



### Shell Fishers

Soffshelled clouds scuttle across a bleached-edge sky.  
 The gasping sun dles  
 in the far rim of the sea.  
 On sand still warm,  
 we walk barefoot through hills of stone  
 ground fine by unceasing waves.  
 Knee-high tufts of grass brush bare legs.  
 Breathing deep of the salt-seasoned air,  
 we reach the dark, wet sand where  
 icy fingers caress our toes,  
 toss empty shells under our feet.

Helen McNaughton

Messy Lie  
 Life is so messy  
 All dashed up the busenads of chaotic little pieces  
 Put everything in neat little drawers  
 I want to learn to fly, to learn to "go with the flow"  
 But like flowers growing through the cracks in concrete  
 I want to learn to "go with the flow"  
 But there's no "go with the flow" to mental, go with the flow  
 Just me and a universe of tan dogh like  
 Spirals of light.....  
 BY Nicholas Wiesel

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