Trapped Within

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Behind the grids of windowscreens
I see the outside world unclear
I try to answer to what it means
To live in life with only fear.

As a mediator between myself and
that of beyond the screen,
The cold wind speaks of harsh realities —

That as do clouds drift by the window screen.

JANET IPPOLITO

Untitled

At sunset,
the tiny shell
whispers
your name to me,
as does the
soft splash of every
frothy wave
cressing the shore.
As the sky gives
way to inky black,
the wind creates
from splashes
majestic
proud crests,
pounding the
memory of you
deep inside me.
Endless, endless,
as the ocean waves.

KATHIE MANIACI