

Hunting

by Brightman Skinner

Inspired by "Pompeii" by John Brehm *

Sitting in the woods, alone, impatient, tired,
Looking over every tree, bush, and flower
Wondering when he will come. Colors everywhere, so many it's
Hard to concentrate on one thing.

I think about what the deer might be thinking,
Knowing he's always in constant danger of being killed,
Then again it's just me, one person, hunting.

Hearing shots, I realize I'm not alone. I look into
The foggy, musty air and wonder what it would be like to be a soldier
In constant danger of being killed by hundreds of hunters.

If only war was like deer hunting;
Only one person hunting a pacific animal
Unable to fight back,
But it's not at all the same.

Flight

by H. B. Graves

A bird swings low and grabs a snake,
Ripping it from the ground
Like a crane machine at the fair,
Soaring over the meadow.

Butterflies eccentrically flap their wings,
Swimming through air like fish in the sky.
Brushing low clouds with their antennas,
Soaring over the meadow.

An airplane glides through the air
Declining through the atmosphere
Preceding a touch and go,
Soaring over the meadow.

Hope

by Lainie Hyman

She saw the pretty star last night
Shooting through the midnight sky
With pursed lips and eyes shut tight
She wished that God would grant her hope

For the people she wished she could be
For the ones she loves and always will
For things she knows she'll never receive
She wished that God would grant her hope

Out of bed and on her knees
She clasped her hands and looked above
Praying that the heavens would see
She wished that God would grant her hope