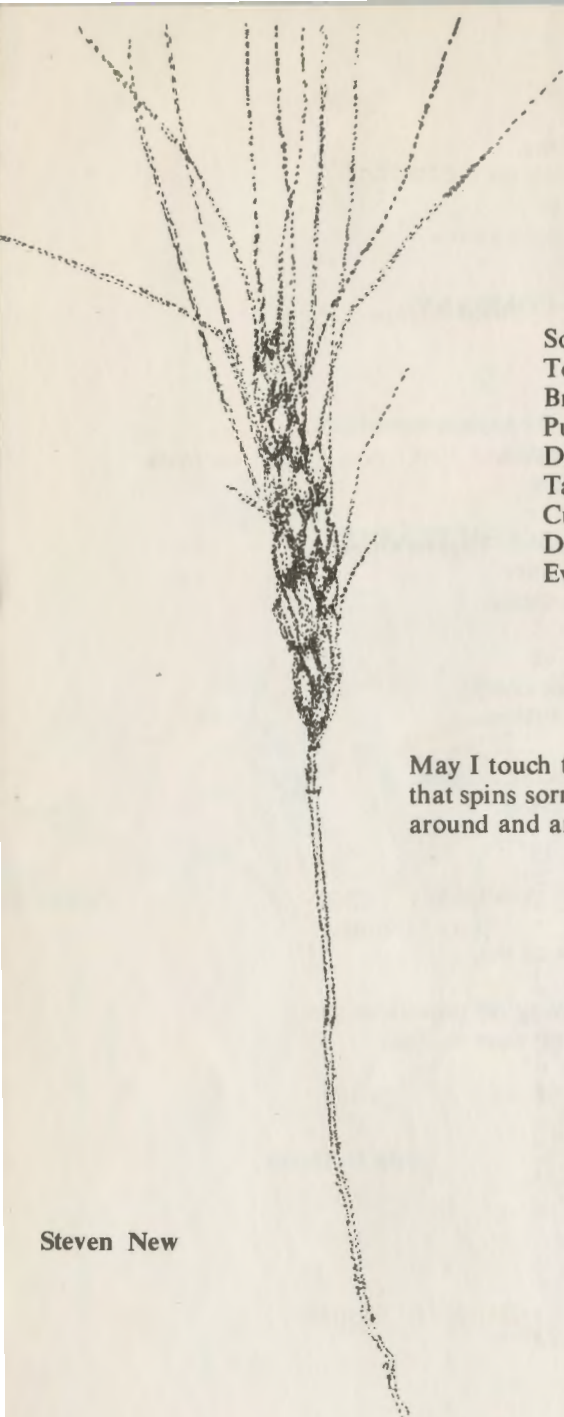


EXCERPTS AND IMAGES



Sometimes I feel like a head of hair
Too often teased
Brushed aside
Pulled out by my roots
Dyeing
Tangled with troubles
Curled up in happiness
Dressing fancily for special occasions
Ever set in old fashioned ways and styles

Carol Brumer

May I touch the spiral of color
that spins sorrow like threads
around and around and around your sleeping smile?

Jennifer Johnson

The february clown
in tambourine rhythms
of echoed laughter
sprang lightly through
the hoop of Reason
scattered the sensible
stretches of surprise

T. J. Ransberger

Steven New

I am, I am and there's no
other way to put it;
I'm just one small grain of sand
upon an endless shore -
and nothing more.

Francie Shaffer