

## WILTED LIGHT

by Jamie Nickila

Wilted death from doorstep's window  
Silent whispers of fragile beauty  
Token of a fallen heart go to

r  
o  
a  
m inside the cries

A stem so brutal  
A light so small  
Hear

feel  
touch

the smoldering heart

Presence is the rose's breath  
Colors of pure velvet  
Pouring into the soul  
Sorrows fall like rain  
Pain squeezing through the peak  
Cure the hurt  
Stop the blood  
Open the door  
Let in the light

## Linus

by Amy Pattison

light blue threads  
sown together  
in my mind  
unweaving over the years  
pulled, whipped, stepped on  
loved to shreds,  
never changing expression toward  
me.

the silk binding that once  
surrounded  
its soft, blue, loved  
corners  
rubbed, touched, played  
with  
loved to shreds,  
dissolve in the air  
as memories to threads.

thread by thread  
unravel  
with each worn hole  
it shreds.  
the white thread that held it  
together  
has broken free,  
the innocence escaped

thrown away by one  
loved by another  
the threads of my childhood  
held together.

the touch and sight of instant  
comfort.

## RED LION CRYING

for Megan Shellfish

by Amy Pattison

Various travels tonight  
we will make,  
us three.  
Rooms full of tie-dye incense  
and handcrafted plates,  
porcelain made and brushed with  
paint.

A naked man straddles a bike.  
We honk for acknowledgment  
because "Everybody Hurts."

Naked he rides,  
as if to sea.

A stolen, pink, candy-dipped,  
rose,  
rests on the blue dash.  
Thank you, Grandma Goose.

Tonight the Red Lion cries,  
tears that drown us,  
as if water thrown from a glass.

Saying goodbye,  
the words travel to sea,  
said by each of us three.

Perhaps you hear them  
while you drink champagne  
and look toward the sky  
and see us two,  
in a Supernova.

But she forgot to ask  
if he liked his cigar!

I'll ask him for you.

## CAN YOU HEAR ME?

by Joshua Carlsen

Night air is so brittle  
that my shaped hand  
breaks it apart  
with one subtle motion.  
In one lifeless second  
your soul emits a shooting star  
streaking across the sky.  
One solitary fiery life  
emanates your passionate love.

My gaze drifts  
along your body;  
white chocolate skin,  
long, delicate legs  
connect where love is purest,  
heavenly breast  
so soft and tender;  
compassionate, thin arms  
that have wrapped me  
many times over;  
your face bearing innocence  
with those eyes . . .  
eyes so beautiful  
my heart would melt  
with but one look.

As I awake  
black death lines  
parallel each other  
along a twisting road.  
Fate has made you its canvas.  
Your face,  
now timeless,  
covered by mosaic --  
glistening glass shards,  
twisted metal pieces,  
deep, rich blood;  
Destiny's selfish art.

I look back,  
deep into night,  
your shooting star  
racing life.  
My cold hand  
breaking apart air  
as my finger  
traces your soul into eternity.

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