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## The Anthony Family

Amy Holt

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## Static

Shannon Lee Williams

An unchanged soul is he  
Who threw eggshells on the floor for me  
Tiny toes too careful to break  
Shhhh, don't cry for crying's sake  
All from his recliner.

I grow and hide inside my room  
My closet, safe as mother's womb  
Until the shaken soda explodes  
His way of shouldering the world's load  
empty cans around his recliner.

Out, away, I flit, I flee  
Escaping those words he said to me  
Writing new rules for him to follow  
Time for him—His pride to swallow  
Shhhh dad, get back in your recliner.

Silver now and you'd think milder  
T.V. fueling his passions wilder  
Retired, golfing, no worries but bolder  
Still carrying the world square on his shoulders  
All from his recliner.



Abandoned Shannon L. Williams

## Privacy Fence

Kathy Davidson

The nails have rusted  
weeping matched trails  
of darkness  
like Christ's hands  
down the rainy fronts  
of weathered gray planking

## The Anthony Family

Amy Holt

Even time could lose track of itself while watching Nancy Grace  
As a man searches for his granddaughter  
She, not yet three, was taken by an uncompromising fate  
People stop to watch him scurry hurriedly from town to town  
Relentlessly determined to make reality TV  
Out of a man's search for thoughtful clarity  
Running, fumbling, and crawling down his unruly path  
Looking for his baby girl  
Who, all too long ago, ascended to the Father  
But wait.  
He thinks he sees her. Fallen near a shrub, by that tree!  
He runs! Grab her by the leg! Don't let her get away!  
Just touch her and you can avoid inevitability  
He makes his way, grabs her up by her ankle  
Only to find his own daughter, cowering below him with her eyes on the street  
"I'll find her!" she says. Oh, we're convinced of that.  
He lets go and she runs away  
A 23 year old, lost in morbid apathy.  
He continues on in his search, completely in denial  
That he ever had the answers right under his nose.