

SELECTED POETRY

DANIEL BARSHAY

No horror can
compare to the
naked reflection
of our own
animal need

**Time becomes
ever more sweet
the less we have of it.**

SIN

**SPURS
REMORSE
BY WHAT
FROM**

SIN

DOETH LEAD

*one lover
to another -*

*You
threaten me
with your
own pain.*

**The now
is all
anyone
could
ask for.**

**kids &
old folk
crave
routine**