1989

The Other Side Of The Creek

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Poem From A Sleepless Night

Oh these beasts I fear are in my head, yet I'm sure they're there, alive, prowling, teething on my creative energy as it attempts to cross its synapse

then
their young
devour the cream
of my efforts, leaving only a milky residue
to spill over this empty page.

Chris Tanner

The Other Side of the Creek

As a child, I tried to get things that I could not reach
A jar of honey, A kitten under the bushes, The world on the other side of the creek.
We tried to build bridges, Carefully position large rocks, Swing from branches and vines, Or step in.
Our senior year We diverted the creek And now we can cross Without any trouble.
How I long for one damp sock.

Steve Arpaia
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