

Grey and Green

Bo 7000

One is dull, the other full
One is calm, the other wronged

Without one, life is bleak.
Without one, life will fleet.

Two brings balance
Balance to each



The Sad Frog

Benjamin Gorman

In a murky bog, where the reeds grow tall,
A frog sat still, not moving at all.
His skin was dull, his eyes were sad,
His heart was heavy, and he felt so bad.

He'd lost his spark, his joy, his light,
And nothing seemed to feel quite right.
He sat alone, with thoughts so blue,
And wondered what he could possibly do.

He missed the days of leaping high,
And catching flies up in the sky.
He missed his friends, his family too,
And didn't know what he could do.

But then one day, a ray of sun,
Broke through the clouds, and he was done.
He took a breath, and closed his eyes,
And listened to the world's surprise.

The birds sang out, the insects hummed,
The world around him seemed to come
Alive once more, with color bright,
And he knew things would be all right.

For though his heart was heavy still,
He knew that life was worth the thrill.
And so he leapt up to the sky,
And caught a fly, and felt alive.

He learned that even in the dark,
There's always hope, a tiny spark.
And though his journey's just begun,
He knew that he would find his fun.



dry season sounds
the blustery winds
of a hot dry day
amid cacti fields
and rolling tumbleweed
a snake's rattle

...Cherita between gillena cox(T&T)
AND
linda lee (USA)

pink feet shuffle
wild pigeons
at the curb
foraging for
— breakfast

Gillena Cox and Linda Lee

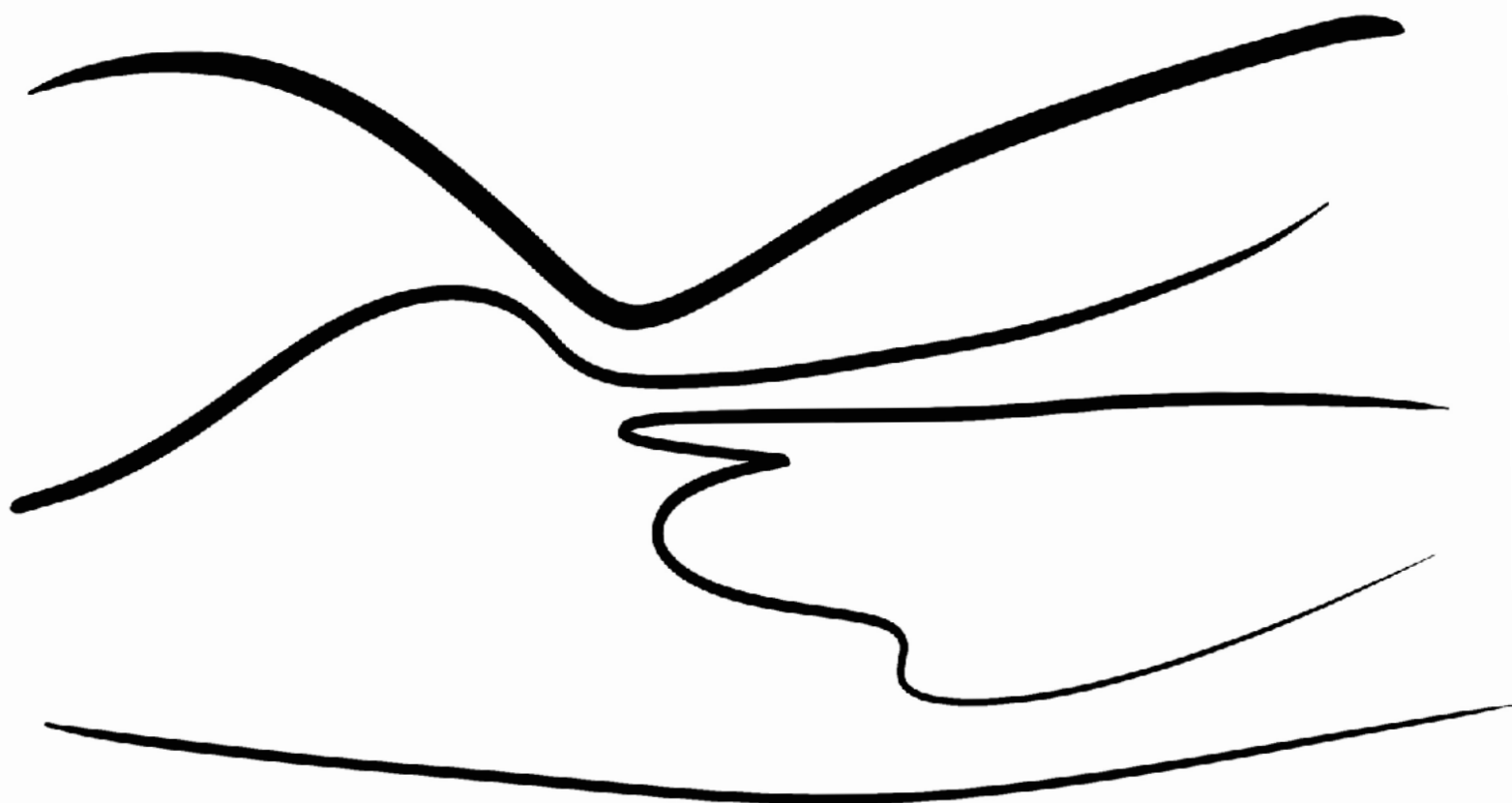


behind that smile

a camouflage
of feelings

she sighs
are the orange dahlias
the right choice

Cherita between linda lee l & gillena cox



bluecat at sea

Alex Prestia

you're prowling the galley,
determining functions
of every crew member.

your buccaneers
are drag queens
that slay at every port.
and roll their eyes
on command.

there's a fortune-teller,
stargazer, and hierophant
you visit them all.
they put on a show but
never sell you anything.

shark's served for dinner.
fin discarded because you
know it's trash.

we use the whirlpool
as a catapult
because of a glance
you shot the helmsman.

these cannibals
are gauche. you stay
on the ship and nap.

turns out cats are gods
on this island.
you play the part
deftly. trade flourishes.

the map doesn't go there:
you trust that.
the ship's unsinkable:
you know that.
there's always another ship:
you ignore that.

a temperature dip
flurries of snowflakes
on furry earflap cap
he tempts her with
vanilla-coated words

Christina Chin & *Paul Callus*

rice cakes
and yuzu hot bath
solstice tradition
she yields to the allure
of fragrant indulgence

Christina Chin & *Paul Callus*

freezing cold
the lazy flow
of molasses
grandpa says
I'm slow

Paul Callus & Christina Chin

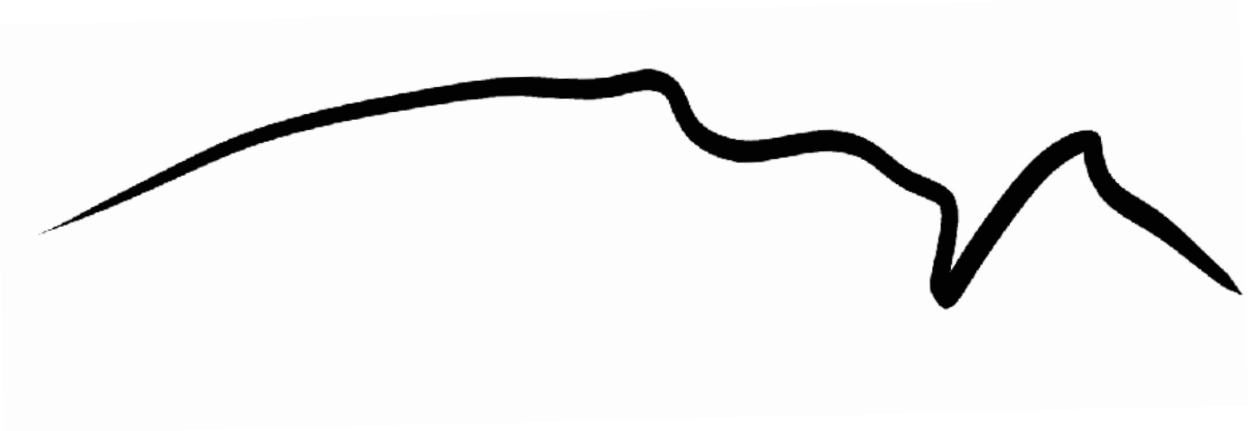




the winds carry
sounds and scents of
spring's arrival

snip snip of garden shears
buds and blossoms

...Tan renga between linda lee (USA)
AND
gillena cox (T&T)



The Dreaming Dad

Shamik Bannerjee

To Him, most special is the Windsor Chair,
the gazette, next to his right hand, must be,
when influx of the northwind is bonair,
each morning with freshly stewed Assam tea.

He watches grass as if a hinterland,
he is at, to its scenery explore.
He peers at soil as if he's dredging sand,
that secretes valuables in galore.

When he gazes at the aviary,
his irides like the trapped birds' wingbeats flit.
When he observes the burl formed on a tree,
he scouches as if rocks upon him sit.

When a rascal who footles, he spectates,
he skews towards the Garden Chervil's hue;
he shuns the first for peace it desecrates,
and lofes the latter for its beauty's view.

He sees how puddle waters quitch and glow,
he sees a road as if it's an arcade,
he sees how air through the rorid leaves flow,
and looks at his lawnlet as if a slade.

Greatly passes my Dad's sitsome pleasure,
whose eyes deage to a child's joyful sight,
the tea, the chair and views are his treasure,
of waking dreamscape until comes noonlight.

MOBILE CABIN: 10

Alex Prestia

Each lifetime, part of a universe

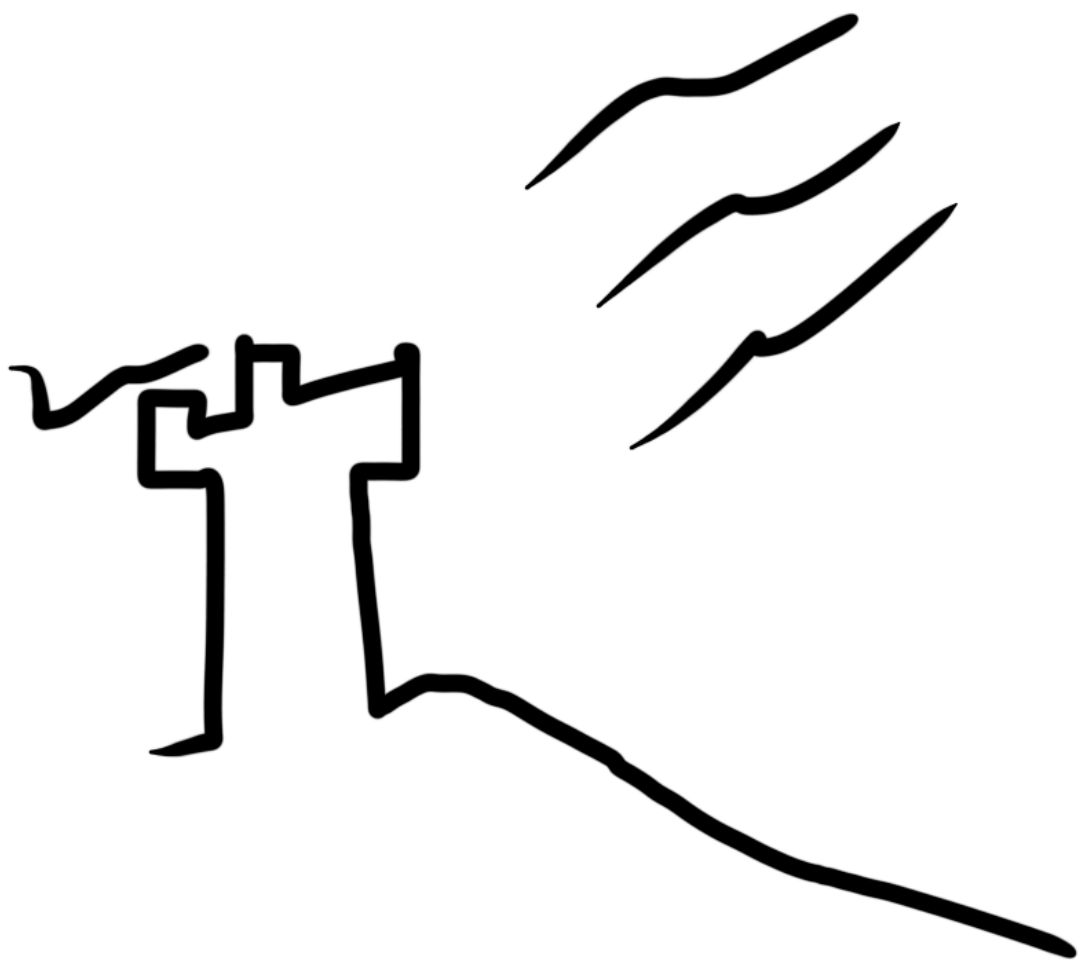
Each journey, part of a lifetime

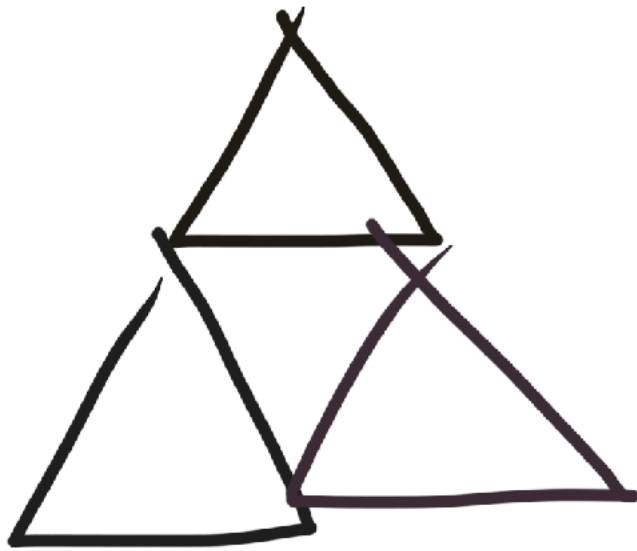
Each forest, part of a journey

Each day, part of a forest

Each hour, part of a day

it be like that sometimes





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“Grey and Green” by Bo 7000
Spotify: Bo 7000

“dry season sounds...” (poem+graphic), “Pink feet shuffle...” (poem),
“behind that smile...” (poem+graphic), “the winds carry” (poem+graphic)
by Linda Lee and Gillena Cox

“The Sad Frog” by Benjamin Gorman

“The Dreaming Dad” by Shamik Banerjee

“a temperature dip..”, “rice cakes...” and “freezing cold...” by Paul
Callus and Christina Chin

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edited, “bluecat at sea”, “Mobile Cabin: 10”, and line art (except for
the one on page 7, i think my brother made that)
by Alex Prestia
(fictional)