

A Collection of
Poems and Drawings
by the Gang at Cherryfield

THE POEMS AND THE PEOPLE

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Front cover by Sara Schaller & Raymond Cooper

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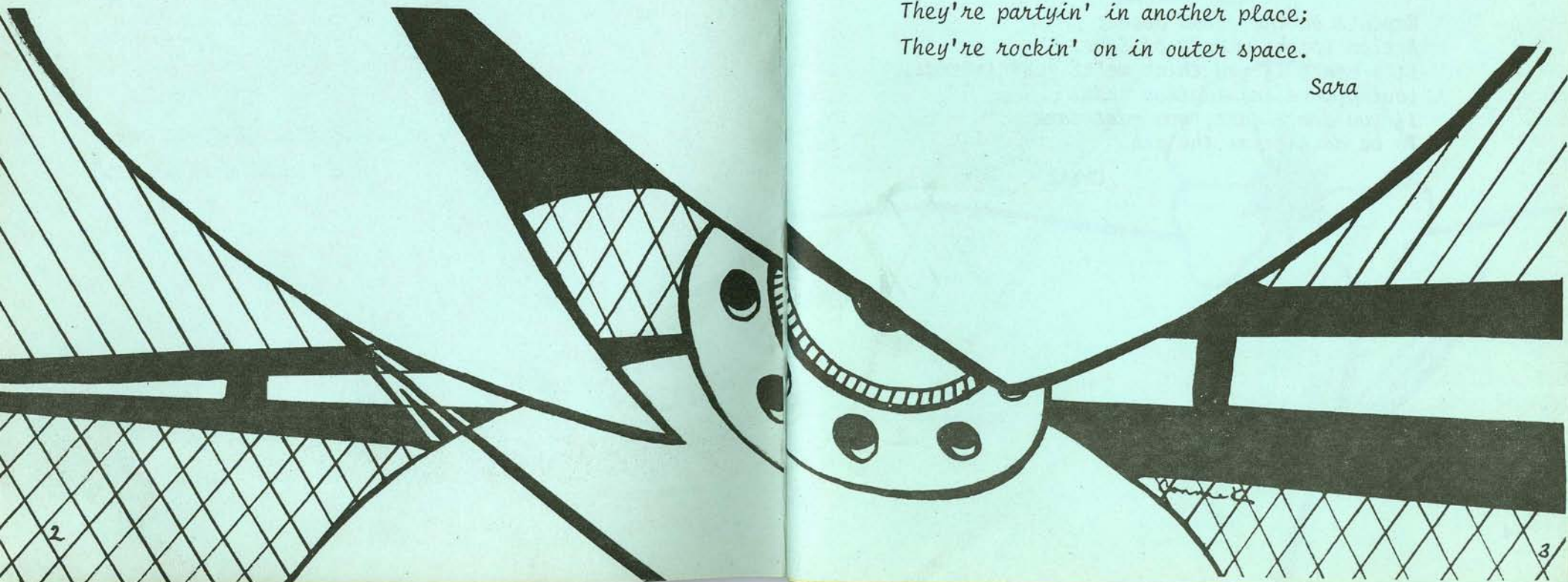
To people who go beyond...

ROCKIN' ON IN OUTER SPACE

They look like ants running around,
Waiting to hear a musical sound.
A gentle hum they soon all hear,
A sound that says it's time to cheer.
A quiet strum on a singing guitar,
The soft sound carries ever so far.
A mellow voice rings through the mike,
The drum-sticks rise, beginning to strike.
A flood of confusion under flashing lights,
The rhythmic beats reaching their heights.
A song of love, with gentle beat,
Makes them rise to their feet.
Everyone rocks while the band takes 'em higher,
Boiling with passion, burning with fire.

The lights go low, the crowd cheers on,
Soon everyone realizes the band is now gone.
The lights return, only to find
A spaceship scanning everyone's mind.
An uneasy feeling devours us all.
Suddenly appears a giant glass wall.
A beam of light burned over my head,
But I think I remember what the lead singer said:
"Keep cool, keep high, but just beware
Of little green people that like to stare."
The band left through a hole in the wall
Leaving a silent concert hall.
The band was never seen again,
One wise girl, four great men.
The rumor says they're still around,
But no longer rockin' on the ground.
They're partyin' in another place;
They're rockin' on in outer space.

Sara



FREE AS AIR

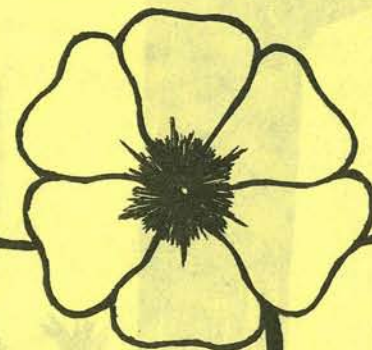
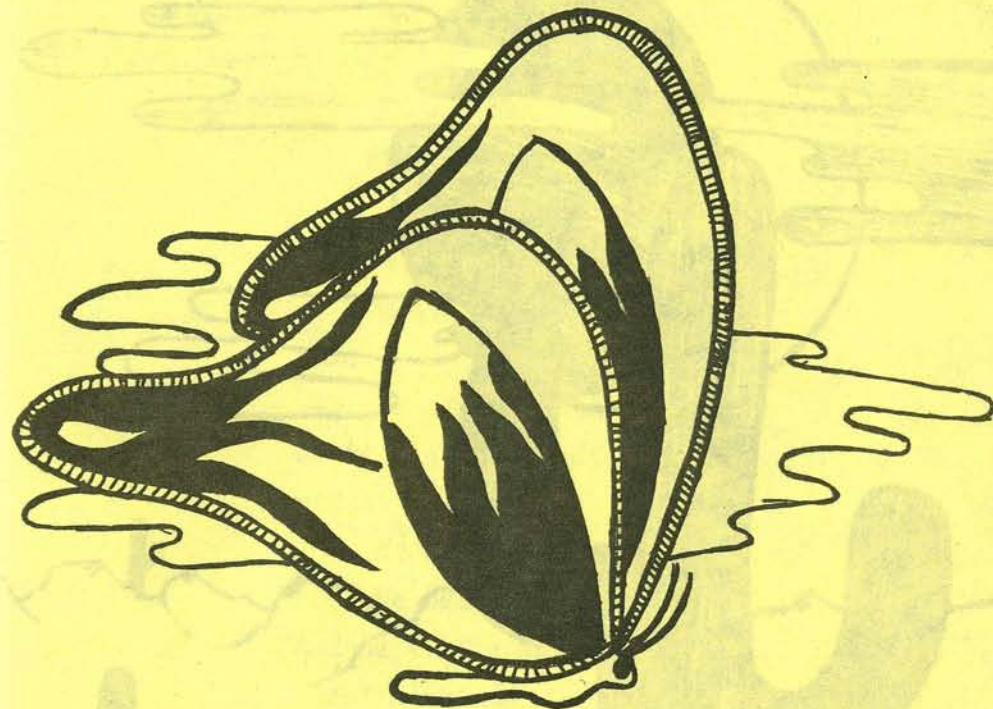
I've been waiting for so long
Just watching the phone,
Listening to the radio
While they play our song.

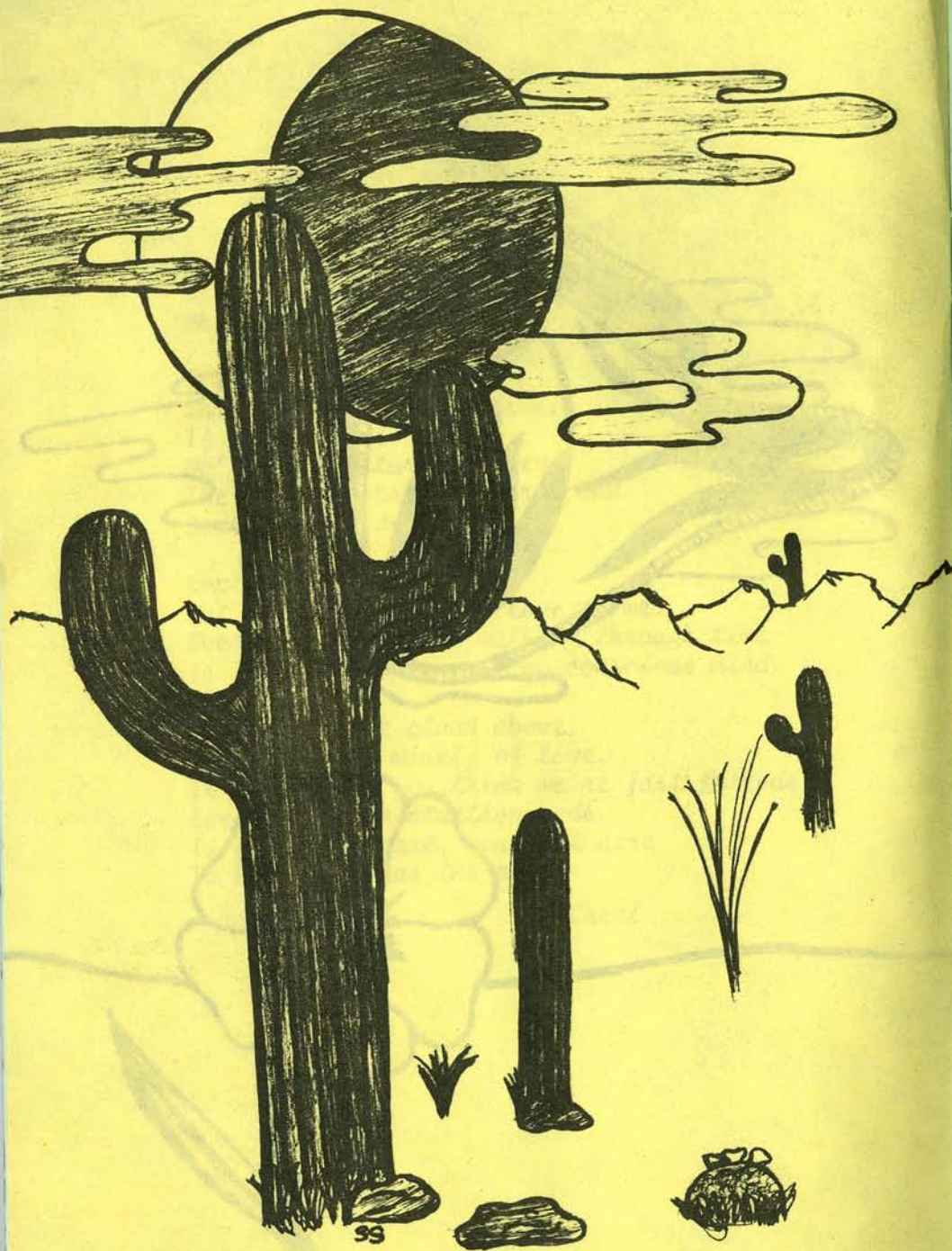
Try not to hide
What you feel deep inside.
If you don't love me,
We'll try to turn the key;
The key unlocks the hearts and
Souls of you and me.

Empty hearts are free,
But try to bring your love to me.
Every man I meet in walking through time
Is free to wander past my conscious mind.

Rapture on the cloud above;
Action speaks widely of love.
It's crazy if you think we're just friends,
Loving when infatuation ends.
If you don't care, you must dare
To be as free as the air.

Cheri





KING OF THE DESERT

*I hear the wind blow.
It comes through her great
arms.*

*He stands there,
as he has for hundreds of
years.*

*He believes in the sun.
He believes in the past.
And he is the ruler of his
great mountain.*

*Now it is time that I go
And say good-bye . . .
Good-bye, Saguaro.*

Paul

DREAMS

Remember the lovely days in the sun,
The beautiful days and all the fun,
The love that was so true and real?
Forget that now, it's a different deal.

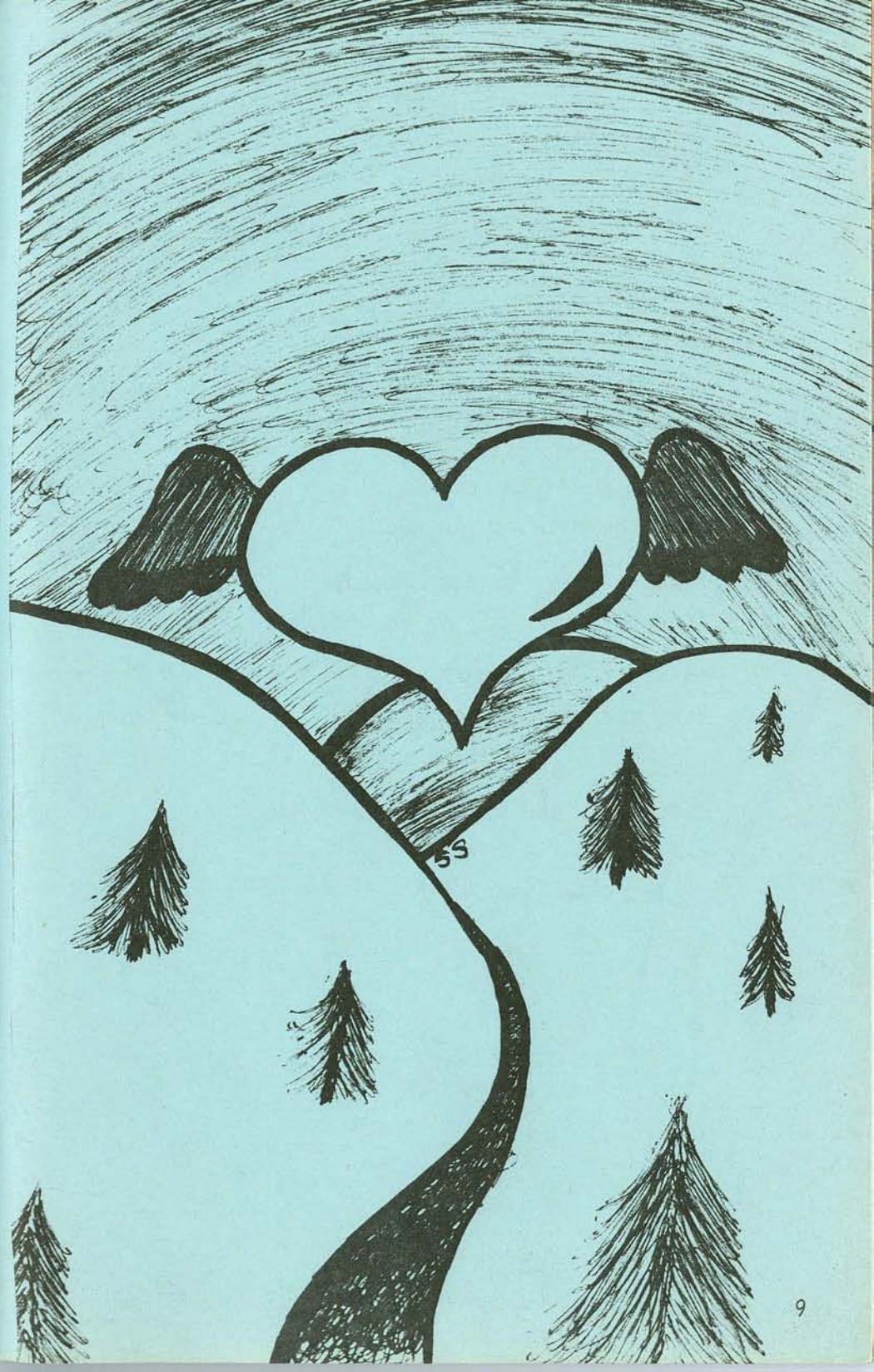
Then there were the days you were always together,
And he told you his love would last forever.
Those were the days that were so good;
You wish he'd come back, if only he could.

The very last day you were ever together,
You wish that day had lasted forever.
Then came a man named Uncle Sam,
And your love left for South Viet Nam.

His very last breath was spent in that lonely place.
If only, once more, you could just see his face.
But because of the fighting, the war, and the bomb,
Now that loving man is gone.

Now all that's left are dreams of the past,
Dreams that will forever last.
But dreams are never as good as what's true,
Like the life that was meant for him and you.

Laura



THE MOUNTAIN LION

A mountain lion is full of grace
to everyone who looks in his face.

His teeth are very clean,
And his body very lean.

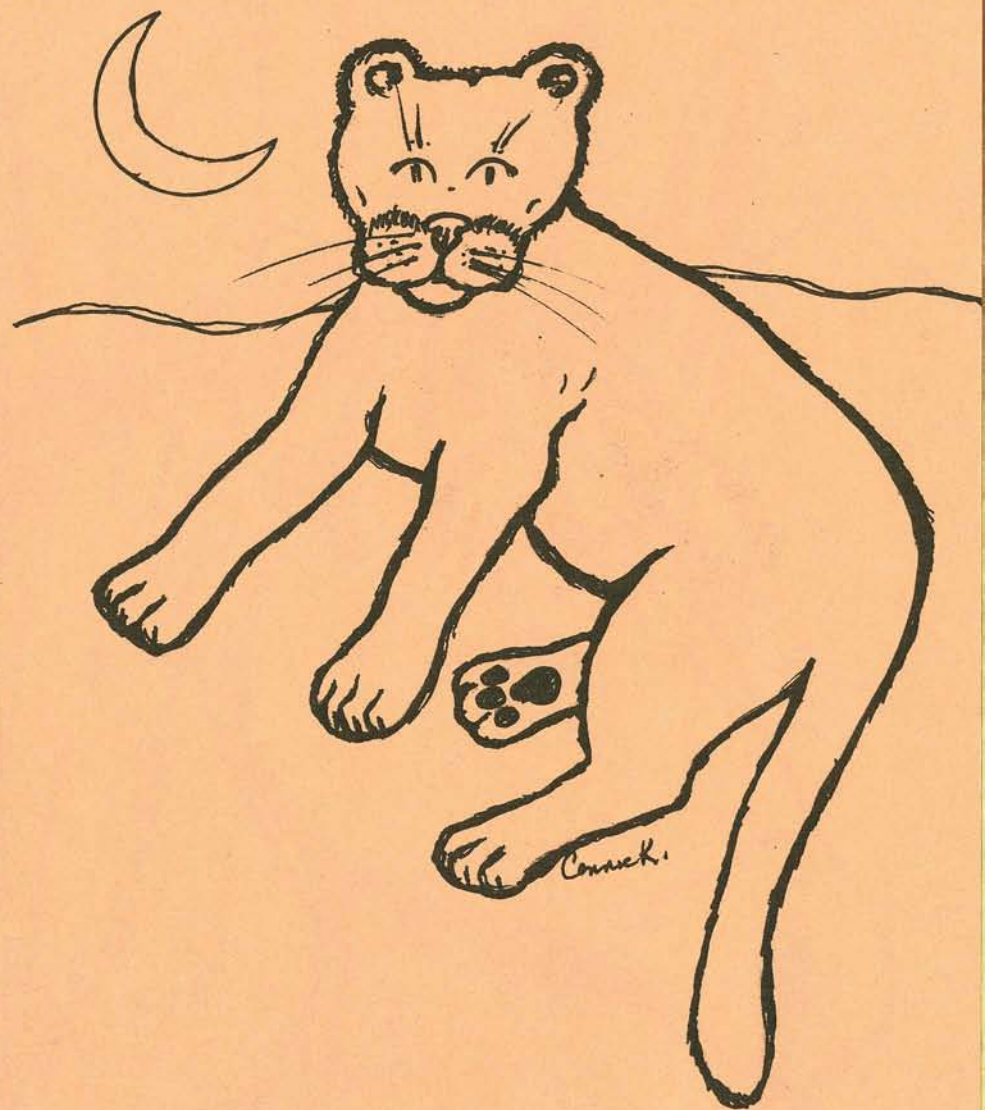
People hunt this creature down
Until no more can be found.

This is very strange indeed,
To hunt a creature so in need.

At night he likes to read a page
From the starry book outside his cage.

Life isn't so bad,
After all, and he doesn't get mad
(too often.)

Lisa





To-day -

I melted beneath
a desert tree

Tonight

I built a fire
for warmth for me

Tomorrow

I'll walk with you
and we will
talk
then
touch

Clyde



I ONCE HAD A DREAM OF THE UNICORN

I once had a dream of the unicorn,
Of a remote forest in the past,
With elves and fairies dancing around,
A play with a wondrous cast.

I once had a dream of the beginning of time,
When water met the land.
A rib was taken from Adam's side;
Soon Eve took his hand.

I once had a dream of being alone
Among the trees and flowers.
This dream was ended in a short time;
It hurts to be alone for hours.

I once had a dream of a pale green sky
With burgundy-colored clouds.
The baby-blue trees, both young and old,
Smiled above the crowds.

I once had a dream of being free;
The castle-gates opened wide.
No one caring if I'm coming or going;
Not having to decide.

But the sweetest dreams I've ever had
Are the dreams I've had of you.
The dreams show hope; they care, they love.
I wonder if dreams come true?

Sara

THE BAR

The saloon is sometimes called a bar,
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell; whoever
Named it, named it well.
A bar to manliness, and to wealth;
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor, pride and fame;
A door to grief and sin and shame.
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer;
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to an honored and useful life;
A door to brawling, senseless strife.
A bar to all that's true and brave;
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to the joys that home imparts;
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.

Laura

ILLUSIONS

Thoughtfully contemplating
What came between us,
There never was a major topic
of disagreement,
Just a lot of smaller ones.
Maybe I expected too much of you,
And when you didn't come through,
I thought together
The both of us would work it out.
You must have had your own ideas
Of what was to become,
For "us" no longer exists; instead,
There's you, and then there's
me.

Laura





Brought into this world
without a say-so.

Given life, and told to go.

I struggle with life, but
will never know just how far
I am expected to go.

Some day
my life will come to an end,
and I do not know
if it will start again.

But I do know
if I am to live

I hope in my life
I have more to give.

Paul

WON? LOST?

I cry each night for the love I've lost,
Looking for the answer of "why"
In the reflections of my tears.

Before, I had no emptiness and hate
To crowd my thoughts with pain.
Now, I find my life drowning in a
River filled with it all.

But since you still love me,
But not the same way,
There is no reason for the question
Of "why", or the emptiness or hate
That fills my life with pain.

But still the question remains:

WHY?

Laura





THE ROAD

*so many times, I've walked
this long and lonely road
to where, no one else knows:
as far as the song goes.*

*there are two paths you can go,
and still time to change the road
you're on.*

*I wish I could change the road
I'm on but somehow it seems
impossible. but I'm sure
in time, I will find the hole
to change the road I'm on.*

*I sometimes wonder why
there is no one else on this road
but me.*

Lisa

GREEN PEACE

My head echoes from the sound of the splash.
The blood pours from my side.
I'm falling deeper into the cold, dark depths
Looking for a place to hide.

They're still following, hunting me down.
Death's knocking on my door.
I hear them laughing and singing a song.
I'm the third they're going to score.

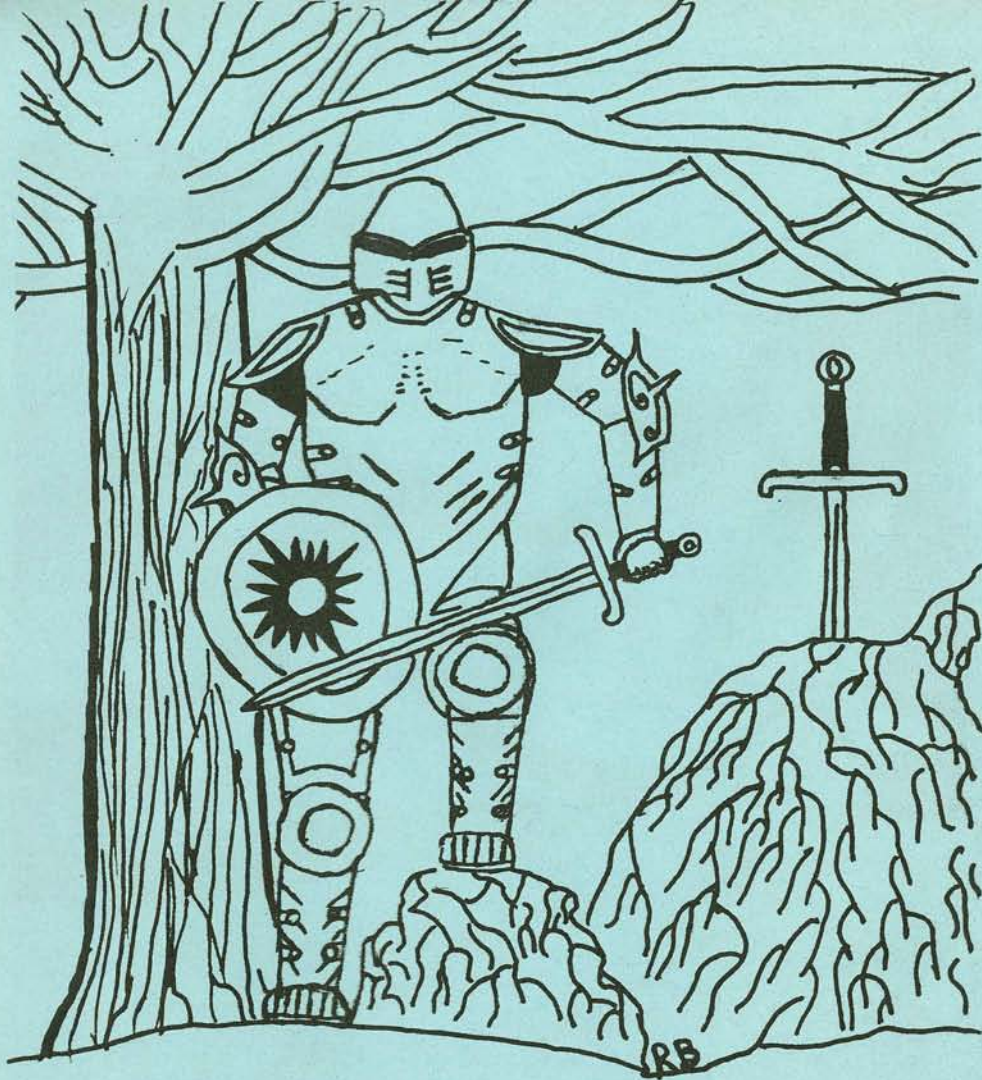
The terrible fluid inside my mouth,
The fire which I feel,
The thought of my body being dried in the sun:
My death's becoming unreal.

They're cutting me open...I'm still alive.
My blood runs to the ground.
I feel the most intense pain.
Then suddenly, there's no sound.

Am I dead, or am I dying in peace;
Will they return to eat of my flesh?
Has this all been a nasty dream;
Will I awake feeling fresh?

My body can be bought in many places.
My teeth can be found on sale.
If you still don't know what I am saying,
I'm seeing through the eyes of a whale.





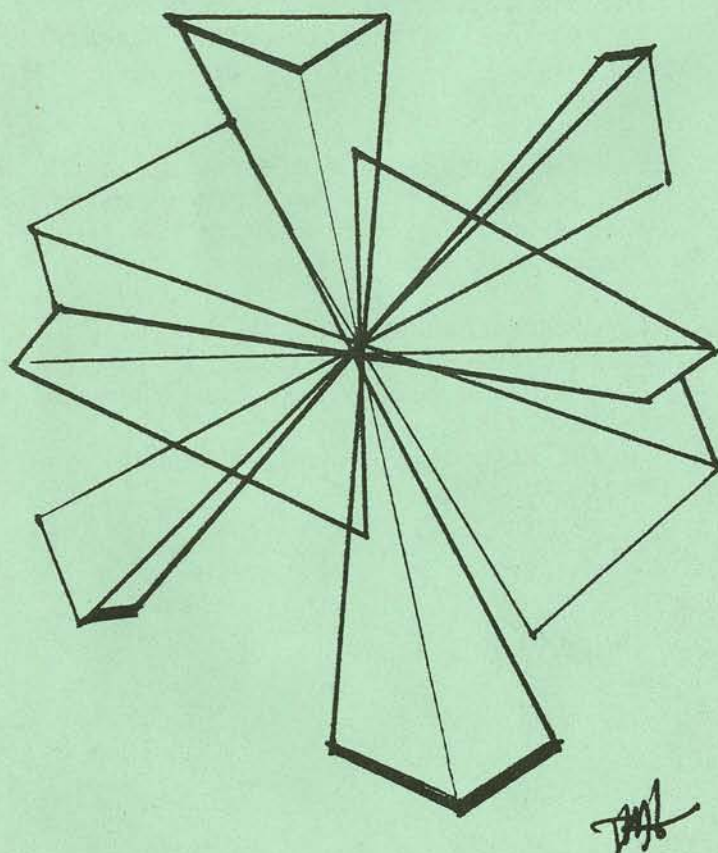
LEGENDS

Legends of a life told by those that
Lived them; too many secrets told
In the glorified struggle for tales.
The one left in legends is one who
Never dies. Generation after generation,
They relive his life, never aware of the
Suffering they've provoked.

Solitude rarely is a simple matter,
Though the mighty have faced it before.
A confrontation with fate is merely
Facing what's in store.

Lifestyles change; heroes change.
But the legends never die. I know
I've lived a better life, but that was
So long ago
In the life of a legend, a legend
Never told.

Kord



Bright light -
the sun -
thoughtful people
on green lawn -
Gentle thinking with
minds creating
and then
each person
laughs
and
moves about

Clyde

DON'T TAKE THE THRILL AWAY FROM ME

I love it when you talk to me,
So don't take the thrill away from me.
There's something deep down
That's turning me around,
And the lines I have written that you
Read between
Of lines apoken, I say what I mean.

It's good to hear your voice, it's been so long.
If I don't get your calls, everything goes wrong.
Oh, how could you not call me?
After all, to wait, it takes love that's for real.
And that's how I feel.
So don't take the thrill away from me.

I can't believe it's you.
I can't believe it's true;
I'll never leave you, why should I leave?
I'd be a fool.
I look in your eyes to see what words could
Never tell.

You've made me understand the me
I thought I knew so well.
So come, come face the world with me,
Where we can see eternity.
And don't take the thrill away from me.

Cheri

SOME PEOPLE

I don't seem to understand people
these days. Some are selfish,
some greedy; some pushy, and some
loners. Others are stuck-up.

They'll take your money and they
won't share with you, even though you
share with them.

Some will use you then leave you.
And there are ones who think they're
better than you, so they won't even
give you a glance. And the pushy ones
will tell you to do this and that,
and if you don't do what they say
they'll knock you around a little.

When they're through playing with
your life, they'll find someone else
to do the same thing to.

I don't see why people can't be friends
and share with each other and just
kick back, with everybody equal
and nobody better and nobody less
than the other.

If someone shares with you, you
should share with them. Don't
be selfish, or pushy, or anything of
the sort. Keep it cool with everyone
and they will be cool with you.

We should all just kick back and let
life take it's course. Love
one another, and just be thankful
you're alive.

Lisa

REMEMBER THE EARTH

The sun rises and sets again,
Just like it's always done.
If this happens to change one day,
Don't get up and run.

Stars arrive when darkness hits;
They've been there quite some time.
If on a clear night there are no stars,
Don't think of it as a crime.

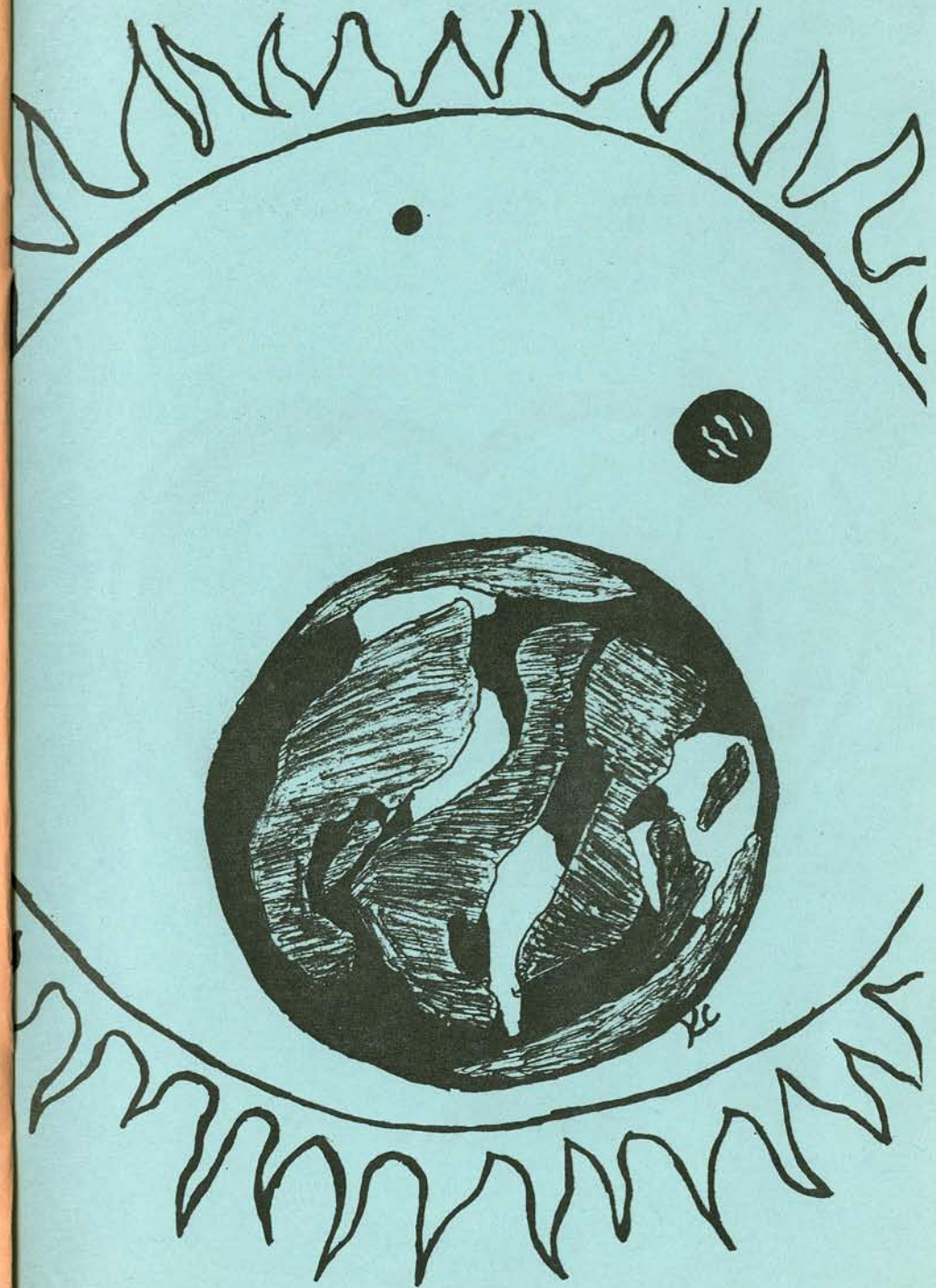
The moon has puzzled many people;
It's close, and yet so far.
Don't try to figure out why it's there,
Just think of a giant star.

Don't wonder why Saturn has rings,
Or why Mercury is small.
Don't wonder if creatures on other planets
Walk or fly or crawl.

These are things that aren't important,
At least not today.
You're living on Earth, figure it out,
'Cuase for now you're here to stay.

Just remember as you look to the sky,
Nature's taking her course.
We've got enough knowledge to stay awhile;
When that fails, we'll find a new source.

Sara





DEAR LOVE,

Written with love, sealed with a kiss;
If you love me, you'll answer this.

Don't you know, my love is true?
Can't you tell by the things I do?

Our eyes have met;
Our lips, not yet.

Your heart is a nicely shaped piece of gold;
It is not cold, but so easy to hold.

If I go to Heaven and you're not there,
I will sit all day and stare.

If you're not there on Judgment Day,
I'll know you went the other way.

I'll give the angels back their wings,
Their golden harps, and other things.

And just to see what love can do,
I'll gladly go to Hell with you.

If you smile while reading this,
I get one Great Big
Kiss!!!

Raymond

BLIND RAGE

The young man sits, guitar in hand;
The birds are flying free.
An old man approaches and starts to sing;
What a shame that neither can see.

People gather, forming crowds.
The two men feel great,
Trying to please others, yet applauding themselves;
But still, the people hate.

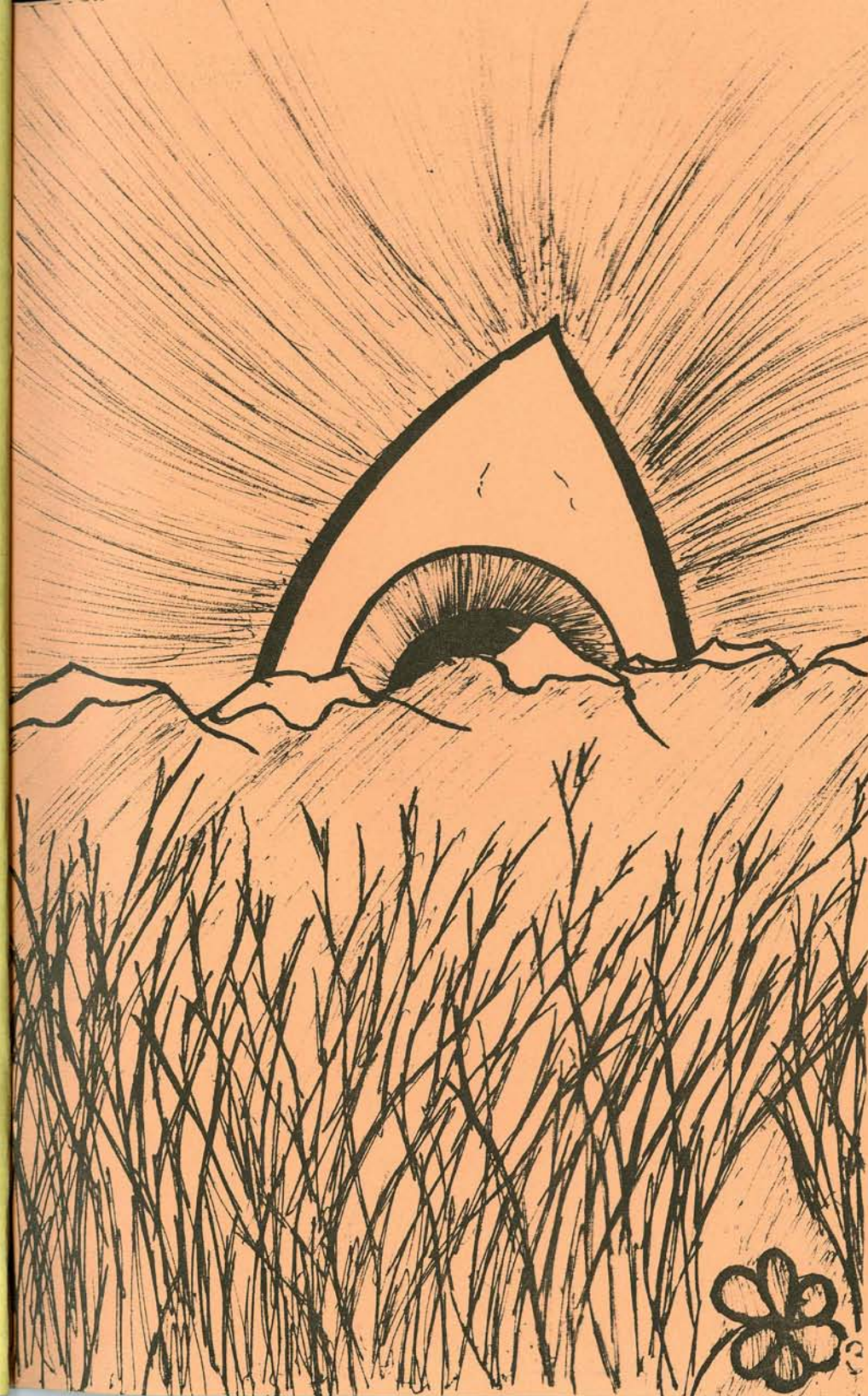
They hate because the men are different.
They think something is wrong.
Many leave, but many stay
Because of that very song.

In the song the men explain
That they are people, too.
Just because they cannot see
Does not mean they're not like you.

They understand the meaning of life,
No longer scared of dying.
Though they're blind they see the light;
There is no need for lying.

The song is over. The day is done.
They sit to talk awhile.
They say good-bye. The old man leaves.
Both know they saw a smile!

Sara



UNKNOWN LOVE

He was some very special guy
in his own way.

There was something about him
that made you want him more and
more.

Maybe that's why
I love him; but yet,
I can't tell him.

He's like a mystery
in his own little world.

He had one dream that was
special to him: traveling away
far
and starting over.

But now, he's gone.
And I wish . . . that one day
I'll be part of that dream.

Robyn

today.

when love breezes
move

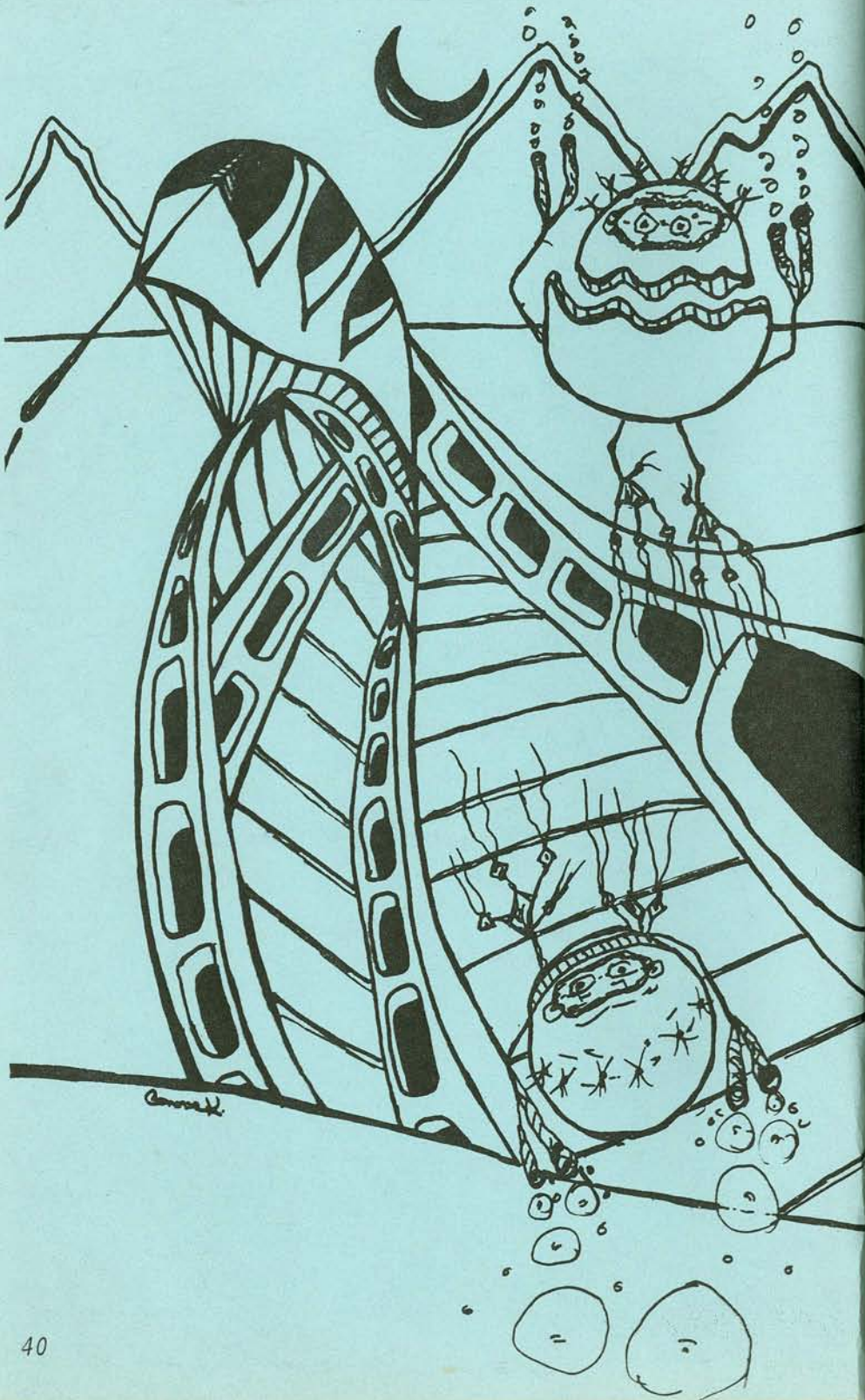
slowly across the
desert
and a few people sit
and

voices meet

then
move — as if mystery
abides

and gentleness
exudes

Clyde

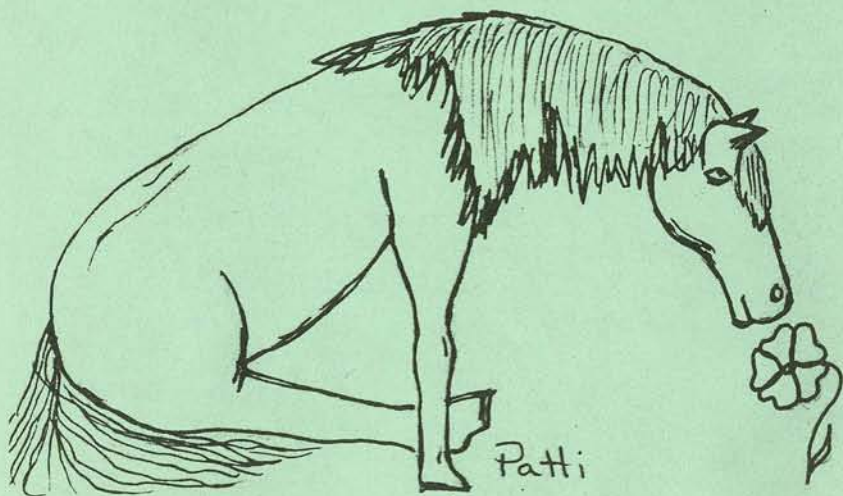


NIGHT LINES

last night's rain
was still falling
there was no wind
so it just fell
down over walls
dark and hypnotic
over windows steaming over
from the cat's breath
and the fire

we rode the snake's back
out of the desert
(it didn't take long)
followed the dark lines
out of time
until we came here
crawled between the paws
of a mountain
to watch the night
drizzle down
fold around us softly
like a deadly dream
then
flow back slowly
deep into the desert
until we tempt
until we drive the dark lines
out of mind

Connie



HAPPINESS

Happiness can't be defined.
It's a certain feeling, a state of mind;
It's sharing everyday affairs with
Someone who you knows understands
And cares.

It's a tender look or a gentle touch
That says "I love you very much."

It's a smile of welcome when you're blue;
A dream that's shared, a dream for two.

It's a warm embrace or a magical kiss;
It's a special blessing from above.
It's what you have
When you're
In love!

Laura



A COLORFUL LIFE

Green is the grass in which I sit,
Yellow is the rose I smell;
Blue is the sky with a plane passing by,
Red are the fires of Hell.

Black is the tar on which I walk,
Brown are the leaves that fall;
Pink is the flower I watch every hour,
Purple is the little girl's ball.

White are clouds floating through Heaven,
Silver is the lining they hold;
Copper is the penny, of which there are many,
Grey is the hair of the old.

Gold is the kettle on the stove,
Orange is the hair on that boy;
All year 'round these colors surround,
And bring many hours of joy.

Sara

CATS-'N-KITTENS

Cats walk about
with charm
And sit gracefully
while plotting -
But do they have
meaning and
Is their silence a
real statement - we
Wonder and voices
try to tell -

Two kittens sat
before the
door -

Quiet - such
silence

Began when
larger
cats

Awaited food
and
Other impulses
had
them
wait -

What happens if we wait too
long at doors -

Clyde



QUALIFICATIONS FOR LIFE

In order to be rich you must pass
the following requirements...

A two story house and a Mercedes Benz,
A twenty acre yard and other rich friends:
You must at least know the poor as well -
Does even your garbage have a nice smell?
For eighty dollars a pint of perfume
(imported from France, may I presume.)
Your hair so perfect, your clothing so fine,
Classy French restaurants are where you dine.

To meet the standards of the normal,
Middle class family you must...

Have a quaint little home with a white picket fence,
A '79 Ford with just a few dents;
A cocker spaniel pup runnin' around,
A rose bush or two springing up from the ground.
You're friends with the grocer just down the street,
Your children so young, so cute, so sweet.
The husband and wife both workin' so strong,
Only to find they can't get along.

You're classified as poor if you do, act, or look
like the following...

Old ratty jeans covered in patches;
You light your hibachi with Farmer John Matches.
You smoke cigarettes you find on the ground;
You're never quite sure where you are bound.
You never know where your next meal will be,
Or if you'll be sleeping in some old oak tree.
The ducks are your friends whom you feed everyday;
It must be hell to let life pass away.

One category is left. There is one title. Just
taking life as it comes...

Now whether you're rich or poor or just fair,
Always remember someone will care.
For the amount of income matters not to all,
Someone will catch you before you do fall.
Money cannot put a price on love,
Thanks to the almighty God above!
To all my friends across this land -
You'll always have a helping hand.

Sara

Special Thanks
to
JULIE CASCIATO
for her typing and wise counsel!

