

## MARLENE LAMBERT

### *Commuting on U.S. 23*

Life goes flying by each day, mile by mile.  
Only glimpses of timeless brooks, ambling  
Lanes and quiet groves on far horizons  
Restrain a bullish urge to charge a truck,  
Desperately escape the arena, and gore  
The savage crowd, deny their blood lust.  
Prized moments pulsate, die in robot grip.  
A mechanism, Pavlovian,  
Races on, tracing a concrete lifeline,  
Not here nor there, less human than the engine.

## NANCY JO RINEHART

### *The Park on Escanaba Bay*

sun shining on patch of green  
between town and water  
    dark blue waves crash  
    choppy on concrete wall  
shivery lake breeze chills  
    whitecaps and me  
        in fuzzy red sweatshirt  
        marked OHIO STATE  
        hood drawn up  
        against elements  
i am alive with the rest  
    laughing and jogging  
        along  
        water's  
        edge  
as motorbike zooms close  
i close my eyes  
i fear he'll ride in  
i fear the deep water  
across the grass in the sun i run  
    again back and  
to laugh at she on the bench  
where i napped too  
    letting nature roll over me  
i am alive in this liquid moment  
with the park on escanaba bay