

## 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

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