

## Stormy Night

*by J. Keith Graybill*

All are silent, all stare  
waiting for the next move.

Sudden streaks of white shatter the night air.  
Nothing.  
The moon's view casts leafless branches  
horribly upon the grasses.  
A gush of gust interrupts the hush,  
throwing wandering leaves  
across moonlit crevices.

Again.  
the crash of white comes  
with striking intent.  
It chooses an outreached elm  
of a wealth of years (one of Mr. Smith's favorites).  
Sparks speak from the striking point.  
Old Elm groans a moan of falling;  
crying creaks and cracks,  
as he goes to meet the ungracious ground.

All are silent, all stare  
waiting for the next move.

(Mr. Smith has unwelcome wood for the fire.)

## Fairies

*by Karen Patterson*

The innocent laughter of children  
brings tears to the condemned soul.

Memories.

hop. . .

skip. . .

jump. . .

The beginning was such a happy place;  
so full of laughter,  
before we lost our wings.