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Untitled

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Tuesday morning came and she had everything ready. She had said goodbye to everyone except her parents. They were to be there in an half hour. How would she react? She wasn't sure. She will miss everyone so much, yet she was now sure of her decision.

Her parents arrived. They were happy, yet she knew that they did not completely and entirely approve of her motorcycle trip. Saying goodbye and holding back tears, she knew it was time to leave.

Taking off, all she looked back at were her parents waving and her dog barking.

DIANE MITCHELL

UNTITLED

Extraterrestrial pageantry emblazoned across a sky of midnight dream—steeped fantasy in evenings final cry for ancient glittering gallantry to Terra's passers—by.

Venus' drunken glories now displayed for mortal eye in silvered shades of blue and grey await a strange reply. In gem—encrusted silence grow beginnings of a sigh.

Stargaze swiftly fades in time. The glimmers fall awry. When denizens of laden sleep recede from futile try with echoes of a fatal rhyme old Babylon will die.

MICHAEL VANDERMARKT