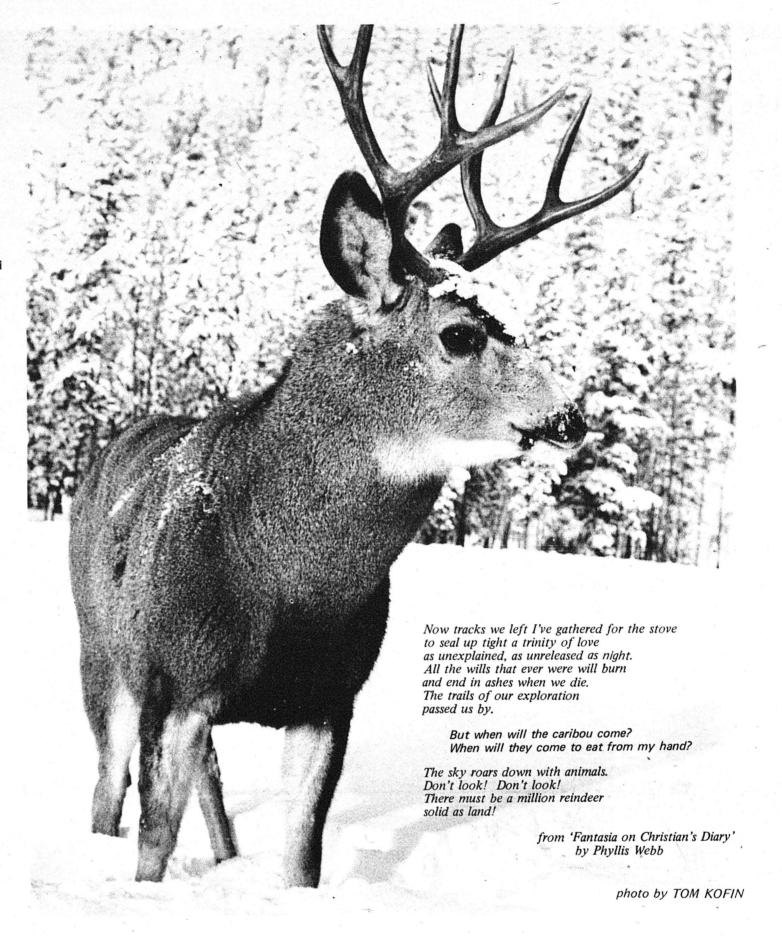
## の母母の他の対対



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 swaved 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 hynter

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
snoke 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 rosestreams 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