

# Two Cinquains

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## SPOT ON OUR LUNG

We sense  
A stillborn dawn.  
A furtive, lurking gray,  
A sleight of dusk, eclipse, that follows  
Us.

## TITANIC'S LANTERNS

Upon  
My rain-glazed panes  
Wet lights from neighbors glow  
Like lantern beams from shipwrecks down  
Below.

AFH

