One Short Poem

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One short poem

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First night in a new home.
Warm, tepid air stirs through
desolate rooms.
My heart beats like tires on bumpy pavement.

Tim Wiegand

Skin

Apples, as we all know, don't have mouths.
So when you take a knife and cut into one, it's the skin that screams.
The skin of an apple screams much louder than the skin of say, a human.
But, if you cut it very slowly, you can barely hear it.
Now, I know what you're thinking.
What about other fruit?

John Ledges