

Poem

Terry Anderson

Who are they?
Those shadow covered faces
that walk past me on the sidewalk
never smiling, never seeing
just brushing by
Our raincoats have swished against each other
our feet have splattered the rainwater puddles
on our wingtips
We could have been friends
if our eyes looked up
Our reflections in the window touched
Why couldn't we?

COMPOUND 113

Chris Stewart

Dr. Morrison, the zoological chemist, shuffled through the paraphernalia on his desk. Running a large, prominently-veined hand through his thinning brown hair, he sighed deeply and with resignation as he thought of the Arthroicide project, and on compulsion he ferreted out his old blue notebook and turned to the appropriate page. Entitled, "Project Arthroicide, page one," it was the beginning of what was to become the last chronicle of man.