

THE NEXT STEP

into the future

chapter eight

6/95 to 11/02

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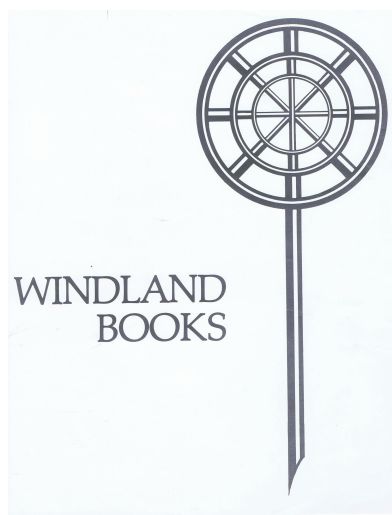
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WINDLAND
BOOKS



for Joel and Julia

*More gifts from Heaven,
more life that brings me closer to you.*



THE COLLECTION

The Next Step
The Walk
The First Dream
Meeting Freeland
Paula
Slap In The Face
Touch The Moon
The Principle
A Whisper
Now I Am Barely Able To See The Pieces
Forever Changing
Several Faces Of The Earth
I Still Dream About You
I've Got To Find Your Voice
It Doesn't Make Any Sense
You Make Loving You So Hard
Blue Eyes Have Reached So Deep
I Would
A Diamond Still
A Walk In The Clouds
A Butterfly Dream
White Night Falling
Who Rules Who
I'll
I Am More
Julia
We Don't Kiss No More
Josh
Day
Does One Day Matter
Since I've Cried
Sitting
Hole In My Heart
I Took One
The Wall
How One Forgets



WINDLAND
BOOKS

*Understanding
One Or Two Men
Flying
A Long Journey
A Final Step*



WINDLAND
BOOKS

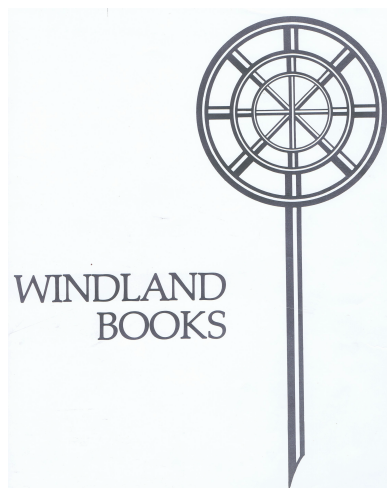
THE NEXT STEP

*The next step
into the future
is an uncertain one.*

*Confronted by a veil
not opened so easily
we struggle forward.*

*Peeling one layer
at a time
unraveling the complex
truths and lies
that each of us
have woven together.*

*The first time
we pretended that
it was not us who
took the last cookie
from the cookie jar.*

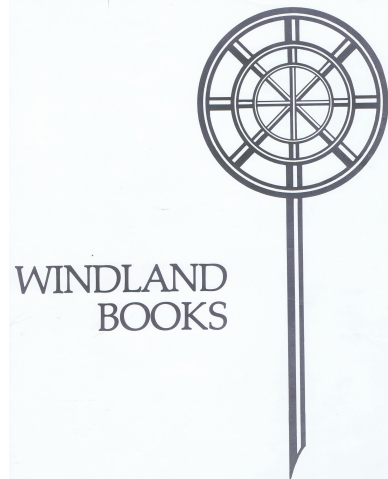


THE WALK

*Take the first step
forward and beware
of the thorns hidden
in the thick grass.*

*Barefoot,
we are most vulnerable
and most sensitive
to the pain,
when our unprotected skin
comes into contact
with the first thorn
that is felt.*

*Slowly over time
we develop the many
layers of protection
that keeps us
from being hurt
as we take
each new step
with less caution
than the last.*



THE FIRST DREAM

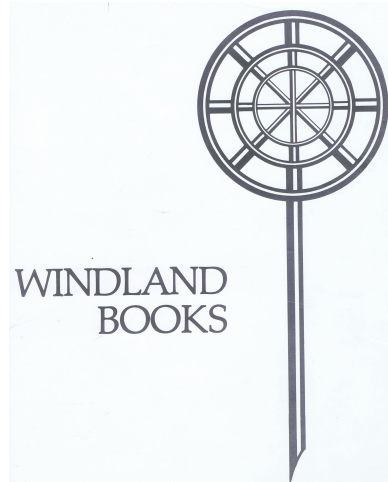
*You
lying so peacefully
across my chest
lifting your delicate
eyes up to see me.*

*Your eyes study
the image
that appears before you.*

*What do you see
what are you thinking,
feeling, trying to understand
about that new world
which is around you.*

*What is it that you dream
when you close your eyes
and fall to sleep in my arms.
I wish I could understand
that which you are feeling,
what images that
appear before you ,
they must be wonderful.*

*And then I am afraid
of all that you will learn
and how all the new things
that you see and feel will
change the peace
that must be within you.*

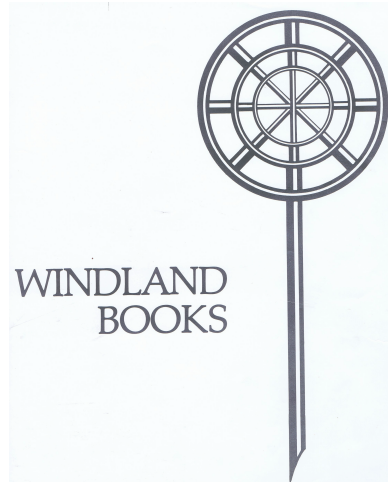


MEETING FREELAND

*The smell of fresh cut grass as
we sat, feeling the coolness
of the air around us.
On that early autumn day
sitting and talking to you,
I was changed forever
by the sparkle in your eyes.*

*I am not sure if I heard
a word that you spoke to me
that first time together.
I am sure however that your life force
had so overwhelmed me
that I needed to be near you.
I am sure that I continued
to dream about you
even when the days had grown shorter.*

*Even today when I sit down
in a field of fresh cut grass
I can still remember that day
and the sparkle in your eyes.*



PAULA

*I'm not sure why
but the cold chill
of the morning
had no effect on me.*

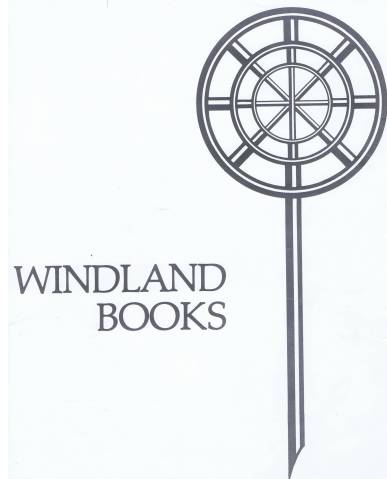
*Not even the threat of those who
could stop me from being
there to see you,
kept me away.*

*One rap of my hand
on the cold glass
and you were there,
one waking moment
so early in the cold
winter morning.*

*I have never felt that desire again
I have not felt the passion
to reach for anyone else
in the night as I had felt for you.*

*I do not believe I will ever again
feel the desire to conquer the fear
as I did each night to see you
as I turned my back on the pressure
or the feeling to stay away.*

*I am starving for you
I am lost without you
I am left with fragments of you
I am missing your very essence.*



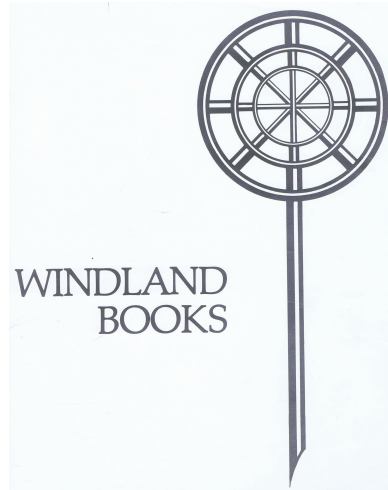
SLAP IN THE FACE

*I've taken one last look
at your picture.
I've taken one last breath
for the night,*

*I have not felt
that we have settled
the feelings that are around
us each night.*

*I have not separated you from me.
I have not identified what it is
that you want from me.*

*I have not satisfied
those feelings that are left undecided,
unattended do they mean anything.
As if you noticed them at all.*

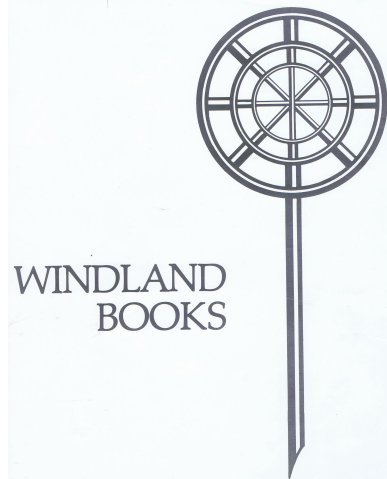


TOUCH THE MOON

*Once I lifted you
and you touched the ceiling,
your eyes lit up when you became
higher than me.
You laughed
when you felt yourself falling,
as I lowered you,
yet still safe in my hands.*

*Once I lifted you
after falling,
your wobbly knees could barely
keep you up from falling.
You cried for a moment
and again you felt safe
when I picked you up in my hands.*

*Once I lifted you
and you saw the moon above.
You lit up as you tried to reach it.
You could not take your eyes
from the brightly lit object,
and then I saw the disappointment
in your eyes when
you could not touch the moon.*



THE PRINCIPLE

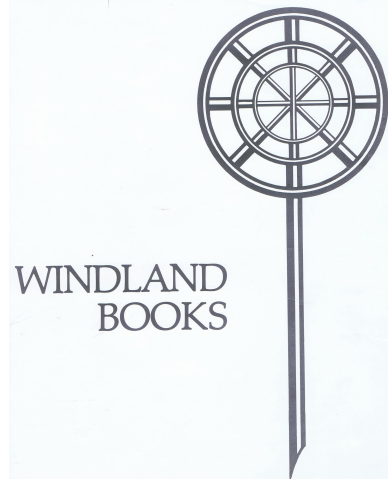
*Looking forward to
being there,
to reach for the light,
have you begun
to completed the quest.*

*Looking for the uncertain
changes in the way
the light appears to you,
reaching thru your soul
are you ready.*

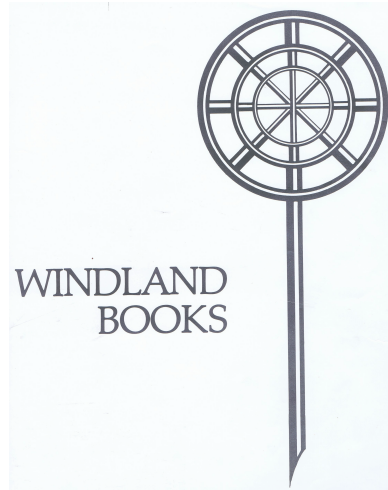
*Looking for the answer
to your question,
have you satisfied
all your feelings
from the past.*

*Looking forward to
completing this life,
have you proven
the worth of your love
to them all.*

*Looking to complete
the final steps,
you must leave not
one soul untouched,
not one love denied.*



*Looking to move forward
have you touched
onto the basic principal,
the act of being
apart of all there is.*



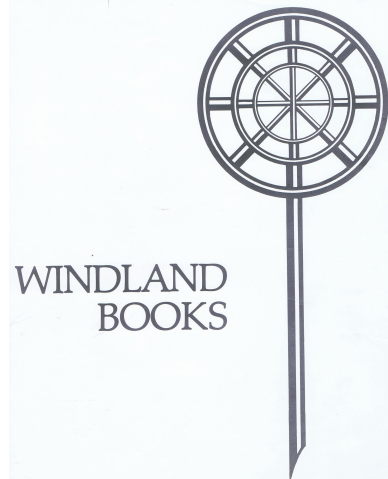
A WHISPER

*I want to be remembered as
someone who tried
to care for all
those he loved*

*I want to be
remembered as
someone who was there
when needed,
by a friend.*

*I want to be remembered
as the one who loved you,
you more than any other.*

*I don't want to be someone
of whose name is unspoken
or a name that is whispered
into the night.*



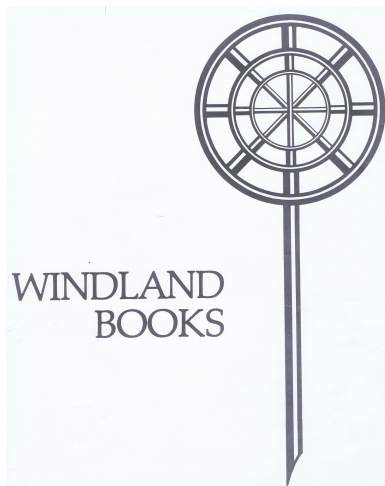
NOW I AM BARELY ABLE TO SEE THE PIECES

*There was a time,
when I could take a piece of a tree,
something raw
and change it to be a part of me.
The ability to bring out a piece of creation,
as if God had touched a part
of the very essence of man
and used my hands to create
another part of you.*

*As God is a part of the one,
the life that had been brought forth
and all the life force
that joined each part of us,
it was our own image that was created.*

*There was once a desire
to shape the world,
the very tools
that were gained,
the life I had lived.
The tools of good and evil,
those that were passed to me.*

*I had to decide which was the correct choice,
which one would bring the most life.
It did not take much effort
to create images that touched the heart
or create images that could fool
the light hearted into believing
they were following the correct path.*



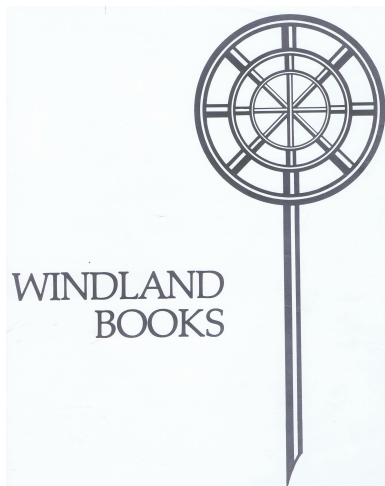
*Now it seemed,
that all the tools in the world,
have shaped me instead,
as I sit and watch life go by.*

*it may not be just me,
that makes the images,
that each of us love.
It may not be the reason
for bringing the ideas of life forward.*

*The strangest thing happened
when I watched the role you played.
The one scene that stole the very heart of me.
I could feel that you wanted me to create
an escape from your world,
a way out from the very place you were,
a place you did not want to be.*

*Other lives began to confuse you
and your eyes since became confused.
The very lives that were guiding you,
soon began to confuse the purity of your heart
and you could no longer see
the opportunity that was before you.*

*You become separated from the one,
the person that had the tools to help you.
Yet your change of the vision,
the one true idea that God had given you
had become distorted
because you could no longer see the man there.*



FOREVER CHANGING

*Some things are not meant to last forever,
though each night I try to make them so.
even the lantern that lights the way
can be put out by the wind that blows.*

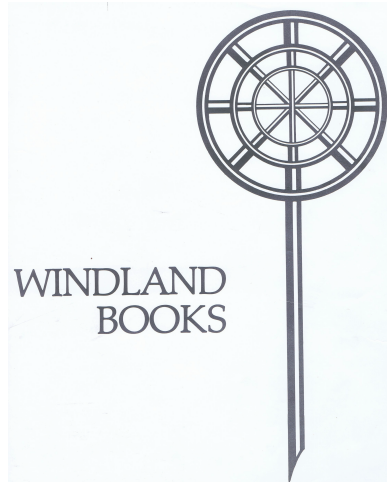
*A storm is coming
it will bring more changes to the air
and how we see the world,
it makes us see the despair.*

*Some things are not meant to last forever,
even the bright colors of a flower
or the crisp leaves of a tree
have there end in the darkest hour.*

*The tide has risen
and washes away another piece of sand,
one place were man has stepped
leaving an impression in the land.*

*Some things don't last forever,
even upon the earth
with its ever changing face,
there is a rebirth.*

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SEVERAL FACES OF THE EARTH

*Like so many rooms,
we have each taken
one for the night..*

*Like so many faces,
we have each taken
one to hide behind.*

*Like so many trees,
each proving to be unique
in the appearance they give.*

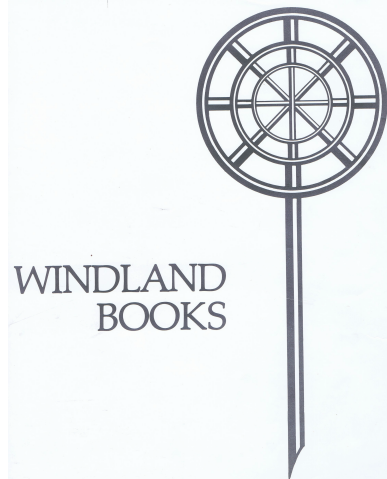
*Like so many places,
each having its own
feel for life.*

*Like so many pieces,
each required to be
part of the final puzzle.*

*Like so many places,
god has given us
a time to be.*

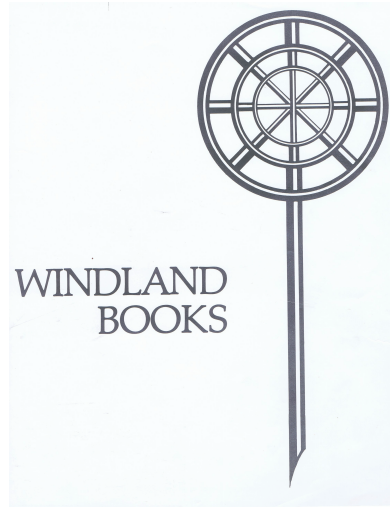
*Like so many feelings,
each an important part
of who we are.*

*Like so many dreams,
each reaching out
to teach us.*



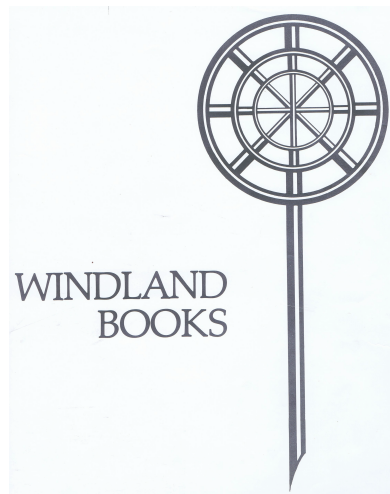
*Like so many faces,
each holds a part
different from the other.*

*Like so many choices,
once made
we cannot change them.*



I STILL DREAM ABOUT YOU

*It's hard for me to admit
that you can still
change the way I feel,
but just last night there you were,
moving my emotions, moving close to me.
I did not ask for you to be there,
I did not summon you,
I did not even plan to see you,
but there you were, last night,
telling me how far away you would be,
as if you were not already
far enough away from my heart..*

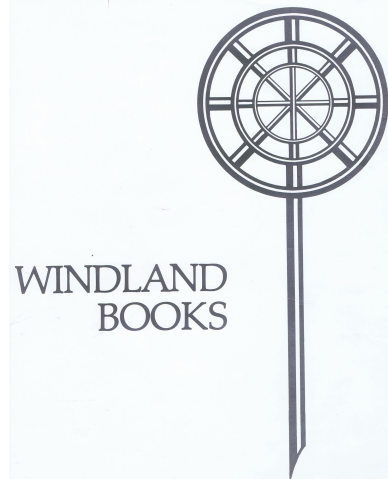


I'VE GOT TO FIND YOUR VOICE

*There you were,
just another part of my dream,
in a place where ideas begin
and as I felt your love
just for that moment
and everything you said
became so important,
so many feelings expressed
from hearts long broken.*

*There I saw
your face so clearly,
I could not
take my eyes from you,
it seemed
that time meant nothing,
there was the past,
the present
and the possibility of a future.*

*There I could not
hear a word you said,
as I tried to listen
for the sound of your voice,
I could not
hear a note, a tone,
but I understood
only what you wanted,
and I am torn longing to hear,
that which I once knew,
now I've got to find your voice.*



IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE

*It doesn't make any sense
but I am reaching in
trying to find all the many pieces,
parts of a winters wind.*

*But what do they say
about me today,
it doesn't matter because
I am not going their way.*

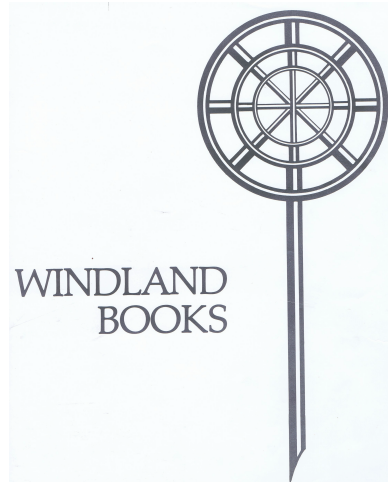
*People are trying to tell me
that this is the way to go,
but if it is then why do I hurt so.*

*It doesn't make any sense
but today I am changing
the way I feel about you, about me,
about the world rearranging.*

*But what they say
about the new world order
has me separated, segregated
and feeling so much older.*

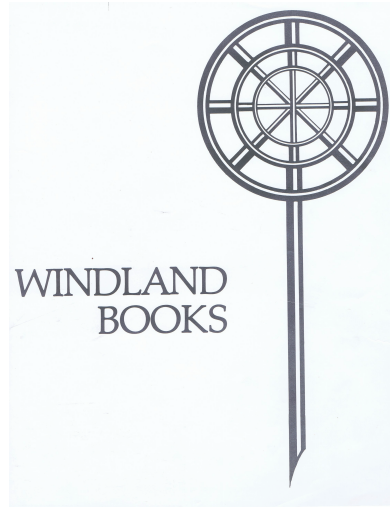
*People are trying to tell me
that this is the way to go,
but if it is, then why do I hate so.*

*It doesn't make any sense,
but here we are living,
everyone else is around us
taking, not giving.*



*But what do they say
about the love that flounders,
they still believe the world is flat
but I see the world much rounder.*

*People are trying to tell me
that this the way to go,
but if it is, then why do I hide so.*



YOU MAKE LOVING YOU SO HARD

*You make loving you so hard,
for once I would like to be*

*the one that is invited
not the one asking you to come.*

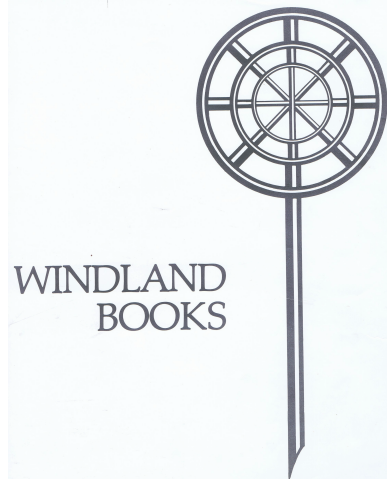
*Back to the age of innocence
a time when you would do
anything for my love.*

*I am tired of trying to show you
how much I care
and all you do is change
the way you part your hair.*

*You will not let go
of all the pain inside
instead you use it
as an excuse to hide.*

*I have done all I can to
help you find your innerself,
but each time I think we've won
you change your outerself.*

*There is a time to quit the quest
when your heart is not there,
but what is there left to do
when the path leads you nowhere.*



BLUE EYES HAVE REACHED SO DEEP

*He sat there
and watched her image before him
and he felt the need to be there
twenty years before.*

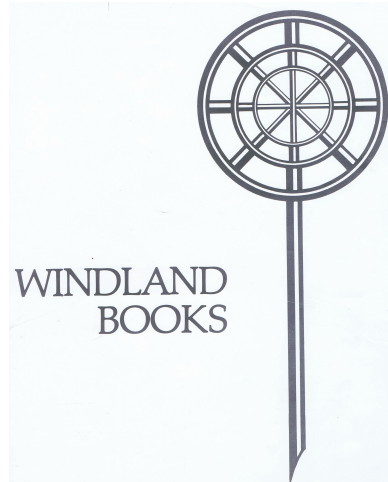
*This is not about him,
this has nothing to do with
the lights he see's
in his dreams.*

*This has nothing
to do with the mistakes
he may have made,
nothing to do with the
hurt he feels inside.*

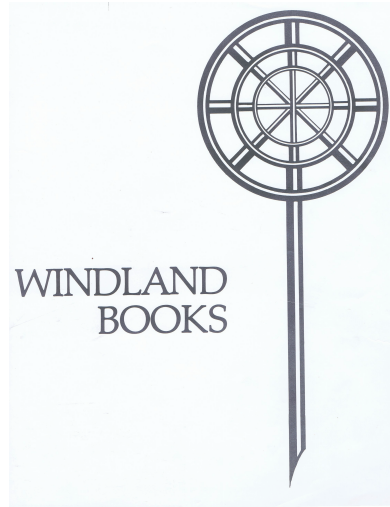
*He sits there
and watches all and everything
that has past him
along the way.*

*He has search
long and hard for the answers,
he has search long and hard
for the meaning to why
he left her.*

*There is nothing left
but the pictures that have
carried him to today,
nothing more left than a love
that slipped away.*



*The colors have faded
and the pictures have
become out of reach
and the blue eyes
have reached so deep.
There is nothing more
that he can do,
to bring back, eyes so blue.*



I WOULD

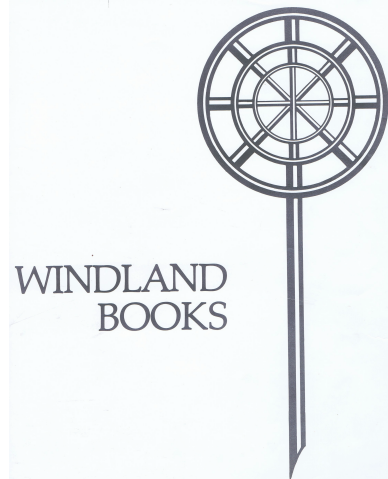
*I would just as soon
name all the stars
in the nights sky,
then I would ask for you
to see me one more time.*

*I would just as soon
stand at the edge of a cliff
on the brightest day
for fear that I might fall,
than lose your love this way.*

*I would just as soon
let go of the rope that
holds me from falling,
then let you push me
into doing the things
I know will keep me
further from you.*

*I would just as soon take away
the rights of the dream
that keeps my heart beating,
then let anyone taste
the essence that flows
from the love we share.*

*I would just as soon
give all that I have to give,
then to let someone else
hold and make you feel
the love the way I want to.*



A DIAMOND STILL

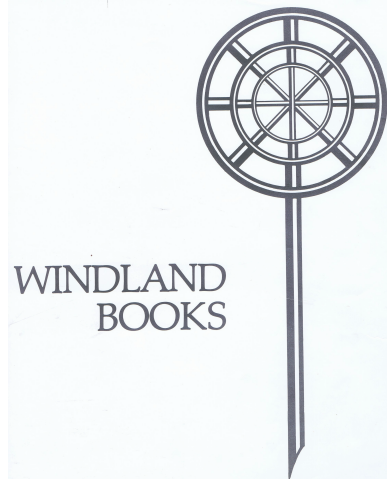
*One time,
he reached for a piece of a heart
of someone so gentle,
it was cleverly hidden
amongst the truths
that surrounds it.*

*One time,
there was a moment shared,
by two friends
who so cleverly disguised
the events
that surrounded it.*

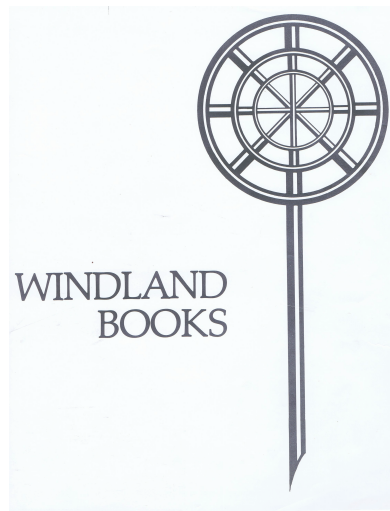
*One time,
not to long ago
their paths had crossed,
there was a rush of feelings
they were afraid to explore.*

*One time,
they reached into the past,
and was reminded
of the need for the truth,
while looking for answers.*

*One time,
not so long ago,
there was a gift given.
its strength was as hard
as a diamond.*



*One time,
the beauty of the gift
was taken away
and the heart became unforgiving
and lost its ability to love again.*



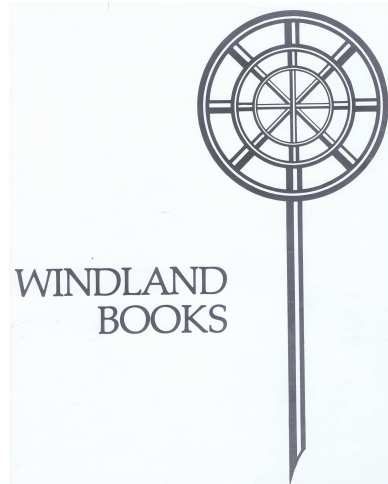
A WALK IN THE CLOUDS

*The edge appears more fragile
than the center,
its bottom appears flat
while the top reaches upward.*

*The edges flow like a wave
while the center creates slopes,
well rounded piles, soft textures
smooth to the touch.*

*The edge appears to be
the first step upward
and looks as if I were to fall in,
it would catch me.*

*Trees, life looks for their arrival,
bringing on the shade, moisture,
the protection they give
to keep us alive and not wilting away.*



A BUTTERFLY DREAM

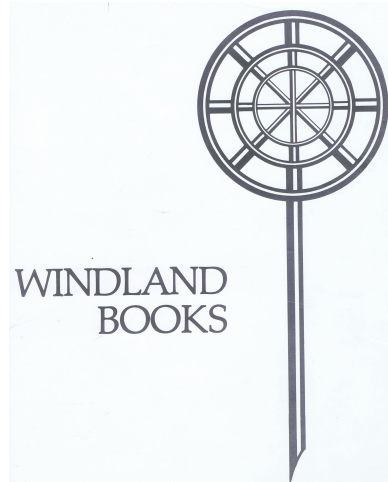
*There lying on the cold concrete walkway,
lies the death of change,
death of color and imagination,
death and a re-birth.*

*There, no longer moving
is a life who once
had the chance to change
from one being to another,
a change that would eventually
bring it to its end.*

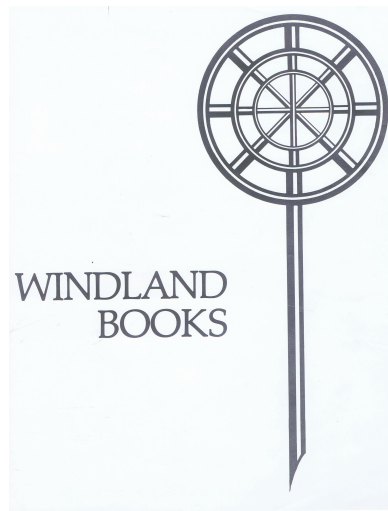
*There was once a time
when flying from flower to flower,
was the activity of the day
and the flicker of a wing
could send this being
that was lighter than air
into the sky.*

*There was a time
when I could remember fields all around me,
no concrete to cover the paths I walked
and so many black and yellow winged creators
flying about in my front yard.*

*There was once a time,
when I could stop and look around,
looking for that one life,
that one innocent moment of the past,
that I could steal away.*



*But today ,
when I stopped and looked,
at the one butterfly lying lifeless
on the concrete sidewalk.
I began to wonder just how things have changed
and how I have changed
and why I no longer seem to see
the beauty of a living butterfly.*



WHITE NIGHT FALLING

*Speckles of white, falling like slush
on my dark blue jacket.*

*A cold winters air, blowing,
me as I walk in my summer shorts.*

*Six hours driving into the early morning,
stars falling into the darkness of the road ahead.*

*Glimmering dreams of the past,
snapshot images of hope.*

*A long drive down a lane bordered by trees,
leaves falling, blowing about.*

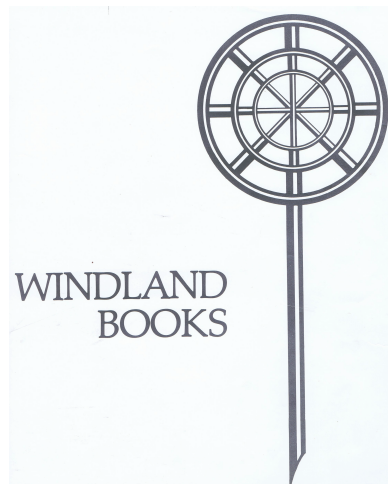
*The loss of a friend
and a bright new beginning for their soul.*

*Battles of will, the struggle for power,
the beating drums that signal a new day.*

*Another box of chocolates,
tempting the way,
what love does, when it is lost.*

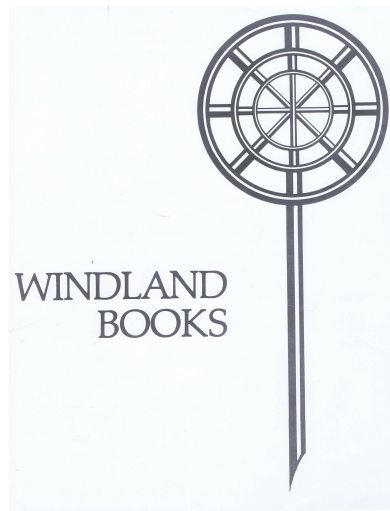
*Speckles of white, falling into my hand
melting as quickly, as if falling
onto a warm summers sand.*

*The hours traveled across a cold desert night,
the hypnotic trance of the road,
flashes of things from the passing lights.*



*Whispers, silent dreams remembered,
peoples faces lying about what they do not want,
kidding themselves again.*

*Reaching forever ahead,
far more valuable is the dream,
far more real is life, far reaching is the hope
and the answer to the dream.*



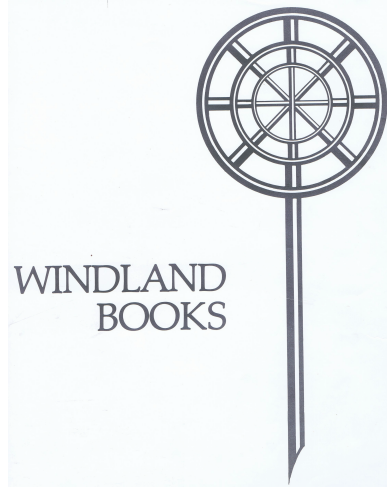
WHO RULES WHO

*If I were to ask
why you disagree
with all that I have to say.
Then who rules who.*

*If I were to show
you an opportunity
to move ahead and you don'.
Then who rules you.*

*If I were to point
you to the answer
even though you say
you already know it.
Then who rules you.*

*If I were to place
you in front of your future
only to have you refuse
to believe it.
Then who rules you.*



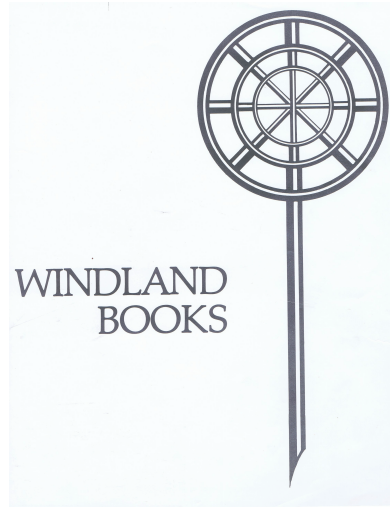
I'LL

*I'll be around for you
when you need someone to talk to.*

*I'll be around for you
whenever you need someone
to perform to.*

*I'll be there for you
even if now you
don't think you need me.*

*I'll be there for you
when the day comes
and you need to cry.*



I AM MORE

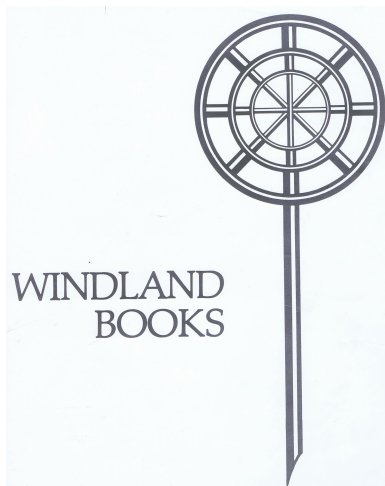
*I am up,
then down
five places in my heart
have left there own scares.*

*At times I am
running in place,
Then there are signs
that bring me in to
this place.*

*One moment I am five,
and the next sixteen,
Then I have to be seven,
twelve and fourteen
all over again.*

*Flying high above
I am looking for the way
seeing more than the road,
seeing things in a different way.*

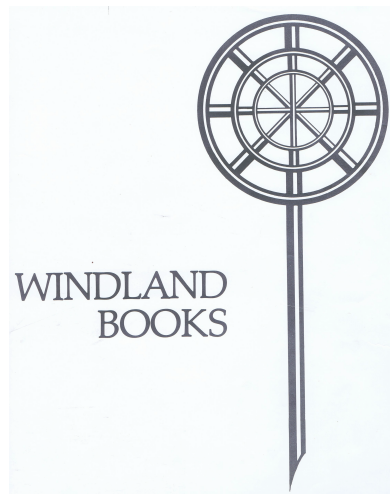
*I am more,
more than this,
more than all I miss
and all the love you bring to this.*



JULIA

*Your hair is so bright
it keeps
the sky lit
at night.*

*Your smile is so loving
and I love
the way
you keep hugging.*



WE DON'T KISS NO MORE

*We don't kiss no more,
lightning strikes the chord.*

*We walk forward to the light,
Fighting for our life.*

*We don't kiss no more,
we don't close the door.*

*We take what we can
we borrow from the land.*

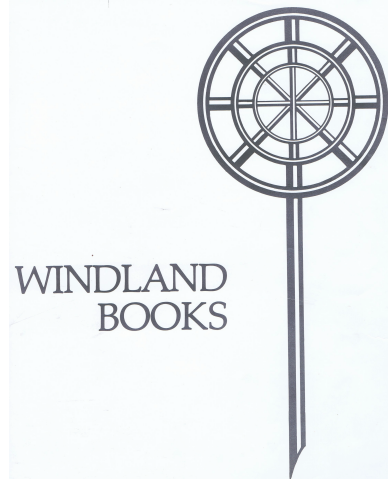
*We don't kiss no more,
we don't see the light behind the door.*

*But we take a piece of life,
we move to the night.*

*We don't kiss no more,
what are doing this for.*

*Is this all there is,
beyond the door.*

We don't kiss no more.



JOSH

*I want to tell you
what is in my heart.
I want to help you
find what is in yours.*

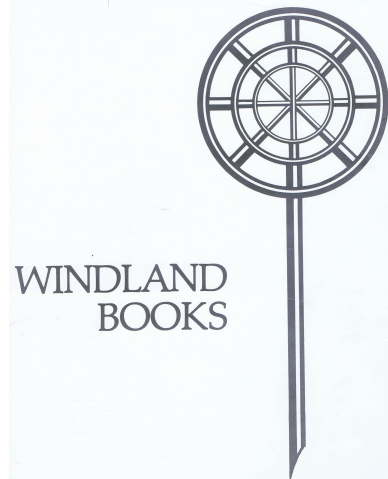
*I feel myself letting go
beyond all reason.
I want to hold you
like so many times before.*

*I don't understand you
much more than I do.
I don't understand me
when I scream so loud.*

*I want for you to know
that you are so much more.
I know that you have in you
love for everyone in the world.*

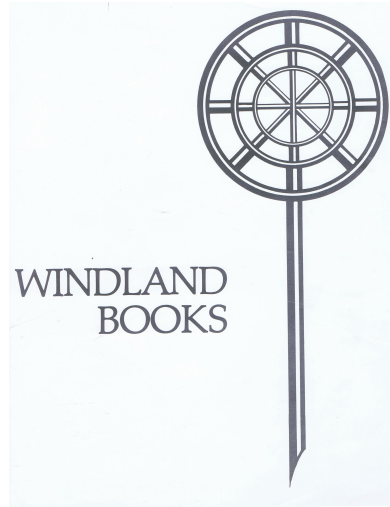
*I am sorry that
I cannot reach your heart.
I am sorry that you
cannot find mine.*

*I just want you
to find your dream.
I just want for you
all that I did not find for myself.*



*I wish that you could find
what's important to you.
I know that someday you
will be what you want to be.*

Dad



DAY

*The day,
means so much,
so little.*

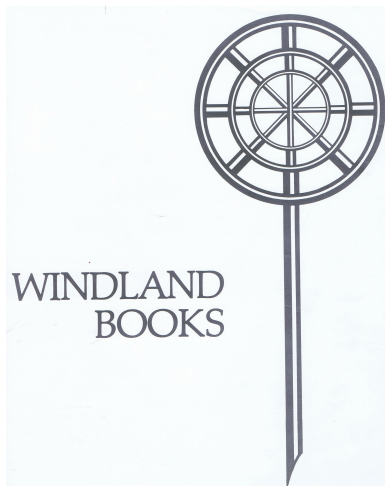
*Sometimes,
I see the day
and it means nothing.*

*Sometimes,
I see the day
and it means everything.*

*The last time
when I wrote
that day,
I realized where I was.*

*One day later
than yesterday,
three hundred sixty five days
farther, than I was today.*

*The day
means so much,
so little,
that I missed
the day I lost you.*

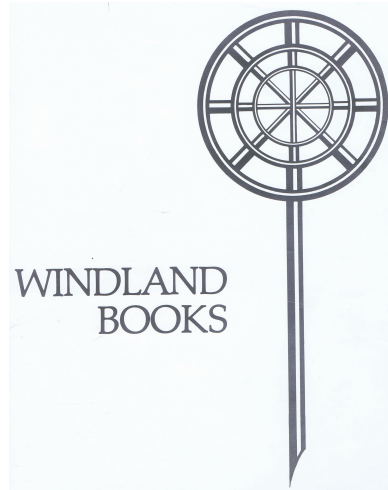


DOES ONE DAY MATTER

*One day,
there you were.
Walking through the room
leaving chaos behind
scattered pieces lying on the floor.*

*One day,
there seemed to be more.
So little patience
with the things
you have done,
the way you did them.*

*One day,
when you came again.
I could not control
the discomfort I felt.
I lost control
of myself,
of who I am.*



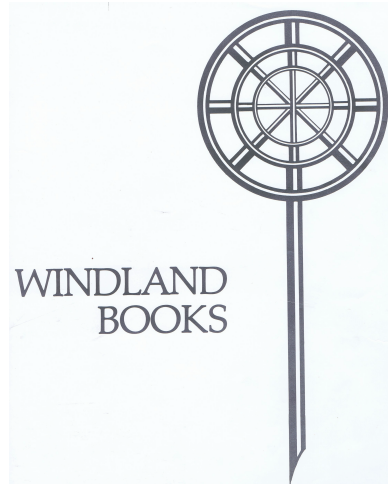
SINCE I'VE CRIED

*Twelve years have past
and the seasons of Fall
has changed the trees
from the color green
to the brightest orange, red, yellows
I have ever seen.*

*Twelve years have gone
and a key lost so many
Winters ago
has been found
in a dark corner of a room
no longer used.*

*Twelve years have left
every bright colored flower
is lost in comparison
to the beauty that
once sat in this chair.*

*Twelve year have come and gone
warm winds blow darkened clouds
and the skies cried
for the first time
as I did twelve years before.*



SITTING

*Sitting,
Watching through the window
small drops of rain
fall past me.*

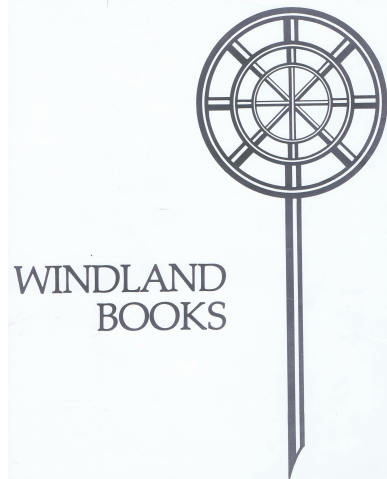
*Sitting,
wondering through the day
what you are thinking
about yourself
and where you are.*

*Sitting,
watching bits of sunlight
breaking through
and lighting little rainbows
in the rain.*

*Sitting,
wondering where the day
has led me
wondering where I could be know.*

*Sitting,
watching through the window
larger drops of rain
pouring past me.*

*Sitting,
Wondering why, when
I will see you
on the next rainy day.*



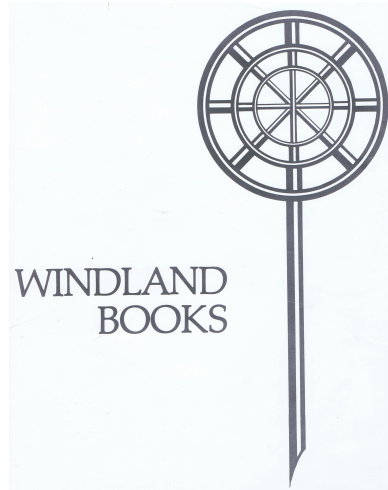
HOLE IN MY HEART

*All the love you bring
in this place,
has brightened
my expectation.*

*All the time you give
in this place,
has risen to
my expectation.*

*All the time you spent
in this place,
has given to
my expectation.*

*All the time you lived
in this place,
still there is a
hole in my heart.*



I TOOK ONE

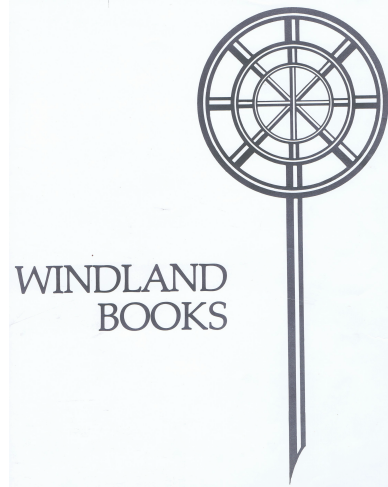
*I took one moment,
out of my life
and made a decision.*

*There has to be a point
when to make a decision
is every part of our life.*

*We can go on
believing that one moment
in time will be the critical one.*

*Do we make a decision
or must we
choose not to.*

*I took one moment,
out of my life
and made a decision.
will be the critical point.*



THE WALL

*I walked for a distance
to see if I knew you.
Or if I knew anyone
like you.*

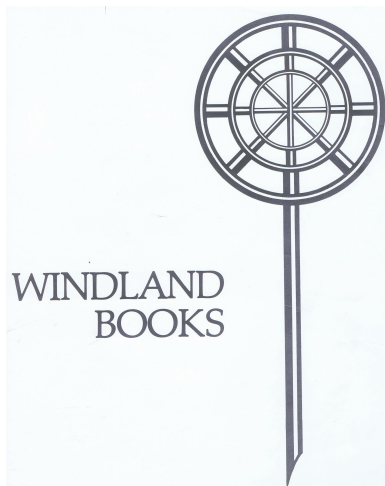
*I searched for a familiar name,
one like my own,
one that may have lost
their way home.*

*There was not one,
but two who seemed familiar,
five years separated them,
their journey to a place unknown to me.*

*Each of their journey's
began somewhere elsewhere,
at least in this generation,
not that of their ancestors.*

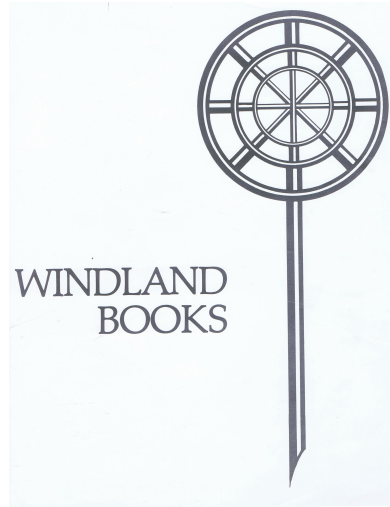
*I walk a distance,
farther to a place
where many souls rest
who traveled as they did.*

*I looked again,
for a trace of them
they are a part of me
and a part of the past.*



*There I found one,
amongst the hundreds of thousands,
of others who lost their time,
but left with honor.*

*There I said a grateful pray,
a farewell to one I never knew,
but one I shared a connection,
by name and heritage.*



HOW ONE FORGETS

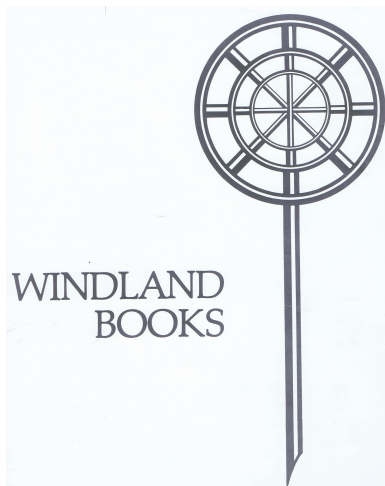
*I forgot how easy it is
to miss all those I love,
when traveling farther
then the corner store.*

*I search for familiar faces
when those that I love
are not reachable,
in the days I am gone.*

*I listen for familiar sounds,
those like children playing
and asking questions
about their world and why
it is the way it is.*

*I miss the banter
or call it a test of wills,
my oldest son poses to me,
my other sons and daughters
test me each day as well.*

*I am looking forward
to my trip home
to be with the children I love.*



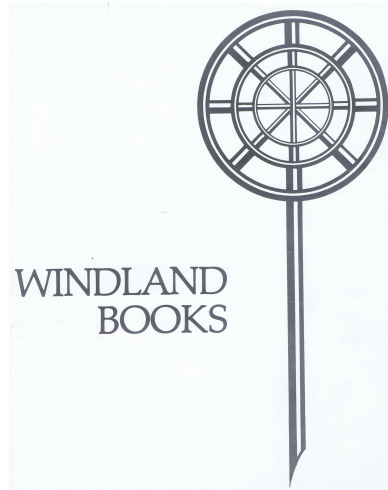
UNDERSTANDING

*In the airport, in a taxi,
on a bus or trolley,
even in the subway
I look for safety in faces unknown.*

*In all these places
I hear languages unknown to me,
I feel uncomfortable
in a way that I do not like.*

*What a world it would be,
if we could all understand
every language or know one.*

*That uneasy feeling
of not knowing who is talking
about who,
would go away.*



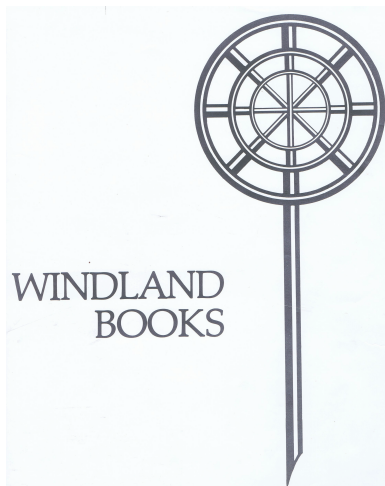
ONE OR TWO MEN

*I was walking down
a road I barely knew
and from behind me
I hear someone talking,
someone laughing.*

*I walked on farther down the road
I have not traveled before
and still I could hear
the conversation and the laughter.*

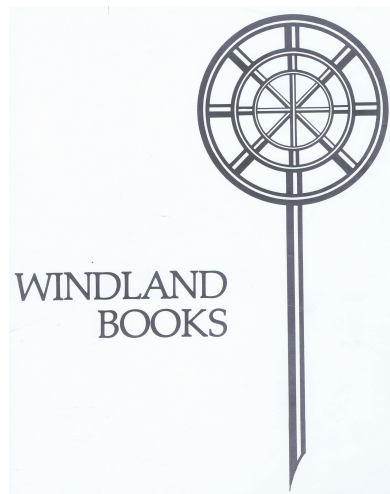
*I could sense from
how loud it was
that it was coming
closer behind me.*

*As I turned around to see
I realized that there
was not two people,
but one.*



FLYING

*Flying is not my strongest
method of transportation.
Yet I am willing to do
it this way,
then to waste hours and days
crossing the country by car.
Just so I can be home quicker
to be with you.*



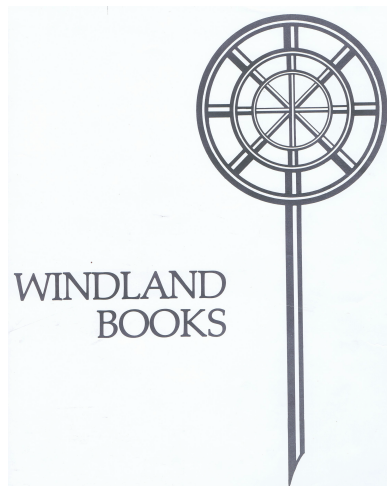
A LONG JOURNEY

*There have been journeys,
travels that men have taken.
Journey's that begin
with an idea to express passion.*

*There can be struggles
that men have faced.
Struggles that someone else
would never dare to do.*

*There has been this hope
from the men that decided.
Decisions for them, that for many
are risks they cannot take.*

*There will be more journeys,
more struggles,
more decisions,
where only a strong heart can go.*



A FINAL STEP

*There is almost a certain
taste to finding the end,
a certain feel
that it may be over.*

*There is almost a struggle
that must take place,
a certain look
that defines the end.*

*There is almost a place
that is reached,
a certain smell
that is unmistakable.*

*There is almost a final step
that is taken,
a certain taste
of lasting victory.*

