

Near Release

Keith Shillington

The rain and I were friends last night,
 When yesterday's smoke hung low in the west
 On tomorrow's lips, tinging their rouge to purple.
 Deep dipped the pink chrysanthemum,
 Tearing its ragged head on the sidewalk's edge,
 Crying its reflection into the jet puddles
 Under the street light's grin.

We both are tired today—
 The rain falling in a deep slumber
 From clouds which hang like sagging mattresses over chairs
 And crush the sun in their crevices.
 I stride from tie to tie down the curved gleam of the tracks
 And see the rusted hollyhocks
 In people's back yards
 Giving spasmodic birth up their stalks
 To red cart wheels.

I wish I were the rain.
 I would let gravity hang responsibility.

Escape

Helen Le Baron

The world is heavy. I am tired.
 Sweet peace, around me fold.
 The fabric of a broken dream
 Before my eyelids mold.
 Put it together in make-believe.
 My heart must be consoled.