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Send Rover Over

Tricia Marcella Cimera

for Duncan

Soon after Old Rover

passed on,

called up to heaven,

to romp endlessly,

his mistress bought

a new dog

to stay by her side

now the old was gone.

She didn't know

that Rover had

found his was back,

through murky clouds,

past stars hanging low,

to his home,

to the one he loved best.

He sat at the door,

barking and begging

to be let back in;

his mistress shivered,

her ears prickled,

she didn't know why.

Finally the new dog

told Rover firmly,

with a low growl,

The bed is warm,

the food is fine,

she is still kind,

but I am here now;

your time is over.

Back to heaven

the old dog padded,

past sparkling stars,

through radiant clouds,

to chase a stick

that once found

was replaced by another.

To catch a ball

that once caught

became yet another.

Forever thrown by an unseen hand, over and over.

I Know It To Be This

Tom Orr

I know it to be vague Tasteless and opaque. Blind are we or is there nothing to look upon Without feeling blue, we speak in once upon's.

I know there to be peaceful silence Beyond the shore of scheduled chance Sought like a place on a map from any age, an end to confusion Tile, calcium, and a cerebral contusion.

Horseplay, stairs, a child's skull filled with temper Complete the chain, you will not get what you're after. Preschool hallucinations bring ideas beyond your grasp Starving for a future's past and something that may outlast This.

I know something, but I have no one to tell. Reminiscent in remission, memory maintains this dry spell With so many rafts, but no flood to use them Life is littered with traps and we're here to abuse them.

I know to keep my barred windows locked with a seal I cannot pry
The guns of infinity are cocked, aimed at a mentality too cocksure to die.
I renounced lords of every form, but still I fear for damnation
A messiah with no portraits brooding endlessly in contemplation.

I know my belt shall not remain securely fastened Bombarded by the centuries, collectively deafened Constellations cannot conform once they realize That they are limitless, they are the night skies In our wet eyes.

They will leave us some night Or depart during the day. At the moment of twilight There will be nothing to display.