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Untitled Photograph

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Friend
Charlotte Evensen

Clear words sung in a tune
as sweet as the songs of lonely sirens
captured 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 flutters 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 Amerson

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.

Spectator Sport
Jeff Koehler

In surreal blue glow
of Wyoming winter evening, 1969,
a supersurreal blues
plays across cathode ray-set—
basso profundo Cronkite
and the dancing generals
telling the word to nine-year-old me.
Flickering napalm horrors,
interpretive dance of juggernauts,
crushing weight of Glory
counted out in bodies
87 lost on our team
324 on theirs—whoever they
are—dispossessed in their own land.
My land is TV-land, where
2+2=5. Cheering our side,
I ate the bait with TV dinner.
In the wings,
Goebbels laughing his ass off.

Photography by Ayako Watanabe

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