



Issue 25 – 2002



No, this isn't one of those inane PBS comedies, but rather a test of your backward thinking. We provide the lines; you write the story (serious or silly) that includes them.

For the fourth stage of this contest, now open for entries, we ask you to write the same length poem (five to ten lines) but this time work in these five words (in any order):

fever incense abandon doubt swirl

Fever Dreams

In twisted sheets and fitful sleep my fever rises
Now, unbidden, you come in dreams.
Overpowering and cloying
Like musk incense in a too small room.
Vulnerable in the darkness, drenched in sweat,
I abandon the child – doubt the adult I've become.
I wake to the sudden swirl of a reality skewed.

—Amy Morgan, Grand Island, NY