



Now tracks we left I've gathered for the stove
to seal up tight a trinity of love
as unexplained, as unreleased as night.
All the wills that ever were will burn
and end in ashes when we die.
The trails of our exploration
passed us by.

But when will the caribou come?
When will they come to eat from my hand?

The sky roars down with animals.
Don't look! Don't look!
There must be a million reindeer
solid as land!

from 'Fantasia on Christian's Diary'
by Phyllis Webb

photo by TOM KOFIN

poem for skye (in renaissance)

we headed for the field
and fairly flew
through grass and brush
and danced once
bodies close
for waltz
and yellow sun
for music

you said
be a kite i'll be a sky
so we wore masks and
i rubbed against the blue
and nothingness
except where we touched
the skyman and i

and there was more
i said be me
so you said i was a willow
and swayed like a reed
when you spoke
when i moved to embrace you
your leaves were soft prayers
upon my face

i spun in wild circles
you caught me and said
be me so i said
i am a mountain in a deep voice
and trees and snow shook when i spoke
i said something is falling
you said more snow but
no
there were willow seeds
taking root against the rock

when the sun fell
we were ourselves again
you and i
and the soft stirring within

deena hunter

Dreams?

between waking and coffee
we share dreams - compare
messages received
from deep places dark stairs
that lead down to dim light;

the man with a hook for a hand
has the face of old friends
you smile approach him
and he marks your face with the steel

as you step back in pain

i sit watching wolves
move towards me
through blackberry vines
at the top of the orchard
it is day but the swift gray
smoke dulls the sun

I thought I knew
this old orchard
and you
thought you knew
old friends

Polly Steele

Love Song No. 2

open arms enclose
vacant space lips move
to vanished face. love
reaches empty air
no one there.

L. Hargrave

A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In jackets of photographs, in Winter,
the season of either color, we step
to an explorer's dance with our hats
the color of snow. Our eyes keep fog.

The Army worked at my birth, my father,
in Cherokee dress and language of trinkets,
fought the sworded Army with only a knife
and his hair the color of brush fire.

New corporals of distant armies dance now
and kiss on the sea's newest island.
The explorers have made it. My daughters
climb my face, fall in volcanoes, brighten like leaves.

And now photographers come.
Let them find us, asleep in tropical capes.

Joseph Matthew

coldly tracking home from the bus
I thawed myself over thoughts of you
and fanning a flame from a slight spark
imagined the perfect poem about us
to shine up the street wrapped in dark

I quickly created the flower-situation
where rosetreams and moonstones captured the essence
of us. I practised reading aloud
to the class. But you, being impatient
came out to meet me we walked home
together, leaving the summershine, the pretty petals,
to assure the feet of the common crowd
while we bartered the last of our twigbrittle bones
to command the dry fire under blankets of snow.
T. Butler