
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