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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.