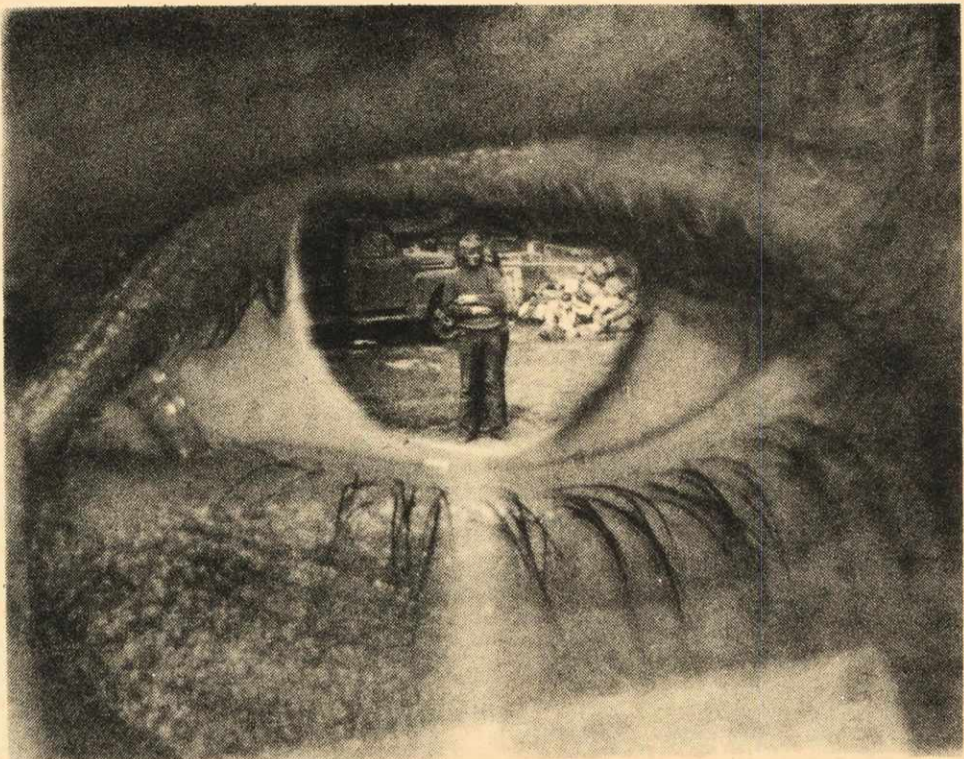


# LITERARY SECTION

## Consider It Done

Windy candles on a hill in the park  
Warm our ground &  
Invite us to lie  
In the shadows of our souls.

New sun in the ocean's wet kiss  
Warms our air &  
Unites us to float  
Above the shadow of our body.



## Entrances

The old green bannister  
On the back porch  
Guides those who would climb to the top and  
Stop, and  
Bids farewell to thoses of more incline to find  
Another kitchen door.

poems by Richard Hendery



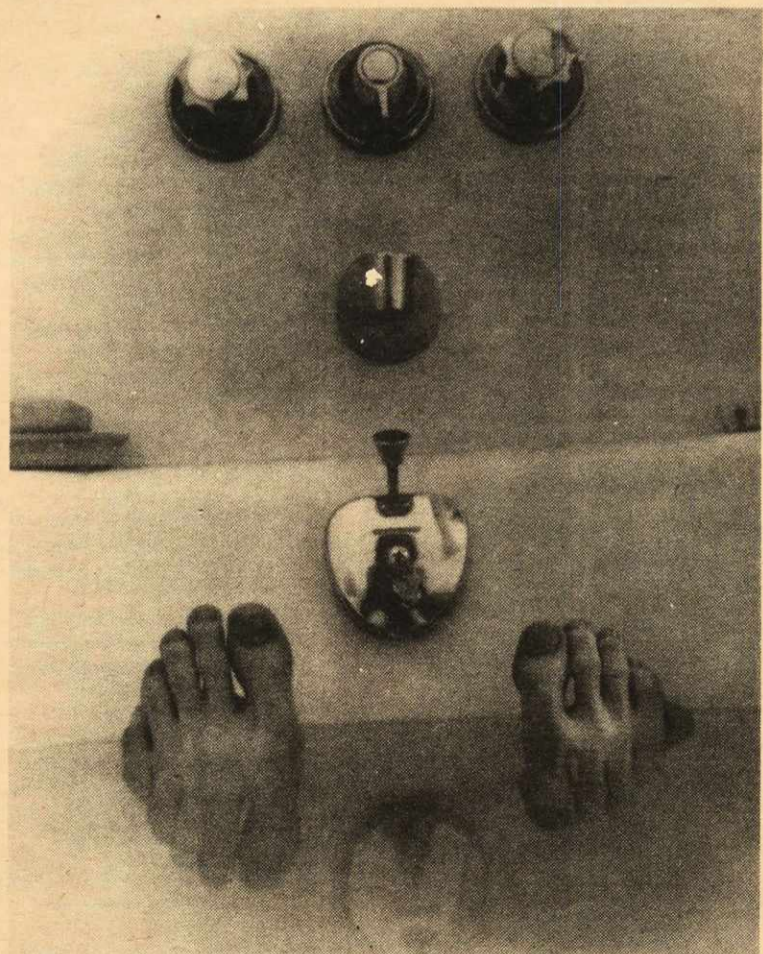
## Cuckoo's Home

The Cuckoo is a time clock bomb,  
Only inbetween time can he sings his lone song.  
Made prisoner by the numbers on the Home Box....  
Must he remain locked inside?  
To come out on their hour  
Laughing ha! Choking-Spitting  
For their Fancy.

Can you see the cuckoo now?  
His yellow throat is hanging all bloody  
..... Torn Apart

Accursed coil wires still keep him  
Dangling  
To his Home Box.

by dona bulgin



Photographs by N. J. Miller