

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."