

October Rain

Geraldine Hogrefe

October rain falls slowly from a weary sky—
The soundless weeping of a woman whose despair
Is not relieved by tears. With whimpering care
The neighbors' pup crawls home and shakes himself to dry.
The empty streets reflect a pale half-light,
And puddles spread their gaping mouths across the yard.
The old house creaks and groans aloud—Its doors are barred.
I hear the soundless weeping of the rain at night.

Winter Fruit

Keith Shillington

I have walked in snow that lay bedridden in the orchard
Cleft and shadowed in the five o'clock sunlight,
And it creaked with the coldness, scuffing up into puffed prints.
I shivered with the coldness of the sound.
There in the fence corner the gray black trunk of the Duchess
tree
Shimmered in pink undertones
Rising from a mass of horseweed canes, missed by the snarling
mower,
And wild rose stalks crimsoned with summer's heat
Holding fruit balls high from the snow.
In the black net of the tree tops
The sun hung caught like an unplucked apple—
And fell