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Spectator Sport

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Friend
Charlotte Evensen

Clear words sung in a tune
as sweet as the songs of lonely sirens
caught the wanderings of my mind.
I thought of you
then
As the words poured over my being
washing me clean of my emptiness,
I saw your image
rising from
hungering mists of my questing heart
a mere suggestion of possibility.

Aching desire spoken in verse
as daring as the poems of artful masters
reflects the flutter of my imagination.
I thought of you
then
As my passion rose beyond my control
overwhelming my reasoned logic
I remembered your face
dancing upon
suppressed memories of my daydreams.

Comrade
Beth Ann Ameron

Comrade,
We have been through the battle together;
Back to back,
Fighting for position:
Your heel has braced my lunge.
My arm has lent yours strength;
Each hoarse throat has cried warning
of unexpected blows.

Comrade,
We are through the battle alive—
Me, and you,
Soldiers of good fortune:
We lock hands in a pact,
A covenant of brothers;
Our spirits have been melded in
the crucible of war.