Hotel laboratories of night Pulse purple crystal cries Tearing fat December terrors Like slashed sewer rats --Green forever cries suck Electric marrows for love And finding home Phosphoress opal bones --Poiniard cries Green glass membrane walls And blue chimes fly Forever half-past self.

-- Steve Rosenberg

jane's dawn

two forms cross a trembling landscape. two riders in the mythical light orient to the escaping moon. the trees separate from sparse redness to glow upon their path. one rider is tall, and carries an oblique silence.

the tapestry of approaching birds textures the light with morning. one rider is tall, and carries an oblique beauty. her streaming form fades with the mist and the distance down their soundless path. the trees lead a broken lane toward the moon.

two forms enter the horizon. the sun retracts its shadows towards the bases of the trees. a hawk revolves in the tilted distance. one rider is tall, and her hair like a hand extended, covers the shy moon.

-- Erik Kiviat