

CARL PHAGAN

First Dawn

First dawn merging into sunrise
Horizontal light refracted in near-perfect webs
strung with delicate dew-points
Then the spider moves
and there is greater reality

Mirror stillness of chilly dusk reveals
the last bits of snow by muddy otter-slides
and buds full to bursting with new sap
A trout rises and there is deeper meaning

Broken shells
and twisted weathered driftwood
and dull greyness
and distance
and power
are given hope by the gull
hovering low in the cold wind

And the coyote's howl is welcome
in the lonely darkness.

Just so—
she came to me

EDWARD LENSE

Evening in Parma, Ohio

The plastic flamingoes are sleeping in stately poses.
The children running in circles on the lawns
pause, stare at each other gravely, half asleep.
In their dark garages the cars are settling down
and placidly ticking away their heat.
Ice is growing like new skin over the swimming pools.
Shadows slip between the houses, silence
follows them, walks like a man alone in the street.
Yellow windows light and go out in a slow rhythm;
they would look, from a distance, like a swarm of fireflies
if they ever moved.