



Hide and Seek

Woodcut by Greg Fitzler

A child's first love is tennis shoes,
 A very precious thing to choose.
 For they must be the newest style
 And not the least bit defiled.
 At first, they are so very white
 And carefully removed at night,
 But with each passing day and mile
 And hours in the big sand pile,
 They become two chunks of coal
 All decorated with holes.
 And when removed at night
 They're merely tossed out of sight.
 A child's shoes never stay white
 Nor anything else in life that's right.

Regina Wortman

Guernica Through My Eyeglass

Pyramids of light shine like glass rain-
 drops that fall heavily to the ground
 and on the broken sword that lay
 unsheathen and unsoiled within a cool,
 white hand. And that hand is wrinkled
 and withered like fruitful leaves that
 age so quickly, without warning, with-
 out choice. Is it fate, or is it purpose?

Suzanne Peterson

The Rose

Warm, crimson-flushed shells
 Coupled into one
 Blossom with internal veins

Expand
 To loosely enfold their seed

Flower
 To a fixed circle
 Closely woven by blood ties which

Break
 As the now withered crimson shells
 Crumble and
 Fall
 To sleep on eternal ground

Regina Wortman

I was but once a little child -
 if only I'd known then
 To take my time when growing up
 for I'd never be young again

But age will pay for what youth's done
 age learns from youth's mistakes
 So when you go to sleep my child
 remember youth age takes

Don't be so quick to trade your toys
 for cars and high school rings
 Take time to savor the joys
 of the uncomplicated things

Robert Hopkins

The Bear in Midwinter

These trees: so many
 sleek black fingers now wearing
 brittle crystal gloves.

The sky bulges, sick
 with indecision: should it
 swallow or let go?

My home is sleeping,
 but I have been awakened
 for no clear reason.

Forms that do not know
 the cradle of the long dream
 wreck my only bed.

The wolf is absent
 but I scent the rooting hound
 and he senses me.

David L. Drury