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To My Child, Asleep

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TO MY CHILD, ASLEEP To My Child, Asleep
for hal

Deborah E. Ryel

A horse
has flown
to the far side of the hill
the wild ride of the day
the wide field
a memory
a yank of tail
tangled and pulled out of sight
at the last moment
when all is suddenly quiet.

Now your mouth is open
surprised at how you've slipped off
like autumn smoke in the night air
whose memory of leaves
the brilliance
of a brief season
curls in the eye of the moon.

CITY SITES, CITY SOUNDS

Sylvia Yamada

Silver buildings
shooting up like bullets
from the ground
Listening to sensoround traffic
drowning the rock and roll
of radio