

# Quill & Ink

God knows  
that I'm not perfect.  
he crooked my spine  
squeezed my feet  
and spit on my  
womanly wiles.  
He made movie seats  
a curse,  
froze my toes.  
Insecurity  
Lack of self-worth  
Cosmic pity trips  
Helpless  
Spoiled rotten  
and selfish.  
God knows I'm  
not perfect.  
Why don't you?  
Georgia Goff



We drove very fast.  
I worried the whole way.  
for the motorcycle.  
There was a pile of wasps  
in the corner of the screened-in porch.  
They were just dead shells.  
The key slid  
into the new lock.  
put coca-colas in the freezer  
to get real cold.  
There are the ice-cream  
sandwiches.  
Two years old.  
and Joe ate one  
last summer.  
The hammock was usable  
and we swung  
looking at the trees  
and I complained  
because they were leafless.  
and we argued  
over whether his tennis shoes  
were green or gray?

On the way back  
I watched  
and smiled  
because the wind  
got in his skinny clothes  
-made him fat.  
Georgia Goff

## The Slipper

At times you can close your eyes  
to reality,  
But one cannot shut their eyes to  
memories.  
Memories linger on...

In the morning  
the sun greets me with such  
brilliance  
as you did once  
with your smile.

Throughout the day,  
the radio sings sweetly of  
what was once.  
it is your voice I hear.

At night,  
the darkness envelopes me  
as you did once  
before the Fall.

So, if it seems as if  
I've nagged like an ugly  
stepsister,  
Forgive me.

Your compassion and sweetness  
have made me feel  
Like Cinderella at the ball.  
Thank you for the slipper.  
Michelle Rogers

???

A labyrinth  
of paths  
To each there is no end ---  
Whispers..s..s..s  
in the distance  
That one can't comprehend.

Arms  
that have no body  
Tug the Atman  
to its demise...

Clown  
at the end of the triangular  
spiral  
Laughs silently into your eyes.

Wa  
te  
rf  
all  
in the distance  
Seduces you to come near

To into the D  
E  
P  
T  
H  
S

Of your dream's most hidden  
fear!

The alarm clock goes off.

Michelle Rogers

## What is It

Do we really know  
-or-  
Is it we'd like to believe

Do we trust ancient Greeks  
(it is a god)

-or-  
Socrates  
(it is a median between  
what we possess and that  
which we desire)

NOT!

It is in fact undescribably  
delicious  
Wonderful while it lasts  
But  
certain emptiness when  
absent  
(for it was only Illusion

This is forever!

I love you

Brenda S. Krueger