Witnesses

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The Editor

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The Editor

Literary or Not........................................3

FICTION

Sharon Sheehe Stark

The Barlip Run........................................5

Richard Horberg

Survivors.............................................17

Sean McMartin

All the Perfumes of Arabia.........................25

POETRY

Becky Norris

Father....................................................37

Postcards.............................................37

Beth Kalikoff

Juanita Bink.........................................38

Richard Grossman

Forgetting............................................41

Barbara Reisner

And Each Time.......................................42

Jan Chisholm

Nothing You Can Touch..............................43

James Hearst

Witnesses..............................................44

Brian Swann

Resolution.............................................44

Hollace Gruhn

On the Missouri......................................45

John Garmon

Grandfathers.........................................47

Growing Older........................................48

Regina Reibstein

He Left No Survivors...............................49

A. Wilber Stevens

Visit.....................................................50

Clinton F. Larson

A View of History..................................51
The orchard basks in the mellow light of autumn, leaves drift along the hedge, a late mouse scurries for its burrow. Three pheasants, a cock and two hens stroll with arrogant steps through frosted grass and dry leaves. Their bronze and purple splendor witnesses as wilderness beyond the tame acre of my study. They burn in the sun and wake a vision of barbaric wonder against the windows of my safe retreat.