

SHAWN MILLER

The Boy I Was

I feel
A strange kinship
To the boy I was.
He was . . . so young . . .
And so different.
A self-centered life
Forged from loneliness;
Confused and lost.
How he called the girls
And cried
When they said "no."
He spoke of me
As a prophet would.
I only wish I had known him
And shown him the way.

ERIC W. FELT

Free Fall

Ride the winds
Burn the air
The sky is electric
at terminal velocity.

Right turn, left turn
Back roll, front roll
Arch, look, reach
pull at 2000 feet.

Catch the wind and run
Hit the disc
Dead center in the pea gravel
it's over, dynamite.

BETTY M. DIETSCH

Three Poems from the Sea

Spring Tide

All night I lay
curled in the curve
of your shelter
serene as a mollusk
in the pulse of the sea.

Sea Jewel

Our love is
a salt-water pearl
opalesque
ocean-bathed
by tides
and storms.

Finis

On a barren beach
lay one half
of a mollusk shell
pearlescent
empty and
alone.