



BY CHRIS LEWIS

Inside Out by Mary Lewys

Part 2

“Good evening, Mr. Bowker,” Mrs. Richardson coos with her shaky, elderly voice. The New Orleans’ night air is always so thick with magnolias and Cajun spices. The sweet, piquant aroma touches deep within, like a lover. Who could stay in on such a lovely night?

“Good evening, Mrs. Richard-

son.” Her hand tastes of Ivory soap and Aspicreme. She bows and lowers her eyes as a proper lady should. Despite her age, Mrs. Richardson remembers how society behaves. The street light, painting my neighborhood into a sepia picture, does her justice.

Her granddaughter, on the other hand, is the painted jezebel. She rolls eyes and snaps her gum like a common harlot. I stare with a belly-full of brimstone. Her lady business smells of all the men she’s begged. I could fix that.

“Nice evening. Are you on your way home?”

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Don't LOOK

“Yes. Brittani was kind enough to escort me for some ice cream.” With her age-spotted hands, Mrs. Richardson clutches her cracking, patent-leather purse. She stares at small troupe of Negro youth on the other side of the street. I nod toward their leader – a thick muscled, thick brained clod who keeps the rest in line with his broad fists. He nods back. We know what the other to be and give wide birth.

(continued next issue)

Simple Simon, eyes wide open, nine months old, everything in mouth, still loving all, feeds everyone he happens to meet and greet.
On the way home from Thanksgiving feasting, his aunts and uncles dropped at LAX, shopping mall exits seem just jammed packed.
Turkey gorgers now morph into early Christmas bargain hunters, while hiking paths (equally nearby) remain empty -- no competition for our great national pastime.

Simple Here .

Little Molly Stonewell by Elisha Lynn Robinson

Little Molly Stonewell,
Wore black ribbons in her hair,
And she carried a large, black umbrella,
As she skipped from here to there.

Down the lane and through the town,
Molly and her umbrella did go,
It covered her every night, dusk and day,
And shielded her from every passing shadow.

Little Molly Stonewell,
With your black ribbons and your bows,
Why do you carry that umbrella,
Everywhere you go?

She stopped for just a moment,
Her pale face absent of any glee,
And from beneath her umbrella she whispered,
“Surely I will not be haunted by what I cannot see.”

Promiscuities
by Gerry Samrat