

The Jem

Limbo creature,
shimmering over the bright, gold, dandelion,
reaching out of the ether
to solidify around a fire lanced
crystal dew drop.
The claw hesitates,
as though seeing the perfect jewel
for the first time - -
a puff of vapor
and the dandelion flexes itself in the wind,
not knowing its loss.

Dana W. Van Valin

Metamorphosis I

My life lives a forest.
It's tones I sing in virile,
untrained,
passion hues.
Gnarled, unknown visions seek asylum
in grottoed mind;
but are peeled away by the
ever
erosive
blight,
The mutations of eons.
Twisted warriors endure soundlessly
their wrath wasted,
they solidly brave ceaseless alteration.
A grief-song cries . . .
for fallen, fragile, undone dreams.
My life lives a forest born of
weeping,
bitter
leaves.

Lauri Brock