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## Tender

*by William Smith, FSPE*

Mother Africa blows her harsh desert kiss west to Cabo Verde  
The summer sea wind lofting it along the route of the ancient Guineaman  
Twisting and circling, collecting the detritus of spirits broken and abandoned  
Swirling, sweeping and gathering the memories of tortured indentured souls  
Spiraling, lifting jettisoned anguished prayers from the churning heated water  
Surging, spinning toward a horrible terminus, redolent with fear and pain  
Bursting forth, the howling fury delivering to the forgotten remnants of their demise  
Whipping the howling sea into a hellish reminder of the oblivion of history  
Receding finally with calm and tearless eye, kiss imparted, reprisal tendered Ω

## Fourteen-Fifteen Was the Hour

*by Thomas Hally, DSPE*

Fourteen-fifteen when my computer lost its power  
I had been sitting in front of it for an hour  
Realizing it's the same old conundrum  
As before but I can't know the end  
It is a beautiful sunny day with some wind  
Butterflies fly and palm branches bend  
Sitting I watch television every day  
The palms do not stop their sway  
There is not much I can do so I sit for now  
Wondering exactly when and how  
All returns normal once again  
I will see you all then. Ω