Home

Winter 2007

Autumn 2006

Summer 2006

Spring 2006

Winter 2006

Fall 2005

Summer 2005

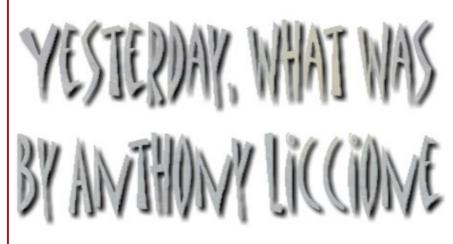
Spring 2005

Editor's Note

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I remember ushow we danced those endless nights; twelve struck with a magical stroke, the moon above would melt in our eyes,

young love graced as one.

Summer days heat
we would go to the beach:
feet sank into sand
double-fudge dripped off our cones.
She would wrap herself
in the cool blue lake
and stroke,
afloat the thrusting waves.

Yesterday pictures, a frame can only hold. White and gray ran with me and bent the concepts captured in. I sit with two alonewhen I talk to her today, only the birds answer back. The t.v. gives me intention, the radio motion; she is half-conscious and I am her stranger: that feeds, diapers and tucks her expired eyes to bed. Her face is half-beaten with gravity, muscles weak to control her bladder.

But still I hope for the better. Soon the day will end and it will be dark. I will wash her nipples and change her sheets. Then at the stroke of twelve, I shall dance again—

It hurts to smile.

to the thousand beats of eternity; that you will never be skeleton when I am in ghost.	
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Anthony Liccione lives in Texas with his wife and two children. He has three collections of poetry: *Heaven's Shadow, Parched and Colorless,* and *Back Words and Forward*. His forth book, *Please Pass Me, the Blood & Butter* is now available.

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