

1974

Untitled (Artwork)

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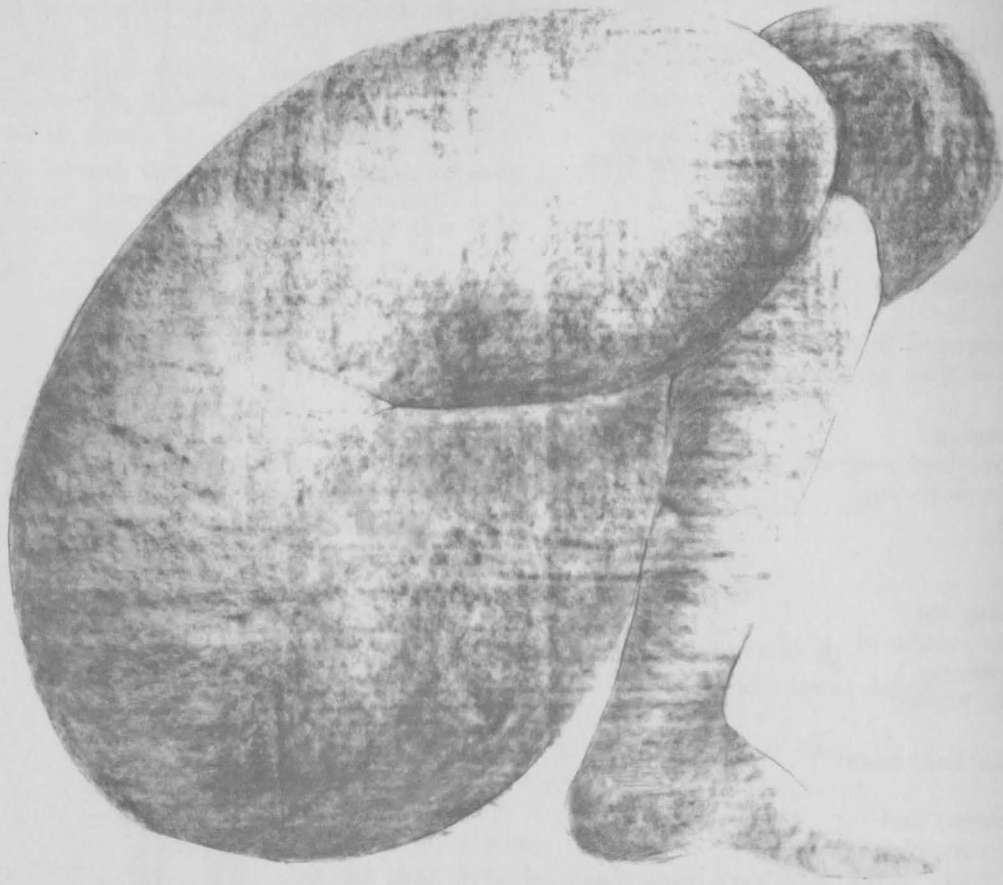


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The morning glories climb the house on strings.
Closed now,
Their blossoms are as pale as skin
Stretched tight across clenched fists.
In my room
The light comes green
Through the curtains of late afternoon.
Gentle as air turning warm,
Your arms
Would draw me out.

Sue Payne

today's bleakness
made sad sounds in the air
as if a moaning cow had lost his lover
no longer does naked sunshine
erase the gray of dismal
broken fences and bent rusted nails
compete for the suicidal victory
only to deteriorate and emerge
silenced and defeated.

Cathy Graff