

Reflections on  
Silhouette

Prisca Stiles

Dark tree, black tree,  
Outlined against a smoke-  
grey sky,  
Autumn night has covered  
all—  
But you refuse to so  
comply.

Grotesque tree, lone tree  
The moon casts no beams  
this night,  
Nipping rain blows round  
—but  
Your silhouette stands  
in defiant might.

Ancient tree, belligerent  
tree,  
Your leafless arms all  
tossed about,  
Many such nights you've  
seen,  
Some with light and some  
without.

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"IMAGINATION"

I gaze upon a crystal  
peak,  
When comfort from the  
world I seek.  
I listen to the robins  
sing,  
For much felicity they  
bring.

I smell a sweet laburnum  
tree,  
When from my thoughts  
I'm wont to flee.  
Tho' more than oft I  
ruminate,  
When ere the eve is  
growing late.

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BINGO BANGO BONGO

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"He Winks At Me"

nb

The flash of lightning  
passing by  
Is like a winking, blink-  
ing eye.

It blinks and winks again  
and then  
It disappears around the  
bend.

So try to look a little  
quicker,  
And you might also see  
the flicker  
Of the eye in which he  
Peers down,

And-oh- He winks at me!

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"BRIDEGROOM"

Hastings

The preacher was waiting,  
The vows binding were  
taken,  
How glorious, how bulging  
his pride.

And he'd gone twenty  
miles,  
When frowns came from his  
smile....  
Alas, he'd forgotten his  
bride!

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Fate Hastings

She ponders.....  
A deadly smirk  
Swimming in a sad expression  
Like a player  
Over a chess board  
Who moves  
The white pawn  
Before the black queen...  
To be smitten  
In one movement  
Of her hand.

Fate,  
We know nothing of you.  
It is better that way  
I think.

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"A Poem"

by Hank

The day seemed to glow like  
a summer sky.  
The air was fresh and new.  
The birds seemed to flit with  
a joyful air, as from the  
bare trees they flew.

The death of fall was near  
at hand,  
And winter was standing by  
The trees were undressing  
with graceful style  
Silhouetting the bright clear  
sky.

And lo' and behold a cloud  
arose  
And showered the ground with  
white.  
I got so sick of shoveling  
snow,  
I went out and got good and  
tight.

THE WATCHERS

by Hastings

Black-blurred streak  
Chrome hats atop the  
shin ng mo ster glow  
And reflect the Sun above  
And the moon on high  
As they watch him fly  
Down the black ribbon.  
And they sit and ponder,  
And call him  
Fool. And wonder  
His fate.

by Hastings

Brown eyes  
I see no more.  
I cry for them.

by Hastings

Curiosity  
Has killed the cat.  
Before you  
Stands his corpse  
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