



Dunkin watches the cyclists pass by during their climb over Clocktower Hill Tuesday.

photo by Ken Caruthers / staff



Chris Peterson pumps his fist while crossing the finish line in first place during the handcycling race on Wednesday.

photo by Ryan Smith / staff

People's Prose

by Samuel M. Giles II

This column provides a venue for people who wish to share their poetic works with others. Each week a selection of work by this writer and a selection submitted from a local writer shall be printed here. The opportunity to submit poetry is open to all people. People wishing to submit poems for consideration please send your poetry to samuelgls@yahoo.com.

A memory that would last.

I regret we did not feel,
Our passion's warm embrace.
In our eyes we knew it real,
You feared to fall from grace.

I regret not touching you,
Perhaps my heart you'd save.
I regret I saw not you,
As I sank in this grave.

Regrets

by Samuel M. Giles II

I look back on life and say,
Some things I do regret.
Thinking now as here I lay,
My fate eternal set.

I regret the day we met,
I did not laugh with you.
A space between us was set,
Though something blossomed new.

I regret I did not fight,
To catch your lovely eye.
I was a fool blind of sight,
For that my heart does cry.

I regret we never kissed,
Alone and worry free.
Chance to touch your lips I missed,
A chance I'll never see.

I regret we never sat,
In soft romantic glow.
Dinner we shall not be at,
We let that moment go.

I regret you never felt,
My arms around you tight.
Hold you close like tender felt,
And know your scent all night.

I regret you did not choose,
That moment from your past.
But that moment we did loose,

What Words Come From This Poet

by Samuel M. Giles II

What words come from this poet,
To catch your lovely eye?
What words come from this poet,
That tell you he must try?

What words come from this poet,
That speak of flowing hair?
What words come from this poet,
That cause your heart to care?

What words come from this poet,
That speak of form so true?
What words come from this poet,
That show desire for you?

What words come from this poet,
That catch your charm and grace?
What words come from this poet,
That match your gorgeous face?

What words come from this poet,
Could catch your beauty grand?
No words born of this poet,
Are great as your sweet hand.

The thoughts and opinions expressed here are solely those of the selected authors and do not reflect the opinion of this newspaper, any of its staff or its affiliates. Please send all comments to samuelgls@yahoo.com.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Rome Area History Museum is forming a history book club, with the first meeting being Tuesday at 6 p.m. Call 706-235-8051 for more information.

The Rome International Film Festival is accepting entries for the 2007 event, scheduled for Sept. 6-9 in Rome. For film submissions, go to www.withoutabox.com/login/3360 or visit the RIFF Web site at www.riff.tv. All entries should be shipped to Rome International Film Festival, c/o Rome Area Council for the Arts, 248 Broad St., Rome, GA 30161.