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Untitled

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blinding and swirling
 She covers the land.
 wish I could permit Her
 to draw Her blanket
 smoothly over my rigid shoulders —
 to envelope the gray
 in the serenity of white —
 but She freezes;
 She silences.
 Her ice cracks reaching fingers;
 frost burns breath to powder.
 I ache to discover a sun
 to power the thaw;
 I long for a shattering release
 from this chrystall cell,
 soon — oh, soon!
 before She seeps through the cracks
 and seals the separating wall.

Gale J. Bonarek

Fall And Winter In A Day

A small tree on the parkway —
 Bright yellow maple.
 Today seems special,
 One-half fall and one-half winter.
 A sudden breeze has blown away
 The top half of this tree's leaves.
 Left in full view are
 A bird's nest,
 A tangled kite string,
 And an undelivered local paper.
 The lower half shines brightly still,
 Not ready to bow to winter's ravages.
 It is my delight to enjoy this day of
 One-half fall and one-half winter.

Sara Beth Marshall



I never thought I'd see the day
 A letter grade would be my pay
 I use to enjoy lavish health club pools
 Lunch at Friday's, cozy dinners for two
 Now I've put aside all those luxuries
 To get something I never thought could be for me
 The cob webs collect in the corners of my kitchen
 While I sit at my desk reading English Literature
 Sometimes I wonder if I'm obsessed
 With learning things I haven't learned yet
 No one will ever know what I have sacrificed
 To bring some knowledge into my life
 It seems a slight bit ironic to me
 To be paying so dearly for what
 I could have once had for free

Rita Walker

Douglas Dill