

## To Reid

by Jennifer Poorbaugh

To Reid:

I tremble to cross your web  
in its silent, dew-covered beauty.  
Do I chance the charm of three  
and dance among the  
delicate, dangerous strings?  
Do I risk your black widow fury  
to see the sun rise from the other side?  
I shake to think of the mummy case  
that awaits me, wanting to hold  
me while you suck me dry.  
I survived the double dose of your love poison,  
but you have again thrown up the illusion  
of a safe, warm, sunny place,  
and invited me into your bed,  
a shallow grave I may never rise from again.

## half awake I must be dreaming

by Kevin King

your body fits with mine,  
I think,  
just right, my fingers  
down your skin I trace  
an outlined spine.  
so soft  
your curve.  
so close.  
red fallen flowers,  
hair wilts  
down your back.  
my mouth  
your face  
so close  
breathing my breath,  
you flutter your lashes  
a listless fly  
on my half asleep cheek.  
we lie so slow,  
wilted from the day's heat.

