5th Ave.—New York City
by Edwina Hearn

Crowds of people walking in all directions, every other one wearing a fur coat on those chilly days. (Street people dressed in rags, wrapped in blankets, sitting against buildings, begging.) But no one sees them. They are window shopping, the windows filled with the newest, strangest, most gorgeous clothes.

Trenchcoated and Delivered
by Erika T. Lersch

Trenchcoated and Delivered,
In a brown garbage, grocery bag,
Three Silver Sleeted Green Jellied Gropes
Dug,
a wandering hole
for China.

Blue
by Michael Anthony Moore

Blue, blue, blue
Paint
Drips onto my meery window pane.
"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?"
Now doesn't that sound familiar?
Will Shakespeare.
He was a good ol' boy.