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The Old Toad

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Cover Page Footnote

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BARI MANCE

BROKEN PANE

Alone.
Always alone.
Sitting, a cool dew filled windowpane
reflects the spirit of the young.
Long ago, children seen playing
in warm breezy summer days
that clouds the goodness of memory.
Memories fade—
The house condemns itself
into the solitude of a
broken pane

MEG BARBOZA

THE OLD TOAD

ALEXANDER ST., ROCHESTER, NY, WINTER

Through the dim
lit windows, in the middle
of winter, you can see
history condensing
on the glass, covering
the green curtains—
mist of evening, dew
at sunset . . .
at The Old Toad,
cold nights clank
like glasses
and voices weighted
with beer
and importance.