

## CHEZ NOE

*Cherra S. Ransom*

The flambé fruit mushrooms beside the window where the rain floods down,  
 And like some small sun belies the gloom outside.  
 Patrons turn their heads, stare, forget to sip their wines.  
 Sodden peace marchers plod by with signs and banners  
 And glance inside, pondering the gift of fire:  
 Low-browed hunters catching sparks from flint,  
 Forests burning,  
 And always somewhere mountains melting,  
 Atlantis shattered, sinking down,  
 Tophet smoking and Carthage burnt,  
 Greek fire, plague-thinned London purged at last,  
 Weapons shooting flame,  
 The lifted sword outside Paradise,  
 The artificial sun,  
 The man-made cloud,  
 The flambé cities sifting down.

## LIKE LAKES

*James Harrison*

Like lakes that slip through gills  
 of fish that slip like dreams  
 through sleep through wakeless lakes;  
  
 like lakes whose whole length slowly  
 shivers, as to a lover's  
 touch, rocking the sky;  
  
 like lakes leading, as night  
 spills into night along a questering  
 thread of days, to lower  
  
 lakes; like dying lakes  
 choked by the detritus  
 of unconcern; like lakes.