



CRY

Poems by Julie Olson

forlorn as smallness envelopes your mind
and a strangeness engulfs your being.
yet you live breathing the air and
never can sigh for
your next breath is not whole.
through the window life flows and
through your eyes passes love all around
but understanding doesn't come and dreams
are your life and you are not real.

for you see all as you imagine
and you are not all knowledge that knows
your eyes are limited.
And you still live and cannot
understand why It's so small and
tight. You're stifled
into awareness
and cry.

perhaps i'll fly
towards a field
in spring and
meet you standing
above ground
and cry
upon you to come
and follow.

The sun.
Beautiful, isn't it?
It shines on the lovely green
gardens
And spreads its light
over golden wheat fields,
And blue flax,
And Vietnam.

A Hope for Peace