

KAY R. EGINTON

Setting Things to Rights

Snow clings to the fragile trees
a blizzard whitening out
The scene, brought to its knees;
once domestic, now the weather.

They cower under bridges, children also.
Or in doorways,
Homeless relics of a time
when "human" was not just

A rhyme, clever
but intended in the snow?
Below the line of sight,
below expectations?

The snow blows horizontal.
We return now and then
to observations elemental.
Perhaps someone, somewhere

Can set things to rights again.

Kay R. Eginton is the author of Poems (Penfield Press, 1981). She lives in Iowa City, Iowa.

JOANNA M. WESTON

Bow Poised Over Violin

this beginning-
the moment
before touch

the pause
that grasps time
and lingers

then- the bow sweeps down
lifts a note
into hearing

high C that had waited
under flesh
now—

invades light
- hangs spot-lit
tremulous
before loss

Joanna M. Weston's new collection of poetry, A Bedroom of Searchlights, is forthcoming from Inanna in spring 2016.

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