



London Revisited Without You

There are no motels
No open doors
No neon lights
Only caves of ancient temples
On the walls posters of snow

There are no crowns on king's road
No shirts
No umbrellas
No crosses on the queen's heart
No flags on this gypsy face

Only a shoelace and roads to take
When penniless courage
Hopelessly flows out of my eyes
Staring at ticket
On a train for Dover.



Erosion

Chicken shit in the grass
Red clay dust in the driveway
Grandpa spitting at the edge of the lawn
Tobacco rolling down the hill
Leaves of livid green
unfurled banners of the fertile land.

I listened to the creak of the porch swing
in the muggy heat of the day,
chickens scratching in the dust,
the cool cricket sound of the night,
cicadas vibrating in the locust
whippoorwills calling from the swallowing dark
of the woods across the road.

A world of mystery
all washed away in that river of time.
Memories like the stones in the creek beds
worn smooth by each year's watery flow
fitting to the soles of the feet
slick with the red clay silt.
the land too washing out with the summer's rain.
Pettit's Fork
run dry by summer's end
only mute stones left,
sun-bleached road in the
honeysuckle vine woods.

Angela Wheelock

Wisp, willow and pond
Down the memory I pass along
Wisps of fog float as a song
Down the memory that grows as a bond
Between the past and me
Futures ever crowding pace
Stretches out beyond my face
And even yet I do not see
Within this present time I'm trapped
Both sides reflect within my core
And shimmer just too far off to make the score
Knowing all things come together before they are mapped
Wisp, willow and pond
The wind blows and the willows bend
Night falls and the wisps blend
Only truth cements the bond
And time passes
Paths crossed and recrossed
Etched horizons scan across my sight
Warmth and beauty flow from deep within
Over the cold and dark
Flowered, with petals fallen
Deeds come back to find
Intentions and compare
Yes within this present time
I'm trapped
And yet I am free
Wisp, willow and pond
Down the memories I will pass among
That will hold me as a bond
Between the past and you

The Dreamer

Schnüing

(shne'ing), n. l. An enjoyable activity that combines après ski excitement with the cool minty flavour of Hiram Walker Schnapps. For schniers, the taste is a cool blast of freshness that feels like they never left the slopes!

HIRAM WALKER SCHNAPPS.
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A NAME MAKES.