

SOON AFTER DAWN

Debra Cope

It breathes, silent, burning, joyous morning.
Now I feel its warm touch, its ecstasy.
A resonant silence sounds softly and
Reaches me on my quiet early way.
Pure and lustrous, morning's blessings flow.
This marvelous silence envelops me.
Day's beauty, bright grace! Its blissful powers
Take me now, and I, tacit, whisper "yes."

MADMAN AT NOON

Mark Murray

When I first saw him, I was totally fascinated. He just looked interesting. I wanted desperately to talk with him, even though I knew nothing about him. He was a stranger to me.

It seemed unusually warm and humid outside this afternoon. The weather was hot, terribly hot, even for Chicago in July. My shirt and pants were sticking to my body with perspiration as I moved along the sidewalks in the downtown area. Salty beads of sweat trickled down my face, pooling under my chin and dripping onto my wet chest.

I was walking along State Street on my way to lunch. It was twelve after noon; the streets were very crowded with hungry business people. Masses of bodies were pushing and shoving for all they were worth. Everyone was in a hurry. Pedestrians refused to pay attention to the orange and green flashing walk/don't walk signs that aimlessly warned them about traffic situations.