

# poet's corner



## The Girl

The Girl  
 Her  
 body, how  
 graceful  
 it flows,  
 free  
 as a breeze.  
 Her  
 eyes, how  
 deep  
 the shades of  
 brown;  
 always knowing  
 and  
 understanding  
 me,  
 as if our  
 thoughts  
 were in  
 unison.  
 Her  
 smile, as  
 radiant  
 as sunlight,  
 shines upon  
 me,  
 capturing my  
 gaze  
 for as long  
 as she  
 wishes.  
 Her  
 grasp on my  
 heart  
 is  
 immeasurable;  
 insatiable  
 is  
 my desire  
 for Her.  
 I  
 can only  
 pray,  
 she loves me  
 as much.

J. Chris Hoyt

## My Calendar's Prison

Crystal thoughts though clearly projected,  
 Reach objects of density mishapen.  
 Forms of letter by letter, word by word,  
 Enter in and out, around and under.  
 some to soothe, some to stir and there are,  
 some unlike any other.

Methinks I've caught many I shouldn't  
 Tipping the delicate scales of reason.  
 Opening the hands of my calendar's prison,  
 I step around those thoughts not meant for me.  
 I listen, I observe, I enjoy all I need,  
 For today is all I have to fulfill.  
 Yesterday was only part of my earth's season,  
 Tomorrow is as far as my mind's improved vision.

Carol Sanford Hall

## Last Call On Stage

Joints smoked  
 Alcohol consumed  
 Zigzagging through the wings  
 Zooming blue lights  
 Magnifies stage  
 And the  
 Night wails

Barbara Kellogg

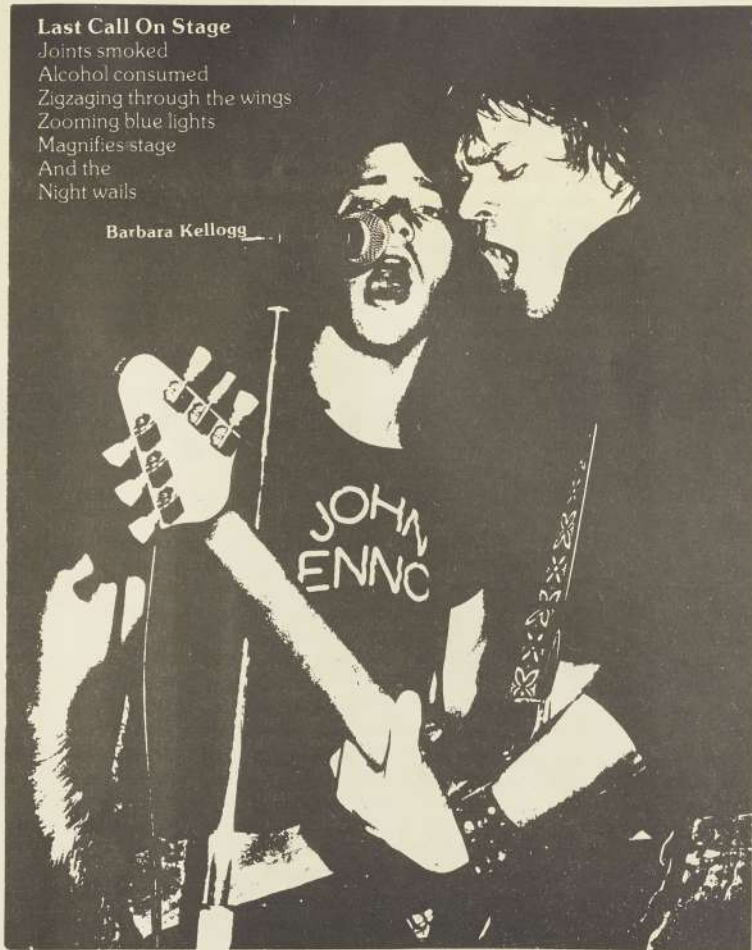


photo by Mike Cookingham

