

The Phoenix And The Owl

Once in an age the phoenix burns,
but wisdom whispers in the owl
that owlsh ashes -- though they yearn --
resuscitate no newer fowl.

-- W. Arthur Boggs

Oswego, Oregon

Point Of Separation

In almost dusk
apple blossoms incandesce.

Above, a squirrel
long is sceptical of my stillness
before his electric descent to grass
that is green nearly unto blue
in the half light, now,
where he is joined by another,
and together they dig as if this hour
were not forever but wanted transplanting.

Each word that I thus give up to spring
leaves more room to let your absence in,
until I cannot speak.

"I shall be dressed in blue," you said.
I wait for you.

--Roland Flint

Minneapolis, Minn.

For our seventh issue we have scheduled several parodies that seem quite appropriate. Contributors, so far, are: Carl Larsen, Phyllis Onstott Arone, Charles H. Jerred, Gary Elder, and Laurence Mintz. We are interested in receiving more parodies for this issue.