

## Autumn

*As leaves fall softly to the ground  
the silence is broken from my feet  
as they go through a path of bright yellows, reds  
and oranges  
a rainbow of leaves  
A shower of sunrays comes through a birch  
warming my soul with contentment  
a wren chirps to another  
as a lonely butterfly flutters by  
As I stop to breathe in the splendor  
of colors and silence  
I realize how fortunate I am in this life  
and what I have been given  
slowing inhaling the beauty of this season  
I remind myself of all the things  
I've taken for granted  
As I walk along this wondrous beauty  
I realize it will soon end  
Newborn snowflakes will fall  
replacing these colors with a virgin white  
I turn around for one last look  
that becomes a memory  
Soon it will be gone*

Cheryl L. Poole

## Any Good News (For B.C.)

*What do I need to do today?  
Is there any good news in the world today?  
Is there any ice on the highway today?  
Has the price of gas gone up today?*

*Was I impolite to you yesterday?  
Did I watch too much C-Span yesterday?  
What did I neglect yesterday  
that was still a day away?*

*And, oh, my dear sweet dying lord,  
what about tomorrow?*

Leigh McGuire

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## Double Delight

*Watch double delight Rose grow  
And you have watched a woman grow.  
As a dainty bud to a full bloom of beauty, so does she.  
Shades of red shows her fire,  
Pink, her playfulness,  
Yellow, her peace,  
White, her curiosity.  
With all the beauty of a rose, one can also feel her wrath.  
A prick reminds you treat her right.  
The fragrance of double delight intoxicates you.  
Like her sensual self.  
After the rose dries, its petals remind you of its beauty.  
Only to stay with you in joyful memory.*

Angelita Froid

## Song of Spring

*Sofly seeking spring has come alive.  
Moonlit blossoms touch the velvet sky.  
Crescent gardens blushing pink imply.  
Rustic splendor to my aspiring eye.*

*Springtime casts a picture of enchantment there.  
Among sweet gathered petals etched separately divine.  
Rustling bows accompany this silent starlit night.  
A blissful spell has sought its proper place in spring.*

Catherine Dotta

## Door Bell

*Always knowing where the clover  
with four sides hides, only  
accentuates the unbearable  
nature from which life sets  
its designs for man.*

*To be part of the unmistakable  
house; without closing a door  
bringing about a why should we  
crawl or kneel in search of an  
icon seen only in one's head?*

*Bending down to pick up such  
an item only reminds us of the  
age closer to death which  
rings its door bell; never  
to be heard in an empty house.*

Ferris E. Jones

## Silent Rain

*All at once they came  
No two quite the same  
A magic we've all known  
A beauty of their own.  
They bring a certain peace  
Though at times  
We wish they'd cease  
Never making a single sound  
As they gather all around.  
Sometimes they stay awhile  
And to children bring a smile  
Or simply disappear  
Never knowing they were here.  
Falling from the sky  
Until they gently lie  
Sparkling in the sun  
Turning into none.  
Silent rain, it came to me  
Something you must see,  
For they never make a sound  
Snowflakes floating to the  
ground.*

Debra A. Bebelak

# The Inquisition



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## nightmare

*i met a girl and tried to sketch her  
her name was universe—she was spectacular  
my hand got pulled into the pad of paper  
i kept drawing & got sucked in even further  
got lost like staring at the art of \Escher  
i reached up and tried to grab an answer  
but the canvas stretched & tightened like  
prison walls of a dungeon even deeper  
and i started seeing PAN's characters walking  
around everywhere  
Scared, i felt like a leper  
in the presence of PAN's violent laughter  
he kept blinding my eyes with watercolor  
the longer i was in this world i realized there  
were things i could alter  
i felt in control like i had some kind of special  
power  
things would change whenever i spoke or ges-  
tured  
stuff would disappear then reappear  
objects were replacing one another  
when a single object left, universe lost a little  
luster  
it seemed as if a copy of universe were being  
taken with it elsewhere  
stripped of her genius layer by layer  
i watched a mother give birth to a clone of  
herself and lay bare  
this is why mine is different than your future  
I awoke from fear*

Trever Crow

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## Hangin with Death

*Ever felt death looking over you? Looking around,  
taking someone you love? The piercing eyes of some-  
one who is not there?  
The touch, the smile, the arrogance your self put on  
display?*

*Have you ever enjoyed it? Looked back, smiled. In-  
vited him over? Straight missed his company? Ever  
got jealous? Wonder why you were left  
out.....reminded?*

*It's a thing of understanding, it's a thing of respect.  
Ya I get a little jealous sometimes.  
I miss that guy sometimes. I've seen him sooo many  
times. I knew he was there, I've looked him in the  
eyes. He let me go. I fell asleep in his arms. He let  
me go.*

*There ain't nothing like livin'. After you've been  
hangin' with death. Things smell better, they taste  
better.*

*There is the real artist. How else could we appreciate  
what we do have, until we dangle on the edge? How  
else could we walk the line? It's our pain that refines  
us, defines us.  
Turns us into who we really are. Therefore at least  
for me death will have a few props.*

Joshua German

## Lonesome Rose

*You have become a rose to me.  
A cherished petal of life to me.  
An innocent bloom amidst passions plea.  
I vow a sacred gift to thee  
Acknowledge this and you will be.  
The one to share each day with me.*

Catherine Dotta

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## Joy in Passing Rivers

*To all passing rivers  
a stone must fall.  
To go away, not looking back  
is very difficult to do.  
You have been my friend  
and my lover.  
In my loneliest moments  
you were there.  
To leave you now  
is very hard for me.  
Joy, not sadness  
is knowing you.  
But, as the stone falls  
I must go—for now.  
Someday to return to you  
my friend, my love.*

J.D. Littlewolf

## The Darkness

*Cry not for thy soul  
nor for thy pity.  
In containment the journeys  
travel obscures any such  
notion those evenings  
drenched with holes  
will ever be filled.  
The answers will always be  
safe.  
It is in the darkness  
that forced imagination  
becomes a trite cycle  
concluding in the behest  
of words  
Swimming  
to an island world  
where the faithful drown  
the fools behave  
and every one has a bong.*

Ferris E. Jones

## Kombucha Dowry

*the beginning of it is a name  
the little girl asks  
are they all like this  
must I be in love  
with a girl so terribly young  
and beautiful  
Carlos the photographer  
is still younger  
must I model for him  
the large German women  
speak in diminutives  
I feel a little disembodied  
I live in a desert city  
the wind howls coolly  
outside through the falling sun  
my plants are good  
my life is a happy mess  
full of failure, which  
canceling itself out makes  
a salad of small successes  
I tape if to the refrigerator  
the wind howls and howls  
it gladdens me  
I wonder who it's scaring  
who waits alone  
in the middle of the day  
waiting.  
embarrassed by some childhood  
memory with their  
pants down  
and toothpaste smeared across  
the mirror  
there are no rules anymore  
the police are ninnies  
the sages are the police  
only time falling  
unevenly.  
over everything  
50 years is nothing  
and I am already the most impor-  
tant prince  
with the biggest herd of yaks  
licking each other  
what is your dowry  
how can i please your father  
so that you too will know  
this wind  
this gorgeous howling wind*

Sarah Tomlinson



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