didnt want to hear it,
but I wasnt going to "What if?" again.

It didnt solve anything.

Then it became "Why?"
Some secret mistake I'd made.
Something I'd done, or perhaps
It was something I hadn't.
A million reasons I found, but none answered "Why?"

It didn't solve anything.

I moved on to "Who?"
Did he tear us apart?
Did she break us up?
No...It was just us two
"Who?" didnt matter.

It didnt solve anything.

"When?" When will I get over her?
Her face still haunts my mind.
She made me feel.
She's a part of who I am.
"When?"... Never,I'll always remember.

It didnt solve anything.

Where do I go from here? "Where to?"
I bury myself in work;

I surround myself with friends...
but still,I drive past her house and wonder...
"Where?" is the next path for me?

It didnt solve anything.

"How?" How do I stop loving her?
I dont.
Thats the only answer.
I keep what I can of her in my heart.
And I learn "How?" to be her friend once again.

That...that solved it all.

Quartz Original Works, Volume VI

by Deacon Blues

In a dank, dark, damp, deep summer night,
I gathered my thoughts to me to see what was right;
I heard the wind whisper "tis freedom you seek,"
And the bedrock rumbled "Be steady, don't freak."
I tried to put these thoughts together in my mind,
And conjectured: how to treat a woman, so kind?
Should I drag her around, out in the rain?
Or be an anchor, hold her by chain?
Why worry? when there's no right, no wrong;
I just make it up as I go along.

"Veins" by Rachar

Veins in my legs.
Veins in my arms.
Hate in my heart.
Spite in my gut.

Painfully passionate I carve and cut the hate in my heart and the spite in my gut in the veins in my legs and the veins in my arms.

"The Bitch" by Wild Rose

she makes the family run
shoving them along
no more sweet song
drives them t'ward the sun

her son, he's no more
her cash that she loves
the husband she shoves
a wench, in the language of lore

to think, I used to bother
I once wanted her touch
a bladed claws crunch
a long time ago, I loved my mother...

by Trilobyte

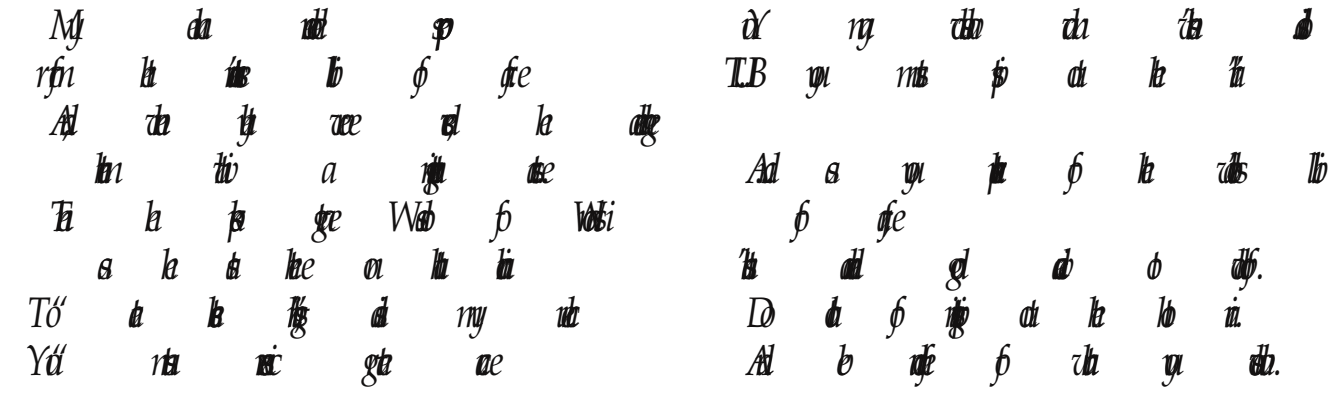
This is the lobby.
The lobby is a nice, clean, neat place.
You may not hold meaningless discussions in the Lobby.
You may not hold interesting discussions in the Lobby.
You may not request information in the Lobby.
You may not impart information in the Lobby.
You can't do any of that.
The Lobby is the first thing you see on Quartz.
The Lobby is the last thing you see on Quartz.
Take care of the Lobby, and it will destroy your mind, curve your spine, and lose the war for the allies.

from Cheshire Cat

This is probably the wrong place for everything I will say here, but this place is better than any and in the end, suiting for what is to be said. As we all know Dr. Seuss is dead, dying at the age of 87 years. And though this happened a few weeks ago, I feel a need to say something, maybe prompted by the vast volumes of tomes he left telling us of the sneeches and whos and Abernathies.

This morning, I was going over several old magazines I had lying around as yet unread, and I came across. It was a short article, being no more than a page long. One sentence in it's last paragraph was easily its most touching, expressing something we all felt when we heard the news. "When I told my younger son, Nicky, age 5, that Dr. Seuss, age 87, had died last week, he put his head down on the table and cried."

Maybe I am rather simple, maybe I am leaping and assuming that what I felt when I heard this news is what everyone felt, but I can't believe that I am just assuming. For most of us grew up with those little rhymes, the twistful plays of things around us, the knowledge that someone understood how we thought and felt when we knew there was a difference between us and the grown-ups. We would smile and our eyes would sparkle in delight at the stories and felt a little stronger because one of them were on our side. In our own little ways, in my own little way, we all cried at the news, the 5 year old inside us cried. I like to think though, that with us always will be all of Whoville, a warm hearted Grinch, all the sneeches and a single tall, thin cat wearing a tall hat. The last words of that cat I'd like to leave behind here were addressed to Lake Forest College at their commencement address.



from Trilobyte

Death came swiftly, quiet and sneaking,
Took my friend with wings of Night.
Ain't it nifty, how your favorite
People are stolen from your sight?

Contributors

Noko

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