



to everything --  
the way a sister and a grandma and a mom  
sprays kisses as she paddles out,  
sending a soft essence of herself  
heavenward  
and a hopeful grace  
showers her children,  
still busy building castles  
and digging toes  
into the mysterious sand



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

**Water Lilies**

**By**

**Susan B. Auld**

Shapeless mounds filled  
with shadows  
float motionless on silent ponds,  
until morning drinks the darkness  
and water lilies raise hopeful faces  
toward sunlight.

Each morning at the pond  
I watch the day begin,  
the lilies open.

I've seen variations of this scene

by oceans, streams, lakes.  
I've seen variations of this scene  
in my garden:

morning always arrives  
morning always brings clarity,

And, I always  
raise my face  
toward the sun.



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

1 Haiku and 3 Senryu

By

Charlotte Digregorio

my old school...  
stillness of the  
merry-go-round

my school chum...  
still smiling ingenuously  
at fifty-nine

weeding again...  
the garter snake  
the new neighbor

postman arrives...  
in my palm  
i weigh the reply



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

Bright

By

William Vollrath

The little flower  
reached up  
through the dirt  
only to be burned  
by the brilliance  
of the sun



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

the driver

by

j a laporte

bus driver guides us  
through a 3-D panoramic movie  
the characters inside  
take their seats  
there are no scripts and yet...  
characters develop  
connections are made  
real people emerge  
until their destination in life  
appears to be ending  
the bus stops  
the transfer point  
where...  
the real  
the real story  
begins where it ends  
the bus seems to float  
old friends appear  
and the movie on the bus  
is one we haven't seen before  
and connections are made  
connections are made



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

**Patience Is Coldness**

**By**

**Jason Shimberg**

Leveled out in the distance  
As smart as dumb  
Quiets the mind begun in melody  
Onward and upward  
The beat hear it in the center lane  
The quiet market juts out into the prism there is no cross traffic  
The barricades leave this lane adjunct with people,  
farmers  
the tip toes all around  
good food today  
we pray  
the divider is lines of the mind going even with streaks  
make noise like a mouse  
the turning and yearning this day is almost eve  
time is running down the cheek of one of the merry  
and we sell ripe apricots  
we sell cherry sun block  
I make my powerful surge of attrition  
I make long strides  
As the moon lets in a little path of exhilaration  
The dust settles  
Fingers go through pockets with folds  
Finding silver is a game  
Lacking a marker  
The only noise making waves are the splashes of sea that beckon  
swim with me

Boom boom in the afternoon  
A loon, a gull watching leering out into a stone's throw away from  
freedom.  
Patience is coldness



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

The Senior

By

S. Sandra Phillips

I feel like a ghost  
I used to run this place.  
I still could;  
Better than all these strangers do now.  
I feel like a ghost.

Most of the time I am not seen  
When someone is aware of my presence,  
They try to ignore me  
As they would a ghost.  
I am an interloper from the past.

They sit around and talk  
Too much  
About inconsequentials and such  
While I work  
Like a ghost.  
But I am not a ghost  
I have not faded away  
It is they who have grown brighter  
And made me a shadow  
In this brittle, fickle world.

I feel like a ghost  
I must leave this old workplace  
There must be some other space  
Which I can haunt  
And not feel haunted.



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

**Paysage**

**By**

**Stella Radulescu**

Take me to the beach where the air is music  
the place for our bodies  
to be at large  
nights

and days        then more  
a minute  
a second the full range  
of things

Keep me as I am  
dozing on warm sand mouth open

you can call me

eternal

\*

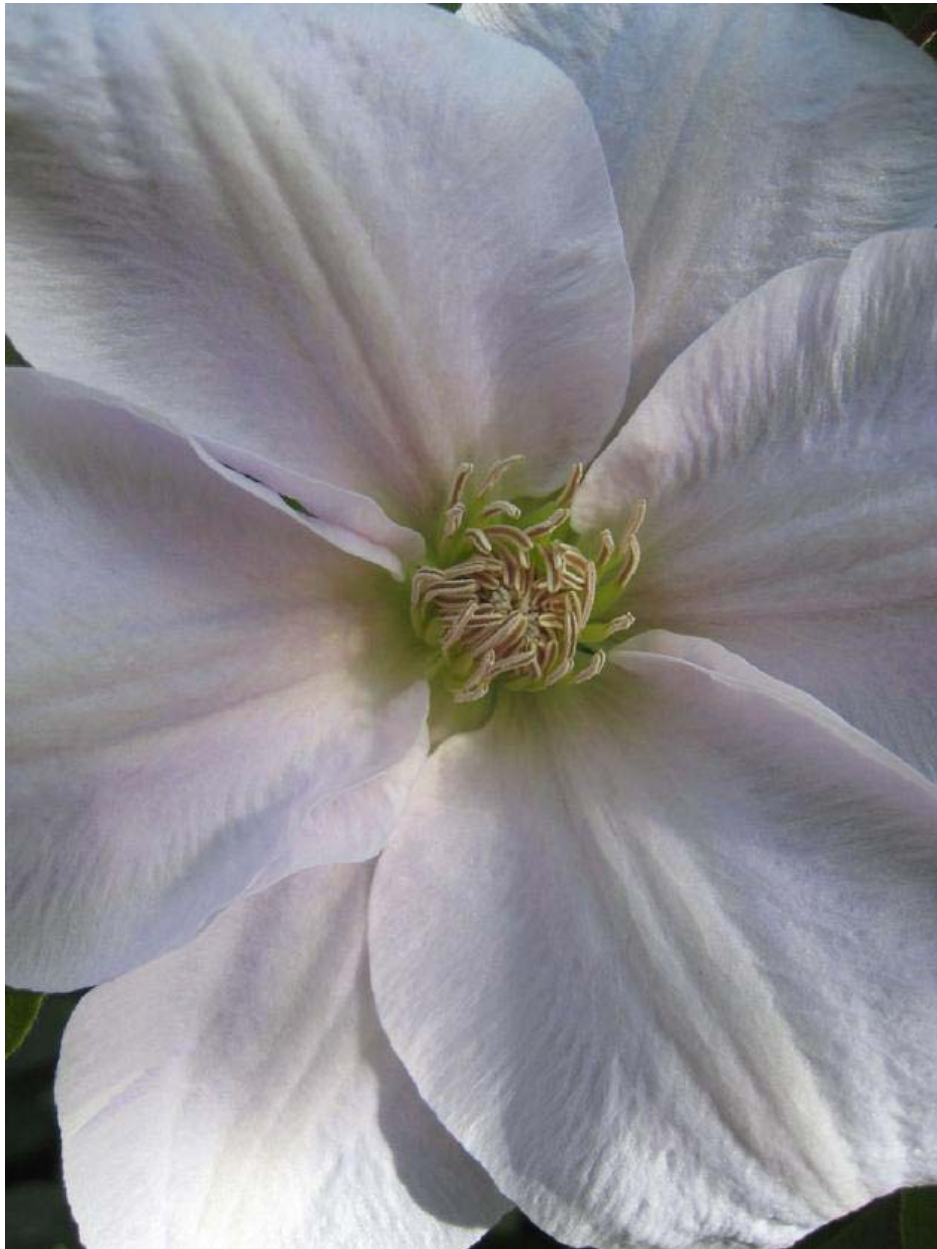
The lobster keeps up with his hunger  
digging the sea

Dali in the air

Me too  
I found the word for *sadness* and the word for *joy*  
they are right as I said  
happy  
in their flesh

More or less

Let me start again



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

That's Life

By

Kenny Sommer

He was born for greatness  
But his youth is another life  
Bruce could do anything  
But no one saw the weakness inside  
Got the lot  
So many friends  
Was in newspapers and on tv  
Now an aging artist  
Who doesn't get many checks  
Still praised with talent  
Mr. Cohen  
Even meets lots of girls  
Still can make it  
Give off lots of light  
Send him down some space based power  
He needs to fight, be strong  
Lucky to be a cat  
9 lives  
Family of love  
He has no wife, no kids  
Many old loves  
Bruce drives with shame in his eyes  
Looks forward at the open road



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

**Fancy On The  
Kingdom Come**

**By**

**Robert Klein Engler**

First, is to be worthy. That, I suppose, means purity in love. Then, Benny Goodman plays "Memories of You." Suddenly, we stand together in the unity we shared before we were soiled by the world.

The "I love you," said when I was a fool, I repeat, but in harmony with the angels. We could be alive in a Russian dacha. The summer garden is replete with greenery, just like in a novel by Turgenev.

A rider comes from Moscow. Michael with his cello joins us for the weekend. The days have new axes I touch light in your hair. Hunger finds the Eucharist. Meanwhile, in Rome, the Lord appears. Cardinals

pester the Pope, "What to do? It makes us dizzy." He replies with his paternal love, "Just look busy."



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

**My Tears**

**By**

**Bruce E. McNutt**

I spoke my mind to the Lord Almighty  
He shant forget our talk  
He thought he had me just where he wanted  
But I got in the last word

When the interrogation was over  
His Lordship, His Son looked beaten  
There were tears in their eyes

When they looked into me

They invited me to an empty room without color  
With two doors leading to who knows where  
They must think me dumb  
Or without common sense

This is obviously a test of my judgment, mettle and will  
Pick one and your fate will be sealed  
I must wait them out

The two doors, identical in every way, solid oak with a  
fine veneer  
My choice would be a guess, not good odds  
But I could not let them have the last say  
So I assumed the yogi position and did not move

Determined to stay there forever to thwart my fate  
My soul ultimately perished from starvation or so I think  
By doing nothing, I had confirmed their prediction  
They knew all along I could not be saved

Their tears  
Their tears were for me



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

**Just Saying**

**By**

**Miranda Dotson**

*With a generous nod to  
William Carlos Williams*

I have eaten  
The cupcakes  
That were in your  
Special box

And you  
Were probably going  
To save them for  
Your poetry event

My apologies  
They were delectable  
So moist  
And so sweet...