

After Rumi

Christopher Merrill

My heart's a pen in the Beloved's fingers:
Tonight he writes a Z, tomorrow, B.
He cuts the nib to write in riqā' and naskh.
The pen says, "I obey, Lord, you know best."
He blackens its face, wipes it with his hair.
He holds it upside down—and then he writes.

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Age

Marvin Bell

You wake up, what was it?

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A Short Poem

Arthur Small Jr.

He dashed off a poem
Then asked what I thought.
What could I say?
At least it was short.

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WHY US

Claudine Harris

Our blue marble spins unaware of us,
minds and nano cells
among black holes and dark matter
-- why us -- there.

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Awake

Charles A. Watson

Tambourines and tangerines, the changing sky I spy.
A streaking sun, another star – its distant rays unknown.

Bowing to this present joy – what distant notes I play!
Spin citrus, eternal myst'ry, we celebrate today.

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A Chance Encounter

Rebecca Carver

There, along a country road
one moving with purposeful strides
the other driving--
For a moment,
human and turkey
acknowledge each other,
then quickly pass on by.

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JoAnn's Hats

Dan Champion

She brings her present absence off with style.
Ideas wear her things from head to toe,
Fit absent presences whose moods beguile.
Ensembles for every season, shade to snow,
Her closet, crowned by caps, berets, chapeaus
Broad sun hats to fedoras, gently glows,
Threads sighing deep reflections on repose.

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Untitled

Tim Happel

at sunrise

floating in a water pail

last night's cricket

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Rescued

Julie Claus

Wild, abandoned,
broken, I wanted you
anyway. Out of loneliness
I rescued us.
Together we changed
our definition of
wild abandon.

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A ONE-WEEK ANNIVERSARY

November 7, 1991

Vic Camillo

I walked down from the Quadrangle on ice,
Away from a memorial service
For the murdered and the hurt.
The gun killed one week ago:
Faculty, students, and a few thousand in the arena tonight
Came to be with their own deaths for the dead,
With some flowers and God, as if he needed them.

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Newborn

Emily Schoerning

My daughter is distressed.
Clenched fists, crossed eyes,
Fuss back, fuss sides;
Suddenly, she rests.
Milk drips from fish lips,
Hands relax; silent kiss.
We find another crest.

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Thawing

Richard K. Wallarab

When snow blows sideways and ice
thickens and cracks like thunder
life's stories show black and white
on a screen seldom changing
until color interrupts
and melts our crust.

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Winter Driving

Brian Berentsen

Is there ice?

One could calculate the odds, considering

The angle of the sun, slope of the road

Recent precipitation, air temperature,

And sunlight lost through dormant trees

Or I could slow down, breathe and avoid that ditch

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Barn

Liz Lynn Miller

Pigeons in and out and in again
the light-striped cupola cooing
and flapping and strutting
over my nest in summer-scented hay
where I wait unmoving to spy
on the cat to find her secret kittens.

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Love in the Sun

Dave Morice

The day the sun goes nova, dear,
Neither of us will still be here;
But if we were, I'd wave a fan
To keep you cool while you got a tan.

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County Highway W62 to Sharon Center

Paul Diehl

The roaring sun shadow-rips fields & their ditches;
rows of bronze pipes emerge from white soil; tires speaking
in tongues—of dry/wet blacktop, ice-corduroy, snow.

Everything insists I keep my head low, silos, cribs, barns
wiped from the near-sighted view. Everywhere the vagaries of wind—
where it blasted through, where obstructions gave it time to drop

its load. Everywhere paper rushes news to the other side.

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Bus Driving Heroes

David W. Gebhard

I heard a boy tell his friend: "My father's a bus driver." "Well," said the other, "My father's a physicist...but some day he's gonna be a bus driver." And I remembered that, in childhood, my friend's father drove a bus—and oh how we marveled when he rolled the lever that unfolded the doors; turned the crank that sent our coins jingling into the city's cache; shoved the clutch, grasped the wheel and lurched in his seat beneath the signs: "No Talking to the Driver" and "Expectorating is Prohibited."

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In Name Only

In her obituary,

a granddaughter

In her heart,

a daughter

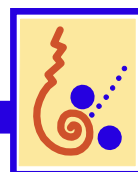
Both correct

yet only one true.

-karen corbin

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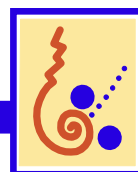
Untitled

Martha Schut

woman in non la
pedals five pink rose bushes
to sell in Ha Noi

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teenage funeral

Russell Jaffe

The body is the size of a loaf of bread with a glass of milk sheet spilt over it
“Too soon” says everyone

The mother of the deceased does not own a dress
And wears her mother’s church clothes

It is as if for a moment the flowers belong
And we belong with them

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Nascent

Allison Heady

sometimes things inside are tender, unfurling like spring,
& I long to be sturdier, steadier in form, firmer in green;
sheltered from within, from time –
I long to long less, to know already
(it's coming, I know) (it's coming)

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After

Dónal Kevin Gordon

It comes to this, doesn't it?

Clothes in the closet. Shoes on the floor.
The scent of who was, so devastatingly
close, in this, that weekend shirt.

The one you loved.

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Spring

Tim Terry

Sunlight breaking clouds
white petals unprotected
a crocus revealed

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Bugged

Maxine Bulechek

Flying

mosquitoes hum

past my ear, then onward.

Unbitten, I feel lucky, yet

left out

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Off Target

David Hamilton

A full, pale moon rises over
Best Buy, in the late afternoon,
against sky-blue sky,
awash even in its craters.
What were we looking for?

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Black Chinese Shoes

Patricia Covey

Her I think I see clearly.
I know how she chooses her clothes—
the importance of black Chinese shoes and short white socks.
She walks with a yellow umbrella, past the light at Washington Street,
past the green-painted bench.
She confesses that it's a game—
a way to remain free in the park, even in rain.

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Reprieve

Joyce Janca-Ají

I wake to find a small foot
Burrowing insistently for a place
Between my ribs, an elbow or a knee
Crooked under my collarbone,
And somewhere to the left, a wild nest
Of hands and hair roaming a dream
That will be as lost as the dark before morning.

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Seeing Its Need

Nancy Lael Braun

I take patience out
like a spare paperback
salted away
in the glove compartment
in case of a train.

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Vacation

Alina Borger

At the park, monkey bars span
a stegosaurus-shaped bridge.
On one side, practically Iowa: ash trees
hug an elementary school. But over
there, mountains swell up from Earth,
lording it over us. Out west, they act
like sky is not its own event. But it is.

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To a Wooden Fence at Amana

Kelly Scott Franklin

Blaze, you desiccated bones,
bleached and windswept in the
splintering sun.

Speak out your plain and
rough-hewn symphony to the
cunning hands of men.

And I will listen.

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