

Quill and Ink

INDIAN SUMMER

J2HF

Leaves falling like snow and it's 75 outside!
Does this mean that summer is passed?
Is winter on it's way?
The Indian summer is here with it's wind
Blowing the leaves like
Toy soldiers falling in a mock battle.

Yellow leaves to me are the best.
Covering the brown and red,
Yellow stands out like the harvest moon
On a cool August night
When all you want to do is hear
The crickets chirp in the darkness.

Indian Summer, how long will you last?
Will you be here so that I can
Rest by the lake in your warmth?
Can you bring the butterflies back so I can
Watch them frolic in the sunlight?
But it will be enough if you just stay
So I can relax, sit back, and breathe freely.

Summer, you are Indian.
Trees, your leaves are drifting to the
ground;
But you don't just let them go.
You have them light up your branches with
Colours so brilliant
They leave images
Ingrained upon my soul.

Indian summer, you please me so.
You bring back memories
Of hot sand at the beach, and
Of walks along the creek near my home.

You bring back memories
Of watching wrens feed by the roadside,
and
Of fish swimming in translucent waters.
But what do I love about you most?
It must be your yellows, reds, and browns.
But most of all I love your warmth that re-
kindles the
Flame in my heart that winter tried to
quench.

JAMEY DONALDSON

UNTITLED

It hurts
trying to break away from you
ripping flesh
puts the fear of Death
in my Blood

JON PARGAS

UNTITLED

Fantastic nexus
you are not the ritual, even the
way you dress excites me.
You, folded under in a glittering
veil of whispers.
Soft and inviting eyes
Take me deeper
into your arms
and embrace what struggles
within me

MPB & PED

UNTITLED

Boco and I had been seeing each other for
three years. Boco is a clown in a traveling
circus. I met him in the ladies room stooped
over the sink patching a run in his leotards
with nail polish. Don't ask me what he
was doing in the ladies room because I
don't know and I never have asked. I write
for a free lance magazine called "Good
Karma, Bad Breath". Boco and I have had
our share of problems. I think it is because
we are both left-brained. I don't know, my
psychiatrist told me that it takes a year for
a couple to know if they're really in love
with one another. If one or the other isn't
ready to make a commitment by then, it
isn't true love. But Boco and I already knew
that. We weren't in love. We weren't even
in like. I really don't know why we stay to-
gether. We fight constantly about nothing
in particular. We know each other well-
every flaw and insecurity-and we don't
hesitate to viciously attack those insecuri-
ties if the moment arises. Boco would
constantly comment on my "lard-ass" and
laugh at my attempts to become a writer.
Every once in a while he would pick up
scraps of paper I had written on and read
what I had written in a loud sarcastic voice.
He is, undoubtedly, the most arrogant bas-
tard I have ever met. However I would
never let Boco know that he was getting to
me. That would give him the greatest pleas-
ure in the world. What a bastard. If I
wanted to get to Boco, I would usually
comment on his bad breath or his dandruff
or what a loser he was working as a clown
in a traveling circus and why didn't he get
a real job. He would then retreat to the bed-
room leaving a white trail behind him. And
I would follow — I would always follow.
We would make passionate hate all night
long and coo insults into each others ears.
It was always wonderful, I don't know why
we stay together.

RUTH ECKLES

UNTITLED

No
Not even you
Can change my emotions
The tears will still fall
My stomach will still sink
If you only knew
what's inside of me now
Your little world would topple
with me on top of it
I'd go crashing down
down
down
into the dust
The dust would soak up the tears
and become mud
and I would sink into the mud
made from earth
and tears

BETH RUSSO

UNTITLED

The words won't come,
The words won't come,
The words won't come.
I hate trying to write
When the words won't come.
The words are inside me,
But they're not interested
In being shared.
The words won't come,
The words won't come,
The words won't come,
Pond Scum, Bubblegum, Napalm.
Who cares about the words.
Nonsense emotions, Garbage
To fill up the skull.
The words won't come,
The words won't come,
The words won't come.
I wish there just weren't anymore words.

AMY P. KANE

UNTITLED

a sad guitar slides notes
too blue
i think of you
my heartbeat
blending with the song
as the rain commences
delicate ripples dance
across the lake
and i think of your hands
feel the hollow emptiness
you drove away
with a smile

JON PARGAS

KISSES IN DISGUISE

I give to you
The smile
The nudge
My advice
The question
The attention
My secret
My friendship
(I'm content,
because I care)
My heart
The reality
(the tear from
my eye —)
The patience
(the impossible?)
Don't you know?
The kisses in disguise —
I dare give nothing more.

LAURA ROSE

UNTITLED

Riding that train
he passed a lot of places
looking out the boxcar doors
saw trees and rocks
and towns and faces
a world of Hellos
he missed the Goodbyes
gone without a trace
in the wink of an eye

JON PARGAS

MORE THAN THIS

When Matisse showed me "The Good
Life,"
I forgot Darwin,
Let myself forget him.
And the choking idea of planned devotion
to science
asked to undo the catch
and release its steady security grip.
Let go?
Would I rise above time-woven expec-
tions?
Or slip through a greasy-walled path of
uncertainty
and irreversible mistakes?
Follow the bold blind?
Or join the skeptical searchers?
A line drawn with a pointed stick in the sand
often grinds another image
with time.
Shifting grains wonder if there is
More than this.
Screened through a sieve, the options sepa-
rate and leave all the sizeable chunks,
easy to grab onto.
But the flitting downfall of sparkle dust
makes me look hard at the substance in my
fist.
Is there more than this?

LAURA ROSE