

To live for

by Aileen McPherson

The stillness at 5 a.m.
 a quiet moon, coffee brews,
 waking purrs whiskers tickling,
 Water warm cleansing body 'n' soul.
 Chill mists blanket my day,
 catching glimpses of bandits at play.
 My world awakes foggy, clear, crisp
 Blue skies painted purple, rose, and gold.
 Springing forward lush and green, blooming
 crocus, nightly jasmine vines wind,
 under the cherry blossoms we dine.
 A sultry sun scorches everyone, basking,
 Breathless, drowning, chase
 Race the salmon to the sea.
 Falling down, reaching back, rustling
 Showering the earth, gathering
 golden, terra cotta, and maroon bones,
 crunching, hushing signaling.
 Death cold grey skies wintering
 Storms come 'n' go, blustering snow,
 cocoa warm heals fingers and noses.
 What is there to live for? Me
 my love, for my life is as precious
 and priceless as yours.

Trail in the sand

by Daniel Cox

Sad stones moved gallantly across
 The desert floor.
 Yes quite a mystery.
 Does this happen when no one looks?
 Is this real?
 It appears there are no answers
 to come up with in this conundrum
 of rocks moving.
 Only the tale of rocks moving leaving
 A trail in the sand.

Passing Night

by Brandon M.

On the shore of the bluest ocean
 I see the silhouette of a man
 Casting abalone shells into the waters
 as Sand dollars mark the occasion.
 And the boy feeds the sea rainbow tears
 for the girl he loved who broke up with him
 And the pirates with the navy clash
 while the priestess invokes the gods with hymns.
 Stage life sits the wife, alone on the porch
 quiet and dreamy in the salty breeze
 While her husband turns over in his sleep
 and the cat eats her dry munchies.
 And out amongst the reeds there lies a man
 by a fire whose embers are burning red
 May this finite world no longer haunt him
 for the night took him, and now he's dead.

Vacation

by Jay Juno

I need a rest:
 To break away
 From this rut
 I've tangled myself in.
 These chains of neglect
 Hold my spirit hostage—
 Their grip chokes me,
 Holds me,
 Keeps me,
 And I remain their prisoner.
 Fear keeps me from reaching
 Through the bars
 And the light stays out of reach.
 If I could have one wish
 I'd wish for freedom
 From doubting myself,
 From the fear
 That suffocates me
 And stills my breath.

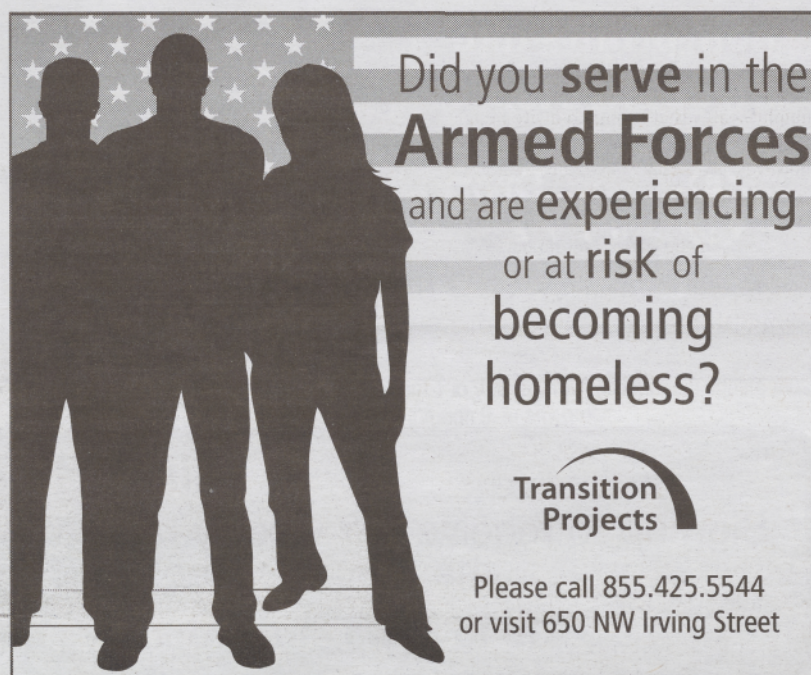


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