

PEGASUS

Reflections, then, awhile ago, and now.

*Looking out my back door window,
thinking of days gone past and
the birth tree swaying your
memory in my mind.
Chilly October sunshine and your presence.
Overbearing my senses yet so clear as the
crisp air.
Have some more tea?
I can see your paint brush missing
its mark and landing a red patch
on my virgin white stucco, I
laughed then and said,
"I think I'm falling into your love".
We kissed, as you dipped your brush.
I laugh now and think to where
I'm at, already fallen deep into
what's made me so high. It
must have been the intoxicating
paint fumes left over from summer
for as I write I still am
overpowered by the love that
generated from your painting.*

Donald Emberton

RAIN

*To me RAIN is
Anything that
Drops cold water on my spine
I shiver...but...I'm warm
on the pebbles
on the sand
Buy my sea
with you...
...and cold drops on my spine
And I call you cloudy
And clouds can make it rain.*

"P.J.M."

Epitaph

*I sat at the window, contemplating and mourning a friend's
death.
He was dead when they found him. Fell from the window, as best
they could make out.
Well, I humoured myself, he always wanted to fly.
Then I cursed myself and realized the disrespect I'd shown.
The sky was grey and the lawn was a sharp, contrasting green.
Suddenly, a large raven, the largest I'd ever seen, landed
on the stone wall, surveying his new kingdom.
For no reason, my friend's vision appeared for a brief second.
"No, it can't be. "I thought "Can't be."*

*On the wire above him, sparrows were lined, like angels.
They began to fly toward the heavens, one by one.
From one end, then the other, right flying left, left flying
right....
The wire seemed to cut the sky in two; where it met the
pole it seemed a cross
A black, chubby transformer...a saviour
Finally all were gone, except three birds who seemed as one,
infinite.
T'was then I turned away, mourning no more*

S.W. Twist



Leaves

*The greatest sadness in my year
is always in the autumn's end
when all the world stands naked,
and especially the trees
whose fickle leaves
desert them in the graying wind.
The leaves who in warmer breezes
gently laughed their applause to me
and made me feel like a smiling child
abounding in summer joys.*

Larry Brayton

The Field

*With anxious calls it beckoned me
And I left the city stench,
To see if I could be
A woman.
The breeze whispered carelessly
And I saw my reflection in the pond
That rippled and twisted my shape
Until I knew I wasn't me, but someone else.
The birds flew by and seemed to laugh.
The sun stretched tantalizing fingers
Carressing my body with warmth
That felt so soft, but so unbroken.
And I saw the trees stretch slender
Arms, calling me forth
While the soft ground
Cushioned my footsteps
Until I felt I would die in this prison
Not me but someone else,
A figure without a shape,
A shape without a life,
A life without a love,
A girl.*

Barbara Baird

Untitled

*He sees me watching him
Automatically
I look away
Embarrassed
That I've shown
An obvious interest
in a fellow human being.*

Terri Craig