A Spot Of Time At Baron's Pond

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Cover Page Footnote

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RAIN

The weather here is quite changeable. The rain comes at the most unexpected times. Even now, it slides down and rests quietly with the others never alone. Each drop is soon intermingled with the thousands that have come before. forgotten

It's grey. Cold too. Nature keeps us inside today. She sets aside days like this for organizing. Sometimes it takes longer weeks.

There are changes to be made. Decisions. Where to put the couch. What color to paint the bathroom. Sometimes you hint to a friend that you need a hand. Some are too busy and cannot be bothered with someone else's petty tasks problems. While others are willing to help paint the bathroom.

Today is just one of those days.

I just felt a drop.

Karen Marie Benz

“A ‘Spot of Time’ at Baron’s Pond”

Perfect azure skies yield to the flaming western twilight silhouetting fragrant evergreens stretching lazy limbs over the breeze rippled water which tickles my ankles dangling from the weathered wooden dock to the winsome melody of two thousand spring peepers scattered among the swaying grasses cattails and shoreline lillies where an early largemouth explodes the calm surface in pursuit of dinner sending a flight of mallards carving a quick path across the pond's surface.

-Senses sensing till they can sense no more,
I am lost in the evening’s Thrilling still.

Chris Tanner

“A Melancholy Accident”

(From Thoreau’s Walden)

A clean red trolley, its smooth chrome and glass gleaming thirsty in the sunlight.
The huddled few who wait step aboard as brass is struck, a gold bell chiming notes that with the trolley are gone.

Humming quickly through the city, propelled by wires that hang unseen above baggy pedestrians like an electric web.
The burdened wood crackles as trolley rails shriek, the sparking cables snap and fall turning the travelling crowd to toast.

Jon Victor

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