

Quill & Ink

Hair

I look at you for answers
you answer me with questions
and we laugh like banshees
until we realize that we
are crying in our beer
Hand me a daisy razor with
the lubricated edge
there is too much hair
in my life
Who is kidding who?
It will probably take a
lawn mower.

LEG

Finding a Middle Ground

Not too hot
Not too cold
You gotta love 'em
Somewhere
In Between.
Not too hard
Not too soft
You have to hold 'em
Somewhere
In Between.
But passion
Is not lukewarm
And has no
Line of demarcation
No absolute limit of degrees.
The scale will tip
On either end.
It's a balancing act-
Women are the
Most artful
Jugglers.
Not too hot
Not too cold
You gotta love 'em
Somewhere
In Between

Jennifer Hitch

Night Talk

And you comfort me with such
words
"When he is tripping,
and the truth comes out,
He always wants to find you."
Funny, my idea of love
Is not chemically induced,
But the drunker I get
the harder I try to convince
myself
that you could not possibly be
worth all this pain.

(there is no place for me here)
i am silver,
only silver,
i thought i was metal,
shining in the sun
but it was only moon glow.

LEG

Third Person (MO)

Watch him run and prance-
we know how caged in
he really is.
Let sleeping dogs lie
in their ecstatic glory
of chain-mail freedom.
And we will watch...
Watch like we always do
at civil domestication.
And we will cringe with guilt...
knowing masters are servants
in their own homes.
But apologies, my friend,
are not that simple.

Alexis Kronenwetter

A Tree

A broken tree a symbol
The differences that lie there

In one we find a stone pillar to
rest on
In the other we find a thump, a
thud, a crash

Find beauty in the beautiful,
Find life in the lifeless,
Find meaning in the vague,
Find without seeking.

A balance is a delicate thing.
KS

i was a glittergloss pinball
careening
i kissed tin soldiers
who lived in the sky
i taped expensive heart-
shaped candyboxes
round my waist
like christmas bells
like chimes

(there is no place for me here)
i do not belong in this
pink-and-green puzzle
i do not understand this complex
ocean of egg salad and etiquette
in my shining steel glamour
i feel naked

(there is no place for me here)
i am an iron tipped cigarette
holder
in a stifled world of
playtex gloved, hedge clipping
espadrilles and
oxford cloths.
i feel that i am choking with the
smog of smug smiling

take me home
prince charming,
come on your flying
winter-frosty steed
and carry me home

Georgia Goff

Michael (A Painting)

The past five letters went unanswered
thus have you slipped away
like everyone else I cared
for you too much and
I write to ask you
to remember not
the paper tigers
passion poems
even our last walk together
but the four a.m. scene
your light snoring
and how I finally felt safe
kissing you
quick flutter like Butterfly
and only told you
weeks later in a letter

Pam Whitfield