

## CONFESSION

I must repent these convenient,  
 Too-ordered ways; pairings of phrase,  
 Meter and rhyme entombing time,  
 Stars, God in grace. I must efface  
 This universe, destroy,  
 Disperse  
 With primal fire this form-fouled world,  
 Until my lyric  
 Rips like limbs,  
 Like roots,  
 To substance;  
 Gouging air,  
 Gorging earth,  
 And girding space.

--- Russell Stafford

## LATRIA

Twenty-four lifetimes I have seen  
 this minute renaissance:  
 Unapologetically here,  
 Uncompromisingly now,  
 entirely present,  
 Sublime with the ignorance  
 of never having learned,  
 Wise beyond understanding,  
 Swollen with importance  
 of being.  
 Inexorable.

Immensely comforting epiphany  
 to recognize the force  
 That drives this fragile flower  
 to the sun  
 And beyond.

--- Judith L. Miller

Russell Stafford received his B.A. at Atlantic Union College. He will begin graduate work in English this fall.

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