

The flower and the ant

by Avendor

I am the nightflower
the world sleeps
as I muse...
incandescent

I bloom
in the alabaster moonlight
tousled head, slightly troubled.
Really? Me?

Searching down streets
amidst my thoughts, which are
like shooting stars
and stars being born

Frogs in ribbet
heard but not seen
sprinklers startle me
run, world, run

Green grass refreshed
summertime, 2 a.m.
teenagers out
looking for fun

I'm crazy
I need a beer
don't you get it people
I'm dedicated to you

My mother works too hard
her marriage seems strained
nevertheless,
were going to shop for new clothes

My cat has her own perspective
yet she chimes in sometimes
O' prophethess
bequeath so divine

Suburbia
fixed place in the universe
I am the nightflower
smoking on the curb

7 miles from the city
our town sits peacefully
yet people here
still struggle

Everyone must fight
or just languidly suffer
I am the nightflower
just trying to get it right

Flowers of Oregon
we are so blessed
enjoy our state yes
but we must give back

Not just here
but all over the world
this fertile ground
can gift the world

So I the nightflower
will practice self care
and wake up tomorrow
a worker ant

Rainbows

by Kenneth Nickell

Rainbows are illusions;
Refracted light against tiny droplets as prisms
That cause our rounded eyes to see an array of colors.
Even in knowing this we see the colors;
It is inevitable.
Attraction and beauty are much the same things.
At first glance we may covet a woman due to her particularly pleasing
qualities,
Even knowing that hours of hair and makeup have gone into preparation of
this grand, glamorous appearance.
It is when we move beneath this facade
To see the frayed, flawed, sometimes broken vase of a person
That truth and real beauty are found.
Not often is this practiced in our day.
It's commonplace to keep up the illusion as a safe hiding place,
Keeping all the unsettling truths of oneself buried deep beneath the surface.
When one sheds those layers of color and light for all the world to see,
The sadness, pain, desperation, and all that suffering,
They reveal the most beauty, I know of.
The vulnerable truth of themselves.
Unapologetic for the fact that there's no pot of gold.

Two Sons

By Sonia I. French

I once had two sons
First one then another
"Excuse me ma'am but are you that boy's mother?"
Mud, broken toys, stolen bikes, pig skin scars and baseball bats
Cracked foreheads, broken teeth and more than a few pet rats.

One day they grew
Away from the nest (with a kick and a push) they flew
Into the arms of their now wives
Such beauties, all brown hair and brown eyes

Now that my job is complete
I'm sure they are feeling the heat
They are fathers to not one but two each
Ain't a picnic at the beach

They make it look easy
Like a tip of the hat
My two sons are fathers of two
The clock will never turn back

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