

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



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
 wait
 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

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

My Mountaineer

Behind brown eyes
 Lies a sunset
 Or two
 And a mind-
 nurtured 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

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



Laura Mueller