Self in Retrospect

Robert L. Dark Jr.
Self in Retrospect

By Robert L. Dark, Jr.

What of these instants men are living?
Instants live on and death defy.
*Time* is the constant not frail humans
Who recede and die.

Turn back the leaves of your life's volume;
Study each page in retrospect.
Who is that person found depicted?
Him whom you expect?

No. It is not your youthful image
But is a ghost intangible,
Someone with whom communication
Is impossible!

Fog in New Mexico

By Katherine Powers Gallegos

Pale ghost, long lost from a chatoyant sea,
Sighing of gulls and green waves breaking high;
Why do you still haunt my blue door,
White ghost that weeps for a far distant sea?

Deep in my soul salt tides rise and fall,
Crumbling mud wall, uprooting gray pine tree.
Must I, too, haunt blue doors at dawn,
If I go back to some forgotten sea?