

**What a Shame**

Kira Bonk

how horrendous!  
( gulp that  
Fresh Air )  
for Goodness' sake,  
where is your cigarette?  
that had better not be Water,  
take this red cup—it's stronger.  
how piteous!  
( ignore that  
nagging voice )  
for Goodness' sake,  
where is your fun side?  
unclench those weathered Spines,  
join these juvenile times.  
how credulous!  
( notice that  
slight smirk )  
for Goodness' sake,  
where is your life going?  
You stress, and worry, and Care.  
succumb already and swear.  
how humorous!  
to behave.

**Love's List**

Debbie Newcomb

I love him for:  
small, sweet notes left on my door  
the way he smiles when he's glad  
or when he shares dreams he's had  
when our hands hold  
the tales we have not told  
when our lips say  
life won't get in the way  
his jokes that run from sense  
the times he'll jump a fence  
to play on slides or swings  
the way that, just for me, he sings  
the way he sees a film...  
He left me one day. Bastard.