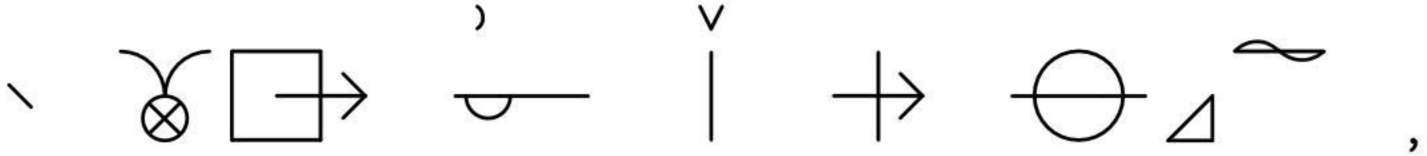
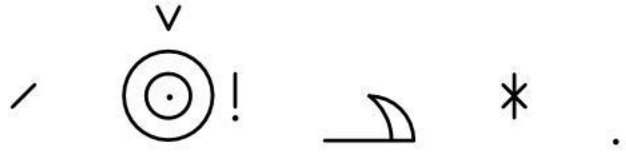
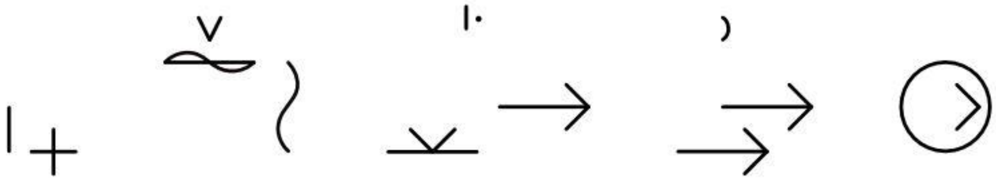
Poetry in Blissymbolics



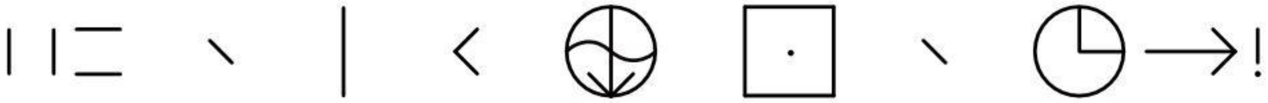
a jet shot straight through Venus ,



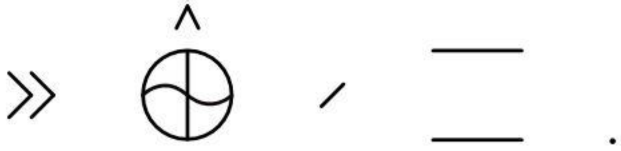
the bright evening star .



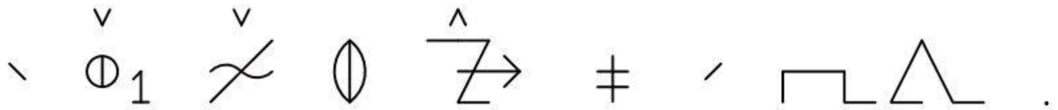
its smokey trail raced east



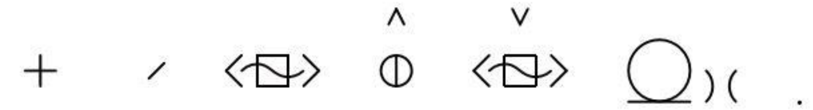
like a line of weather in a hurry



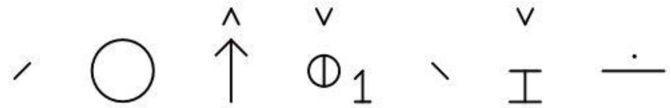
to change the world .



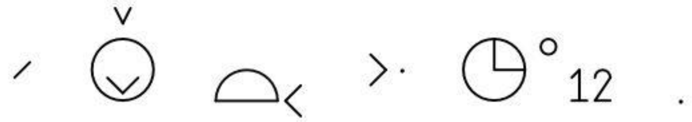
a single dry leaf drifts across the pavement .



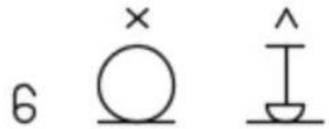
even (also) the cold is cold today .



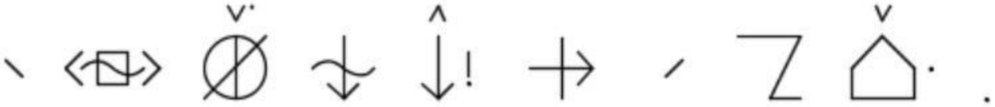
the sun rises only a little above



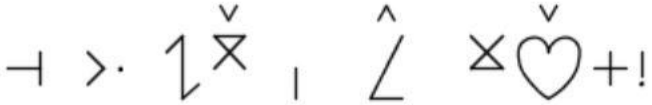
the southern horizon at noon .



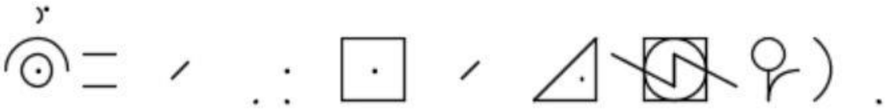
six days digging



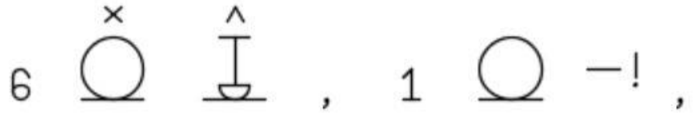
a cold dead rain falls through the air outside .



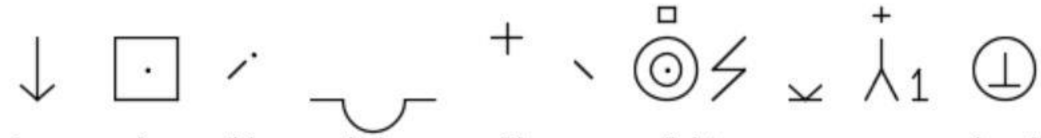
but at least it smells better



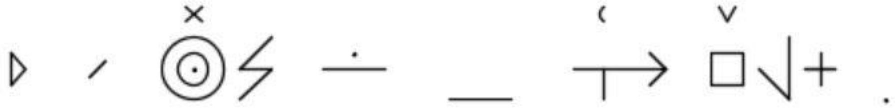
than the dust in the coal mine .



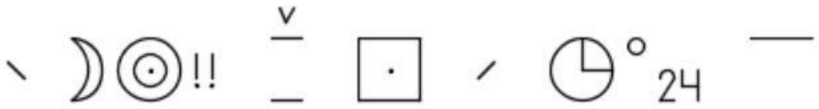
six days digging , one day not ,



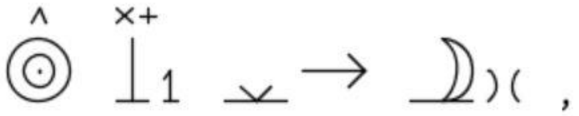
down in this hole with a light on my head



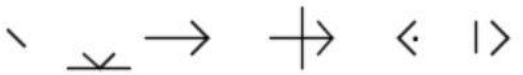
so the lights above ground will stay on .



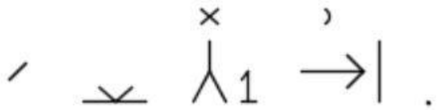
a super moon high in the midnight sky



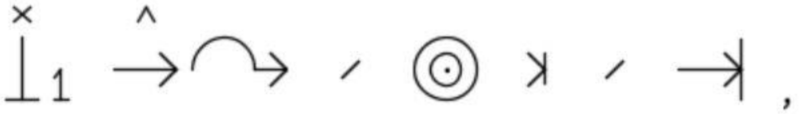
lights our way tonight ,



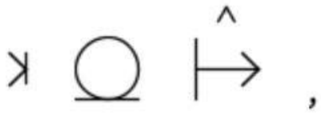
a path through or from



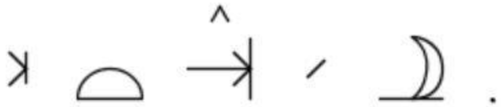
the place we came .



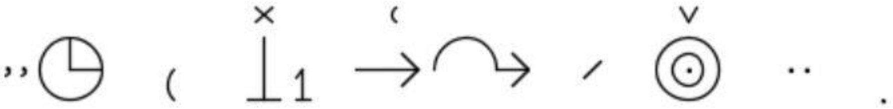
we follow the light till the end ,



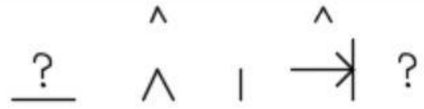
till day breaks ,



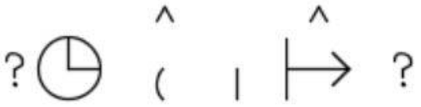
till dawn ends the night .



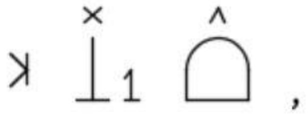
when then we will follow the light again .



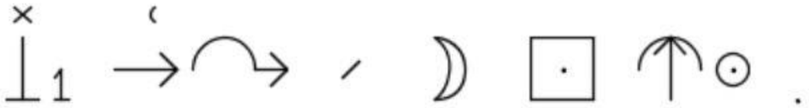
where does it end ?



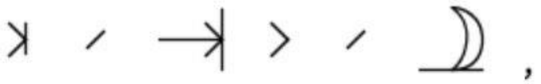
When will it start ?



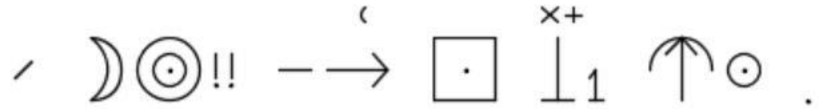
till we know ,



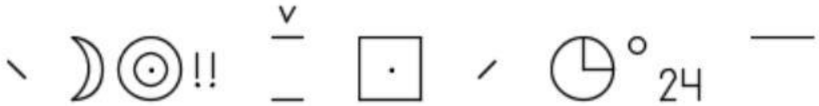
we will follow the moon in sight .



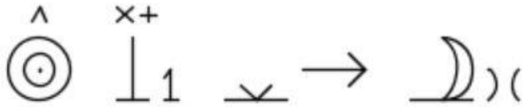
till the end of the night ,



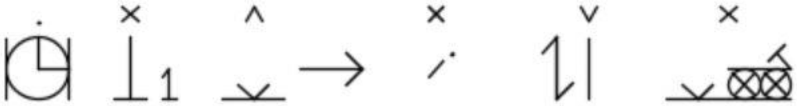
the super moon will stay in our sight .



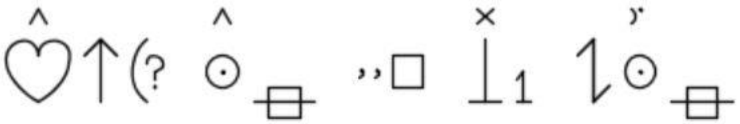
a super moon high in the midnight sky



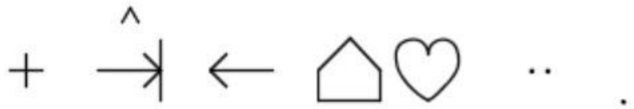
lights our way tonight



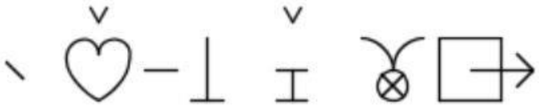
as we navigate these crooked roads



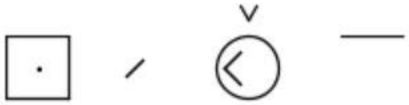
hoping to find what we have lost



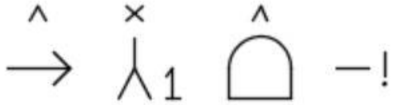
and arrive back home again .



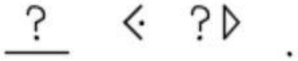
a lonely little jet



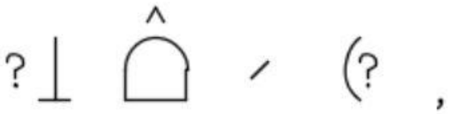
in the western sky



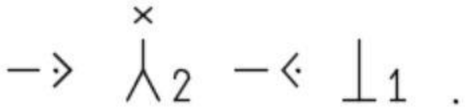
going we know not



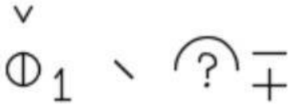
where or why .



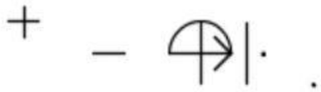
who knows the future ,



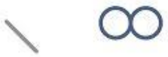
neither you nor I .



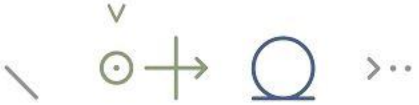
only a guess



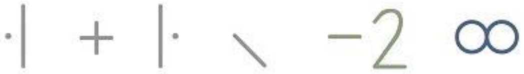
with no alibi .



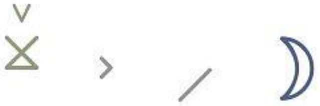
a kiss



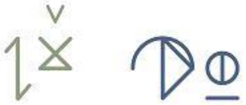
a clear day here



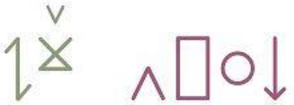
before and after a quiet kiss



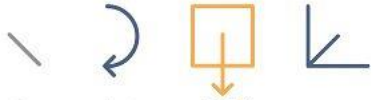
more of the moon



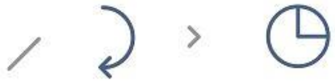
less science



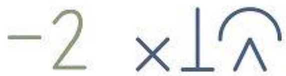
less tragedy



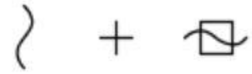
a turn out of space



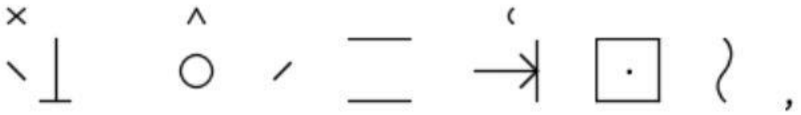
the turn of time



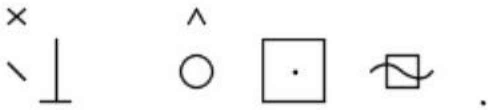
quiet people



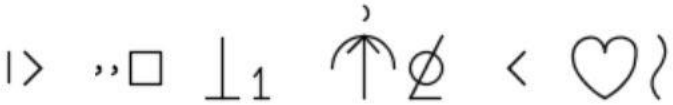
Fire and Ice



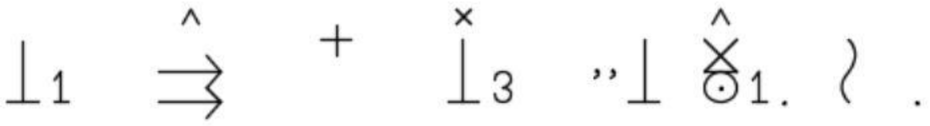
some (people) say the world will end in fire ,



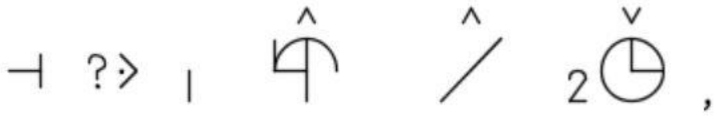
some (people) say in ice .



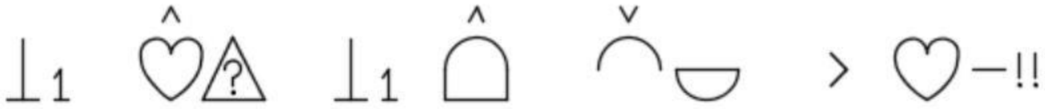
from what I have tasted of desire



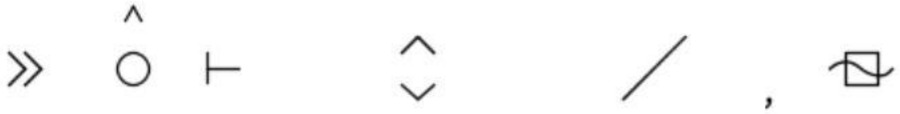
I hold (agree) with those (they) who favour fire .



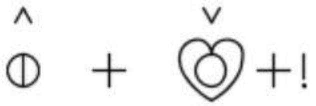
but if it had (must) to perish twice ,



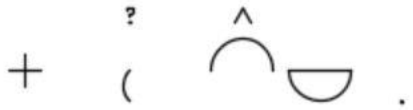
I think (believe) I know enough (sufficient) of hate



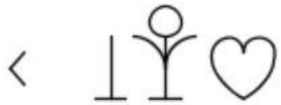
to (for) say that for (in exchange for) destruction , ice



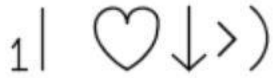
is also great



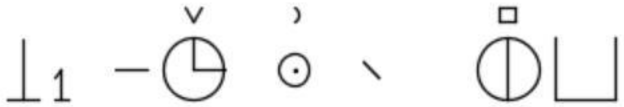
and would suffice .



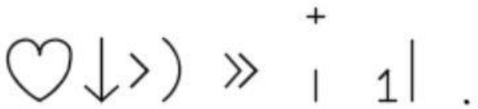
by poet, Robert Frost



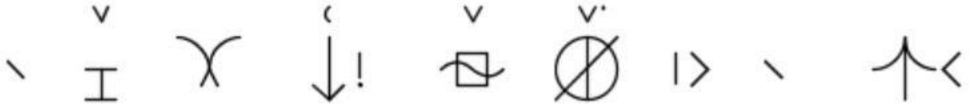
Self Pity



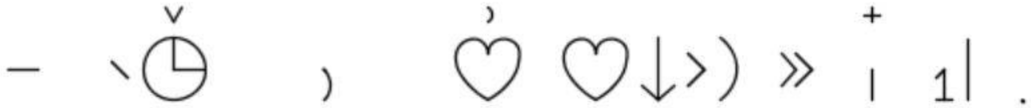
I never saw a wild thing (creature)



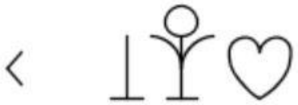
sorry for its self .



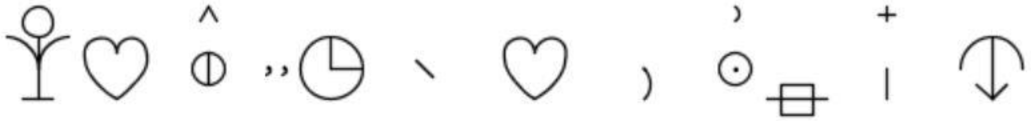
a small bird will drop frozen dead from a bough (branch)



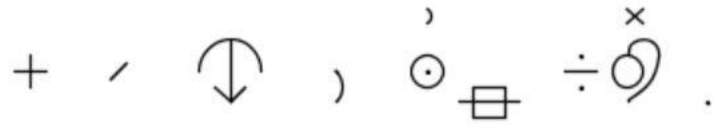
without ever having (past) felt sorry for its self .



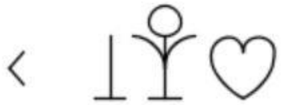
by poet, D H Lawerence



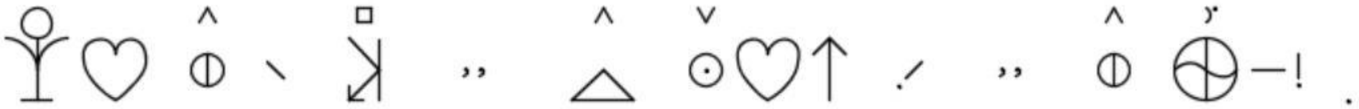
poetry is when an emotion has found its thought



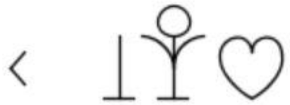
and the thought has found words .



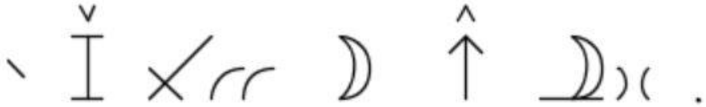
by poet, Robert Frost



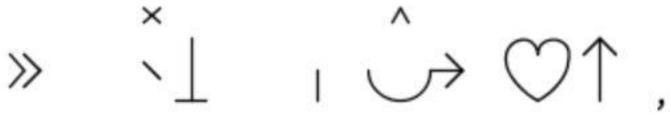
poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted .



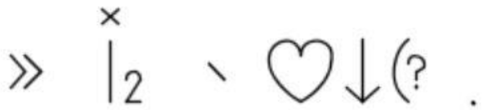
by poet, Percy Shelley



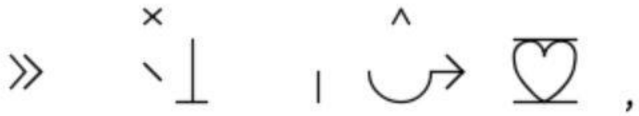
a big harvest moon rises tonight .



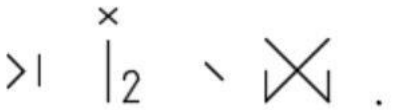
for some (people) it brings joy ,



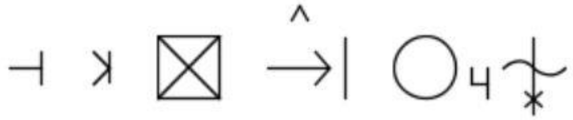
for others a fright .



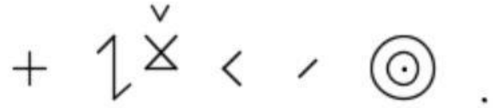
for some (people) it brings peace ,



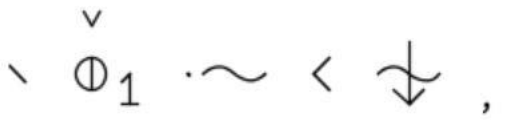
to others a fight .



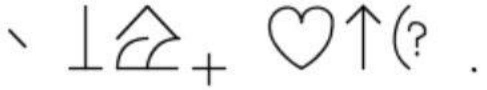
but to all comes winter



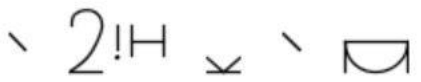
and less of the light .



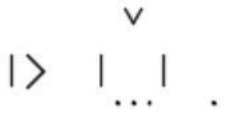
a single drop of rain ,



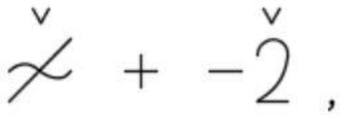
a farmer's hope .



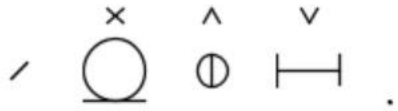
a tap on a drum



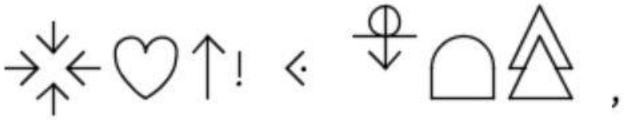
from afar .



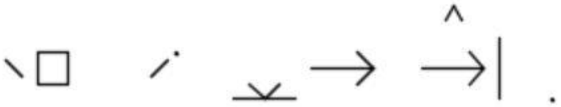
dry and silent ,



the days are long .



revelry or revelation ,



something this way comes .