

some night, maybe next year or maybe even tomorrow, darling,
you'll come for me and I'll be gone. Then I'll laugh and watch
you search for me.



Lament

Phyllis Wendt

The walls are close and the ceilings low that hold the voices.
Sad words filter through the door jambs,
Mourning a young sinner.

The screen door squeaks, but doesn't slam,
And a form disappears down the coral rock road
Toward the tall grass and the trees where the wind sings through.

Has anyone seen a lost soul
Wandering around in its bare feet?

