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## The Way We Ought to Live

The way we ought to live is by the sea, close enough that it might rock our babes to sleep at night.

The way we ought to live is on a mountain. We ought to play on it like goats and in its fissures find our souls.

The way we ought to live is underneath the stars. We ought to hear the stories from our mothers and tell them to our sons.

The way we ought to live is near the moon. We should draw a filament of understanding from its center to our loins.

We ought to live by berry and by leaf. They shall flutter from a pennon in the center of our square.

And the way we ought to live is in each other's eyes. with the knowledge that our ancestors were lovers. as will someday our children be.

Bill Clunie



Northwest by Northwest Gallery

Pacific Northwest Contemporary Art & Craft

Celebrating 5th Year in Cannon Beach

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JOYCE LINCOLN, Director

239 North Hemlock

Cannon Beach

Oregon 97110

How do I dance good-bye?

I see the sand, but no sound of waves - just the folding white hem of green water. Memories of stars and storms,

Days peeled into nights wrapped in days of slow motion smiles,

Blurred and turning faces.

And the lifting of my eyes,

Slowly, so slowly, Each blink a year.

The inhale of my breath going in with the autumn and blown out as winter, then spring, then summer.

Slowly, so slowly.

Shapes behind my head, eyes raising, my hair wet with rain, capped by snow, sun drenched, lifted with a step that takes a year.

And, slowly, so slowly, I see my eyes caught and looking far ahead, slowly, so slowly. I am crying in the autumn, laughing in the winter, whispering out the spring, a glint of sun as I breathe out summer.

Tears fall and dry, laughter creases my cheeks, words form from my mouth, meaningless, words, slowly, so slowly.

But my eyes now, season over season, look far ahead, and the steps rising and falling, slowly, so slowly, grow straight and where they were, sea water has washed a thousand upon thousand times, snow that capped my hair has fallen a thousand upon thousand times, rain that has soaked my shoulders and hands has fallen a thousand upon thousand times, and in the blink of an eye, I move into view.

My face, my hair, my arms, my hands, my feet, Alive and striding past - in the blink of an eye.

Mary Lou McAuley





325-9722 . 1092 Consercial, Astoria OR

## Four Haiku

sea sparrow, fly high up in the sky, sea sparrow. wide above the sea

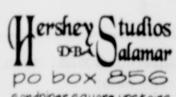
2. sun goes in the sea you walk beside the water and somewhere, windchimes

3.

sunlight on water shadow racing on the sand-memory of you

earth, air, fire, water etching patterns on the world of sand, sky, sun, sea

Bill Clunie



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mary arne hershey owner/artist





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