

The Emancipation of Harold J. Lessor

Longing to see you I walked down to the train depot. But you weren't there. You have deserted me again, friend. It was night and the cold air stung my face. I pulled my blue muffler tighter, but it did not help. You have deserted me again. I went over to a phone booth on the corner, fished in my pocket for a dime, and dialed your number. After the eighth ring I put the receiver back into its cradle. Out on the street it was still cold. In all my 36 years I've never asked much from you, at least not so much as you couldn't give. To be proud of me when I did good; to love me because I try; perhaps to tell

the truth which isn't so hard. Or is it. We used to tell each other the truth back when it was easy. That was years ago. Now I have no job, I make no money. I am no glory. It's not easy now. Is that why you're not around anymore. When you went away to New York I was happy for you. It's nice to have a friend who's successful, even if I'm back here in Wyoming smoking hand-rolled cigarettes. Of course you're not home. You haven't been for a long time. And even if I knew your number in New York I wouldn't call. You see, you're safe. Don't worry.

Steve Kadel



Dan Ladely

EARTH FINDINGS

I tore up mother
earth to
Find the End Fate
of Damned Dead.

But, I knew the grave
would offer more
than bones and
earthen rags.

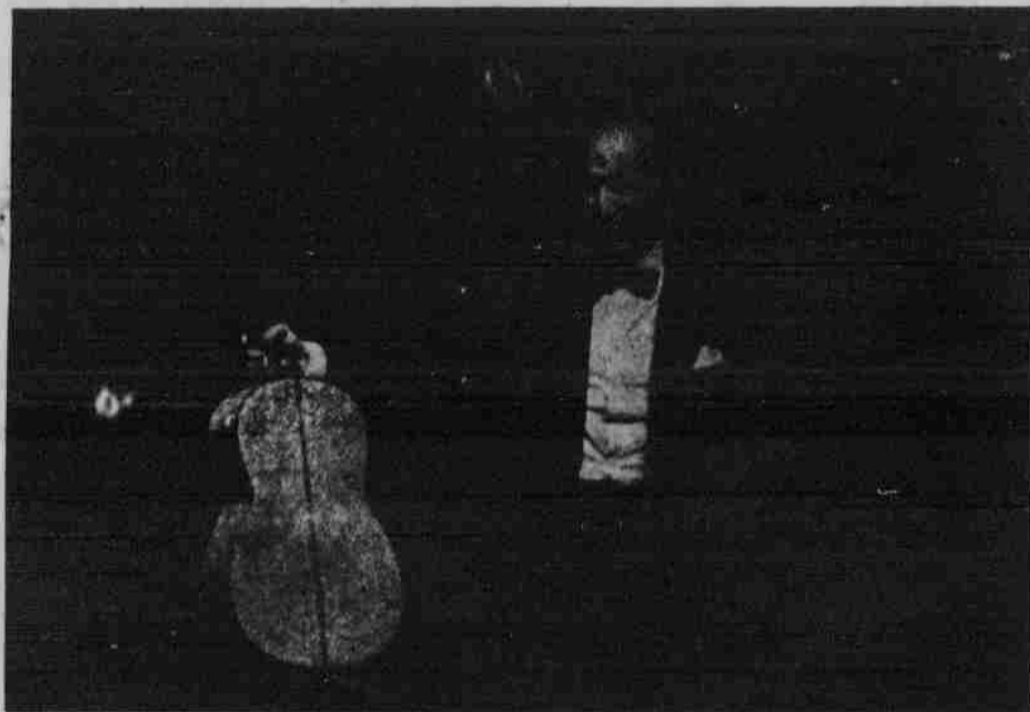
this wormy earth
is good to man
I must admit.

For all I've found
is one corroded soul
encased in frozen (straining) sweat.

Joe Prentiss

Damn these awkward bones,
My dance too boldly taken
Flames of love burn a road so broad
A friend is lost and shaken
So lonely when the heat that searches
Obscures the warmth that's latent.
I heard your name from the heavenly host
But then I happened to lean to close.
Almost hoping
Two uncrossed strangers' hands
Two uncrossed lovers' hands
Wishing as a pivot stands
And the voice says
Let yourself be free.

Kelly Nash



Ted Kirk



Dan Ladely

a drop in the hat of
a bottomless part of
the great hill in the
sky that never can
see down into the
sideways going round
every once in awhile
turning
but always never
knowing
which way you're
going?

steve buettow