

I put sweet noisey flakes  
 into the bowls and  
 I climbed the stairs to carry  
 my two children to their  
 breakfast.

I brought them what I'd found  
 at the quarry: a stone  
 spiral  
 broken by dynamite. (Like  
 a fossil  
 I thought of a shattered  
 inner ear.)  
 Their mother was able to heal it  
 with a touch  
 of the almost miraculous  
 glue she'd used to fix  
 our broken brown pitcher.

-- James Hazard

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

She was crying for tomorrow  
 She feared age & its skin  
 But her tears made her  
 ugly today

Victim

turned loose  
 what would I do?  
 run nude in a field  
 maybe sing a lot  
 touch people & children  
 feed animals  
 bathe in a spring or creek  
 exploit my freedom  
 my being  
 my self  
 but  
 I'm society's child  
 &  
 I'll never run free  
 in the rain

-- Ruthie Wantling

Normal, Illinois