

The Shot

by Bright Skinner

He stands, driver in hand,
Tees up the ball
And eyes the flag

No tricks, cheats, or mulligans
Just one ball, one club, and one shot
Nothing else

Rustling in the trees
Movement in the leaves,
The flag begins to blow

He steps back, looks again
He takes aim
And swings

Fought

by Lainie Hyman

Inspired by "Fueled" by Marcie Harris *

Fought
By a fisherman
And his
Crooked rod,
The massive fish can be seen
Through the water—
And cameras flash.

Fought
Below the ocean surface,
The fish
Puts up a fight
Trying to untangle
Itself from the line—
Its mighty tail thrashes,
Fighting for his life,
And no one so much as
Tips his hat.

A Song

by Alan Ashurian

As I walked down the street,
I felt a vibe or a beat
And started singing along
With my very own song.
The melody was as sweet as a morning breeze;
It gave me energy to climb the tallest trees.
All the leaves swirled,
And I had to tell the world.