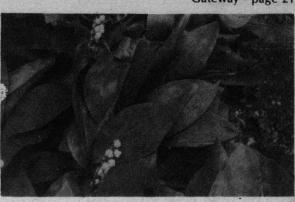


London Revisited Without You

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

Down the memory that grows as a bond

SOLOGIA 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

