

## 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.