

“The Secret of the Mandolin Man”  
by Becky Bishop White

He flies in, light-hearted, like a Donovan song.  
Fixing, with a third eye, to right your wrong.  
Music so delicate, it can rest on an egg  
without breaking it.

Yet somehow it breaks your heart open  
and you strain to hear the tune.  
So damaged you feel, like you might crack  
- to catch a few notes might get you back  
on track -

you blink. A golden feather is at your feet, a chance  
to lift your sorry soul and feel the spirit of the dance.



“Eggman”  
by Bruce Pope