

MARK LAWRENCE

Fading Denim

Bits of beard,
Like frosty corn stubble,
Sprout from a face furrowed as
The land he worked
"For sixty springs — man and boy."
There, planted in the shade
Of a DeKalb cap,
Brown seed-eyes suck their life
From easterly breezes and warm rains.

As his children's children sack
The linty recesses of his
Overall pockets
In search of the inevitable bag
Of peppermint sticks
And licorice whips,
He chuckles the throaty whicker
Of a work-worn Percheron
At sundown feeding.

MAUREEN FLORA

Contest

Running even to the edge
of strength and speed,
moving yet unmoved
by the feat
you may accomplish.
Pressed to the limits.
In a dream,
the possibility.
But this is a hard reality you face
as the miles stretch on ahead.
Run to the very cliff top
of a life you have led
just for this.
Once is the chance,
Now the time,
to run past the stopping point.
Run for a small fraction of eternity,
Run to the edge.