

# The Island

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We wanted to share this with people who would understand the true meaning of this poem...it came from the heart, a lonely heart because peers don't understand Troy and his behavior. But he really wants them to be his friend.

My mind is a strange and massive island.

Its beaches pummeled by water in the morning and the night.

Its beaches constantly shifting.

It has a jungle with unique and special wildlife.

A volcano stands tall, easily visible, it sputters and shakes.

People fear the volcano so they never experience the beauty of the island.

Others pass it by on their cruises saying, "That's nice"

and forget about it when they get off the ship.

The island wishes it had no volcano, so that people would come.

From miles around people would come saying, "What a beautiful island!"

But it has a volcano and has had one since it burst from the sea.

And people are afraid or pass it by.

Not sure of the volcano that lurks in the middle of the island that is all alone.