

Quill & Ink

(YOUR EYES) BETWEEN THE LINES OF SHAKESPEARE'S

*plays i see an image of your face brown eyes
captured deep inside the cavern of your long
brown hair like the woman in that Laughlin*

*poem and i can taste your mouth your skin i
told you tasted salty sweet and i can hear
your breaths come short and fast while i*

*plant kisses on your face your cheek now fore
head nose your ear your neck stretched out
your head thrown back now vision of you on your*

*couch i'm sitting next to you i think you're
mad and that maybe i should leave but i don't
want to leave you angry although my presence*

seems only to fan the spark of annoyance in...

Jon Pargas

"Wet Dream" For Dave

*The ground is moistened from the evening's moon.
My dreams are leaving me incomplete
Now the lawn breaks, it's all too soon
My fitful sleep has become defeated.
The magnificent hues fo the morning
Discover sunbeams with whom to play
The dew won't last even though it tries to cling
Held by the magic of the Mother's gift
As I watch the moisture slowly fleeting
And the sun's rays begin to penetrate
I feel the earth's heart continue beating
Until a burst and a need to celebrate
There's a recreation of life within
Even with her flaws it's no doubt a win.*

Laura Molinario



Listening (Life)

*Beams pierce trailing Apollo's chariot,
the earth swears,
and i Rejoice.*

*From a catch phase of caution,
fruit descends,
waste sheds,
and i Rejoice.*

*Sweat transmutes to masks of glass,
Moon's glow,
tide's flow,
and i Rejoice.*

*Flowers seek fruition,
Water cool awaits,
and i Rejoice.*

*Breath and blood are not my own
and i Rejoice.*

Chad Samuel Haddix

Things That Break

*You,
from the flattered window of my
mind*

*I am showing you:
glassy eyes are fragile.*

*yet
you are the street vendor
you are the tree farmer
you are an open field
a dilated pupil*

*Me,
bathing in the bathtub of my battle
swimming in my splintered sea of sarcasm*

*I am the drowning clown
drowning in the dreams I don't remember
I am a shattered window
I am a broken mirror
smiling at the cracks in my irony.*

Ruth Eckles

After Hours

*It's Saturday night and candlelight
has bursted into last call.
Among the bobbing and weaving
and sometimes upheaving
there's still one patron
who's having a ball.
You sit in a corner
more excited than most,
never wanting to say good night.
The last bar is gone,
and we are peeking on dawn,
threatened by sunlight.
Awake for the last two nights,
You hear your final call
from a mother's who sweet,
and a bed that is soft
your eyes settle and fall,
the moonlight hits the flowers,
then you'll party
after hours.*

John Null