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Untitled

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the wise wind, soft
dismembering green traces
of half-forgotten dream,
distilling languorous drops
of once-emerald air,
hums soothing
hymns through shadows
that were trees.
all is rust
in the deep fern glade
where we first made love.

Richard L. Anthony

DON'T CALL ME, I'LL CALL YOU

Mil Riese

Too light too soon. I like this dreaming
in the womb of my comforter. I never wake,
I just make up new endings for the stories
and scramble new stories for sleep's sake.
Draw the plaid curtains, let that other place
of wrinkles, dust, bad news and junk mail
be a closed eyelid, a lost library card,
a precipice ending a trail.