

Introduction

It's been said that a man must first move himself before he can move the hearts of others. In this diverse collection, Steven Manchester not only intends to capture the thoughts of his readers, but aspires to touch their souls as well.

As a follow up to his first two collections of poetry, *A Search For Inner-Peace* and *The Never-Ending Quest* (released under the pen name Steven Herberts), the author discovers that the joys of life are not found in answering life's great questions, but rather in asking. In essence, it is the journey that inspires the poetry within, not the idea of actually finishing the trip.

Throughout *In Layman Terms*, both verse and prose are unified in a hopeful theme and tone, while Manchester maintains his deliberately simplistic style of expression. He prefers that his readers search their mind and heart rather than being forced to dissect and analyze each poem's meaning. And undoubtedly, it is the human heart for which he aims.

Having drawn inspiration from family, friends and the kindness of strangers, for Steven Manchester, *In Layman Terms* proved to be a labor of love. One year from the very day he put pen to paper, the work was completed and dedicated to the woman he'd spent years dreaming of -- his love, Paula.

Acknowledgments

First and forever, Jesus Christ- my Lord and Savior.
With Him, all things are possible.

Paula- my love, who releases the poetry from my soul.
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Isabella, who share the best part of my heart.

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family.

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In no particular order:

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memory has failed...

My life has been richly blessed for having known each one of
you!

Captured Heart

Until you...

love was a long-abandoned fairytale;
an exhausted idea that lay panting
at the base of scar-tissue walls;
a treasure, lost to me forever.

We met...

and the legs of time turned young again,
as shared conversation chased home the moon;
dark eyes, a pair of fortuneteller's crystals,
sparkled with beauty; a goodness within.

We laughed...

and joy was that innocence known as a child,
tickled with whispers and hopes of one trust;
bandits, called kisses, removed all the air,
while rooms that were crowded still found us alone.

We loved...

and you were the miracle, sealing my fate;
dark clouds were scattered and sins disappeared;
when Me became We, and I became Us
and friends became lovers; a heaven on earth.

We learned...

love is the place that we dreamt of as home
where more stars are reached from a soul mate's embrace;
surrender, perhaps, is the true path to peace
when the woman you breathe for has captured your heart.

Mother Liberty

The twins were slain before her eyes
on the morn of 9-1-1
when a band of cowards struck them down
in a Kamikaze run.

The screams came from a nightmare.
The black smoke choked the sky.
The hopes and dreams they held within
were gone with one last cry.

But mother had been watching
where she stood on the shore.
As innocence crashed to its knees,
she heard it gasp, "To War!"

She'd always promised safety;
a better way of life.
"They thought they'd kill democracy
with cardboard cutting knives?"

While heroes sifted rubble
and thousands said good-bye,
she realized terror had not won --
her torch was still held high.

She gazed upon the skyline
where her twins once stood tall.
With pain and rage, she wailed aloud,
“You didn’t kill us all!”

In time the dust would settle.
She’d make the killers see:
The spirit of her children
was the reason they were free.

In the city some say never sleeps
evil chose its path
to taste the fruit of justice;
a grieving mother’s wrath.