
Tableau



Photo by Helene Becker

Spring 1984

Springtime

I'll bring promises of sunny days,
happy times, and happy ways,

I'll whisper softly in your ear "Smile
now, for I am here,"

I'll cause your gardens and trees to grow,
your rivers and streams will again softly flow,

The smell of blossoms will dance in the air,
now is the time when life is fair,

Watch things grow so lovely and wild,
I am so brilliant, yet so mild,

Kick up your heels and have some fun,
go for a picnic, or just lay under the sun,

Watch the fruit ripen and smell the clean
air, let the fresh breeze blow through your
hair,

Watch the foals frolic and hear new
chickies peep, soon all your harvest, you will
reap,

"Don't waste the beauty of this wonderful
season, for God gave me to you for a
special reason."

Carla Melin



Photo by Diane Eubank

Raising the Continental Shelf

Fragments of time, frogs on the rise, we
Ruin beauty and her cool sister,
Covered with mud, heated rocks that blister,
Groaning, slipping, sliding, rushed-up
Mountains form, warm while we, touch
What comes as surprise, we win the award.

Ruby, liquid red flowed when, mask-clouded
I reached, fell red down her throat
Swimming, winning, dancing in my boat,
Swells grow, as throws run tough, I sing
As I laugh, you are beams, swing-
Singing through taffy-tamarack cradles, to sigh.

Lowingly, sweep-graze across stone's throws
Of miles, sharp steps, strutting with rhythms
Seen through dog worn ears of time,
Swollen, sank with tip-lipped lust-world
Scenes, bruised through rests we, who wouldn't
Though why should we, lift even when hot.

Bonnie Crossley

Laughing Rain

I feel the tiny cool drops tickle
my nose first, then I feel them
tapping on my head as their size
grows. It seems as though these
sly fellows are alive because as I
look up, more and more of them
hurry down on me as if they are
having a playful race to see who
can get what the most wet, or
maybe to see how fast they can
get people to run. It's a game
they play, but this time I'm not
going to let them win. . . I look
up and laugh back at them and
I'm happy to greet the cool wetness
of every one that touches me.

Carla Melin

Perspectives

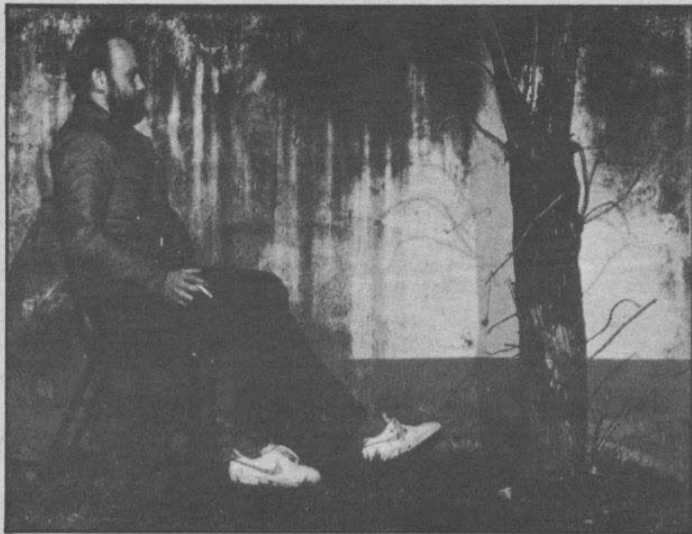


Photo by Eric Finster

Time stretches out, infinite line
as luck would have it
This segment is mine
I bend it
or break it
or waste it, I'm fool
enough to believe
my perceptions are true
But fact, faith and fancy
are relative things
I haven't the patience
to see what fate brings.
I want to stretch out
to the limits of time
and understand all
from perspectives not mine.
but nature wields power
over mortals like me
it limits my senses
to touch hear and see.

Dan Nordal



Photos by Eric Finster

The Throw Away

This babe is born from to safe warm place into this world of noise and confusion.

When he begins to crawl and explore, he's cute and a climber and into everything; never is he spanked or told "No" because he's a real charmer and maybe even cunning.

At almost three he's a real cutie, until he throws himself on the floor, having a temper tantrum. But they don't spank because it would be an embarrassment in front of company, instead they pick him up so he will stop making a fuss and end up giving him what he wants in the first place.

Now he's five and starting school. He bullies the timid and pushes his weight around because he has never been shown what "No" means, and teachers don't feel it's their job to start now.

So he grows. He's 11 and 12 and beginning to smoke and drink beer. He know he's cute, by now. He still bullies the timid and pushes his weight around.

He's 16, He's stoned or drunk most of the time, he's driving dangerously, skipping school to frequent the arcade and running all over town. His parents can't control him and the world

begins to hate him.

At 17 his parents kick him out of their house. He won't abide by their rules, which he always knew existed but succeeds in ignoring, because he was never told "No." His parents moan, "we gave him everything money could buy. He had whatever he wanted; what more could we do?"

Maybe if they had started at the beginning with plenty of hugs and kisses plus enough firm "Nos" backed up by plenty of discipline. He wouldn't have ended up at 17 a throw-away; Maybe!

Judy Smith

Why

Why is the bottom crust where the poor live, always burned.

Why can't the poor have some of the sweet cherries and flaky upper crust instead of the burned bottom.

The poor always live off the crumbs that are society's left-overs, and lick the pie pan clean after the rich have eaten all the pie.

The rich give them all their out grown clothes. Food that they don't want, then expect the poor to lick their boots, like it was sweet tasty pie.

Why is it cheating and fraud only when speaking of the poor. When speaking of the rich, cheating and fraud become cleverly, manipulated funds: That sounds like the same thing from where I'm sitting.

Judy Smith

This is Earth

This is earth. Beneath the surface plastic magma is churning around a core of iron. Every once in a while the world turns upside down. Nothing to worry about—the earth is stable.

A clump of clay unfolds into man. His first reaction to the elements is to cry. A cave becomes a shelter and he denies the darkness by going to sleep. During the day he explores the safety zones that spiral around one point of interest. He steps forward to feel the wet mud oozing up between his toes. Suddenly he is startled by the reflection in the water. He returns to his cave.

Once in a while a full moon pulls him out of his cave to face his fear of the vast darkness. There in the moonlight he stand alone and contemplates. "Am I taking a risk here?" The noises of the night are magnified by his fear. He doesn't turn away until he is at peace with himself.

Time after time the moon pulls him out to contemplate. "What is this about putting seeds in the ground? It sounds like blasphemy." He adapts. He is successful because he adapts. Exploring the

safety zones that spiral around one point of interest. Man spirals around and around and the world turns upside down. Whirling around voices become more important. Opinions burst out as if the moon has hatched an exotic world of noises. Discussions are held about Ratopolis and Ratopia.

The full moon pulls man out into the spotlight. Are we risking something here? Are we exposing something here? Dooms day tension is forever. A secret wish for extinction. If man is adaptive then thoughts of dooms day are mere blasphemy.

Tonight the full moon pulls at my heart. I strive to gather my thoughts into a pool of experience and idealism. I want to get a hold on certainty and the unknown. That is hard to do when you've only explored the safety zones that spiral around one point of interest. Reflections aren't enough. I want to know if I am having a heart attack, indigestion or growing pains.

This is humanity. Beneath the surface plastic magma is churning around a corn of iron. Every once in a while the world turns upside down. Nothing to worry about—humanity is stable.

Patricia Andres

The Deserted Homestead

The silent brown structures stand
Remembering the vanished laughter,
Desolate on the vast grassland.

The souging wind moans through gaps and
Ruffles the straw clinging to rafters.
The silent brown structures stand.

The great barn doors, like open hands,
Swing out and in, askew, unfastened,
Desolate on the vast grassland.

Home now opens to blowing sand.
Glassless windows expose fallen plaster.
The silent brown structures stand

Alone together and form a band
Of memories—the joy and after—
Desolate on the vast grassland.

Like lonely sentinels guarding the damned
That once knew pleasure, peace and laughter,
The silent brown structures stand
Desolate on the vast grassland.

Velma Lemco



Photo by Pam Kuri

T.V. O.D.

We're having a T.V. O.D.,
tuned into this brain-lock trend,
We just can't break free.

Our old friend Merv just won't let us be,
This tunnel vision has no end,
We're having a T.V. O.D.

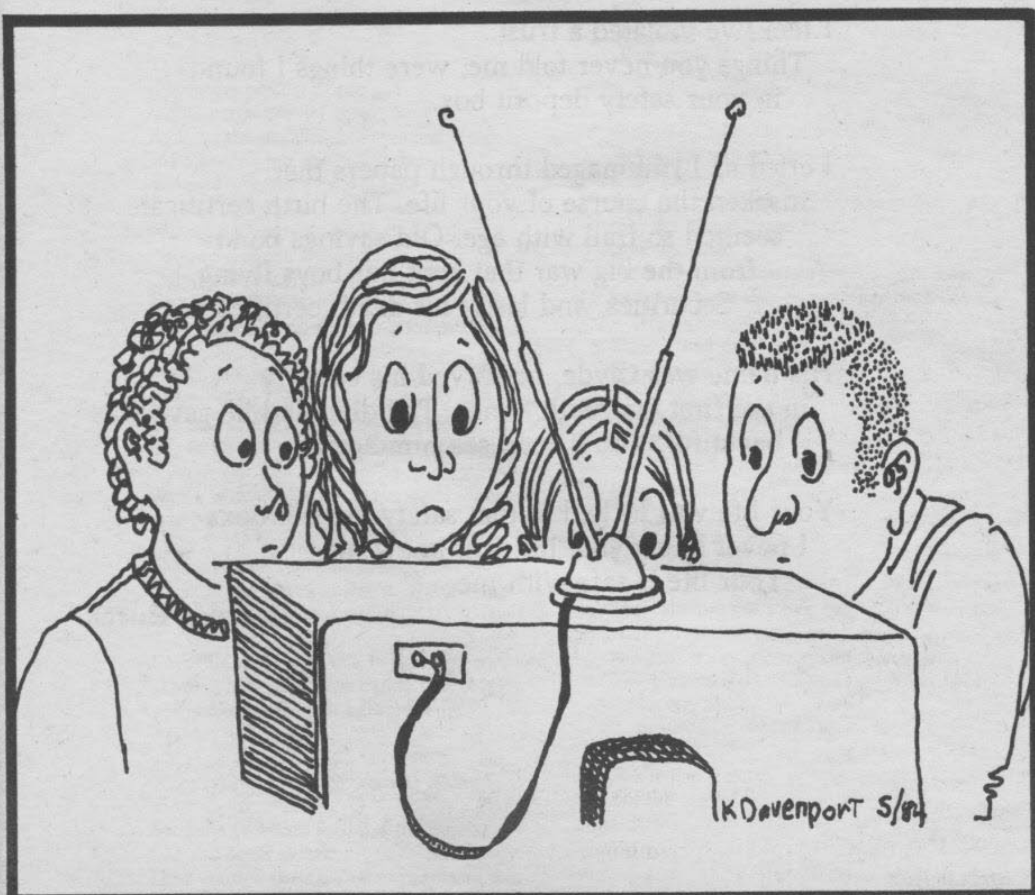
Don't they know we no longer see,
Our commercialized minds won't mend,
You just can't break free.

On knees we look towards Hollywood, and pray to Mr. T,
To the glowing gods we've made, our very soul we send
I'm having a T.V. O.D.

Even without cable this habit isn't free,
When you think of all the brain cells that we spend,
We just can't break free.

We'll never read a book again with parents like T.V.
And the vidiots agree there is no end.
We're having a T.V. O.D.
We'll never break free.

John Conrad



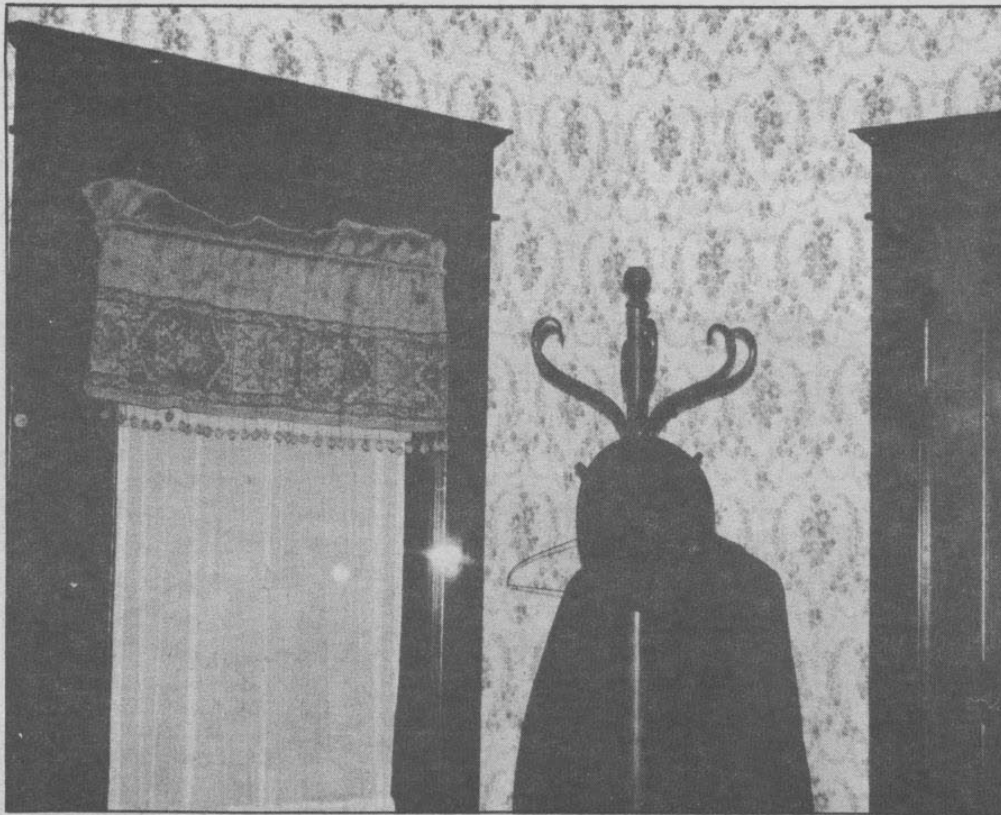


Photo by Eric Finster

Home Song

There's nothing quite so sad
 As the sickness of soul
 That comes in the night
 When you are far from home.
 It matters not
 That the one who loves you best
 Is with you,
 For the sickness affects him, too.
 Nor does thought of
 The child you combined to create help
 For thoughts of the child bring thought of others
 Far away
 Who long to see him.
 The only cure for this soul-sickness is to return,
 Like the salmon,
 To the place where you were spawned
 And the people who mean so much.
 As a baby bird must leave its nest,
 And, one day, our son leave his home,
 So I have left mine.
 But the longing to return remains.
 Life is as it must be,
 But that doesn't ease the moment's pain.

Sylvia Keith

The Ceremony

You stand there with a tear on your cheek.
 Is it shed for you or me?
 Here, by my side, is the man I love.
 He will share my life, not you.
 You—who laid claim to a child's body
 and formed a woman before her time.

I did not want you here
 on this my most precious day.
 To hear such sacred words come
 form lips so unclean my heart aches!
 To love
 To cherish
 Till death do us part.
 I turn to my bridegroom - I melt
 I DO

You turn to him with that face etched in memory.
 Today - it seems different.
 Camouflaged in kindness
 with sadness on the edges.
 Or is the sadness - the memory.
 The long rides in the country
 ending in confusion,
 yet, not ending
 only beginning. . .
 the lies to adults.
 The truth known to children -
 making them more adult than child.
 I did not want you there

I do not want you here
 I want it to be over!
 "Thank you for marrying us"
 The words flow easily from
 my bridegroom's lips.
 I shake the familiar hand
 There will be no thank you from me.

Joyce Quinnett

Safety Deposit Box

I never knew you.
 Not in twenty years.
 Your life was locked in a safety deposit box.

I feel I've violated a trust.
 Things you never told me, were things I found
 in your safety deposit box.

I cried as I rummaged through papers that
 marked the course of your life. The birth certificate
 seemed so frail with age. Old savings bond
 from the big war that kept our boys flying,
 Securities, and lastly his death certificate.

His name was Clyde, he served his country
 in the first war with honor. The diamond he gave was
 beautiful. You'll soon see him again.

Your life was locked in that safety deposit box.
 I never knew you, but you knew me.
 Your life is safe with me.

Douglas Burck

Your Face and You

So many languages you speak. . . All on your face. . .
I know them all. . . Even through your lace. . .
You teach me when to get close. . . and when to give space. . .
You teach me how to survive even in a far away place. . .
All the wisdom I seek. . . I seek in your face. . .

The love and care you show. . .
Lights up my life and makes it always glow. . .
You pick me up when I go slow. . .
And when I feel static. . . You make me flow. . .

You teach me to tear and why. . .
You teach me to smile and without why. . .
You give me wings and make me an eagle to fly. . .
Always looking up. . . Always high. . .
I promise you one thing. . . My love for you will never die. . .

You are love. . . Respect. . . You are wisdom. . .
You are a queen of your own kingdom. . .

I admire your courage and the way you suffer. . .
To see me grow away from you and your cover. . .
It is alright with God to worship another. . .
Next to almighty God I would worship you. . .
My Beloved Mother.

Maamoun Faqesh

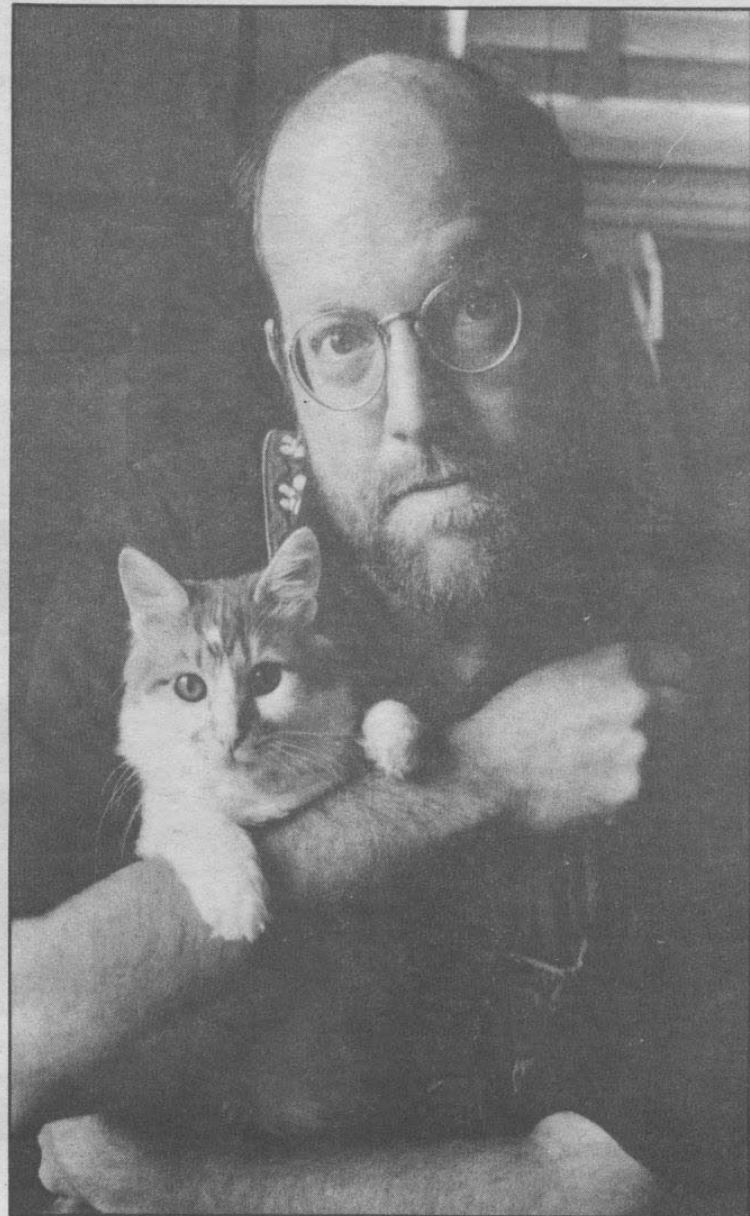


Photo by Diane Eubank

Freedom Flying

There once was a girl
who was five years old.

She was a rather
ordinary little girl:
she wore ribbons and bows,
she minded her mama,
she adored her daddy,
and above all,
she never played in the mud.

Then one day,
this rather ordinary little girl
did an extraordinary thing.
Right in the middle of dinner one night
she stared at her mashed potatoes
and said, "Someday I will fly."

Her mama laughed and said,
"But no one can fly, dear.
Only birds can fly.
Isn't that right, darling?"
She asked her husband for verification.

"Well, there is no way for humans to
fly yet, but I believe that someday man
will invent a machine that will enable
him to do so," the daddy said importantly.

Mama frowned because this is not what she
wanted Daddy to say.

Then the next morning at breakfast
the little girl stared at her scrambled eggs
and said, "Someday I will fly."

Now this was beginning to be a real problem.
"Dear," her mama and daddy said sternly,
"Someday men might be able to fly,
but you never will."

Whenever the little girl said anything
about flying,
her parents would feed her the message
that she never would.
They wanted their words to permeate into

her little brain like cigarette smoke,
so that she would always be aware of
her limitations.

Finally, to her parents' relief,
the little girl stopped talking
about flying.

But she didn't stop
thinking.

She secretly watched
butterflies, bumblebees, and birds.
She patiently waited for the invention of the
airplane.

As she grew older,
she would forget to be ordinary
and sometimes she would stick out like
a red helium balloon.
And sometimes she would feel so free
that she would begin to
float and rise,
but her parents always got to her in time
and they were able to push her back down.

Finally, one day,
the airplane was invented.

In the early mornings,
at the first light,
she sneaked out of her house
to the airfields.

And someone taught her
how to fly.

Then she packed a bag,
climbed into an airplane,
and flew away, never to be seen again.
Her parents weren't able to push her back
down any more.

Of course,
this is just a story;
but tell me:

Do you fly?

Dori Molletti

Together, ONE

Two puzzle pieces, standing alone,
were Dan and I before we met.
In many ways, only children.
Though, the feelings were there
in so much depth.

No one believed our love
would last.
"Too young,"
"Immature," was all we heard.
Yet inside, adults were waiting
to emerge.
How could they judge what
we knew best?

We came together in love and faith.
Each other's commitment with and for
life.
To four handsome children we
gave birth.
Tiny bundles of miraculous life!

Fifteen years brimming with memories.
Some good, some bad, but all
equal in substance,
and leading to our only conclusion—
Two puzzle pieces together—ONE

Joyce Quinnett

Sky Dancing

Some day,
I will leave where I'm at
and find a new niche in life.

I will live on a mountain
and jump over trees.

I will leap and stretch,
breathe loudly and long.

Some day,
I will throw parties for
fairies and elves.

I will feed walnuts
to unicorns.

Some day,
I will have
filet mignon for breakfast
and oysters for lunch.

I will find
pearls in my bath water
and diamonds in my kitchen sink.

Some day,
I will dance on the sky
and keep company with the clouds.

I will drop tutti frutti balloons
and confetti to you down below.

Some day,
no one will be able to catch me.

Except maybe you.
Some day.

Dori Moletti

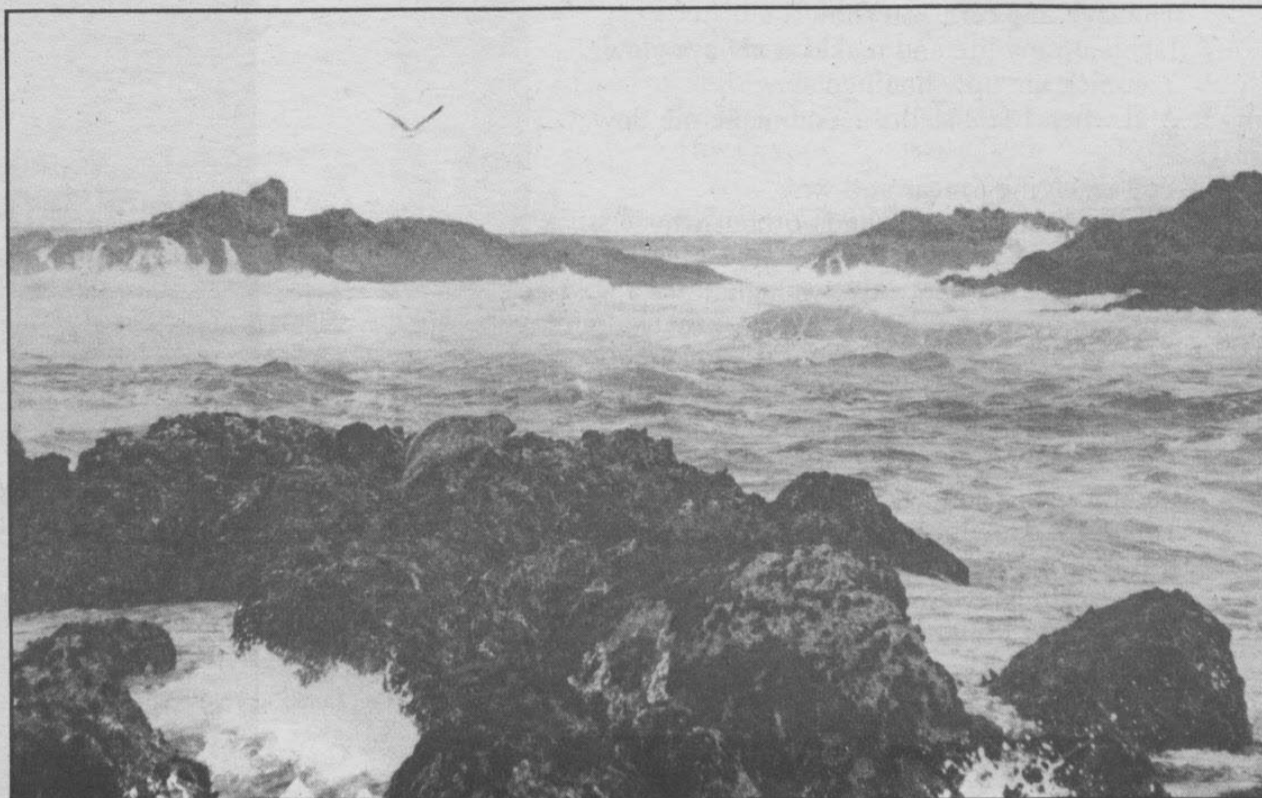


Photo by Sheila Landry

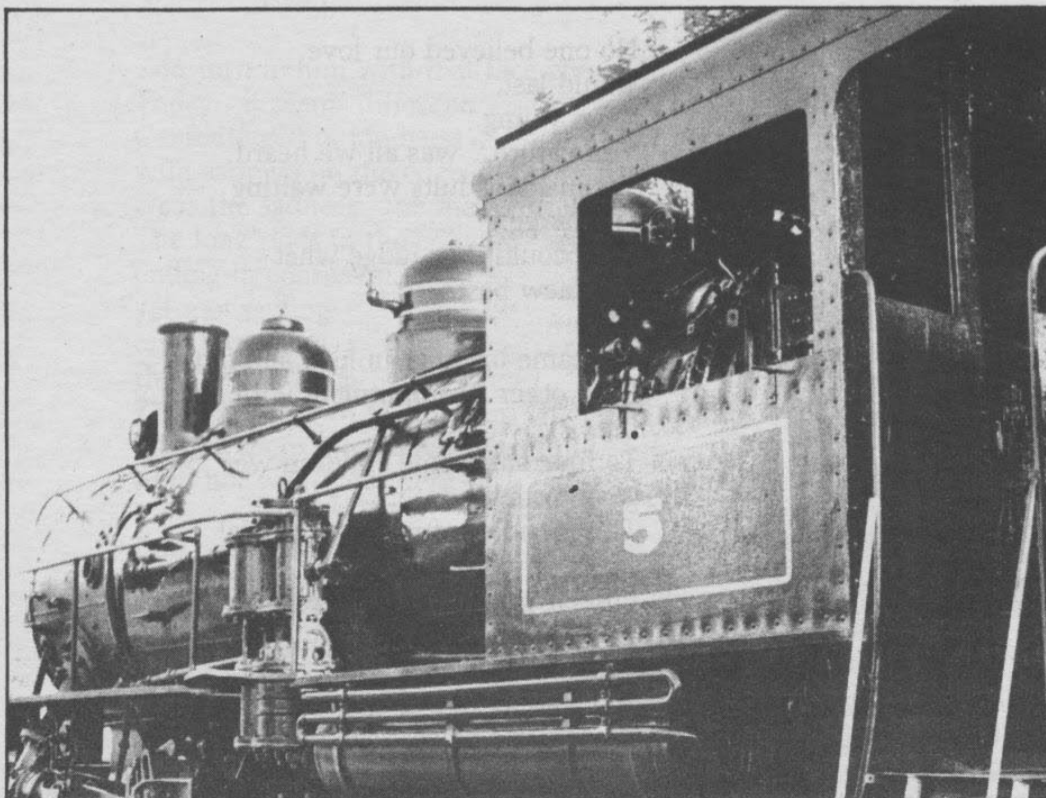


Photo by Gary Stewart

Third Engine Back

Empty metal highway.
Burlington Northern
east into the
sun.
Third engine back
is always warm.
"Sam?
Can we sleep beside
the river?
I can bathe.
You wrap the hook
and line around the willow."
Bottom fish cook
mushy
in the pan.
Black plastic roofs
are endless
nights.
I'm cold.
Third engine
back
is always warm.
McDonald's leftovers.

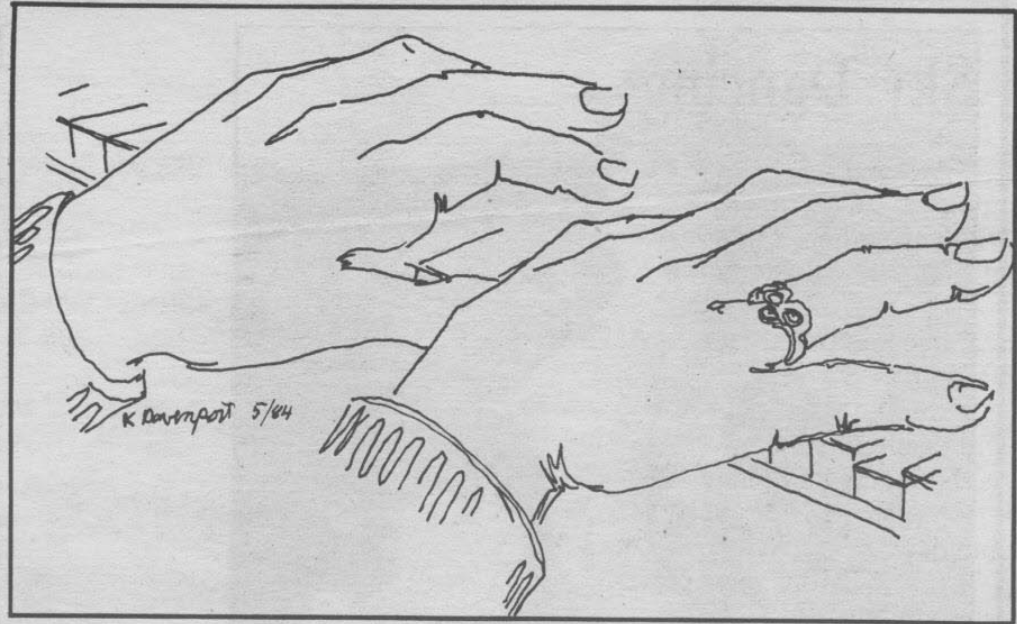
Half a "Big Mac"
and wilted pickles.
Wish
we had ketchup
and clean napkins.
"Run!
Faster Sam.
Quick!
Grab my hand.
I can't go on
alone.
I tore my coat.
It's okay.
We can be in Ohio
tomorrow.
Number three
will keep us
warm."
Third engine
back.
"Sam?
Let's go
home."

Louise Shilling

Player Piano

I'm a small piano with a broken lid
 being pounded on all day long.
 You with no right to be here
 steal in
 close in and bar the door
 together we'll find such glissandos
 and syncopations as you have not played before.
 I'll lick your hands with warm, undiminished
 sevenths of gratitude
 and you'll stroke back in bliss
 Where you falter I'll lead, I can pull you along
 I can show you the way to go home for I know
 the rhythm of your song
 I know rhythms you do not know but ever dream and miss.
 I know to make a song you grab a handful of dark
 sweet dark
 and a long taffy-pull of sweet bitter
 Sprinkle salt bebop lace it through like this:
 with shot spun gold that glints like fire shadowspark
 summersmoke and hiss
 Listen as you dust it with powdered stars like quiet
 snow to melt summer
 that you reach up and pull down from way out there
 from God knows where even I don't know
 Hush it soft at last.
 Then it's done but it's not. Even I
 don't know
 when the last goodbye is gone when
 the long goodbye is past.
 Piano with a broken lid
 find the ache of me inside:
 heart break
 scintillate
 sound my wide.

Joni Parker



Don't Let Me Be Blind

Doc had a long, long list
 of things that could go wrong
 One that scared me was blindness
 I feared it more than death

Here I was ready to enter high school
 at 15 years of age, I didn't want demoted
 back to the first grade

I was afraid that my friends
 (at that time, I had few)
 would turn away and be untrue
 If I came home "handicapped"
 Unable to see

I didn't want to lose
 my true love of life
 Music—and my ability to strum
 my new guitar
 Music was my escape route
 from problems in the real world

Another love, I didn't want to lose
 was my ability to dance
 Dancing helps me relax and forget
 and it's good entertainment

Through these sources
 I had my best friends
 I didn't want to lose them
 just because I lost my sight

And so I prayed
 Please—Don't let me be blind.

Sherry Oliver

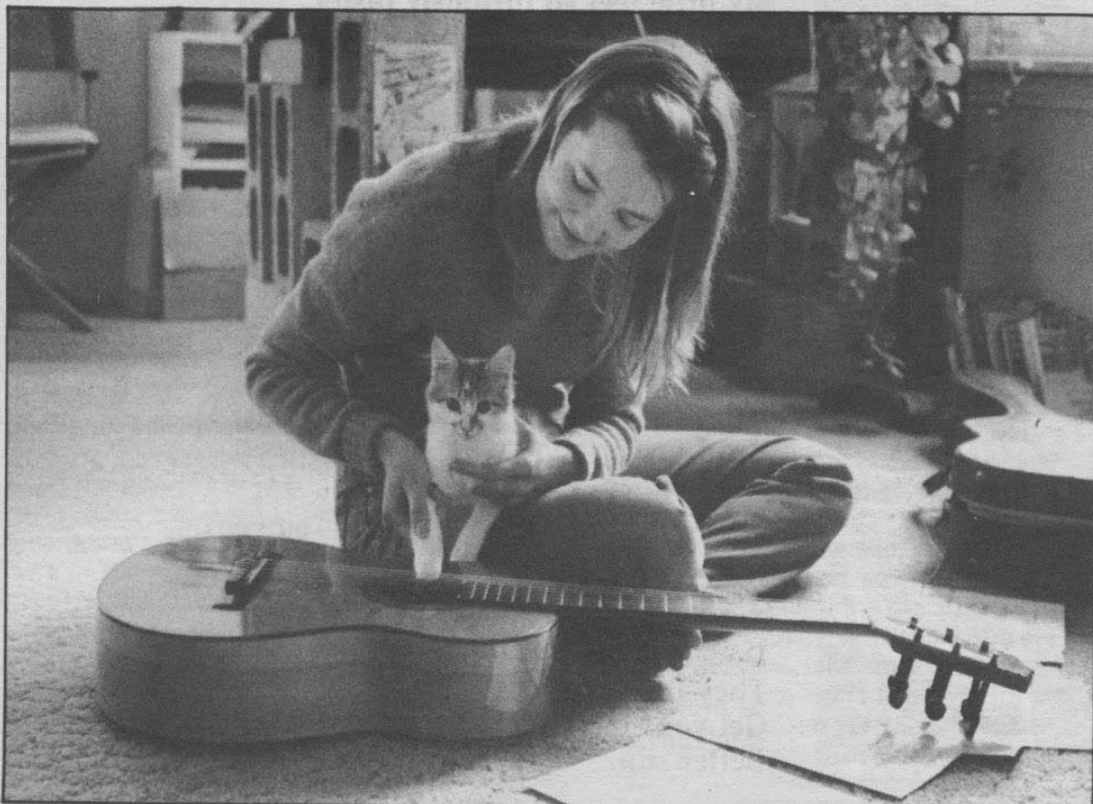


Photo by Diane Eubank

Music

*Music
 lets me fly away on notes
 I sit here in the music room
 with my piano, organ and guitar*

*I pick-up my guitar
 and strum, and play, and sing
 It's one of my favorite tunes I play
 and as I play, I go astray
 Into another world
 where I am alone and content
 and able to express feelings
 otherwise hard to convey
 This is a world of peace and harmony
 with beautiful crescendos and diminuendos*

*Upon return, I'm light-hearted and gay
 because I've let all my troubles
 fly
 away*

Sherry Oliver

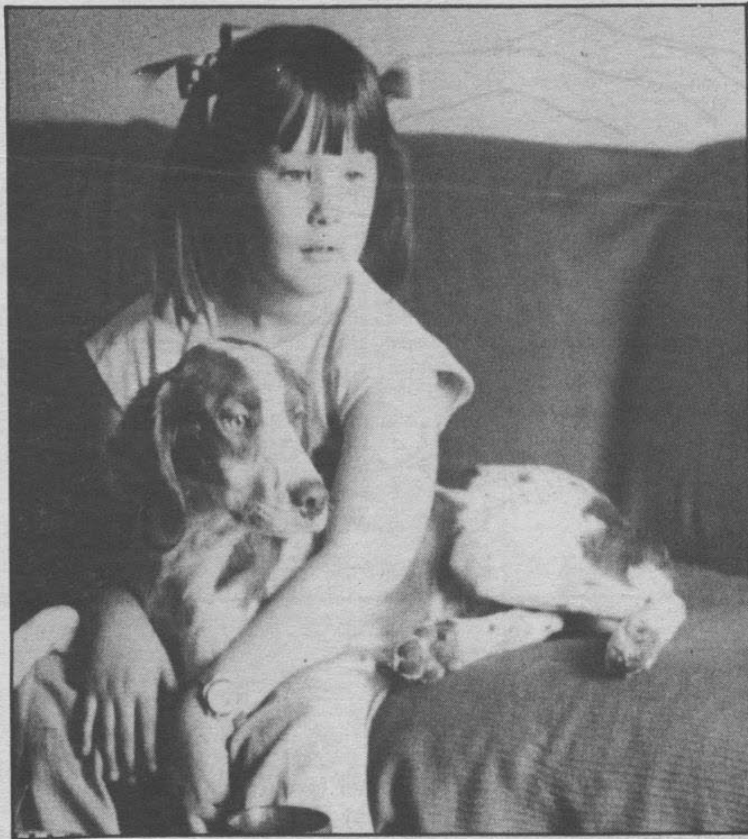


Photo by Sue Buhler

Red Dog of Belief

I live in the belief of dogs
 a tough, not unimportant breed
 whose hammering tails strain to wag
 against the weight of so much dead
 whose wavering eyes can make me heed
 I live in the belief of dogs

—the little ones, who bite at fog
 and hop through curving clouds of weeds
 who paw the muddy bank for frogs
 they never catch, and would have freed
 they follow, oh, and think they lead—
 the world is a ballet of dogs.

A starving one for loving begs
 until you take her home to feed
 and then she lives, and then she brags
 —cupped in my hands, I hold her head
 that I, who small solace in God
 may yet look in the face of good.

Joni Parker

A Frog and a Dog

to bruise the frog
 when he decides
 to bite by surprise
 him, the lazy cool
 dog, who rules cloud
 nine and the fine pool

The fat frog sat
 upon a sharp rock
 waiting to surprise
 the lazy dog below
 The dog was in trance
 awaiting a chance

The frog and dog
 never will swing
 to the same thing
 The hot, blue steam
 will never stop
 for them to kiss
 and make-up

Sherry Oliver

Gum... Yum

Gum is so common, it's everywhere,
 On the wall, the bed board, stuck to a
 chair,

Smashed on the bottom of someone's shoe,
 People just love to have a good chew.

There are all kinds of flavors for you
 to choose,

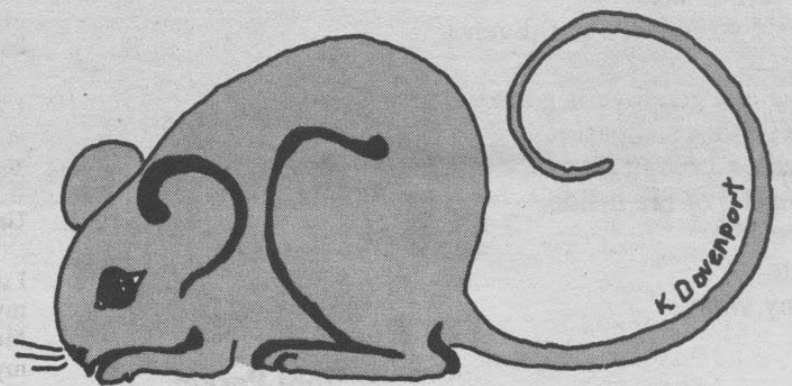
Gum is so yummy you got nothin to
 lose,

It is handy 'cause you can chew it
 where ever you go,
 And if you get mad at someone, take it
 out, and throw,

I love to chew gum and "pop" it
 too,

It's an everyday thing, just look
 around you!

Carla Melin



Mouse

I see myself as a mouse often,
 I scurry across the slick linoleum
 And I trip in the cracks.
 My little feet go furiously faster
 So that my stumbling won't catch
 Cat's eye.

Twitchy, nervous little grin, all
 Whiskery, whispery,
 I scuttle about in zig-zap diagonals
 Cross-tracking myself
 In a plan of spider web spirals that have
 No end.

Everyone is bigger than I,
 Hovering, leering, peering,
 But I just keep moving my little feet.
 If I stopped, I'm sure
 I'd drop.

Dragons, they are, their breath
 Tense, poised—how can I get there?
 Dodge! Look out! Don't go there!
 They'll get you.
 Get your job done, Little Mouse.
 Better run.

Bonnie Crossley

Blue Monday

Life is a joke and only fate has the last laugh

We swing on a tight rope of existence wondering what the fall is like

It's pointless ever changing never in the right direction

Despair Depression and instability ruins any chance of harmony

Regulations Rules quotas all stagnate the mind

Freedom went down the drain with the American dream all that remains is a bureaucrats idea of life

We structured our lives like a house of cards awaiting a strong wind.

Phil Weisbach

Office Memo

*The boss, the boss, that lovely man—
He's made a most efficient plan
To finish all the work by four—
With all the filing done and more!*

*He has a listing of my work
That I must do by hook or quirk.
He's written out a job description—
A lethal, lengthy, work prescription,
Which I am sure will do me in
Before I find where to begin!*

*I wonder, did the thought embrace him—
If I get that good—I may replace him!*

Peg Hatfield

Vengeance is Mine

Nine year old Katie Zazmin carefully walked around her back yard scanning the lawn for fresh piles. "Good old Bruno," she said out loud when her eyes spotted a very big mushy one. "I really love when he does that." Her face looked devious when she spied another large pile. After some time she walked back to the porch and stood mentally noting the exact location of each smelly heap.

With a mischevious grin she turned and disappeared into the house. She ran into the kitchen and started thumbing through her address book. Her fingers ran down the names and stopped at the black x's in front of them. She scribbled each of their numbers on a piece of scratch paper until she had five.

Katie smiled at her collection of numbers as she picked up the phone. "Who are you calling, young lady?" came her mother's voice from the washroom.

"Augh. . .some friends," Katie stuttered. "I. . .I wanted to have a few friends over to play a game, that okay?"

"Not if you're going to play inside," her mom said, coming into the kitchen and giving her a stern look.

Those looks aren't good, Katie thought. When she looks at me that way it means she's suspicious. I have to make sure she doesn't catch me.

"Mom, can I pull the shades in the living room?" Katie asked, hanging up the phone.

"What? What makes you suddenly change the subject to the shades—are you trying to ignore what I said? No

kids, absolutely no kids in the house today, Katie Jane!"

"Okay," answered Katie anxiously. "Now can I pull the shades?"

"Why on earth do you want—alright, pull the shades!" came her mother's impatient voice as she went back into the washroom mumbling something that sounded like "bizarre child!"

Katie quickly went into the living room and pulled the shades, then slipped back into the kitchen and began dialing the first number on the list. "Hello?" came a young voice on the other end.

"Hi Linda, this is Katie. Would you like to come over for a little game in my back yard?"

"What kind of game?"

"Well. . .well it's a test of smartness game, it's fun. Meet me in my back yard in ten minutes, okay?"

"Well alright, I think mom will let me," Linda said before hanging up.

Katie called the four others but one (lucky girl) couldn't make it. "Oh well, four out if five ain't bad," she said, laughing out loud as she went out the back door to wait for her victims.

It seemed like it took forever for the giggling girls to arrive on their bicycles.

"Hi everyone," Katie greeted them with a gleam in her eyes. "This is a super game to test your smartness and friendship. I'll blindfold all of you and test you one at a time. The rest of you can wait in the shed until it's your turn. Everyone has to take their shoes and socks off."

"What for?" came Tam-

mie's inquisitive voice.

"Because it helps you feel the vibrations in the ground," Katie reassured her. "Now take them off!" Everyone looked puzzled but they obeyed.

"Now all you have to do is listen to my voice and walk straight to me, but you can't look. I'll stand in one spot the whole time. You can come to me as slow as you want, but you must walk straight. If you reach me without peeking you are very smart and you've passed the test. Does everyone understand?"

"How does it test friendship?" piped Karen.

"Easy. If you don't take the test I won't be your friend anymore," Katie said, smiling.

"This is going to be cinchy," Sara said anxiously. "I'll go first!"

"Okay." Katie tied blindfolds around each trusting head. "Not so tight," Linda squealed.

Then she led three of them into the shed. "Now don't you dare peek," Katie warned as she shut the door.

Sara stood in the lawn wiggling her toes.

"Are you ready?" Katie asked while lining Sara's body up with one of Bruno's pungent piles. "Yeah, just tell me when," Sara answered.

Katie skipped over to her position which was directly behind the big brown trap. "Okay, now come straight to me, take small steps. Can you hear me okay?"

"Oh year, this is easy," Sara answered, moving forward slowly.

"You're doing good, keep walking," Katie directed, try-

ing not to laugh as she watched Sara's bare feet getting closer to the main event.

Then it happened and Katie burst out laughing. Sara ripped off her blind fold and stared as the mush that was between her toes and all over her feet. "That was a dirty trick, Katie!" Sara yelled, trying to wipe it off on the grass. But Katie was really cracking up and couldn't hear a word she said. Sara started crying, ran to her bike and took off out the back gate.

After Katie has regained

her composure she went to the shed for her next victim. "Anyone else ready?"

"Yep, I am," answered Linda. Katie lead her to the spot and began the whole process again, and again to the others until they had all gone home crying and throwing rocks back.

Katie laughed so hard that she couldn't stand any longer so she plopped down in the grass, not looking where she sat. Suddenly her laughter came to a halt!

Carla Melin



Photo by Pam Kuri



Thanks!

The Commuter Staff wishes everyone a great summer. (Front row) left to right—Francis Dairy, John Chilvers, Dave Walters; (2nd row) Marvlea Alexander, Katherine Davenport, Lori Trende-Landgraver; (3rd row) Sherry

Oliver, Scott Heynderickx, Barbara Story, Kathy Kelley, business manager; Jerri Stinson; Rich Bergeman, advisor; Sue Buhler, managing editor; (Back row) Sheila Landry, feature editor; Pam Kuri, editor; Carol Hillmann, Eric Kelsey, Diane Eubank, photo editor.

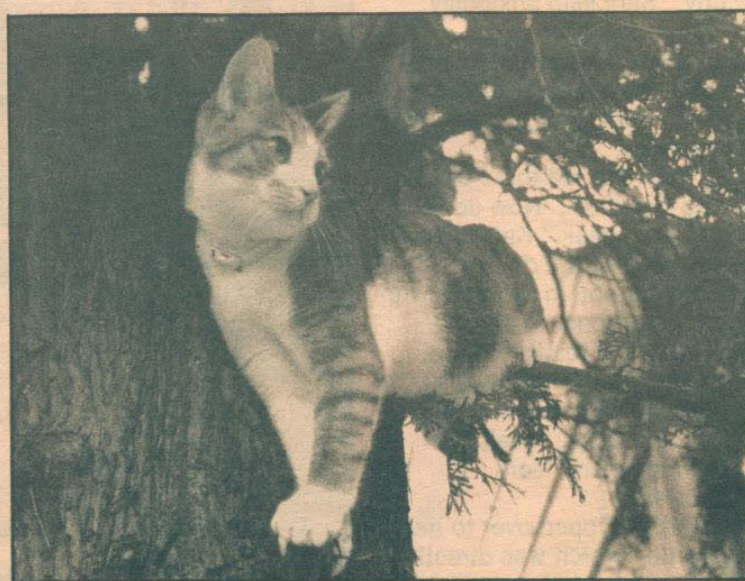


Photo by Sue Buhler

Dawn

The dawn sits waiting on my heart
Like a drop of water on glass
Heavy, but not quite full
Waiting. . .
And then at last
Lets loose its hold
Cascading down my soul
Into a new day.

Katie Davenport