

A Poem

by Martha Moldt

Death, it has been said, is only the emergence of a soul from its
chrysalis.

How lovely

To break out of a fetid cocoon

Into a world of color.

But I think I must break this cocoon and fly a little before I die.

It may be

That heaven would be hell

For souls arrived with wings still crumpled.

FASCINATION

by Randy Moser

When the blackness of night settles round

And touches the earth without a sound,

I'm drawn to darkness like a moth to light.

There's nothing compares to the fascinating night.

The moon glides glimmering over cotton clouds,

Casting grotesque figures incased in shrouds;

A caressing breeze erases the heat of day.

The night is a blanket under which I stay.

The croaking frog sounds like music to me;

Distant sirens shriek with a hint of tragedy;

A sharpness of ear adds to my pleasures,

Making the night the best of all treasures.

Long, lonely light of day I must tolerate

Till the moon kisses earth and the hour is late.

If I be asked for my greatest delight

I can only say: "There's *peace* in the night."