1986

Il Y Pense

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Cover Page Footnote
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Fear remains,
but you speak now;
the words are not of your tongue;
resourcefulness born of desperation.
As if lighting little candles in
the dark might help
your study in solemnity.

Keats lied to you, truth
isn't always beauty,
certainly love never made it so.

After you have had her,
a familiar vapidity maligns
your illusions, and everything
is like an Edward Hopper painting
with underwater harp music, and then
it’s gone.

As you feel it leave,
you realize with a horrible
confidence, that it will
visit again and that
one night you will leave
with it and return no more.

Rich Reilly

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Wool Coat

I sometimes long
For the return
Of early morning
Weekend
Fishing days
Rented rowboat
Homemade bamboo pole
Ice cream
On the way home

I remember
Dad's wool coat
He covered me
With green
And black plaid
I slept
My head
On his lap

Kathy Murphy