

*Frozen Amber*

Chris Katterjohn

*It's an ice storm  
it's so much wet,  
and so much slush,  
and so much slip and slide.*

*It's a rumbling or a crackling  
in the forest; the broken branches  
lie like tombstones  
under the trees.*

*It's a violence;  
it's a sugar-coated peace.  
It's an ice storm.  
It's the Potter's glaze.*

*Falling Star*

Liz Schoberg

*Streak of star death  
across the night sky.  
The pulse jumps.  
The skin grows cold.  
It's as if the body sees  
that terminal similarity.*