

The swings creak gently
 back and forth
 Our laughter fills the soft summer air
 touching hands, we arch our toes to reach
 the illusive clouds
 Little ones hanging upside down on monkey bars
 shake their heads,
 "Where is that generation going," their silence seems to ask
 Slowly, the white fluff in the blue pool above
 changes to gray, to black
 all the emotions of nature thrust us out
 of our idyll
 into the world of others
 no longer can we enjoy our "youth"
 we must know our age and follow the rules
 that all learn in childhood
 but attempt to slip past
 back into yesterday.

Mary Benninghoff

Old Home

In the guise of Spring
 Billowing snow clouds
 Gather round the
 Residence of society's
 Forgotten members;

Winter sits on their
 Windows and
 They go to sleep
 Accepting it.

Jami Steiner

art by Susan Moore

