

The sky, the dark blue pool,
Three Cubans warming themselves around a coffee urn,
Patio tables, waiting.
Then into it,
Through it;
Down the line,
A backhand explodes
Like a cloudburst.

ELIZABETH MacDANIEL STEALEY

One Last Time

As the night approaches
She holds his hand
And whispers with hidden despair,

Hears her name one last time
On his cracked, withered lips.
Now she's alone. Life moves on.