

## The Tarnish

The afternoon failed of its promise and the sun  
Hid in a thicket of clouds on its downward climb,  
The bright day's petals tattered and fell apart  
Lost as a tower clock's voice asleep at its chime.

I rocked on my heels, saw the sleet with rowdy hands  
Rumple the tulip bed while a cold wind goaded  
A child at play till she cried, I turned to stare  
At a shallow hill where the topsoil had eroded.

The small mean faults of the day like blisters broken  
Rubbed raw, were slow to heal, I felt time's wedge  
Split need from the order of things, like a farm run  
down  
By shabby intentions, a plow with a rusty edge.

My pride reads omens in mischief, and my hand tosses  
Entrails from stunted dreams in the air as portents,  
I carry my doctor's degree on these occasions  
And speak at length on the tarnish of small losses.

-- James Hearst

## Wonder

Unmistakably  
Life is a large dark puzzle,  
In the small boys eyes.

-- Camille Yawin

Bowling Green, Ohio