

If I Could Be A Doughnut by Peter A. Letendre

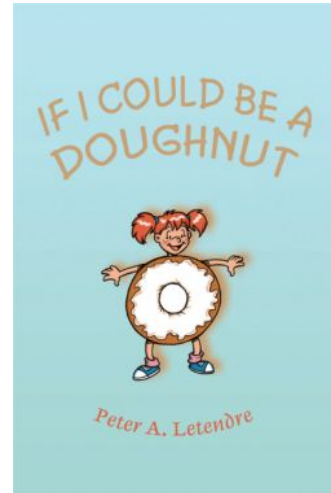
Campground

A blush of colour
washes clean upon a lake
dirty with acid.

Rusting under smooth wet elms,
barrels of malignant chemicals
sit as happy as campers.

Granny

Without sentiment or grace
the tapestry of time unfolds upon her face,
revealing delicate art
as natural to the heart
as sun-washed golden leaves
or roses in a field paled by morning
vapours.



Hippo Hop

There's nothing more preposterous
than a hopping hippopotamus
who wiggles and shakes,
whatever it takes,
to mount a bike like the rest of us.

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