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Across The Table

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Cover Page Footnote

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Across The Table

Across the table
once she laughed and loved
at me a while
and the world bright babbled before me.
She, like ripples, touched my shore
alive and wet and warm in the sun.

Across the table once hands met
with a glimpse of other and self
melting, molding, twining around
the roots of we.
Words glued silent to the noisy door of my mind
(the key lost)
faded, yellowing with time, curled with (mis)use. . .

Chained, I yelled with eyes watered with need and candle light
Words,
words yet,
not yet words—still feeling forever locked
lost.
The key lost.
Yes, lost forever?
I called for the check.

GREGORY CONCHELOS

Préméditation

Écoute—écoute l'harmonie des oiseaux,	trees . . . orphans
Les arbres pleins de joie—les orphelins	welcoming
Accueillants,	sky . . . sun
Le ciel presque obscure—le soleil	
Se coucheant . . .	
Voilà la Création pour un petit moineau.	sparrow

VITO MARCELLO