

## Trespassing

Zeb Lott

I can tell by the bubbles  
Slow, small, steady  
That your goggles are filling.  
We two in this pool at night  
Feel the thrill of doing something  
Forbidden, illegal, and dark.  
This moonlight shows me  
Where you are, what you are doing.  
The surface becomes calm as you  
Sink and hold your breath.  
I can see you looking up and seeing  
This strange thing:

Only the  
Soles of my feet, as though I am  
Standing on the water. You choke  
In your surprise at seeing spectral feet,  
Motionless, in the middle of the pool.  
Rise, break the still reflection  
Of the moon into a billion shattered  
Stars and finally observe  
The diving board I sit upon  
You never knew was there.

## Canon in D

D.A. Wright

You are exclusively an evening melody,  
rent into existence by notes  
too magical for the day.

Lazily you pluck your primary strings  
and buttons open with a meticulous method  
that drives over me and on me and into me.

Then, quickening the pace of your delicate frame,

bowing to the deep resonant chords stroked to  
agitation by the vigorous palpitation of our  
progression,

You raise my often-wandering attention to new  
heights  
as I delight in knowing where you're going  
but still wonder how it will come to end.

Rest a few beats and begin again, my song,  
For I know you'll leave my loving ear before long.

## Delivering Democracy

A.P. Mendenhall

*Greetings, I'm your messenger:  
a two-ton hunk of metal  
dropping from a jet  
intending not to injure  
the innocent settle-*  
*ment.*

But sands become sponge  
soaking sanguine  
into unremembrance;  
bombs sever the tongue  
of he that speak of sin-  
sold souls of credence.

Snug at home we wait  
to tell what Goodness we have done  
and say *after all, they cannot see*  
*what promising fate*  
*blesses lands once we have won*  
*and delivered them Democracy.*