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Speech, golden Sunday, and old man listening

Donald Barbee

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Castles and Spaceships

Galen Hoffert

I cut her snowflakes in the winter
and bright hearts at touch of spring,
show her how to make a paper crane,
pretend to be a falcon-
my arms are now my wings.

I draw for her the castles and the spaceships,
pretend to be a cowboy on the range;
she'll beg and plea 'til I agree
and show her how to spell her name.

Speech, golden Sunday, and old man listening

Donald Barbee

rain'wind, lip'skin, voice'sins the blue light is
radiating again
call a passenger
prepare the robes
for the breaking bleed and burning breathe
in the magic concrete
they will close your eyes where you will drink
disguise let fingertip electrodes glide and signify
that they have registered proof of flight
and smile
their word will floating above lasting be in
forever winter pleased
like a woman ... counting numbers

I Swear The Sandman Works Overtime

Lillie Vermillion

I swear the sandman works overtime,
Trust me, its true.
Or perhaps he gives me extra doses
Of his 'oh-so-potent' stew.
I think he enjoys each morning
Seeing me struggle to rise,
Because he follows me to class
To laugh at the sleep in my eyes.
His whispers in my ear are so persuasive
And hard to ignore!
But I think he's in cahoots with my teacher
And paid him to be a bore.
If I ever catch him
Sprinkling more than he ought,
I'll pry my eyes open and confront him
On the spot.