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Spring

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Spring

Cover Page Footnote

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SPRING

The day was warm with the smell of spring
on every nose
the joy of the season bounced from every eye
Winter had been chased down the alley of time
and the conquering hern was strutting for all

to praise
On the land the buds invoked the heavens in hopes
that a bath might be given to their parched skins

While the fishes of the deep cast their winter ice
an' began to play tag with the baited hooks of fate

Men too shed their winter garb of red nose and
chapped lip
In favor of the pink and copper of the sun's
paint brush
which was gently stroking their pale shell—

By DAVE FISHER

Downtown

Downtown
in sidewalk cinder
over time's
cracked
yet gilded ways
i another twofold
sole
pavement pedal
Aloneliness
except for
the little negro girl
who skipped
and whirled
and looked up at me
with round brown eyes.

J.J. ATTINASI