

Laura Mueller

Cripple Creek Catch

A hazy sun in a faded sky listens to a lazy mosquito buzz by. Old wizened trees, bearded with moss, Gather 'round the rivers muddy gloss.

A man and a boy in a flat bottom boat Sit motionless, intent on the corks afloat. Then the man wipes his brow, pushes back his hat

Squints at the sky, and blows off a gnat.

The boy stares round-eyed, in hopes his silent

Will fool some ol' bass into takin' his bait; But the cork just sits in the quiet brownness... Then it bobs, and a splash rips the stagnant stillness.

Out it leaps through the shattering water! The boy grips his pole; the line gets tauter. "Pull 'im in, boy! Eight-pounder, I bet!" Yells the man as he desperately readies the net.

The bass in the bucket flips around, angry.
The mans says, "You done good, boy. Just like
I taught you to be."

Yep, I caught me a big 'un,' the boys says, beaming with pride.

"Shore gonna taste mighty good when Mama gets 'im fried!"

Jamie Johnson

Ocean Force

Ocean tide that bemoans and befowards the self-same sands that quickly hide secrets shared 'tween man and tide.

Known as true, that name well rent: Mistress Ocean Nurturer, protector, home for many.

She beckons and calls us toward mysteries and great falls. Strange her magnitude Unusual her source.

Damnable your pervasive strength Salvable your healing force.

Amy Inglesby

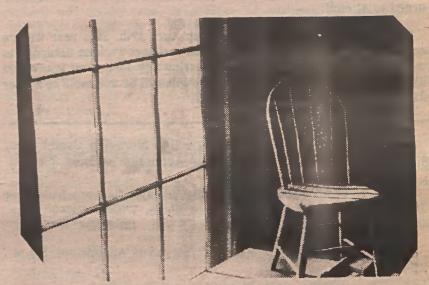


Alison Huff

Psyche's Lament

I never asked for you. Before you came
My world was warm and quiet as autumn sun.
My life was clean and mine until this shame
Made me one-half instead of one.
I never asked for want. I hate this need.
My mind and body used to be my own.
Another never filled me with this greed,
Until you came and made me feel alone.
I never asked for love. It sickens me.
I hate the tears that fall like winter rain.
I hate that all my I's have turned to We.
I hate that you've invaded me with pain.
I've never known a shame so vile as this:
My incompleteness since Cupid's kiss.

Sally Jordan



Martha Walker

Incunabula

Guardian

he reached toward the back seat i thought to grab his jacket
'cause it was a chilling night but up he came with a brown,
floppy-eared pup - Nathan Enboch Schyler a gift (dedicated like him)
to shelter me in his absence

Lou O'Dell

My Mountaineer

Behind brown eyes
Lies a sunset
Or two
And a mindnurtured by the cool mountain air
and a cloudless blue sky
Somewhere between the falling russet leaves
And the glistening snows of winter
He can find his freedom
On a rocky trail,
whistling "Dixie"
high on life
and continuing with nature

Fran Johnson

