

A FABLE

The silly sheep think danger passes by.
From other pastures they can hear no cry;
They see no slaughter, matted coat of red,
The rotting entrails or the severed head.
The silly sheep think wolves are fairy tales,
Browsing along beside high, mountain trails,
Seeing no predator that lurks nearby,
The silly sheep think danger passes by.

—*Louise Darcy*

THE BAG

love, a paper bag, crumpled
in a crowdlit sanctuary
stands, in a rush of violence
on fire with the wind, a stillness

with itself. Everybody's in it, this
brown bag at the edge of the curb; Jake,
who is kicking it

along the street, is in it; Margaret,
who is writing a book in another city,
is in it; and Mike, who is now tearing it
to shreds for amusement's sake,
is also in it.

—*Gregory Grace*