Spring

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SPRING

The day was warm with the smell of spring on every nose
the joy of the season bounced from every eye
Winter had been chased down the alley of time
and the conquering hero was strutting for all
to praise

On the land the buds invoked the heavens in hopes
that a bath might be given to their parched skins
While the fishes of the deep cast their winter ice
an' began to play tag with the baited hooks of fate
Men too shed their winter garb of red nose and
chapped lip
In favor of the pink and copper of the sun's
paint brush
which was gently stroking their pale shell—

By Dave Fisher

Downtown

Downtown
in sidewalk cinder
over time's
cracked
yet gilded ways
i another twofold
sole
pavement pedal
Aloneliness
except for
the little negro girl
who skipped
and whirled
and looked up at me
with round brown eyes.

J.J. Attinasi