

ROXIE LUSK SMITH

Night Song

The cricket sings from brush and thicket,
unconcerned that burgeons of cold
will rout to other quarters . . .
Birds chatter in their hotels among the leaves;
their noisome gatherings announcing
their soon-to-be flight
toward warmer climes.
The leaf spins upon the branch . . .
giving no thought it will be withered and old
to fall from parent limb . . .
The flower holds its cheek to summer suns,
fastly slipping from its prime;
though not to weep from seeded pod.
The day bows to the night, yet never settles down
in massive darkness . . . from its womb
comes another dawn.
Time has no mercy of its own . . . yet I am not
numbed by fleeting things, though numbered
with them all.

RACHEL MARIE WARNER

Silent Song

Lord, love is so painful sometimes,
sometimes so painful I wonder why
we ask for it,
yet, we do ask for it.
such aches and pains I never anticipated.
hold me O Lord,
next to your side
lest I faint with fear. . .
for love and I never seem to meet
on the same note or in the same key.
sing me a lullaby, O Lord,
sing me to sleep, O love. . .
and instead of singing,
I will just listen to your song.