

This Month's



# FEATURED ARTICLE

## Poetry! We come Spring



*Irma Hudson*

### Early Morning

The timid deer are out  
when I get up  
to enjoy the cool breeze  
sparkling birdsong  
dawn's pink glow.

### Life

lacks map, directions --  
wanders  
into the unknown  
one step at a time

### Hummingbird

returns to the feeder  
right after the downpour.

Where did she hide  
from raindrops  
almost as big as she?

### Spring

Deer munch the daffodils --  
squirrels, raccoons vandalize  
the bird feeder --  
gnats hatch in profusion.

Maybe winter

### Chinese Market

So many vegetables. Crowds  
press in, graze with their eyes,  
plant tentative fingers  
on eggplants, daikon radishes  
make careful selections...

was not so bad.

then haggling begins.



*Lane Willey*

### Later Years

In my bones I know  
September has past  
yet I have only begun to decide--  
decide about my journey  
to here or there  
trying to make the world peaceful  
for the ones who are still  
starry eyed and hopeful,  
not mired in the muck of the impossible.

### The Future

I watched them  
Flesh of my flesh,  
but not quite my own.  
Together,  
for once not bickering  
smiling at the glistening snow.  
With an unspoken word  
the snowboards slid silently  
down the homemade ramp.  
My used up words  
(no longer mine)  
echoed across the stillness--  
"Be careful".

### Treasure

A gift not wrapped in colored tissue  
with a fancy bow to ooh and ahh  
then forget.  
No, one whose very sight  
turns corners up  
melts hearts  
gives strength.  
First thought is fragile,  
needing help,  
until the grip of that tiny hand  
on an arthritic finger  
moves forward  
calling me to follow her blond pigtailed  
and smile.