

The Clarion Literary Supplement

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Photograph by Cheryl Harrison

BY MYSELF

It's a dark, dismal under-the-rock day.
I just want to run away.
No where specific,
Just somewhere unrealistic,
Where nothing matters.

I just want to be left alone.
A place, by myself, that I can roam.
"Where can I go?", is all I ask.
Finding a place seems a bigger task
Than going there when you've found it.

Don't worry about me, I'll be alright.
It'll just be me slipping from sight.

Lisa Funk

YES!

And then,
I lose my shoes
To dance
In socks on sidewalks --
Not mine,
But someone's
Who has
Heard the tune I felt
And said
In this there is a poem.

Jane Roberts

THE LISTENERS

The forest whispers.

A cold October wind moans
Through the dark
Dark woods.
Speaking in low tones,
The voice of the forest
Whispers to the night
Summoning the strange
And the unknown.
The voice calls out
softly, softly.

The wind murmurs.

A melancholy sound.
A forgotten language.
And in the forest
Hidden beneath towering trees
That loom like ancient sentinels,
There are the listeners.
Silent and calm
They listen to the night wind.
Waiting for their summons
Waiting for their call.

Then the wind begins to howl
Like a raging demon hound
And the command is given.
The listeners emerge as
They feel their power grow
Stronger, stronger.
Slowly they begin to make their way
To the Gathering Place.
The waiting is over
And their answer echoes
Through the dark forest

We hear. We hear. We hear.

Barry Deitz