

ROBERT BESCH

The Keeping Room

Where lives and doilies got their shapes,
We sit in battlement and pit our smiles
Against these stern and ghostly faces
Framed in ovals of mahogany.
They beg us to recall how they smiled,
Before old cameras and brushes fixed their flesh
For quaint ancestral death-by-hanging
From a twisted wire.
Soon our war of eyes will end,
With no clear victories to share.
They'll stare, content, within their glassy dorms;
And we'll have spent our minds in yesterday
With nothing else to show
Except the spoils of poor remembrance.

LES COTTRELL

Winter Death

It came,
a blinding dance,
 a horrendous yowl,
 and a biting frost
scintillating the earth.
Celeritiously,
 it conquered.