

PORTRAITS

Angel
Strong, optimistic, humorous
Is the number 7
Is like a beautiful sunset
Is my dog Bishop
Is the memory of Ray
Who taught me to trust and to try
As he tries in me
My name is Angel
It means that I try to be optimistic
And positive in each and every thing
I do.
--A. S.

Beverly
Strong, dominant, outgoing
Is the number 5
Is like the pretty sky
Is the family reunion
Is the memory of Hearther Kremple
Who taught me to be strong
and keep my head up
When she cared for me
My name is Beverly
It means I try the best that I can
--BEVERLY REEVES

Penny
Caring, loving, happy
Is the number 2
Is like the Florida Ocean
Is the time spent on the beach
Is the memory of Brandy
Who taught me how to have trust
To love and to be happy
When he showed me how to love
My name is Penny
It means I can love and be loved
--PENNY

I am a wild horse, running free;
I am the color of midnight,
 blue at night--I'm only a shadow;
I am like the wind before a storm,
 strong and powerful;
I sound like thunder in the forest;
I smell like fresh-cut grass;
I am as smooth as a newborn baby;
I taste as sweet as strawberries;
I am the daughter of a king--
I feel wonderful and strong;
I dream of being the person
 God intended me to be.
--PENNY

PORTRAIT OF BRANDY

Brandy was like a polar bear--
He was so strong, quiet, and patient;
He was like the color of morning,
 always fresh and clean;
He smelled like fresh-brewed coffee,
 strong and wonderful;
He felt rough to the touch,
 but he tasted like apple pie;
He was the sun, constant
 and never failing;
He lived his dreams every day.
--PENNY

PORTRAIT OF LEWIS

My grandfather was a king,
strong and dominant;
He was like the color red,
shy but active;
My grandfather was the smell
of perfume, sweet but bitter;
His feeling was special and loving;
He was the sound of a bird,
soft but scared;
He made the day change by
the words of encouragement;
My grandfather was the falling rain
on a cold night.

--BEVERLY REEVES

I am the snake, at times smooth
and scared;
I am the color black, dark but scarce;
I am like the storm, strong and bold,
loud;
I am the feeling of confusion,
never knowing what to do;
I am like the sound of hissing
that makes everyone scared;
I am like the smell of dew
that shows the mood;
My texture is rough and rigid;
I am the taste of chicken
that has no flavor;
I am the daughter strong, dominating;
My dream is that every animal has
a dream to become something
they want to be.

--BEVERLY REEVES

MY PORTRAIT OF MY MOM

My mother is the lion,
scary and mean;
She is the color black,
a force in nature;
She's like the storm, wet and wild;
She is the sound of owls howling
at night,
The smell of rotten apples
falling from the tree;
She's the texture of dirt,
hard and rough,
The taste of a bitter grapefruit;
She is the mother of a daughter
who loves her;
My hopes say she might still love me.
--BEVERLY REEVES

I am like the panther,
stalking, pacing, anxious,
curious, ready to pounce;
I am the color gold
that stands strong and alone--
it speaks for itself;
I am like the seasons--
I change in variables
depending on my mood;
I am the sound of an engine's roar,
then the clatter of the bells,
ending up in cold silence
as in awe of wonder--
where is all of the sound?
I'm like the smell of ice and fire,
pure white hot;
I am like silk, soft, alluring, strong,
cool and chic;
I am the taste of Christmas
because of all the love and taste
that shows a large variety,

meaning I change quickly in taste;
I am the daughter of the hunter
constantly on the prowl
in search of my prey
as I anxiously continue to pace,
very sound;
My dream is that all of evolution
may prevail,
especially mankind.
--A. S.

PORTRAIT OF HUNTER

You were the bear in my life--
Knowing you were there supplied me
the comfort I needed
And that was enough to make me
stand fully erect with self assurance;
there was nothing I could not do;
You were the color of a rainbow,
never knowing which color
would dominate;
You were my midnight storm
coming in with such a force
and settling in after the storm
had passed;
You made me feel normal
after many years--
most satisfying;
You reminded me of the sound
of love,
a very deep sound you only hear
with a lover's ears;
You reminded me of the smell
of the autumn smell, comfort;
You were the texture of rock,
unmoving,

But the taste of honey on my biscuits;
You were the only man
that I could say I tried
all the correct ways with,
And the dream still remains.
--A. S.

PORTRAIT OF SHIRLEY

My friend was like a lion,
never giving up;
She would be the color red
as in feisty;
She would be like the hurricane,
calm before the storm,
And other times like the sun,
nurturing everything under it;
She gave me the most assured feeling
I've ever possessed;
She was the smell of happiness;
Her texture was beauty;
Her taste would be like warm,
soothing hot chocolate
with marshmallows;
She would be my everything
and for her dream she would

only dream that every one
of her cubs succeed.

--A. S.

SENSES OF FEELINGS

LONELINESS

Is a very black void,
A feeling of emptiness,
 a big hole . . .
It sounds like dead silence
Or the sound of a distant train's horn;
It has no smell because
 there's nothing there;
The taste does not appeal to anyone,
So it is left uneaten.

--A. S.

ANGER

Is red like glowing coals;
It sounds like the depths of hell
 all crying out;
It smells like a burning fire;
The sound of destruction,
The taste is spicy,
And it feels like power to rage
 with the storm within.

--A. S.

FEAR

Is yellow as in a coward,
Like the color of a Yield sign,
 always on pause . . .
It tastes rancid, not appealing;
It feels like shame,
 so nobody likes fear,
For only a single tear lies there;
The sound is only a faint whisper
 no one ever hears;
The smell is like the remaining must
 that just lingers in the air.

--A. S.

LOVE

The sound of love is unexplainable,
But if I must, it's the sound of joy,
Elated happiness,
And I could go on,
But instead I'll say listen to the beat
Of your heart . . .
It's music only you can hear;
To smell love is like spring
Full in bloom,
The smell of the fresh flow of a spring
Rustling on the ground;
To hear the birds sing,
To see the sun set;
The taste of love is like chocolate,
Sweet strawberries with ice cream,
A comfort food, one that lovers share;
Last but never least,
Love is one of the best feelings
You'll ever share with a friend
Or a spouse, your child, or your mom or dad,
However it may be,
For love truly is a many-splendored thing.
--A. S.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Disappointment looks like the color orange
As I hear what seem to be 1,000 voices at once
But really am only listening to the beating of my heart
as it races and slows;
The smell is bland
And taste bitter-sweet,
But feels like sunshine on a cloudy day
As the clouds separate and you can finally
See the Light.
--STEFANY

COMFORT

It feels like your favorite blanket
just washed in Downy,
soft and fresh;
It sounds like a kitten purring;
It smells like fresh-baked bread
in the morning;
It tastes like fresh, cool water
on a hot summer's day;
It looks like a young mother
with her newborn baby.
--PENNY

LOVE

It tastes like everything wonderful
you have ever eaten;
It looks like the cat who
swallowed the canary;
It smells like a field of wild flowers
in the meadow;
It sounds like every love song
on the radio;
It looks like you and me.
--PENNY

LOVE

Love is
The smell of fresh air,
We breathe every day,
The joy that comes over us
Remembering our childhood days;
It tastes like candy,
Sweet in your mouth--
You want more, but can't get enough.

Love is
Me waking every morning,
Blessed to be alive,
For some didn't wake
And might not be
Where they thought they'd be.

Love is special,
Long lasting,
Official varieties of love,
Most of all, love is everlasting.
--NATOYA St. BERNARD

TOUCHSTONES

TOUCHSTONES

My touchstones are
The love of my family--
My son who is always there
Giving me love and inspiration,
The smiling faces of my grandchildren,
The touch of their hands
And the laughter in their hearts.
Another touchstone is knowing that
Through all the trials and hard times
That life sometimes gives,
That I will pull through;
I will be down for just a little while,
'Cause every cloud has a silver lining
And I am a survivor.
The biggest touchstone I have
Is God's love;
He is always there to pick me up
When I can't go on;
He never leaves me
And He's always there
To guide me through
The storms of life.
--PENNY

TOUCHSTONES

*In prison or jail
I am scared,
Going in front of the Judge,
Not knowing what he'll do . . .*

Listening to soft music,
Some nice, slow jazz
In the security of my home
Is where I want to be:
Watching my grandchildren playing
Is heavenly for me;
Helping others that think they're weak,
to show them they are not;
Knowing I'll be home with my
Grandchildren soon.

Waiting to see my
Great grandson when he is born!

I'm in jail, now,
But they can't keep me forever--
I'll be home
To meet my great-grandson son.

It will be nice
Getting his nursery together
With guardian angels
Around him everywhere.

I'll watch him while he plays
And while he sleeps.

No matter what,
He will be number one to me!
--HELEN J. BONNER

TOUCHSTONES

My touchstones are
The sound of the acoustic guitar
Playing folk music
As the sun set in the distance,
The smell of daisies
Freshly picked by me to my love,
The soft touch of his hand as
He caresses my long hair . . .
I could want nothing more at those
Special moments.

Touchstones are what bring me back
To my true nature
And make me feel so very grateful,
Cherish and love what I have
Instead of wanting and wishing that I can;
Desire is what
Causes me to suffer;
Impermanence
Brings me back to what makes real sense.

When you feel so far from your touchstones,
Remember "Sometimes you get shown the light
In the strangest of places if you look at it right!"
Robert Hunter once said, and Jerry then sung;
The Grateful Dead is an inspiration
And gives me a wonderful sensation.

So when you seem far from reach,
Quiet the mind
And open your heart . . .
You'll be amazed what you might find--
As you meditate you'll release that bind,
The old will be new;
You'll find what's true,
You'll open your eyes
And know what's wise . . .
You'll find a beautiful surprise!

--STEFANY

TOUCHSTONES

My touchstones are:
The sound of children's laughter,
Watching the world come alive
Through a child's eyes,
The smell of the morning dew,
Looking at a beautiful rainbow
Cast across the sky.

Touchstones are strings
That hold me centered,
Leaving me a sense of balance,
Telling me to remain grounded . . .
For who knows what will happen
If I begin to soar?

Often I allow myself to
Wander through, and I love magic,
Peeking around the corner of day;
As the sun comes alive,
There's magic in my eye.

Always remembering the days
That I lost my footing,
Then things became amiss,
Leaving me with no boundaries
Or perimeters for a guide--
Without them I'm a mess--

For you see, I'm in need of
Gravity in order to have
Longevity,
Leaving me as the
Rock of my foundation.

--A. S.

TOUCHSTONES

My worst memory is
December 21, 1988,
The day my mother left me all alone,
The memories of that day
When Heaven became her home--
I can still hear her calling my name,
Saying, "Natoya, I love you every single day."

My touchstones are lifelong,
Connecting to my heart,
Knowing that one day I'll meet her,
And I'm not going to be sad;
Growing without her
Was extremely hard;
I never buried her . . .
I kept her alive in my head.

Sometimes it's hard,
But I smile every day;
My son gives me strength,
Knowing I can be there for him every day;
Now I'm in prison,
Away from his life . . .
It just makes me feel so dead inside.

I will let this touchstone
Be as precious as my son is to me,
Knowing this is as hard as it could be;
Hearing his voice inside of my head
Brings me lots of memorable tears
That a mother's love is hard to forget.
--NATOYA St. BERNARD

I can still hear the ocean,
Its pulse forever throbbing in my head,
Memories of waves on the distant shore,
These rocks cannot be moved.

I think of a time before I grew up,
All of eight years and all alone . . .
Why did Mother leave us, then?
Didn't she know I loved her?

At least she left me my brother,
And we stood together, united in battle.
This new mother, who would take everything
To make us feel less than anything;
This rock is now just buried in the sand.

Sometimes I can feel the warmth of sunshine--
My eyes are closed, but I can see . . .
If this will end, will I ever be warm again?

Now there's this time when everything
is so unsure;
My future will be determined by what someone
orders me to do;
When I think of my babies, I cry . . .
Their hearts rest in my soul,
Forever flowing, forever ebbing,
I will never leave them again.

--SARAH POFF