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Poem From A Sleepless Night

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Cover Page Footnote

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“Untitled”

Edward G. Hyder III

Poem From A Sleepless Night

Oh these beasts I fear are in
my head, yet I'm sure they're
there, alive, prowling, teething on
my creative energy as
it attempts to
cross its
synapse

then
their young
devour the cream
of my efforts, leaving
only a milky residue
to spill over
this empty
page.

Chris Tanner

The Other Side of the Creek

for CJB

As a child,
I tried to get things
That I could not reach
A jar of honey,
A kitten under the bushes,
The world on the other side of the creek.

We tried to build bridges,
Carefully position large rocks,
Swing from branches and vines,
Or step in.

Our senior year
We diverted the creek
And now we can cross
Without any trouble.

How I long for one damp sock.

Steve Arpaia