

KATHY KEGELMEYER

Puddles

glassy, gleaming, reflecting
mirrors of varied shapes and sizes serve as
looking glasses for the vain and gaudy trees dressed
heavily in gem-like rain drops. How the trees smile with
satisfaction as they gaze at their reflections that are
stirred by the fingers of Ms. Wind. How their heads
reel from the intoxicating smell of the damp
earth. Then the sun comes and dries
the dew and raindrops. The magic
goes to sleep until the next rain
pretty much the way Las Vegas
sleeps during the day.

SHERRI DEAVER

Fourth Position, Please

Thundering taffeta skirts,
surrounded by blaring lights
burdensome oily paint pulling down your smile.

. . . .whispering parents. . . .
bored little brothers. . . .
dance little girl
tonight is your night!

MARCIA HURLOW

Mohican Youth Camp

Each summer they come on home hewn rafts,
float down rolling hills of mothers
whining be good and good bye—
the aching children of this season
press the greased sack of momma's womb,
pull through bars of women's hands,
ask a light for newly opened eyes.
The Mohican flows unreflecting.
None but a child who skipped stones
bright over to its far bank
knew any flash of sky
before farewell around the campfire
burning into their faces,
blotting the stars with their ash.