

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.