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

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