Graffiti
IN THE WIDE HORIZON

Glaring, the sun deepened
into the sky’s pocket.
Its brilliant glows back-dropped
the jaded hills.

Pine skeletons crocheted
a mirrored pond —
then a dark-coated mare
stole its place . . .

Ann Krischon

Algenon, You Hairy Beast, I Love You

While the billowing clouds
puff the final scents of summer,
The evening breeze matts your fur
As you sit in your “just so” way
on the sun dried grass.

Algenon, you hairy beast, I admire you.

The Spring dabbles dew
on your furry pass,
The tulips tinkle
to your unearthly charm,
The lake ripples in harmony
with your musical bark.

Algenon, you hairy beast, I am devoted to you.

The day you ran
from the warmth of our home,
I wept and wept
for you to come back
And when you finally returned,
I drop-kicked your small body
across the titchen.
“Purely out of love,” I whispered
into your ringing ears.
The birds chirped,
and the stars circled overhead.
But you understood.

Algenon, you hairy beast, I love you.

Chris Neesley

GRAFFITI

Undoubtedly it’s perversion
that makes me write your name
on every wall
of every public place
or private.
In library books, on bus windows,
carved in a chocolate cake
and in salt split on the tabletop.
Sadly, I can’t stop, even though
I know
you are above reading messages
furtively left you
on an unsigned wall.

Kathy Schmidt

NEBULA

Veils of dust and gas
Excited by a central star
Become
A source of light within
A bejeweled nebula.
Like verses are these threads of gas and dust.
Contracting, increasing in density, painfully shaping.
Yet becoming unraveled in an aurored wind.

Marie Ford