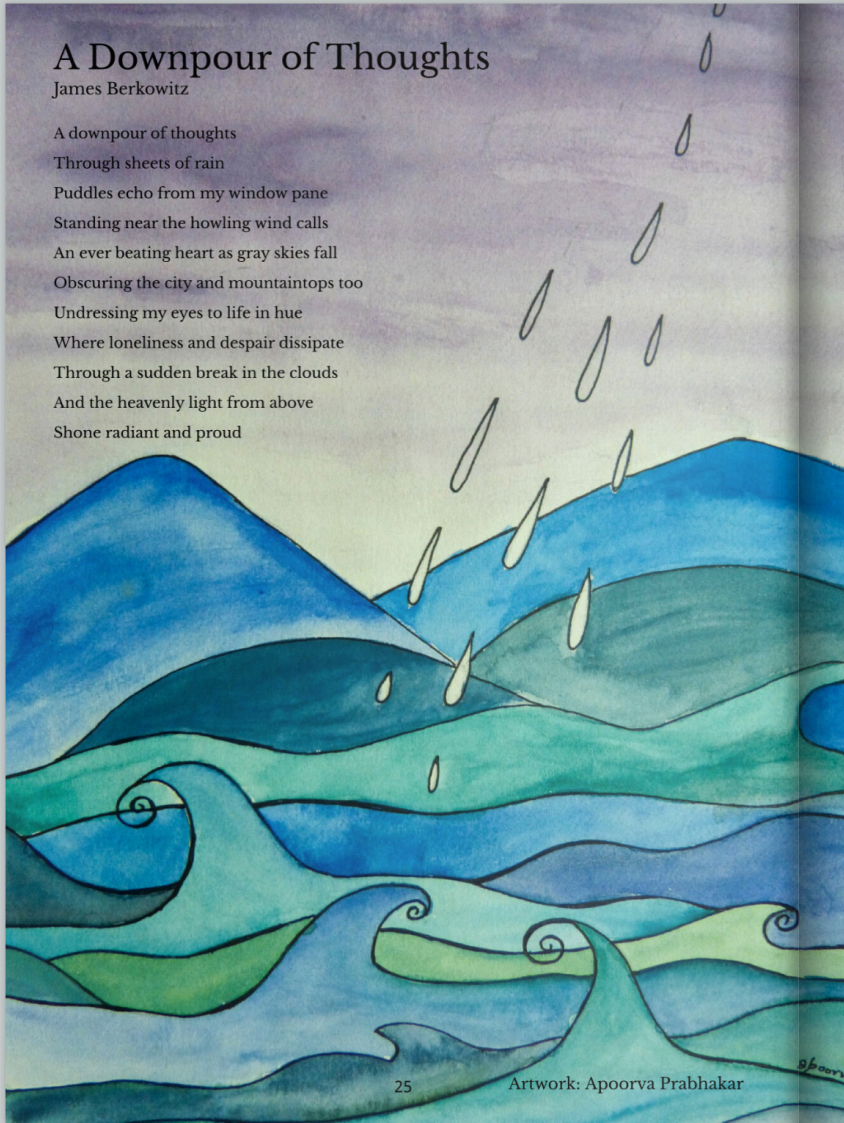


A Downpour of Thoughts

James Berkowitz

A downpour of thoughts
Through sheets of rain
Puddles echo from my window pane
Standing near the howling wind calls
An ever beating heart as gray skies fall
Obscuring the city and mountaintops too
Undressing my eyes to life in hue
Where loneliness and despair dissipate
Through a sudden break in the clouds
And the heavenly light from above
Shone radiant and proud



Artwork: Apoorva Prabhakar

Gothic

Robin Knight

I saw an angel at the bottom of the Rambla
near the port. Her wings gothic doors;
bronze and pointed at the top.
She was texting - her lover, her dog sitter,
maybe Jesus. You blew her a kiss.
She smiled, caught it slow
and put it in her heart with a wishbone
and God knows what.



Artwork: Edward Supranowicz

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