

Hero

A Creative Odyssey
By Shasta Sovereign
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Dear Reader:

Hero.

Who or what is it?

For some, it is a memory of childhood. Of simpler times, when we had leisure and energy to day dream. Of going beyond the limitations of our existence. Of being absorbed into the story of the superhero. And of our aspirations to emulate them.

For others, hero might be someone they know in real life. Someone they looked up to. Someone who inspired them and invoked their trust and hope.

For a few, the hero is ultimately themselves. After trials and tribulations, people came to the conclusion that it was them. They were self-reliant and proud of who they became on their own hero's journey.

We look forward to seeing your hero.

In Inspiration,

Shasta Sovereign



Jellyfish Dreams

By AJ



Even though jellyfish don't have brains, they still keep swimming! We can all be more like them



My Favorite Hero

By Angel Lady

At first, I thought of people in my life who had been Heroes to me, I could think of 2 that stood out. People who played pivotal roles that I would like to go deep into sometime, but it's too deep for me right now. I can say this, it was all about true, pure caring and the love that I was given, without thought of them receiving or taking anything from me. It was Unconditional love, just pure giving, and respect. Sometime I would love to write about that, but not now.

Then I thought of Frodo, the hero of the book "Lord of the Rings", which I read all 4 books in the series over and over many times back in 1970. I was very pleased when the movie came out 30 years later, and I saw it in the movie theatre. I was amazed at how well it portrayed what I had imagined everything and everyone to be like. The movie truly brought the book to life for me!

There were many heroes in that story. All those who helped Frodo along the way, as he went through his long journey, on the mission to bring the Ring of Power to ultimately destroy it in the fire of Mt. Doom. Making the trip to that dreaded dark place, the very seat of darkness to the land of Mordor, to save all from the ring's destructive power.

Even the Queen of the Elves could not handle it's power. That brief moment with the ring on the chain around Frodo's neck came into her sight. Even if only for a matter of seconds, it brought out a brief glimpse of her "dark side". She, who was normally so good, kind, loving and blessing all with her light and spiritual beauty.

How I respected little Frodo as he went through his challenging journey, a hero's journey, on and on and on, and faced his fears, fought past his limits of what he thought he could do. Again and again, his determination to not give up, his bravery, despite all of the trials and tribulations. So traumatized, exhausted and afraid, and when he thought he could go no further, there were always "Allies" around him, or a special person that showed up to assist him. In totality, there were many heroes who helped him to get to his final mission, a mission he would finally end up facing, with only the help of his one faithful friend, Sam - completing the mission that would save all of the "kingdoms" from being overtaken by Darkness.

Frodo developed so much bravery, determination, perseverance along the way, that helped him prepare to face his deepest, darkest fears and to overcome and win the battle. And through this victory, he was transformed, truly worthy to live in the land of light, the Elven Kingdom, or at least go there for a much-deserved "holiday" amongst wonderful, dear old friends.

There is so much symbology in this story of "The Lord of The Rings". I think there are many people who can identify with Frodo and what he went through. I will say that I wish I could have as many wonderful "Allies" in my life as he had. I have had some "Allies" at times, but there were other times where I was surrounded by "Enemies"...people who lied, stole, cheated, deceived, manipulated and emotionally abused me at a time when I was going



through such terrible loss and hardship. People I had trusted as friends, they betrayed me horribly, and made my loss so much greater.

Looking back upon my life, I have to say, I did not have nearly as many "Allies" as Frodo did. I am grateful for the ones I have had, but I must honestly say, I find myself feeling rather shortchanged in that department. Part of me resents that and is angry about it.

I sure could have used a heck of a lot more "Allies". But then, I have tended to be quite independent and rarely asked for help. And for a number of years now, when I do seek positive rapport, friendship, kindness or help from my fellow human beings, I don't find it very often. So I'm back to keeping a stiff upper lip and soldiering on.

And I'll be honest, I actually feel that I deserved to have more authentic, sincere, kind, giving, caring friends in my life than I have had, and I do feel I have given far more love and help to others than has been offered to me. I see quite an imbalance. But, I don't want to be a person with "victim mentality", so I keep doing my affirmations, prayers, meditations and try to make changes for the positive in my life. This has caused me to go much deeper into my "inner life" and I have had some beautiful experiences with Guardian Angels and Healing Angels, a pattern I've experienced throughout my life. I feel guided by "The Divine", which gives me great solace.

One of the things I am learning little by little is the importance of healing old programs that could tend to make one not understand their worth and value, and therefore not see when there are times it is very important to set healthy boundaries with others, and to assert oneself in a positive manner when others are not treating you with the respect you deserve. And to recognize unacceptable behavior and if people do not respect your healthy boundaries, better to cut them loose sooner rather than later. I gave people the benefit of the doubt too many times when they did not deserve it. Many lessons to learn about being a Hero. And the thought occurs to me, perhaps sometimes one must stop being such a Hero to others and be a Hero to oneself at certain times.

Anyway, I do respect Frodo's bravery and upon writing upon this topic, I realize that it is doubtful he could have done it without the help he received, especially Sam carrying him up Mt. Doom. Frodo was very brave and determined and so was his best buddy Sam, a winning combination for sure.

We should all be so "lucky".



Reflection

By A.N.D.

Endless Promises of love, security, and happiness. Whispering in my ear how beautiful I am. Thoughtful gifts all the time. Fun trips planned. An abundance of physical endearment. Plans and promises of a wonderful life with our family that we made. Laughing, joking, binge watching movies. All the things making you feel like the most beautiful and appreciated person in the world.

Now the nightmares keep me awake. The feeling that something is going to happen creeps at all hours. When I close my eyes all I see is him over me, yelling at me, coming at me. His words replay in my head like a song you get stuck on.

How are the signs missed before it gets this bad? How did I not leave sooner? How am I not stronger now that he is not in this home?

Some days I am stronger. Some days I am so messed up I can't leave my bed. My kids are the ONLY reason I can even get up, especially on those messed up days. Constant reassurance from my family and close friends. Reassuring me that I am safe, to allow for grace, and that it is ok to be scared and cry.

When I look back at where I started a year ago to now, I am so grateful and yet so pained still. The fear gets so debilitating that sometimes I can't breathe. I just stand there staring out of the window. I once was so fearless that my kids made it their mission to jump out and scare me, but it never worked. Now I hear a noise or see a shadow and I jump out of my skin!

When will it end? Will I ever be that fearless again?

Maybe someday.



God is always working behind the scenes

By Baby Girl

Okay so all my life I have gotten SSI
And when I was little,
It was told me because of my stepdad.
And so I have always my whole life up until now,
Calling it hush hush money.
And I have begged God and big God too,
Please take it away
So that I can do it myself.
Well, he did take it away,
But he only suspended it.
So, after a year and a half,
I got back on social security.
God is awesome and amazing.
He gave me what I wanted,
But he also made sure that I could get it back



Hero

By Changing Woman

Dictionary: A HERO is a person or character who is admired for their courage, strength, or achievements. Heroes can be real people or fictional characters.

“WITH AGE MY HERO IS ME”

Youth and Age

Ageless Wisdom, Wisdom for the Ages,
With Age Comes Wisdom.

When I Was Young, And With Age,

When I Was Young My Superhero Was “Batman”,

With Age..... “MY HERO IS ME”.

I'm My Own Hero. I'm my own hero.
It's Time I own My Own Hero!

My hero is me, my hero is me, the hero is within me
within me is my hero, my hero resides within me,
within me my own hero.

I'm my own hero
hero I'm own
hero I'm, hero I'm
I'm a hero, hero I'm

hero I stand

Hero I stand, hero I stand
I stand as my hero
I stand as my own hero

hero standing, hero standing
hero I stand
standing in my hero
standing hero, hero standing
standing as my own hero.

Here I stand, Here I stand
hero I stand, hero I stand
Hero standing, hero standing
standing hero, standing hero, standing hero



I stand as my own hero.
Within, my hero stands. Hero I stand, Hero standing, hero
I stand. Standing in my hero, hero standing, hero I stand.
I STAND FOR ME, I STAND FOR ME!

(Why I'm My Hero) I WITHSTOOD:
My Immediate Dysfunctional Family, my mom, my dad, and my sister all three big narcissists. A lifetime of verbal abuse from all three. Physical abuse from my mom since I was a kid. My sister was physically abusive too. I was aware at age 6 that both of my parents were alcoholics. A lifetime of unpleasant alcoholic behavior from my parents. My mom never said "I love you" to me. My own mom. I survived being my parents' caregiver at the same time. I survived being my parents POA (Power of Attorney). I withstood being asked to leave, being homeless, disowned, abandoned, betrayed, hurt. I have no family now. My parents are gone, my sister and her family are not safe to be around, and I moved to this area for a fresh start away from the pain the grief of it all.

I'm My Own Hero! "WITH AGE MY HERO IS ME"



Pine

By E.R.B

a red trunk.

That old layer of rot leaking through like our secrets do.

Becoming something that we cannot help but fight.

When it comes mid March the pine trees steam.

They steam like kettles whistling from the heat below.

The sun litters the big beautiful bodies with heat causing them to crunch and crack.

The trees speak: "finally" after months of darkness and frost.

When i pass, I would like to be a pine tree.

Nothing but the seasons and complete stillness.



My Hero, My Love, My Puppeteer

By Este

Before the pain
My life's aim was to walk in the grace of my father, the hero
His word was law
He would guide and protect me
The man he gave me too would also prove this true
When father failed my hero switched to you
"You," my hero, he said to
"I choose to trust, to hold, to build a safe house, to guide this child through"
Perhaps father wasn't so righteous, now days he resembles you

I have no faith, no savior now. An empty angry shell

It replays a sinister chorus
Chiseling lines in my inner mind
Count the days to freedom
What day are we on now?
No matter how bad I want to, the cracks start when I tell the truth

Distorted perception, uncontrollable sobbing and pleading:
"My hero, please we can forget this. You can't leave i'm not strong enough to face this"
The girl in the mirror disapproves of the fear. I tell her "it's not him it's me"

The mines you plant are so well hidden
I stumble as I step
"May I please be forgiven?"
How can such a hero intentionally detonate?
I must be mistaken
I ponder in this padded room you fabricate

Nowhere to go but the rabbit hole.
I see the light at the bottom, it's calling me, i'm moving closer, would you let me go?

My hero could never do wrong, it's never his fault
"I'll fix it I promise
This blood, this glass, my spinning head
I'm having trouble remembering, what did you just say again?"

"Don't raise your voice, I swear the problem isn't you."

My reflection keeps talking back, saying you're bad.
She's the only part of me that's not a version of you.
Please tell me she's crazy. What she says isn't true



My hero, my love, my puppeteer
Pull my noose of crush, clear, tar
Wrap my strings and plan my scars
Such a craftsmen, in the tortured arts
The blue of my bruise, red of my blood
Paint me a red sea, paint me a blue heart
Sew my lips, I can't mouth "help"
Scorch my throat, they won't hear screams
Set my cement smile, don't look at my eyes,
There's nothing you'll see.

The girl in the mirror disapproves of the fear. I tell her "it's not him it's me"
My hero, my love, my puppeteer

Metallic aroma of crimson walls,
"What have you done with my sweet little one?"
Alibi of innocent
Pictures hang in my prison as you paint the fiction
(The chisel marks December 23rd, day one)

Your doll, your corpse that mimics you
Hair cut and dressed like you
Half my weight less, closer to dead

The only light in your eyes is when I cry and beg
Parasites like you don't look good in costume.
Come on "hero" slap that smile off your face, you think this is a game?

"Every breath I take, isn't worth the air"
This rot in which I suffocate, a repulsive gift you once received.
I vow to never be like you
which gives you no excuse,
you could have promised too

She tells me things, you know.
Secrets about you.
A brittle man of cracking schemes.
Your worst fears on tattoo sleeves.
Tell me, what if your time bomb isn't where it should be?

"Why is there blood on the walls? Please don't make me sleep in this room"

"What'd you do to me when I was asleep?"
Nevermind, it doesn't matter now.
I'll see it in my dreams



“What's this hole in my stomach? It's burning it's rotting me! Why can no one see it? My hero how could you poison me?”

“It's been two days, please let me leave this room.
Just to eat. I promise I won't ask what you do”

My reflection she's angry

She paints my face an empty blank, “Here, my dear. When you get scared, I'll be there and you can disappear “

I let her speak when you bring out the knives. She knows how to calm you and turn the tied.
She studies your steps with careful calculation.
I don't know what shes planning, but I'm in on the mission
You question what your told, threaten and scold
“Oh course not my hero, you're always in control”
Please be a hero, a hero shows mercy
The box is closing, “your hands- please don't choke me”

Did a man in a mirror switch places with you?
Assault from a stranger
Did your reflection once cry like mine, trying to survive too?
Now I can't remember ever loving you
Is this body even mine, when will you sell for dimes?
Time is ticking.
Dear God why can't you hear me? Is this the devil, did he get me?

My hero please tell me how can this be true?

Her eyes aren't dams holding tears like mine
When you scream, she says “I'll take care of him, you'll be just fine”
She says I'm the hero and you're just crazy.
I'll keep watch while she plots. Extort your corrupted league.

“My hero of course nothing's wrong! All a rag doll can do is play along “
“Do you see her too? She's watching you
I can't stop her my hero, you snapped her neck loose”

Weigh my mistakes against the ugly truth
I'm still a better person than you

Count my cuts, call me sick, call me wrong
A hopeless hollow shallow coward I've become
A failure to the highest extent
I'm still a better person than you



Only two endings, sold or buried
Is this my grave in which im laying?
To my sister im sorry, my mom I miss you
I don't know if I'll be leaving, will I ever turn twenty?
I can't die yet, I've lived so shortly
I can't see my reflection through the red stains caressing my face, but I hear her inside me as
I take the backseat

How unfortunate, my puppeteer,
that you choose the rusted blades of this godless fate
"One of us will live and breathe, You my hero will fall so I am free"

Fresh air, so clean. The morning dawn is quite the scene.
The girl in the mirror switched places with me.
She spends everyday trying to build me into someone worth the air I breathe
Maybe someday
when I love myself
we both can be



Heros

By Ezra, Weed High School



I chose to draw Jason Todd for this project. The morality of his character is a little skewed, but I think his writing was pretty good, and he's a Hero in my eyes, questionable actions aside.



Super hero

By Former Archer

Who do I consider my favorite super hero? I would say that I can't say who I believe to be my favorite because I don't really have one. Can my super hero be someone in real life or does it have to be fiction?... hmmm... questions.

Well, I'm sure I can explain to you that I have had a different kind of life growing up. My life has been a kind of crazy ride. I grew up in a broken family, my parents divorced when I was barely 13. After that, my life became harder, as it is for any child whose parents divorce. Life was hard living with my mother. My older sister wanted out of the house so bad that she got married when she was only 16. When she left, it was just me and my baby brother and sister alone with my mother. My mother has mental problems that she doesn't like to speak about, and she doesn't want to speak about anything if it's negative toward her. She would mentally abuse me and she acted as if she really hated me. So, during Easter break when I was 13, I went to my dad's house and never came back. That was definitely one of the hardest things I've ever done. My Mother was livid, but I was of age to make the decision of where I wanted to live. So my dad got custody of me and I never went back. It took only 2 weeks later after I left before my brother and sister both came to live with my father as well. My mother was arrested for child endangerment. My brother was 7 years old and my little sister was 10.

Living with my father and having my brother and sister with me there felt so good. Except I missed my mother, no matter how she treated me. But living with my father I was able to breathe and I felt safe. Never worried about clean clothes for school or being hungry or wondering if we were going to get kicked out of our house. Because my father is who I consider to be my super hero.

My little brother was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkin's Burkett's lymphoma at the age of 9. My father never left his side and I had never seen my father cry until the day we thought we might lose my brother. He had caught a flesh eating bacteria while he was on chemotherapy and it had spread to his sinuses. The doctors told us that they had to remove 2 of his sinuses and hope that it didn't spread to his brain. Thank God it didn't. And thank God for the doctors and the nurses and all the wonderful people that took care of him. I believe they are the real superheroes of this world. They, along with my father, are my favorite super heroes.

Ironically my mom's last name is Hero. Isn't that ironic?



Snow Totem Versus Lord Partican

By Gus



Snow Totem is a snow monster that has ice powers! He can shoot frost energy at his foes and put them in ice. He can also shoot icicles from his hands. He uses ice to attack with and to protect himself. He can make a trail of ice spikes by slamming the ground leaving a trail of deadly ice spikes!

Right now he is fighting Lord Partican. It will be an epic battle between Snow Totem and Lord Partican. Snow Totem wins the battle! Lord Partican is defeated and he is seeing stars, covered in snow by Snow Totem!



Superhero Self

By J



The supreme best version of you begging you to get out of your own way.



Hero

By Jodi

I've been asked multiple times throughout my life who my hero was.

Well, the Google dictionary defines a hero as such:

A person who is admired or idealized for courage, outstanding achievements, or noble qualities.

Is that what you thought as well? Or is your definition more of the Super kind? Marvel, DC, Dark horse?

When I was a child, I looked up to Wonder Woman as my hero. She would defend me. Her lasso of truth would show others what was right. She had the most morally rational mindset when it came down to whether to kill. She ended up getting captured, which I thought was impossible. She was fallible. She was human. She was just like me. I felt that my hero worship days were over. Especially as I grew older.

Time goes by and life moves fast. I didn't think about heroes so much. I was busy living life. Getting married, having kids of my own. Life gets messy. Life gets hard. Sure, there's good times, it's just tough to keep it all together and move forward.

I'd have friends ask what my favorite hero was knowing they meant Spiderman or Batman or whichever. I never could pick one. The only hero I have ever needed and quickly became my favorite is

Me.



My Super Hero, “Bewitched”

By Kelly

I loved that show as a kid and still is. I loved all the episodes in the 70’s. (Not the movie that was released in the last decade). It’s a show about a witch named Samantha who married a mortal named Darrin and doesn’t tell him she’s a witch until their honeymoon.

All three characters were Super Heroes. There was Samantha. Her grandmother Endora was called the true “Heroine of Bewitched.” She made us women feel good about getting older. She was a married grandmother constantly flying to all parts of the world, going to parties and having escapades. Her cousin Serena was known for her groovy, hippie lifestyle and sexy free-spiritedness. As a kid I wanted to be like her, identifying with her character way more than I did with Samantha’s. The idea of being a berated housewife just didn’t appeal to me. What I loved about Samantha though is that she would use her superpowers to clean the house or whip up a fast dinner with just a twinkle of her nose.

In many ways, the show was an average man’s dream. I mean what powerful woman could say things like “I happen to think cooking on a stove is more fun than using witchcraft” in real life with a straight face. Despite Darrin’s protests, Samantha used her powers in every episode. Depending on your point of view, the takeaway could be - you can’t keep a powerful woman down or Women just don’t want to listen.

I can identify with all of the three characters for sure. The adventurous, traveling side of Endora, I like the hippie side of the cousin and the at-home housewife’s stubbornness too.

Thank you.

Kelly





3-D things

By Kevin



You can make anything you want with a 3-D printer, but to really get creative you need a 3-D scanner and a computer program to modify anything how you want. You can make action figures of yourself if you like.



My Super Hero

By Marilyn

I would have to say that my Super Hero was my husband "Dar."
He was with me through my medical battles to better health.
In 2015, I was diagnosed with Breast Cancer and had a radical mastectomy.
He never left my side.
Just when I thought the battle was over,
I was notified that I was going to have to have Chemotherapy.
I was devastated and felt like giving up.
He wouldn't allow that.
He convinced me that we could get through this together.
And he was there through it all right by my side
Through every Chemotherapy treatment (6-8 hours) three times a week.
He stayed right with me.
The long sick nights that came afterwards
He was there to help me through.
He is passed now
But he will always be my hero
And I owe it to him that this coming August,
I will be a 10 year Cancer Survivor.
He was my one in a million
And will always be my Super Hero.



Super heroes

By Sheri

Part 1

I found this topic to kind of strange at first for myself. I thought, well, I grew up with Superman, Batman, 6 million dollar man, Wonder Woman. But none of them were really important to me. I thought about my family, my friends. Everyone always talks about a teacher when they were younger. I don't remember anyone. Had one teacher in college I was in my late 50's. She was fabulous, but as I kept on thinking about the subject, I started to realize that they weren't the source of my life.

I recently lost my best friend of more than 50 years. It was sudden, unexpected and heartbreaking. But even that person would have told me the hero in my story is ME! I'm the one who endured. I'm the one who got knocked down and rose back up. With every tragedy. Every loss. Every heartbreak. From childhood trauma to adulthood trauma. Some people don't believe in that. I believe in myself. I know I may have bad days. As long as I don't stay down, I get back up and keep trying to do better and I am trying. That is successful. Be proud of yourself for the accomplishments you have achieved. You are your own superhero. In honor of my best friend, I miss you tremendously I will continue forward. I am a super hero and very proud of myself.

Part 2

For every bad decision. All the bad relationships.
The wrong person. The lost ones.
For all the broken promises. For every broken heart.
To all the lost souls, including us.
To every single good choice we made along the way.
Even when your path isn't perfect.
Take stock in knowing that your getting up everyday, and waking up, is a blessing.
Sometimes, not always having things work out might have been a blessing.
We don't always see the light.
Still being here is a gift.
Not everyone gets that chance.
Being grateful is hard but it is worth the sacrifice and effort to be your own superhero.
Get up everyday day and keep going.
You are the one.
Keep your head held high. Be kind to others.
Keeping getting up and showing up for yourself.
Try and forgive yourself and others.
Be happy with yourself.
Love you.



Super Hero

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy

The Unsung Heroes, the warriors
Who have come out of abusive situations
And are ready to go OUT there and be there
To lovingly help another lost hurting soul.
It's about women in abusive situations who have been beaten down
And held by the bindings of their abusers,
Losing their own spirit, independence, joy of life, willingness to go on and fight..
But these women who've already have been through it and seen all, felt all,
Have come to her rescue, to unbind her ropes, chains, and anchor
That is holding her in this broken boat at this rickety dock,
Made by her abuser.
To now give her the life, spirit and open arms
To a new life, because she is truly not alone anymore.
In the sky are the wings of God,
Showing that He is Truly and always Forever Present,
She just needs to look for him and ask for help.
The Lighthouse in the distance was the beacon of guiding light to find her,
In her desperation,
And for the women to find her.



I did this Painting for a dear friend's church group "Single mothers in abusive situations." But they are not just mothers now. They're single warrior mothers who are helping others.



Not Your Run-of-the-Mill Superhero

By The Apprentice

Harry Sullivan, the produce clerk at Safeway,
Was not your run-of-the-mill Superhero.
In fact, if he'd auditioned for a Superhero role
He would have been laughed off stage, so short
And wizened he was, perhaps 5'5' in work boots
His wrinkled face a creased map of eternity
Folded and unfolded ten thousand times
Wearing chunky black framed glasses so he could just plain see
Needing hearing aids but claiming he heard
Everything he was meant to hear without them
Not quite ugly but oh so very close
Certainly no one would have mistaken
His work apron for a Superhero's cape
In every way, almost, an unexceptional man

Except
His iridescent blue eyes saw straight
Through my tough girl armor and
He heard the silent screams of the shattered
Eight year old striving to survive
In a horror house crammed with monsters
And in his quiet, fearless way, he rescued me.

Not a drop of blood was shed.
He didn't maim, annihilate, or expose
The demons who held me hostage
Yet so extraordinary was his power
They let him befriend, teach, guide me
And became softer themselves.

I walked the everyday hero's path with him
Until he slipped into eternity.
Learned how to see through others' armor,
How to hear their silent screams
Do what I could to help befriend, guide
And teach them to become everyday Superheroes
Like my Superhero, Harry Sullivan, taught me.

**That!; Birth and Renewal of a divorced woman**

By The Eagle has landed

It's a complete renewal
Of their hearts and minds and soul
That you don't see outwardly.
That makes a difference.
The beautiful outcoming of spirit
That got left behind
Finally to be free
To hope, dream and love again.
To live a life they choose
Not a life that was chosen for them.
Labelled and tarnished
For living a life
Exposing themselves and their true being.
But it is that.
That, that makes the difference.
The close they choose, the new apartment,
The palate they get to please
The mani and pedi with exciting colors.
The color of their hair,
The smile on their face,
That makes even a stranger know
There is a difference.
Changing their scent
Just a hint from their past,
Remembering the best that they were
And an intense pleasure
For the best that they are becoming now.
For the who they are becoming now.
Dreams, visions for a better lifestyle.
On, it's not imaginary
It's hope that puts that gleam in their eye,
That little twinkle that you see
When they smile.
It's hope that is thrust upon them
In an unforeseen circumstance
And their faith for that first step
Knowing they have been
Reborn again.
A freedom cleansing
Of their soul, spirit and mind.
Now get me that phone,
I have an appointment to make!



Superhero; The Superhero within myself

By The Light Within

Oh she's in there
Sparkling, gleaming with a smile on her face.
She's amazing!
Oh, she's had rough and tumbled times
And got back on her feet
To fight again.
The good and the evil they send upon her
Making her question her own self-worth
And the trust of others.
Are they good or are they bad,
She questions herself.
She thinks she could write a book
On all the happy endings she' seen
And she's positive
There will be more
Because the light shines within her
When she goes to the store



Moutnain Rover

By Victor F



Dog Moon

By Victor F





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