

Greg Scott



## THE AMERICAN WAY

These gray days  
there aren't shadows enough  
for ghosts to hide in  
we're so susceptible here  
out of our element  
away from the diversions  
that help us forget  
the bloody hand  
that feeds us  
is our own  
Come on, Sun, shine!  
We have plenty enough  
of regrets today  
the phantom jets ripping  
through the clouds  
along the shore  
must remind us the exact substance  
this easy life is made of:  
force  
simple brutal force  
we just turn to ash  
what we can't win  
the love of  
It's the American way  
Come on, Sun, shine!  
Today we need to get out  
on the beach  
and forget who we are

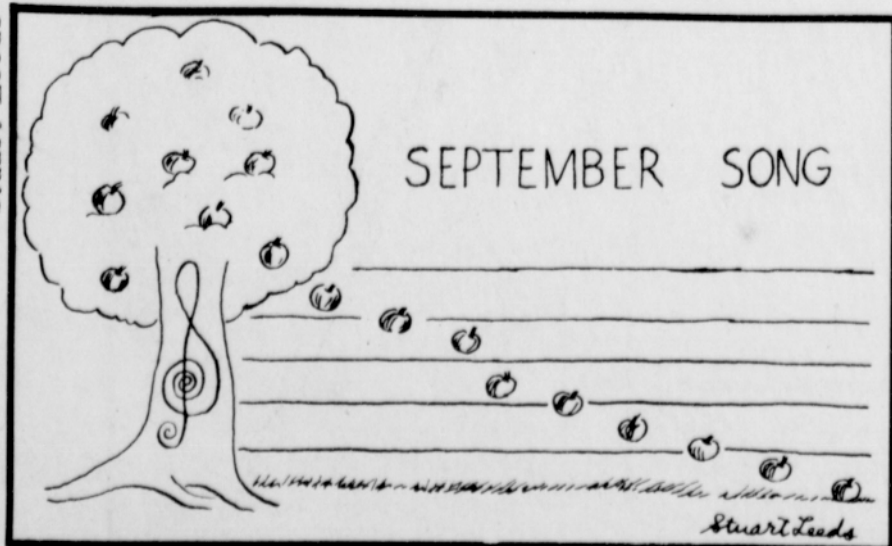
J. D. WELLS

## A HARVEST

Thin roads splice field to field  
in the early light.  
Under the trees, many pears  
lie opening to the ground.  
This landscape is the ripeness I choose,  
my hand on the kitchen table  
passing from sunlight to shadow, warm wood  
to cool, and back: a harvest  
of dusty lanes, too small for naming,  
that join, one to another, through the day.

JANE HIRSHFIELD

Stuart Leeds



## TO MY FATHER, DEAD AT 54

As a summer storm filled with thunder and lightning  
always unexpected  
that's how you visit me now, dad,  
Memory flashes suddenly blind me  
you playing the mandolin to coax me to sleep  
me watching you mix your colors as you painted  
inviting my friends over to taste your famous cabbage soup  
you lying in bed consumed by cancer trying to talk about your death  
me changing the subject.

Your self-portrait hangs in our living room now.  
The mustache looks quite dashing  
(you never could get it to curl up except in your painting).  
The piercing eyes still have their mysterious effect  
people always ask who the artist was and who his subject.

I first noticed the storms, dad, soon after you died.  
You would appear to me, alive.  
I would scream and push you down the stairs.  
I was afraid to go to sleep.  
Lately I've understood the thunder and lightning are just to attract  
my attention.  
I'm no longer afraid.  
Last visit, remember, we even had a pleasant conversation.  
You told me not to play it safe like you did  
dying before you could live your dreams.  
I heard you, dad.  
I appreciate the advice.  
Thanks for keeping in touch,  
hope we can get together again sometime.  
It's okay to keep thundering  
Only next time give me a hug before you leave.

LEIGH DOLIN

Dena Schutzer



## FOR LORI BROWN WHO IS MOVING TO EUGENE

Gravity nails your flesh to earth  
and spins your blood for balance  
through the spheres of your mind  
which intends freedom.  
You surge like thread through cloth  
and we whom you outdistance say  
Goodbye.

MICHAEL PAUL McCUSKER