

# Quill & Ink

## The Fly

Yep, I killed him  
He was sitting on my bed  
So I killed him  
Didn't even look 'em in the eye  
As murder etiquette requires  
it was a quick death by Ywain  
Didn't serve any purpose anyway  
What purpose have you and I?

Susan B. Yeaman

## Mists Enshroud This Etching:

Tangled cords  
Captured on Blue Clouds  
Floating tingling-timeless  
Untouched  
By pity's grasp;  
No footprints to-and-fro  
Shaking quaking  
Restless Fire consumes  
Red  
Synonymous effigies that  
Tango in union;  
Forgetfulness  
Crashes another cymbal  
Only to be drowned  
By a slowing  
Smouldering  
Rhythm  
Invisibly echoing  
Throughout eternity.

Alexis Kronenwetter

The Scars on my hands  
Are not the scars of my father's  
I hope someday I can achieve  
the Beauty  
Which must now texture his soul

Gracie Hemmer

## The Storm

I thought about our future  
And what it might behold,  
But the wound still bled  
From the scar that's grown old.  
How I wish that these changes  
Could have kept us from the storm  
That causes the heart to harden  
But longs to still be warm.

Clouds cover my ability...  
My ability to see.  
They form in shapes of memories  
Of how it used to be...  
Clouds of smiles and of tenderness  
That reach both high and low...  
One tear chases another  
Into the fathoms of the heart below.

So I think about the future,  
Yet I linger in the past.  
The distance that you keep  
Makes the present hard to grasp..  
It leaves me with a bad taste  
Sometimes tart or bittersweet.  
It's time to press onward  
And forget this burning mem'ry.

Michelle Rogers

## 1st exercise

early morning fire  
lighting a ceremony

of days we measure  
our lives like lines

in the exposed flesh  
of the wood green turn-

ing Brown, the embers  
moving toward ashes we go

on smoking the air  
it is a good burning

Pam Whitfield

## Be Careful, Eric

Be careful, Eric  
as I trip down the steps  
Be careful, Eric  
as I spill a glass of water  
Be careful, Eric  
as I drop a book,  
mistime a step,  
stutter in my speech  
Be careful, Eric  
cries a crescendo of choruses  
circling my head  
as I try to be careful  
all I hear is:  
Be careful, Eric.

## My Neighbor is Next Door

I hear your footsteps at my window  
But I argue that my life is still young.  
Would you like a cup of tea?  
I am brewing a pot.  
Obviously the journey was a long one  
Your constant panting  
and the sweat dripping off your brow tells of your adventure.  
I heard the world stopped for a while,  
Did you feel it shake?  
Or was that the child playing with its rattle  
You're silent...I sing  
We are alone, I am alone  
The wind moans and you are gone.  
The water has just started to boil.

Chad Esposito