



Photograph by Gigi duPont

Charleston Flower Ladies

In the trees against the moon,  
I wrestled with the shadows of my self;  
stark silhouettes-charcoaled veins  
Of my life's tangled, branching directions.  
The harsh contrasts of a monochrome soul  
Bent against the dark negative of the sky  
Portrayed the bare existence  
Of a life of empty nights.

Jim Evins  
Jane Roberts

#### THOSE DAYS!

I was born in a jungle hospital  
To Methodist Missionary parents  
In the wild tropics of Borneo

I remember growing up  
In the house by the river on stilts  
With no electricity or plumbing!

Our car was a longboat;  
Our chauffeur was a native;  
And the bathtub was the river.

We soon moved across the water  
Into a modern home;  
Only three stories, equipped with built-in  
maid, gardener, and "call in" grocery service!  
my two sisters and I attended Chinese Kindergarten  
Where we were the only "pale faces" around.  
But, boy could we speak Chinese just like the natives!

Those days are gone;  
But the taste lingers on.  
"Hello" to my friends back home!

Lisa Funk

#### LINKING

People reach out  
Spanning the space  
between them.  
Not so much to claim it  
as to disclaim it  
And then to fill it  
With caring.

Patsy Gazaleh

#### LOVE IS

Love is beautiful and magical  
much like the whisper of a small wind,  
the sun shining down upon the green grass,  
the doves' flights, and the blue jays' songs.

Love is shared between two people  
much in the same way as  
when two hearts are tied together  
and become one strong heart.

Love is a feeling to give someone special  
that can never be replaced  
or changed,  
but is unlike any other feeling.

Genie Glover

#### CREEEEEAK

Inner wisdom reaches

Up in silent offerings.

Crisp leaves, similarly different,

Feel smooth and alive

With the color of

Splinterless concepts

And then,

Another door opens

In the cabins of your mind

To discover fresh scents

Of a brand new book.

Jane Roberts