

Stormy Night

by J. Keith Graybill

All are silent, all stare
waiting for the next move.

Sudden streaks of white shatter the night air.
Nothing.
The moon's view casts leafless branches
horribly upon the grasses.
A gush of gust interrupts the hush,
throwing wandering leaves
across moonlit crevices.

Again.
the crash of white comes
with striking intent.
It chooses an outreached elm
of a wealth of years (one of Mr. Smith's favorites).
Sparks speak from the striking point.
Old Elm groans a moan of falling;
crying creaks and cracks,
as he goes to meet the ungracious ground.

All are silent, all stare
waiting for the next move.

(Mr. Smith has unwelcome wood for the fire.)

Fairies

by Karen Patterson

The innocent laughter of children
brings tears to the condemned soul.

Memories.

hop. . .

skip. . .

jump. . .

The beginning was such a happy place;
so full of laughter,
before we lost our wings.