Venereal disease

I was very much disturbed by that US Army poster in my home town in the 50s showing a sweet young virgin, who made me dream, with written underneath something like: “You think she is CLEAN, but...” This was not even a German girl, or a Polish one, or another Displaced Person, and OUR whores were not THAT young. But anyway, she looked much too much AMERICAN to be real, at least 40 years ago.

by Harry R. Wilkens

Equinox

Sliding away towards winter earth turns; sun loses height. Gawky greenfinches too busy strutting; unaware of claws frosted to branches. Dahlias glow black-red while trees unhook leaves; in shady corners dew sits all day. Stems become brown paper revealing pods and berries. A bee, inebriated, crash lands buzzing without effect; wings catching rainbows its legs unfurl, growing stiff, still.

by Ursula Hurley

by Harry R. Wilkens