

# DEBORAH SUE CLEVENGER

## *Rainstorm*

Why do days resound in silence  
As people's heads turn from  
The flagpole to the refuse of gutters  
Searching for security  
The clouds descend  
Dispensing God's rain  
Downpouring to cleanse their souls  
Offering redemption  
As they see it trickling before  
Their eyelids  
They protect their ears  
Afraid to hear as windows close  
I hear the rain  
I reminisce  
In wanting to hear it again.

# MARGARET HONTON

## *Introductory Composition*

How I Spent My Summer:  
graduated  
vacated  
wrote with abandon  
took leave of my lover  
took leave of my senses  
cycled (meshing gears  
singly in tandem  
in tour de forces  
hosteling cross-country)  
charging pubic hill  
grooving mesial valley  
spilling watershed tears  
day in night out  
falling head over handlebars  
knocking myself out  
hearing birds seeing stars  
unconsciously until  
I came to  
you  
cycling in a streak  
to the peak.