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The Coming Age

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The Coming Age

I would be a witch —
apple in an eye that I am —
practicing birth control and
beckoning hallucinogens from weeds.
I need no virgin sterilization.
I am cleansed body and soul together
showering with the plants I sing to,
Naked before thirsting stamen —
no harm done in brushing with a bush.
I am Eve
and in this age
I'm claiming my garden

Lynn Greene

Seduction

Sleek body twined about my feet.
Nose, head, then tail rub against my shins.
With what have you marked me?
Ebony animal,
Warlock what have you done to my heart it burns!
Warm body slither into my lap,
Drawing caresses from me with incantations.
Ah, your back arches with the tempo of my strokes.
Cat,
Why do you squirm from my lap?

Jacqueline Ondy

Pointless Polarities

She searched for food to live
He lived on food for thought
She said we must fight
 to live or die
He asserted life is round
 no beginning, no end.

He calls the crowd to march
 for peace
She crawls into a hole
 with a gun.

It begins.

Two children die in the heat
 of their quarrel.

Ruth Wick