



TETER KAPAN

QUINTESSENCE

BEACH WALK

The beach that day was
as before; mist-enveloped
headlands rising into
a gray sky. Along the

shore gulls foraged in
the sand while you
and I searched for
collectibles washed-up

by the sea. Quite beyond
our feeble ability to understand,
the agreeable argument
between water and land

continues, as dune grass
bends in gusts of wind,
and crows pick over the bones
of their fallen fellows.

David Loring

UNITY

We are all individual notes,
Each beautiful in our sound,
Delicious with the vibratory resonance
That is our soul.

Many souls wander for lifetimes
Calling out their unique note with
All its glory never to discover the
Sheer saturation of unity.

It takes a special soul to sing the
Song of all living beings
To remind us that although we are
Each beautiful in our song
There is more;
That singing together we become the
Chorus of light and love that are
The building blocks of existence -
The soul of soul.

Greetings once again my friends,
Let us sing the song of our souls.

Jason Merson

PSALMS

The sky is falling golden to the water. Heron
wings fan the evening mist. Green hills slide into
Puget Sound running like oil upon the surface.

Sunlight falls through beveled windows, spreading
in lace across the wooden floor. Birdsongs echo . . .
muted . . . dripping . . .

I step softly through rooms in this empty house; the
sound of my footsteps snuffed like candle flames.

Memories circle out like ripples in a pond: The stone
tossed is my father, dying. His bony, clawlike hand gropes
for mine. Fiery eyes plead. "The eagles have come for me,"
he says. I take his hand.

My father loves this house. He has come here to die
Beside the still water
I will lay me down
Still water

The house blossoms as I chant his favorite songs:
Dreamsongs, seasons, whalesounds, drifting boats chiming
through open waters, breathy bagpipes on heathered slopes.

With the sandman's nod, the sunlight withdraws. Sleep
falls in petals, lapping at the edges of my senses.

Over golden fields an eagle spreads his wings and sails
silently, like a kite, towards the sea.

Lori McKean

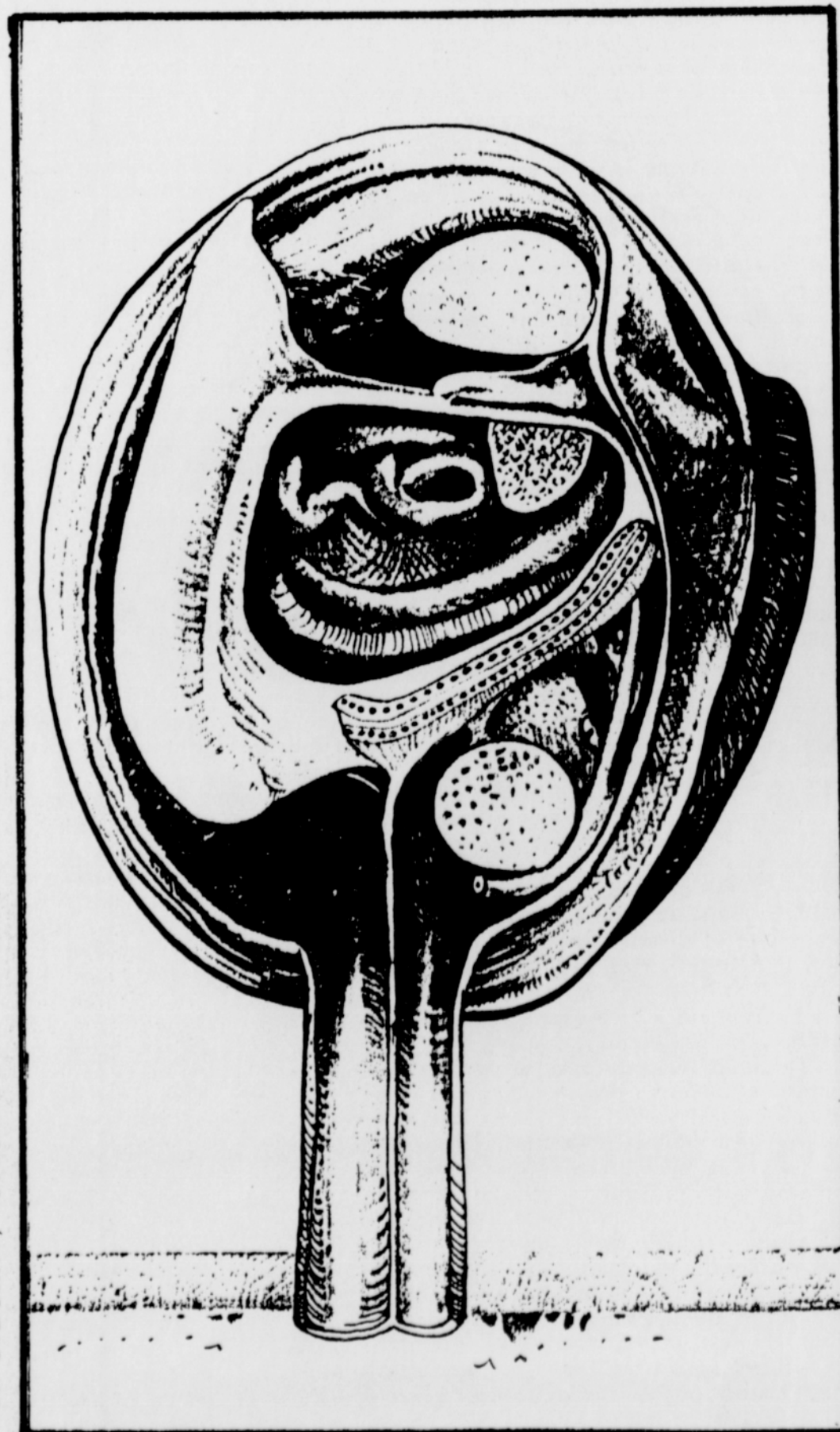
Quintessence is a literary and visual anthology of the work of
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