

A Freshness

*Waiting in the dark. There's a thing
about the way she looks at me.*

*Dull drapes drawn and multiply the
shadows. Eyes. Limpid green, alive
inside of her. At lowest point,
even below sea-level.*

She's a distance.

*She's a plateau. That native quality,
a freshness. As tho she were
in love. Or a saint.*

*Yet mystical, inherent
to some other tangent.*

*Her dream's door
ajar and she's gone, separated
from my wild hyperbole. Before
I had a chance to fully expose
and fire for effect.*

-- Michael C. Ford

Los Angeles, California

Beach Scene

*I remember the group of girls on the beach,
And all were kind of pretty but one,
Who was fat.*

*We were throwing sand on all the pretty girls,
And the fat one moved over to get sand
Thrown on her too.*

-- C. H. Taylor III

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