

ENIGMA

R. L. Cook

Death ends desire;
 The dying bone
 Shrinks from the padded crutch,
 And withering flesh
 Shivers before
 The flowering flesh's touch:

 But O I touch
 The petals in
 The forest of your hair
 And never know
 How soon I'll reach
 The skull that's hidden there.

CINDERATELLITE

Charles H. Howe

The moon has had a Cinderella face
 Godmother sun enchanted with her wand
 Of light. Mysterious dance with Prince of Space
 Hears midnight stroke; romance has lost its bond.
 Earth-spells are built around the seen, unknown,
 The myths of lovers' silver-misted dreams,
 Apollo-close, see face of fireplace stone
 And scullery ash of space moondust now seems.
 But lure of Cinderella does not leave,
 The science-princes found a slipper lost
 In space. Time-voids and space the mind would cleave,
 Enchantment-led, seek universe wide-tossed.
 Twin-planet, beckoning Cinderatellite,
 You orbit mind with myth to open night.