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Untitled

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My eyes,
Big,
Brown
a pool of chocolate
in which you slowly drown.
My stare,
Deep,
yet only to the surface.
Mysterious
to you, but to me
a game.
Beautiful,
my smile,
yet seldom seen.
Sexy,
my mouth that
kisses you
tenderly:
Deadly.
Expanding my poison
into you that
Love and Lust
may grow.

Rita Rosales

MOON HORROR

Glen H. Brown

Once I saw the moon
drift up as if balanced
by invisible legs.

I saw it melt, then freeze,
lose itself like a face
vanishing at night,
like white fire fallen to ash.

I feared this most:
this white wingless stone
drifting alone at night.

I stood quietly;
afraid of what infinitely
surrounded it — those things
older than love and death.