

RICHARD F. FLECK

Fruit of the Wilderness

Mossy green spruce
stand in fog
spreading arms
above a bog
where glowing blackberries
wild and sour
drip in heavy mist
of the noontday hour
forming seeds
in lines of verse.

PHIL WRIGHT

Liberation

Into the sun
yellow fire
heat wave.

Out the other end
damp air
cool darkness.

Sudden change
too brittle
body breaks.

MARGIE WRIGHT

The Child Within

take what you want and
then be gone
i'll not be long with your heart
i'll see inside and
then go hide
to sort the papers one by one

the child within must search for truth
too young to know it lies inside

the child within will seek for youth
till death finds the awareness life implies