

Time Undone

by Mary E. Perna

Look not upon these lands—
Gaze not upon these roads—
The curse of unseen hands
Still weaves its evil spells.

But turn to memories ever-fair:
Rolling hills and wind-swept plains;
The golden hue the meadows wear
Only the fleeting visions tell.

Once the skies of crystal haze
Mirrored seas in waves of blue.
Gardens bloomed in brighter days—
But only songs of such remain.

Forgotten halls of an earlier race—
Kings shrouded in legends of stone—
Of the mighty days lies not a trace
Upon the realms my Fathers held. . . .

Untitled

by Shawn Stroud

Police my dreams,
Conscience—I'm blown before evershifting
winds like a leaf

Cast out, cashed in
Beaten, bored, regretting even
what makes me

Dream.

Police my dreams,
Conscience, for she whom I dream
of,

Dreams not of me.