

CROSSOVER

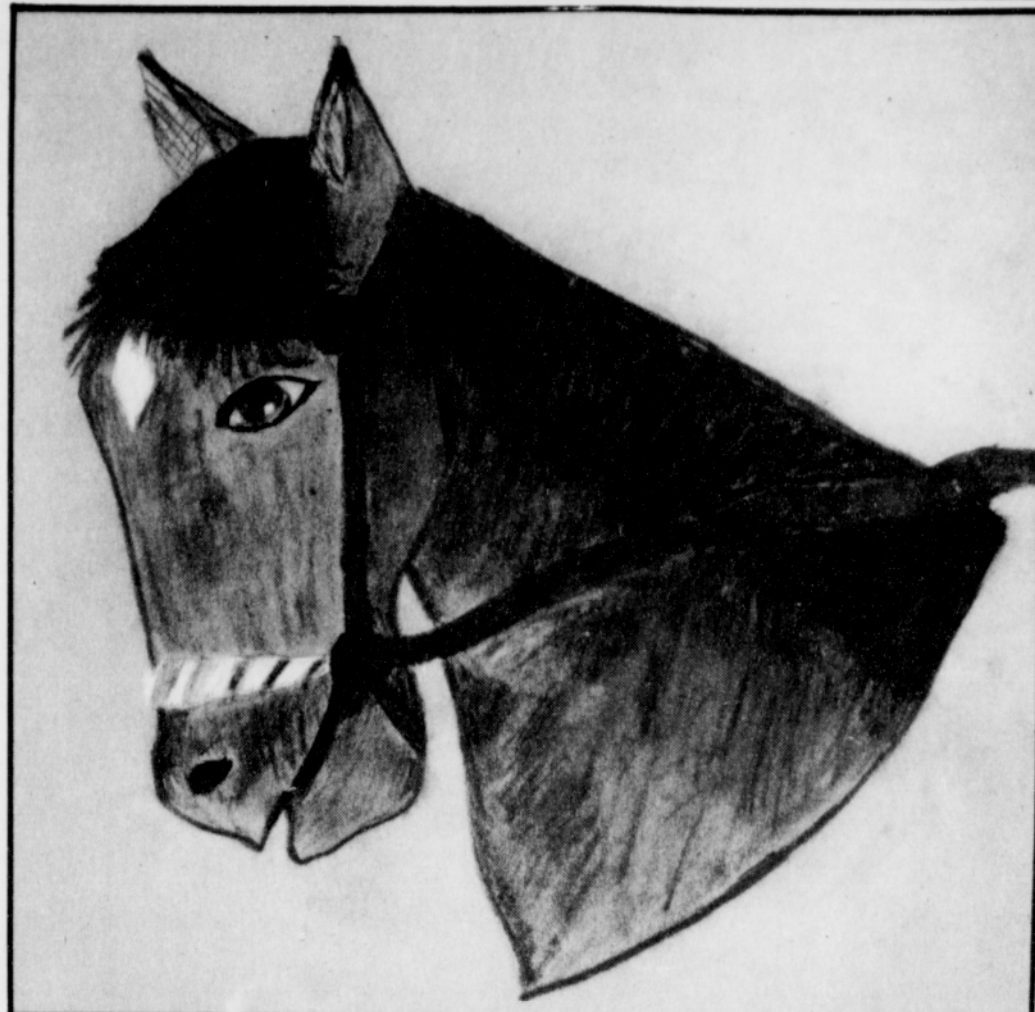
In the year of the comet, light
fell through our windows blue
as the palest sky, shafts of light
all our wondering had
turned toward: those disappearances
of dust and smoke finally
made it clear, columns of white
two flies would angle through, the grace
light brought in which invisible
wishes, lost objects found
themselves, were seen for the first time
as real, able to
reflect, breathable as air.

All those years we slept
with curtains open to a sky
revolving in our dream.
In the midst of downed stars, a crowd
scene unlike anything
we would have ever imagined,
the comet — the idea
of it fixed as perennial
blooming — slept with us too,
and we were alone with ourselves
and with what comes
from far away to touch us. Dying
or alive, we'd be touched.

That first night, caskets
opened at a trace
of the comet's tail. We saw graveyards
shift the angle of
their slopes as bodies, new dead
and old, rose
in single acts of upheaval.
The year the comet
crossed our sky, lilies closed,
evening and morning. We
burned candles hoping night
would bring in all its fears, this
one fear, to join us in the world.

We were not denied. Stars
went away, returned with weather.
Years of horse or dragon
turned and we grew timely, old as
animals we'd passed through.
If none of us would ever again see
the comet, we thought that
fitting. Once in our lives, afraid
for the world, for ourselves
and the life we'd made, we had
had our chance to be human.

RICK ROBBINS



R A M R O D

ANNE OSBORNE

WAVING IN CANNON BEACH

Five people waved at me today within the last five minutes.
That's 60 persons in an hour or one per 60 seconds.
480 people — nine to five
Remembered to say howdy,
That's on a sunny day you see —
It's less than that when cloudy,
If I'm tired or out of sorts,
I wait til it's raining
To saunter forth in all my gear.
It isn't quite so draining
To wave at folks occasionally instead of every minute.
I know I'm treading on thin ground
To say it in a sonnet.
When summer comes, I'm looking round
To find someone to wave to —
It's lonely in a crowded place,
Like being in a cageless zoo.
I'll go into a shop to see a local to relate to,
Wishing it were winter now,
And I could wave to you...

JUDITH A. OSBORNE

A PRAYER



Oatmeal, shoes, a bicycle
and 25 cents change
Can this make a world?

A vote, a newspaper, and a
straightening of the spine —
Can this
change a world?

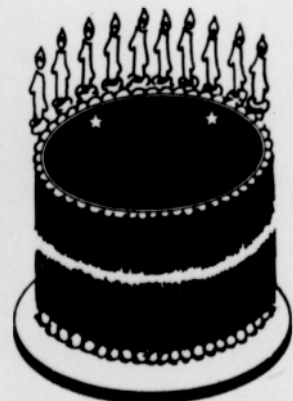
Breathing and thinking
breathing and thinking

Nothing in particular
keeps the world going

Say an oatmeal prayer and
throw your shoes
into the blackberry bushes

Life comes of its own accord.

A. E. TRACY



MY BIRTHDAY

This day proved a true celebration
A blessing
Praise given for life and living
Tender feelings
Stirred by tender friends
Goodwill & gaiety
Generosity & sincerity.

All is quiet now
Turntable motionless
Dancers still
Overnight guests absorbed in dream

Yet
A communion of spirit
Lingers here
The energy of celebration
Drifts inside
Keeping me content
Into these late hours.

ANN SOUKEY



We sat on the grass
She said she was going to have a baby
that it would come when Pluto was conjunct
with her moon
and the ground
felt solid just then
the miles of earth pressed holding still
beneath us
crushing countless white bones to fine dust.

HELEN PATTI



AGING

under skin is grey
the bone the brittle leather
bridges we descend and top
out of weather

shade and tone sit out
movement will take place
when there is rising in the hand
or when it drops
when layers come too close
and moving stops

KATHRYN RANTALA

This eve is her's like a lie
and I am gone to awe the sunset
like prey of water is swallowed whole,
and see the first star to let
beyond where sea embraces sky:
her straightest edge
to disappear with the night —
as I go walking, with wine.
The gulls echo about the rock
sprayed by celebrated spindrift;
lone orb arched hard against the sky
the hilltops thy biddings lift
that annoints my shadow as I walk —
alone on the beach with wine.
With no desire, but — to traverse
beneath the threshold of this moon
the bridge of sober-mind we've been trodding,
in the company of darkness shall I soon
an act of love rehearse?
Alone in your night with wine.

STEVEN EDWARD ALMA MUELLER



Wm. Michael Schuster