

Calm Before Our Storm

Muddled night sky above our lives
Straining grass below

Two shining stars shine alone
A hidden cricket cries aloud

City lights dull star's splendor
Minute movement mutes his chirp

Dual-stars blink in sadness
Our path a rift with time's long trial

Artificial horizon glows like a dying light
Cement steps leading to expansive nothing

Stretching to the stars with all they have
Only to end up where they began

Our stars now couched by clouds
A frustrated shadow is cast

Clouds encircle the beacons in the sky
Like sickly weeds choking out a flower

Lightning's flash counter city lights
Zeus's anger with our fire

Dual-stars blackened in a thunderous fight
Green serpents pervade sidewalk cracks

Like tempers, irregular lightening riots

Night-city's iridescent sky mumbles storm

Like pleading arms, tall weeds sway with
pain
The ground opens up and prepares for rain

-Mark Pommer

Finn

The baby is contented.
His toothless

Gums gleam with the sun's early light.
The squiggling earthworm

Crawls in the grass blades of the carpet,
His bare

Buttocks seem to be saying:
The peas came and went so fast.

Each soiled diaper discarded, a dirtied cloud,
Dozens stacked in the

Willing receptacle, now full.

-Megan Eley