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## A Mind Away

Hugh Bramlett

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## White-Lily Silk

Melissa Dang

Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt,  
Loosing and oozing blood stained with black ink,  
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

Phoebe's ivory smile—downward it tilts  
Strained and panged with rejection's cold favor  
Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt.

Selfish things I have done, words I have spilt.  
Taunting and haunting what I cannot undo  
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

Tampered with how love's been rendered and built,  
Torn and scorned every last visage of faith—  
Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt.

Sewn together, my maimed memoir quilt  
Charred and scarred from flames I daringly tried  
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

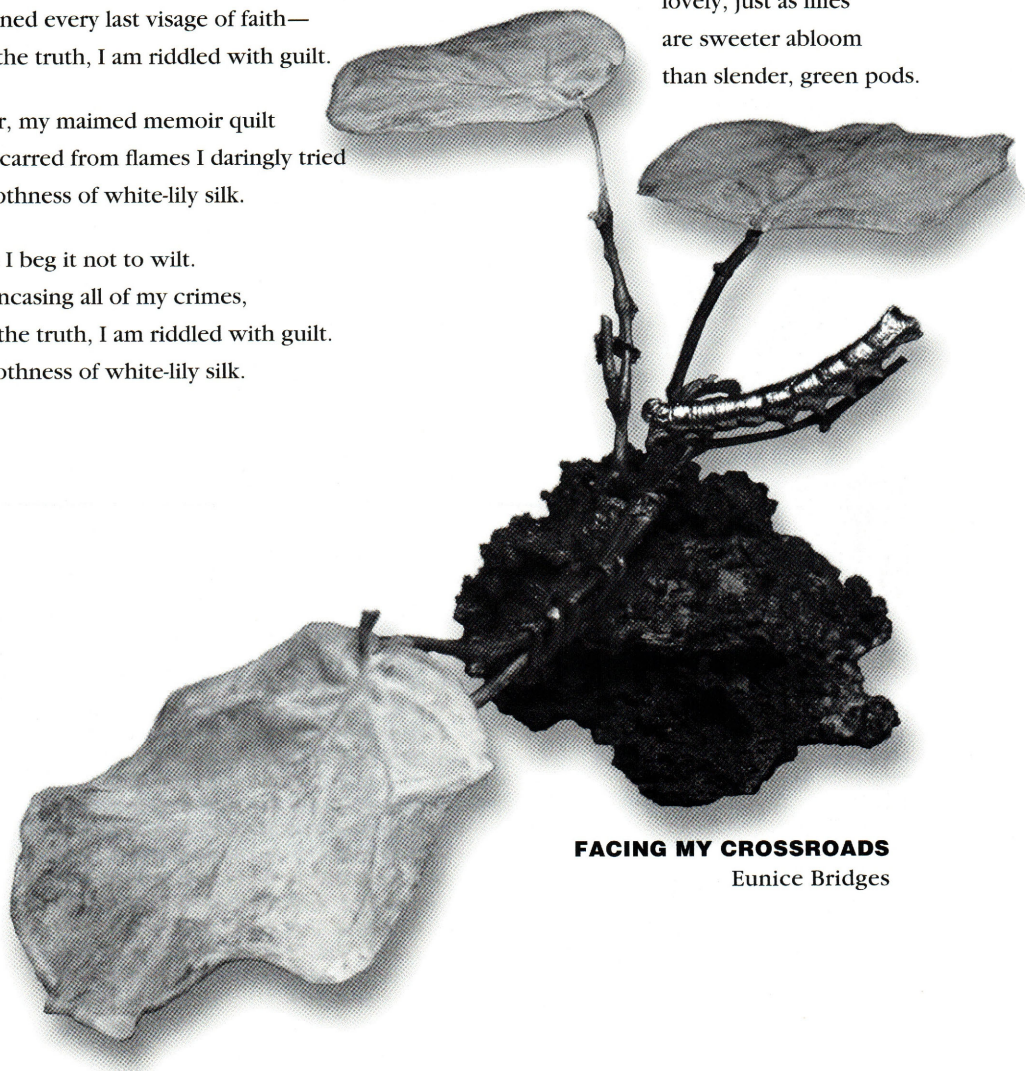
If grace exists I beg it not to wilt.  
Wasting and incasing all of my crimes,  
Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt.  
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

## A Mind Away

Hugh Bramlett

I went to the back  
yard of my mind.  
As I gazed through  
the chain link trellis,  
I noticed proud trees  
standing like eleven,  
reaching maturity.

In the soft light,  
I met someone  
I thought I knew.  
The memory had grown  
lovely, just as lilies  
are sweeter abloom  
than slender, green pods.



## FACING MY CROSSROADS

Eunice Bridges