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Crusty Bread

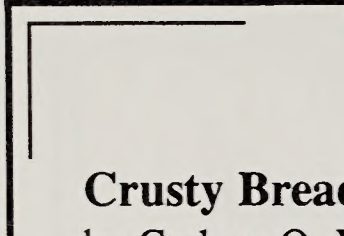
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Crusty Bread

by Carleen O. Vandegrift

A hunk of crusty bread.
Fingers gliding it through the sauce on my plate.
No spaghetti - just sauce.
Just fingers.
Just a hunk of crusty bread.
Just a succulent taste of heaven.

Autumn

by Rob Vogt

The apathetic grass rests at its present height
while trees and other plants are wonderfully out-of-sync
in their attempt to shed the memories of summer,
displaying faded brilliance.
The air smells like stillness
and the wind strikes a perfect balance
between arid and raw.
The sun exudes a comforting heat,
emphasizing the flight of bugs darting frantically about,
searching for a place to die.
A plane thunders above--why would anyone
want to travel away from autumn?
The clouds seem higher today, not wanting to interfere
with such invigorating complacency.
The wood-pile tilts precariously, but
exactly nothing hangs in the balance
as nature waits for winter to occur.

