

hide and seek

by Chance S.

Down in a foxhole
semi-safe from the bullets
and bombs
hiding so well.
Deep in a dumpster
under the trash and muck
where nobody sees me.
I am in hiding
from myself
from you, and everyone.
People think they see me
but how can they?
I am in hiding.
They see some sort of refraction, some
sort of magic trick I pull. It is pretty neat
people think they see me
and I think I am hiding.
Up in a tree
in a canopy of camouflage
with the squirrels
woodroaches, and spiders
hiding.
At the beach, buried in the sand, hiding.
Staring at the phone as it rings
hiding.
At a social event with thousands, hiding.
No one
not even myself
knows where I am.
Where did I go?

Precious Person

by Daniel Cox

Listening to "Tangled Up in Blue"
Bob Dylan's 1975 hit
Reflecting on my morning walk to the office.
This morning I spied upon
An old faced missing person powder
From a case so many years past
My heart is still saddened
As I allow the pain
To flow through me
To feel the loss of a precious person.
I first started to think on changing my route,
But quickly rejected the idea.
And making it a mental note
Every morning to say a prayer...
In memory of Kyron Horman

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Community Outreach Coordinator,
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