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First Impression

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Ritual

i dug the golden cross and chain out of the
dusty jewelry box.
Searching for the clasp, i found it unfastened, and the
chain bunched
and tangled.
In some places tied in knots,
in others, tiny hairs caught in tiny links.

i put the cross away, but days later
pulled it out - working a little at unravelling the chain
and making it neat.
When finally i took apart the last knot,
i noticed that the cross had slipped away.

By: Kym McCord

First Impression

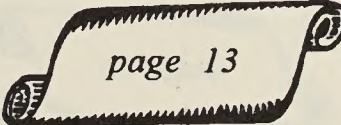
If a moment could be contained forever,
this would be the only one.

A vision of a standing open doorway,
your presence more enlightening than the sun.
Thoughts of innocence dance before my being.
A beauty so unique I have no difficulty in believing.

Taken back by your eyes a silence falls on me.
I struggle to regain control, but you is all I see.
That which fast appears but soon from view escapes.
A moment falls before me, all too sudden for me to
relate.

Brooding now in silent reflection
I keep the event deep in my heart.
A brief chance encounter with perfection
that I wish did not depart.

By: Brian Reedy



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