

Phone Calls

Words ring with earth pulse:
Shades of cinnamon and pine,
April sunshowers.

Words ooze with blankness:
Beige bland and pale, carrying
Hints of Listerine.

Words flash emotions:
Anguished orange, brooding black,
Ozone-rich azure.

Clara C. Wood

The End

Dreams dissolving, desolation deepening,
The island shores receding.
Green diminishing, the creatures run blindly
Until there's no place left to stay.
Even the most intelligent of all
Are driven,
To the most primitive level,
To survive.

Under a yellow sky,
The most urgent matters
Become trivial
In the end.

Scott Radcliffe

You are an enigma.
A desire to experience
the forbidden—the unknown—
drew me toward you.
Now, though I have known you long,
we stand before each other as strangers.
My heart is racing.
Take my hand,
hold me,
stay, stay the night.
Dream with me.
Lead me through your
world of wonder.
We can do anything and
no one will know.
We will be safe
in our secret.

Cheri Chester



Jarring Face

You're known to me as competition,
Your leading weapon being lotion,
Which you consider practical potion
Under which to cover all emotion.

You put on such airs for their stares
Though I'd not dare to call you fair,
With your dyed hair and scented snares.
Who is it that you believe cares?

O.K., if that's the way you wish to be,
But do not think I cannot see;
Therefore, please stay far from me -
Up close I fear you'll scare reality!

Jane Roberts

The Nasties — a War Song

How much the water needed
to move a single grain of salt? (I know
there are oceans inside us.)
How rich the soil seeded
to build a flower that has no fault? (They grow
profusely inside us.)

Nasty little names,
they spot our vision;
keep us from the flames,
blunt our precision.

Love to watch
us: when we fall,
never catch
on, after all.

Only living
when they're cruel:
Lonelies giving
them their fuel.

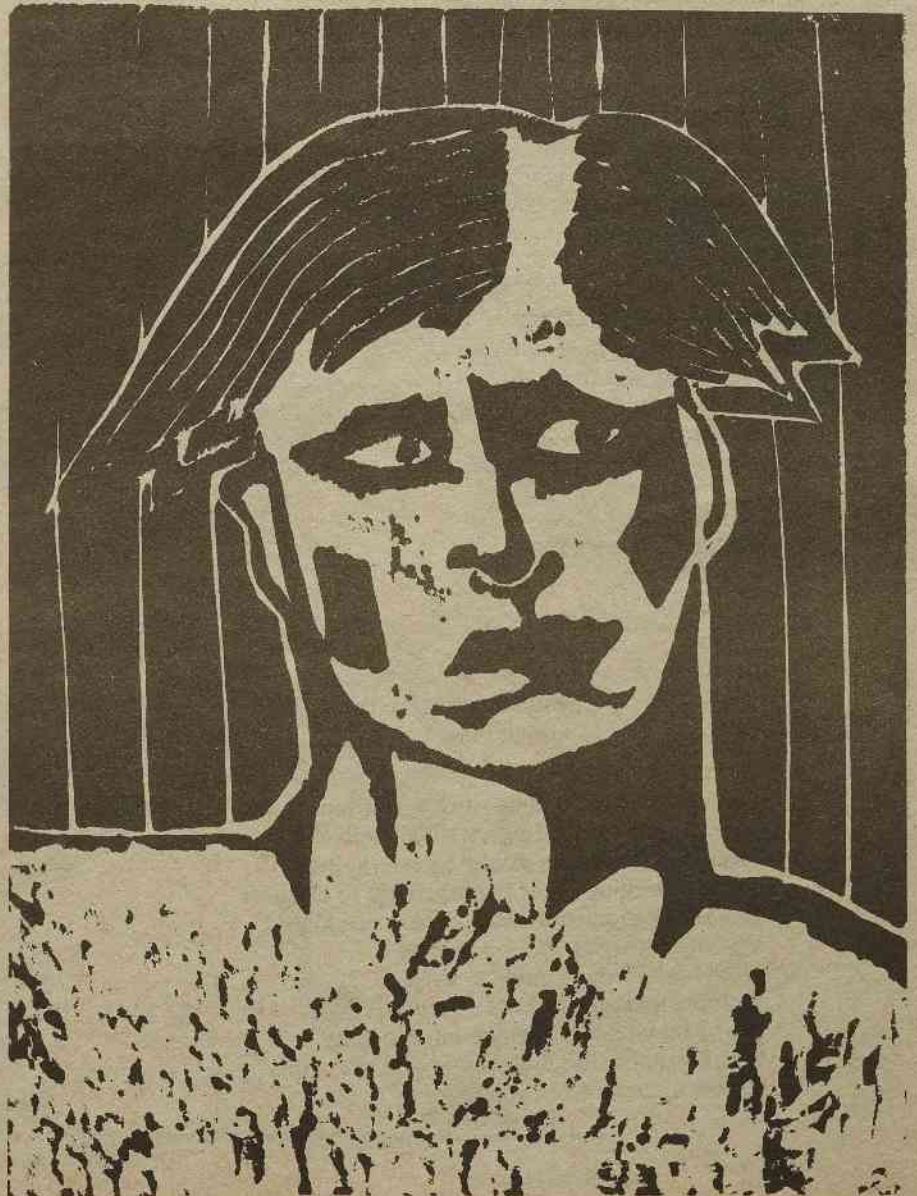
Lord they like it
when we scream:
make the spike fit
through the dream.

We can beat them
if we just
incomplete them
with our oxidation.

David L. Drury

It falls without a sound, so soft, so light
And lies upon the ground so fine and flawless.
With time, it is transformed by dirt and men.
No longer is it soft and glorious.
It's just a hard and ugly mass, like us.

Regina Wortman



Android

Linocut by Greg Fitzler