

*Scott Taylor*

## **No Second Coming**

Now make your music sadly;  
Sweet lady, make it long:  
Sing to sad hearts a gladly  
Forgotten song.

Sing low for summer flowers  
Long buried in the frost:  
Sing long for the quiet hours  
Forever lost.

Sing sadly, and discover  
No lean notes known before.  
Sweet lady, know your lover  
Returns no more.

*Paul Wappenstein*

## **The Poet**

I sit and I write and I kid myself  
Yet every word and every sight  
seems to rhyme or have some metre  
perhaps bizarre, perhaps understood  
My mind in flight seems to  
connect  
empty spaces.

*Michael Amato*

## **The End of the World**

The end of the world is not  
something I would care to watch  
on the late show, sandwiched  
between eleven o'clock news  
& the star spangled banner  
The end of the world  
should be perused at leisure  
with a tall Collins by the pool  
& soft music

