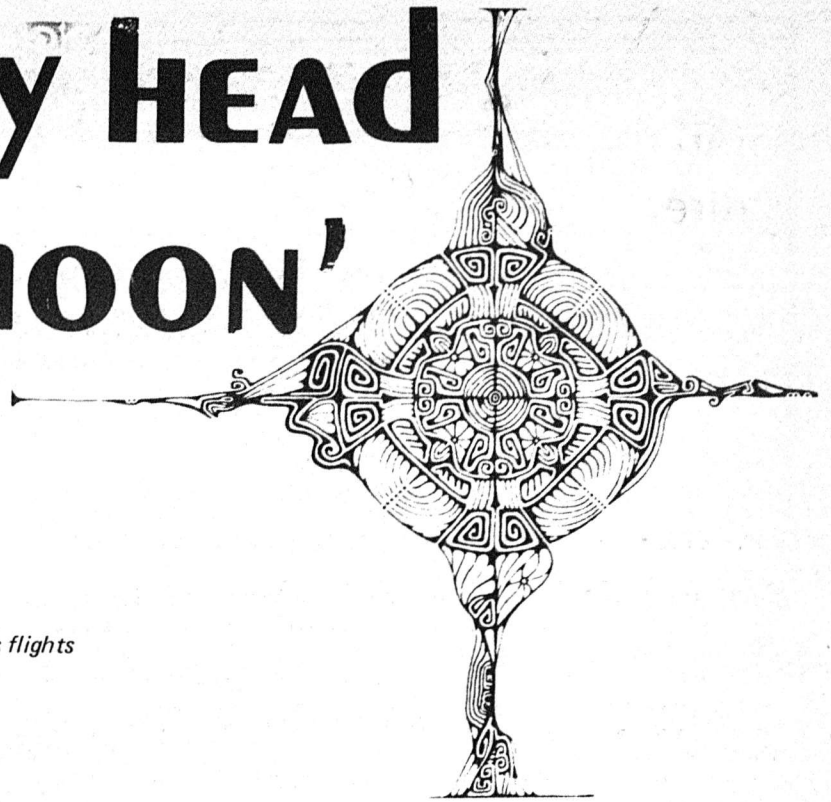
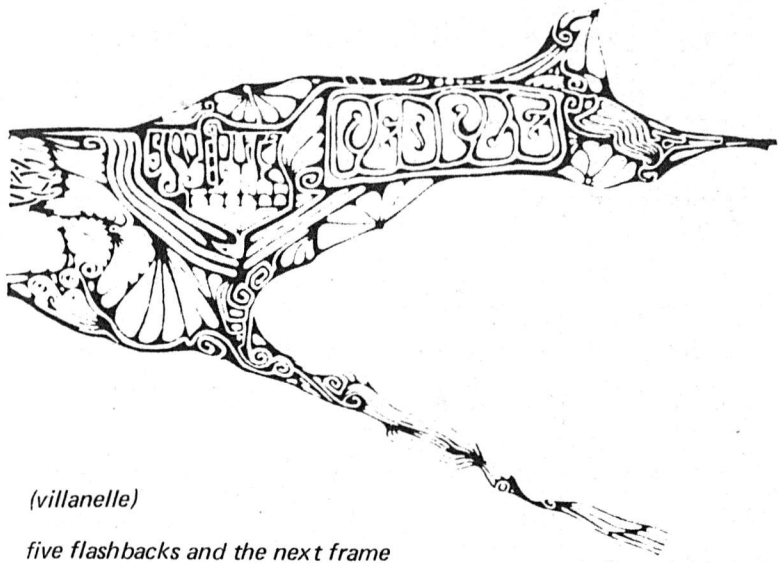


CONCEPT: 'IN MY HEAD A MOON'



GRANDFATHER

*The genius of the traffic lights
is more akin to mine,
then what's behind the seagull's flights
across Lake Wabamun.*

*Things made inside a factory
are things that I can know,
I'm lost when children ask me
what makes a seagull go.*

*I've seen a sunflower bend its head
to meet the sun's first rays,
I wind the clock beside my bed
to regulate my ways.*

*I am a city person,
I have a clock-work soul,
I need a clockwork system,
to make things seem controlled.*

*I've been away from nature,
I'm city to the bone,
and my heart loves the measure
of the gentle metronome.*

Sylvia Ridgley

Bed

*My grandmother worked on the books
at a local gas station to raise three children
through the Depression
at home, she'd climb into her empty bed
and direct the household from a pile of pillows*

*Under my own quilt in the afternoon
we slip into one
I too plan my life from this womb
gather strength to battle depression
to bolster me through another few hours
of freezing and balancing*

Susan McMaster

(villanelle)

five flashbacks and the next frame

coming in from outside you
through green sunshade reach
fingers across wide space slip

off shifting image waver
in dark houses shade when
coming in from outside you

arms length short of
touching eyes, face,
fingers across wide space slip

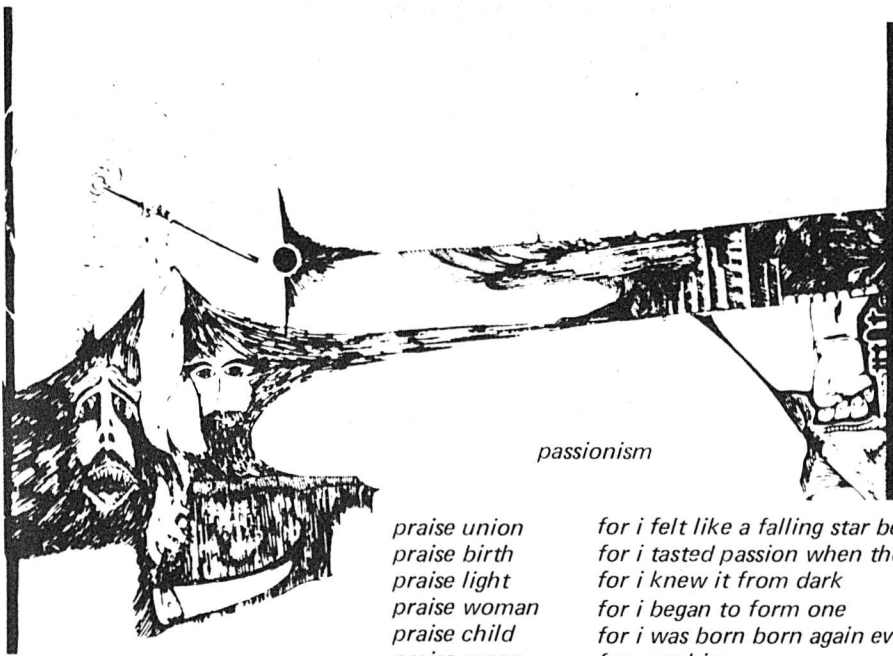
off sunlight waver stumble
blind inside as
coming from outside you

green dark eluding
shimmering face, hear,
fingers across wide space slip

off shadow figure I
deep in dark shade reach but
coming in from outside our
fingers across wide space slip

Susan McMaster

drawings from (the hands and thoughts of) John Prat



passionism

praise union
praise birth
praise light
praise woman
praise child
praise moon
praise eyes

for i felt like a falling star being locked into place
for i tasted passion when they cut me from you
for i knew it from dark
for i began to form one
for i was born born again every second
for watching
for watching back

praise me music praises
praise me dance praises
praise me river praises
praise me tree praises
praise me night praises

and night night
and tree tree praises tree
and dance dance praises dance
and music music praises music
i praise myself

praise union
praise birth
praise light
praise woman
praise child
praise moon
praise eyes

for i felt our sources tune and lock into place
for i tasted passion when they drew you from me
for i knew no darkness looking out from your eyes
for i continued to form one and one
for we were children with our own
for guiding
for following

praise me union praises
praise me birth praises
praise me light praises
praise me moon praises

and moon moon
and light light praises light
and birth birth praises birth
and union union praises union

i praise you

deena hunter

Come Home: All is Forgiven

*the last time i remember
seeing myself
i was sitting a little off-center
on a bench that read
REST AND READ THE JOURNAL
i saw myself from a great distance
very small
seen through the wrong end
of binoculars
i have been looking ever since
and once i thought*

*i caught a glimpse
of someone who seemed like me
curled up in a chair
in the corner
but i might have been wrong
when i looked again*

i was gone

Polly Steele

