

JEFFREY WHEATLEY

NARCISSUS

Narcissus, had he been my dog,
would not have gazed into a pool
admiring his reflected face
like many another love-struck fool.

He would have thrown a fit of rage
to drive away his bogus twin,
defied the water and attacked
the enemy he saw within.

GILLIAN E. BURFIELD

LOST YEARS

All the years they were at home

I took little notice,
thought they lived to themselves,
inward-turned,
sufficient.

Now it is too late

they are gone away from me,
and I hear the wind
rustle through windows
onto bare pillows.