

Fresh Possibilities

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**Carol Rickey***Twilight*

Watercolor
12" X 9"
\$175

I was struck by an incredibly vivid sunset at the nearby Juniper Valley Park recently. I rushed home and tried to recreate that mysterious effect with my watercolors.

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By Anne Rudder**Garden Work**

The bullet halts the metric beat-
steel ripped shreds-
red copious.

A child wiped clean from
liquid flesh-
its bursting cries thrown
skyward.

When breath is gone-
it never comes to
breathe again so clearly.

Childhood gardens bloom despite
the dark arms that
sequester-

Tiny buds push
through dirt-
new promise
thrusting upward.

By DeeAnne P. Gorman**Liberty's Vision**

Bearing a torch
Bearing witness
To be or...
Not only the question
But the necessity
To live life, a life, lives
Not lost
Never in vain
The essential right
To land on safe shores
None of us own
But only borrow
For the short time
Humanity is here
Let no one no thing
Block this passage
This right
This journey from birth
The ceaseless struggle
To be, to better
Shelter, strive and flourish
To have and hold
Until we are no more
Until we can rest in peace
Until then...
Welcome

By Jane Lake**At Sea on a Dark Beach**

Churning breakers nearby,
a brisk wind pierces my cheeks.
Birds stand with stick legs wading,
they scope for a crab
stuck in the muck
or in the surging tide

Dark beach.

Grass and foliage like an undersea
exhibit at the History Museum.
Corals, anemones toggle in winter's dry air.
Chapped lips split. I lick warm blood.

At sea, cargo ships are tucked into
their cold, black sheets.
In the horizon golden lanterns create a lull.
"Shhh we are at sea, all asleep.
Wake us tomorrow, we have things to do."

Lit boardwalk, past the rail.
Campfires sputter. Peter.
Is he asleep under blankets piled
high on the bench?

No. Peter pushed his cart elsewhere.
He has a name, and a home.

We all do.
Dark beach.