

Two Cinquains

by Alan F. Hilfiker

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

