## 'Butterfly Mindfulness,' by Andrew Puzauskas

As the wind blows
So the butterfly goes
Sometimes directly to the flower,
Or else in a circular round about way
It goes zig-zagging about
Pushed and tossed here and there
It seems to be helpless and yet
Always reaches the swaying target

Where it sits now and clings Slower now its wings are Still opening and closing then Vertically folding upright and Resting now quite still It's only focus is upon The sweetness of the nectar...

RIGHT: Papilio oregonius, the Oregon swallowtail butterfly.



Lydia Ely/The Astorian

(8am - 10pm)

360-261-7200

133 Howerton Ave

Waves break along the South Jetty at Fort Stevens State Park during king tides in December.

## 'Drains to River,' by Lauren Mallett

and I like the idea of dropping my keys through the grate. Never mind the ocean. I want my keys gone. I would risk them being swallowed. Tangled in the throes of runoff away from my coat pocket and moving farther as I stand here, looking down at the stenciled warning "No Dumping" and yet that's just what I would do. Expanse by way of manhole, uncovered and recovered in silt. Those rooms they open, one key per one door. How I've sorted them onto different rings - car, work, home The chain has worn the cloth patterns of my lanyard: polka dots fray, striped edges curl away from their hem

## 'The Waves,' by Marilyn Defreese

The waves brush gently along the sand Each surge rolls farther onto the land Shore birds scavenge and do their dance. Then avoid the next wave from the sea's great expanse Bull kelp and flotsam punish the shore Seagulls and plovers bob under for more The footprints I leave are not timeless for me, For when I look back they've returned to the sea





(8am - 10pm)

360-849-4504

327 WA-4

(8am - 12am)

360-636-042Ó

820A West Side Hwy

(8am - 12am)

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