Lake at Fall Sunrise

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/22
Lake at Fall Sunrise

You say you missed the lake this morning,
Where were you, when smoked wavering water
Was light in cloudless skylic
Hues of blues,
Shades of indifference, you defend
Not perceiving the majestic shaded pool of blue-
Bacchanalian bittered whining blues,
crying out to be seen not heard.

Greg Ginegan

Naked We Shall Be

naked we shall be
    washed on the beach---
    falling with the waves
kissing the ends of the horizon
with the sun
lying in the shore grass
    my life
    spilling
into yours
    I shall run with the wind

Ronald Szymanski