

Monday's sonnet

it rains in Wichita
tonight

a winter rain
blizzards drift,

swirl in the dips
& rivers of the brick streets

i go to have dinner
with friends

to be wrapped warm in
candlelight,

to drink in the
sweetness

of warm rain &
red wine

—Anita Skeen

waiting the first frost

the path through the woods
lies knee-deep in
leaves

i would take you
to the pond
but you must be home
by nightfall
and already the wind grows
cold

—Anita Skeen

halloween scene

wierd no-name
kitty w/moonstruck eyes

flees from shadow of
moving leaf

pygmy tiger
frightened by

acorns
crouched in

terror
among pumpkins.

—Anita Skeen