

The Burial

anonymous

Scattered against the
 bleak grass of late August
 dead stumps lie
 Forgotten trees grounded
 in the earth
 Returning since day of birth
 Rejecting nourishment for growth
 Unmoved by the sun's demonstrative warmth
 Feeling no wind through harboring rain
 Lying exposed
 but forbidding, to the life around them
 Decaying remembrance
 Shrouded in grey
 Unwillingly adopting crippled positions
 Demanding rest for weary limbs
 and relying on time to
 perform the last preparation for death.

There is a Fire

by Sheri Leidig

In the dark tunnels of our minds,
 where worries manifest themselves,
 and the small creatures of darkness
 prey on our thoughts

There is a fire
 a dim flicker of light,
 of hope,
 of love.

In the darkness of time,
 like a dwarfed child, it stands
 and looks to the sky
 where our dreams drift by.