



red
lights

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half a worm
on a salad leaf --
desperation
enters my search
for the rest of it

Michael McClintock

red sun
on the horizon
reflecting off
knolls of sand
my desire to drink

Stephen McDonald

The ceramic vase
my daughter made
empty since Christmas --
it too waits
for spring flowers.

Winter solstice --
in wool coat and gloves
I prune the roses,
buds still perfect
after two hard frosts.

Dorothy McLaughlin

after you fall asleep
I keep the spring night
to myself
as if knowing
you'd dream me

Lenard D. Moore

In this frail boat
rowing between two firmaments:
Look up! Look down!
Feeling with naked awe
our infinite smallness.

Someone has sent
this bright pale turquoise sea
as a love thought . . .
shhhuhhhhshhhh, say the waves
to the shores of Dubrovnik.

H. F. Noyes

brought home
a found piece of fossil
whalebone
-- I wonder if it made music
I could have played along with

Brent Partridge