

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