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Untitled

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Rough Draft
by David McGrath

"Jesus Saves," read the bumper sticker
so she tailed the smoking yellow Caddy
hoping to ask where He had been, and
what He was saving it for.

she tailed Him to the hospital,
watched Him ascend the stair,
willed him to ICU

where lay her Swaddled son--
the mind erased by a bloodclot,
life leaking out of a nylon straw.

Christ, slumping, scratching His head,
his tunis stained with wine, his sandals with tar.
He coughed, He wretched, bent to the floor
He wheeled, then reeled, staggered out the door.

she knelt with her beads at the head of the bed,
blind to His exit, praying to air.

Untitled
by Chris Clark

Carressing the trees with his long slender fingers
Howling like a wolf under the full moon
Nipping at your skin on cold winter mornings
Throwing leaves all around the world in autumn
Bringing relief from mid-summer heat
Pushing the flowers back and forth in spring
Blowing all through eternity
His work is never done