

WOLVES

by Craig Pierce

Timber lined forest
Dotted with glowing-
Peering eyes.
Like stars through an opaque sky.

Howling. . .
They sense and stalk relentlessly.

Howling. . .
The pack moves in like a vise.

Howling. . .
A confrontation between predator and prey.

In the Shadows

by Sheri Leidig

In the shadows
of places unknown
I hide
The thoughts of the day faded
melted into puddles of memory
I'm lost
in a feeling I can't find
in a need I can't satisfy
In places warm and safe
I hide
In the shadows

To All Men From Woman

by Laura Guyer

I look into the mirror and I know there is Beauty.
I listen to the voice and I know there is Wit.
I explore the brain and I know there is Intellect.
Then why, in your eyes, is there none of it?