

Burn It

By Katharine Boyer

If I could I would. All my notes and rants and raving and words and thoughts and spent up emotions on her and the awful weekend. My betrayed weekend. My hurt weekend.

I would write everything down, puke it all up regurgitated into bits of yellow Paper, twist the scraps into little balls and build a bonfire to
Cleanse my soul, to heal myself, to let go of all the hurt, the fear,
The sadness, so that it would turn to ashes the words and I could
Rebuild anew, afresh, with clear eyes, clear thoughts, loving, caring
Thoughts for myself. Peaceful thoughts. To let go of all that doesn't
Serve me for my highest and best good in the gentlest manner possible.

Yellow Ribbon

By Lori Lematta

In my pocket I'm holding a treat for my dog, Sara.
I know she'll be hungry when she returns from her adventure.
You see, Sara likes to dig holes under the fence
And escape out to our backwoods.
She hunts rabbits but doesn't kill them like other dogs.
She takes the babies from their hole
And brings them home where spits them out
On our front lawn, tucks them under her belly,
And licks them gently as if they were her own.
Mom blankets them up in a bucket
And feeds them warm milk from an eyedropper.
They never live long, and I make graves for all
The little rabbits behind the Rhododendron bush.
They have pebble tombstones with each name painted on them.
But Sara has been out for three days.
I am scared. I cry.
Mom said to wear a yellow ribbon in my hair for her return.
I really hope she does because I love her so much.
I miss her waggy tail.
The snack is getting sticky in my pocket.

conversations I shoulda had...

By j.mccurdy

yup
what I
shoulda said ...
The truth is
We lose
Sensation
In the nerve endings
We exploit
The hidden charge
No one tells you bout
While they busy
Bout
telling you
That you own
the skin you live in
And you can do whatever you want
While you in it...
Ya
That's what they don't say
They
Don't
Say
That each time
You teach
Your nerve endings
To fly away
From the revulsions created
When sacred and sexy
Turn into sold...
You give em

Permission
To not ever
Come back
And it takes
A ton
Of soul surgery
To get that shit back
Listen up
Lil one...
Yes you can
Exchange
The sacred for the profane
And yep
For a minute
In
The minute
Looks like
A win-win
But are you willing
To risk
All that skin
And its sensations...
On the chance
That in the end
You find that one person
Patient enough
To take the time
To sew those nerves
And their responses
Back into your skin?



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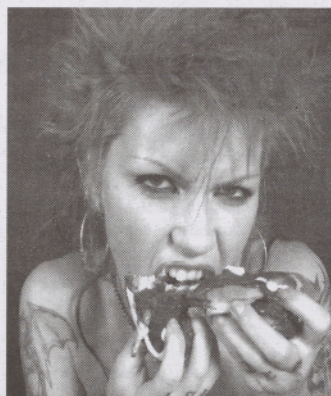
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