

What a Shame

Kira Bonk

how horrendous!
(gulp that
Fresh Air)
for Goodness' sake,
where is your cigarette?
that had better not be Water,
take this red cup—it's stronger.
how piteous!
(ignore that
nagging voice)
for Goodness' sake,
where is your fun side?
unclench those weathered Spines,
join these juvenile times.
how credulous!
(notice that
slight smirk)
for Goodness' sake,
where is your life going?
You stress, and worry, and Care.
succumb already and swear.
how humorous!
to behave.

Love's List

Debbie Newcomb

I love him for:
small, sweet notes left on my door
the way he smiles when he's glad
or when he shares dreams he's had
when our hands hold
the tales we have not told
when our lips say
life won't get in the way
his jokes that run from sense
the times he'll jump a fence
to play on slides or swings
the way that, just for me, he sings
the way he sees a film...
He left me one day. Bastard.