

**Diamorpha: An Elegy**

They ride motorcycles always  
 Interstates, city streets, backroads —  
 Searching garages, pool halls, finding  
 Women without men; forgetting  
 Families, homes for road news,  
 Antique clothes, familiar mistakes  
 With favorite friends.

Wild dogs live in packs, birds flock;  
 Diamorpha bleeds through rock —  
 Allowing easy rooting for future plants.  
 Fertile soil kills granite—grown, red-strewn flowers.  
 Too much life is diamorpha—death.

Under such rot, he cannot, untwists  
 This life-knot, Not.  
 They live for motorcycles; live, die together.  
 Pavement is black; in black we gather —  
 Bring black cars, motorcycles, clear holy water.

Jesus, Lord, adored by us —  
 We sing, chant your resurrection;  
 Seek your inspection; your correction, direction.  
 Lord, Jesus — Feed, guide, abide with, lead, teach us.  
 We praise you!

Wild dogs live in packs, birds flock;  
 Diamorpha bleeds through rock.  
 They ride motorcycles always;  
 Searching, forgetting.  
 I rise from diamorpha-fertile soil.

— Reggie Ponder, Jr.



Denise Whiteley

**The Kiss**

He sets his lips against her lips,  
 Slips his hands down to her waist,  
 Awaits a sudden taste,  
 Finds her kiss like apple pie;  
 Her lips warm, moist, thick.  
 This first kiss hurts worst, delights most.  
 Desire becomes the kiss.

He holds the pen between his fingers,  
 Lingers over the thin paper,  
 Awaits his returning Muse,  
 Finds her kiss like water;  
 Her touch cold, bold, hard.  
 This first kiss hurts worst, delights most.  
 Desire becomes the poem.

— Reggie Ponder, Jr.

**What Stage of Faith?**

What stage of faith at early age  
 Has uncertainty allowed me? conception in the  
 cognitive wine untrue;  
 Holding at the center, the convenience of polarity, of  
 perspective wavering.

I remember the singing in the dark,  
 The music of my mind, a wailing in the haze which  
 bound me;  
 Calling to the child, an endless depth forever sounding.

I feel the static of the night,  
 A ringing in my ears, a screaming in the silence that  
 surrounds me;  
 Pulsating in my temple, the fluid uncertainty of my  
 soul.

— Robert Spencer

**In A Time to Come**

The Dew of the night has settled upon the grass,  
 And the birds begin their singing.  
 I look across the bed and see you lying there,  
 And I smooth the hair gently around your ear.  
 The passion of our night has fallen into dreams,  
 And the bliss of our climax has become a memory.  
 But the dawn breaks and I love you more,  
 As the memory fills my mind,  
 Of our rough and rumble passion,  
 And the exploding of my mind.  
 So, sleep my love and wake refreshed with  
 the feelings that I feel  
 Of a blissful love of tenderness,  
 That you have made me *real!*

— Cheryl Tuttle