

### A Second Look

These who hope to capture, or  
Hold too close the past,  
End their lives forgetting life's  
Purpose, and how it must last.  
Any who forget to grasp,  
Wishes that they've thrown,  
Peacefully except the fact that  
they'd  
Receive what was never known.  
In the instant that you feel,  
No one really cares,  
Take the time to look around,  
You'll be surprised to know who's  
there.

Every page of history,  
And every step in time,  
Reveals a time in all our lives,  
Because of what you find.  
On every rocky hill top,  
On every teary day,  
Keep the faith that you will look  
back and see life the other way.  
-Harry Brown

*"Dance like no one's  
watching ...and love  
like you've never  
been hurt."*

I never believed in love at first sight,  
till we kissed beneath the October moon.  
I'm glad I met you that cold Autumn night.  
I surely knew my heartache would fall soon.

But who would have known while I put on my face.  
That you could make my darkened mask to fall.  
And let your beauty shine light in the space.  
To let me out the black room and into the hall.

So, I would travel to see your smile,  
Your beauty, your eyes, and your laugh,  
Across the cold and ice a thousand miles,  
Without the luxury of warmth or craft.

So, when you look for something tried and true,  
Remember, all I know is I love you.

-James Eustace

"I ALWAYS KNEW I WOULD LOOK BACK ON  
THE TEARS AND LAUGH...BUT I NEVER KNEW  
I WOULD LOOK BACK ON THE LAUGHTER  
AND CRY."

-UNKNOWN

### A Composer's Perspective

The trace of notes left behind,  
The melody I try to find.

The endless thought that was never there,  
The notes I now place with the greatest of care.

I see now a tune where once there were lines,  
I hear not a tune, but see all the signs.

The notes play as thoughts heard only by one.  
The sounds that are thought seem to be the most  
fun.

When the time comes to play, the rhythm flows  
through my fingers;  
In the minds of the audience, forever it lingers.

-James Pinckney

*"We spend all this time creating ourselves  
that sometimes we get caught up in the  
illusion."*  
-R. Dixon

### WINTER RAIN

SNOWY AND WHITE IS THE SENSELESS RAIN  
NEVER SEEMING TO STOP COMING FROM WHERE IT CAME.  
TIRED ARE THE LITTLE PLANTS,  
WHO DROWN IN ALL THE RAIN.  
HAPPY ARE THE LITTLE CLOUDS,  
THAT GET TO LOSE THEIR GAIN.  
MOURNFUL ARE THE LITTLE CHILDREN,  
WANTING TO PLAY OUTSIDE.  
THE STREETS LOOK LIKE THE STORMY SEA  
AROUND A FULL HIGH TIDE,  
LONELY ARE THE LITTLE RAIN DROPS  
LOST IN THE FACELESS STORM.  
HAPPY ARE THE STARS ABOVE,  
WHO GET TO SHINE UNTIL EARLY MORN.  
RACHEL HUNT