

## An Einen Dichter

*Words are your business, but i-  
i collect them: a lepidopterist  
who carefully sorts,  
but cannot give her collection  
flight. You, however, soar  
with your vowels-  
rising above bright eyes  
that flock  
to you and your creations.*

*But have a care of me: at times  
my eyes  
can turn green as luna moths,  
and when the moon is ripe  
they may rise  
to softly beat their wings  
against  
the brilliance  
of your windows.*

katherine kremer

## The Vision

*I lived in the forest  
and walked through the trees  
Until fall turned the leaves  
into dancers.*

*All the colors of sunset  
were filling my eyes  
And my eyes were still searching  
for answers.*

*Will I find myself following the river forever  
Wandering through all of my seasons?  
Will my dreams and their danger and all of this anger  
Carry me while I follow the vision?*

*Wait for me winter, I'm sleeping,  
Softly the river she's weeping;  
Wondering at night who is keeping  
My dreams, til the vision returns.*

*I stood in the sunlight  
and sang to the hawk  
Then fell to my knees  
by the river.*

*The clouds slowly gathered  
they'd been waiting some time,  
Quietly, the night's  
getting nearer.*

*Still the hawk's small reflection was there on the water  
And my hand reached out for the reason.  
Touch the river with fingers that would barely remember  
How easily they destroyed the vision.*

*Wait for me winter, I'm sleeping,  
Softly the river she's weeping;  
Wondering at night who is keeping  
My dreams, til the vision returns.*

Larry Ray Formato

