

sea ships slipping down the tide.
the silent sun sings with pride,
dreams dark

and fade away
the first song must be day

spinning stones slide to form
a little puzzle far and warm
brings love and dawn

and light
the second sing is night

wheat fields open to the skies
reaching, growing, shining in the eyes
and morning that we knew
the third song is you

mountains rising in the haze
racing, jumping; seconds in a maze
sometimes dead
sometimes free
the fourth song must be me

clouds are aimless
years soon by
it's right we should ask why
when the wind crawls around
the next song must be found

by Scott McLaughlin

*John peeled a treeful of red apples
but when he did they were white
inside
and underneath that were black
seeds and worms
which so disillusioned John
that he threw them all away.*

by Dave Eckman

winter Sunday
I have
often
wondered
why
these
freak,
out of
season
days
always
droop my
spirits,
like
today, now
it's
winter, but
the
day is
fall,
as if
the season
is nervous
and
questions
its change

by Kathy Cain

For I. S.
*We are the ribbon sunrise
rose packaged morning
You but the chalk-dust sunset
chocolate-colored evening
I the boxcar silence
word sheltered midnight*

*Loving as some immediate music
echoing endlessly
We are but the rocks
rolling in the sea*

Ruth in Cornfields

Far across the deep of the blue,
Where the cuckoo sings to the gold of the
mango,
The jessamine blows,
The fireflies whisper,
The bees sting the juicy berry
All day;
Where the showers of smell are rained from
the green
Of the brown brown earth,
Under a canopy of dust,
I have been a rag doll
With mates of clay

by Sunita Jain

Let not thy hand be tied up to
thy neck; neither open it with an
unbounded expansion, lest thou become
worthy of reprehension and be reduced
to poverty.
—The Koran

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Where two or three are gathered
in my name, there am I in the midst
of them.
—Matthew