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
the second song 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

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 jasmine 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

Photographs

Let not these birds be found on its
wing but let it walk on its
ear, that it may dwell in the
worth of representation and be related to beauty.
—The Koran

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