

WHIPPING WINDS TURN TREES
INTO LASHES, WHITE CAP WAVES,
— THE MOUNTAINS STILL SLEEP

ORANGE FLOWERS LEAN CLOSE,
THE WAY GRANDMOTHERS Gossia
ABOUT FAMILY

WHISPERS OF ANGELS' BLUE SKY,
GOLDEN SUN, CLOUDLESS IS HERE, NOW.
— HEAVEN

B.D.

Questions always ask
But do you always answer?
Speak less and live more

Who says small is bad?
A smaller man, that's who
grow on your own terms

will the ocean blue
With the green and dusty land
take me home, back home

Tom Gibson
(There's one on the
back!)

Shadows on the leaves
blots of white and rotted wood
shades of evergreen

bobbing red blossoms,
ocean raised in frothy-white
cold wind moves the earth

looking to the sky,
feeling lost in shifting leaves—
the rotted wood splits.

solitary rock

flattened ridges than before

ridges into its place.

Kathryn Mogk

Poppies leap, splashes
of sunlight tangled in grass -
nothing less like sleep.

These flaming flowers -
I drink in the sight of them
like warmth, like red wine.

From a high hill waves
drift idly in - imagine
the tumble, crash, roar.

O worn steps, warped
and grey with forgetfulness,
what lies at your feet?

Pounding, sounding air
Dabbling with my ears, my hair—
It's nice to meet you.

White foamy ripple
in your coming and going—
while the whole stays still.

Lela tree resting,
coated with small rigid steps—
how ants climb those steps!

Orange skily petal ☺

Waving in the swinging wind ☺

Brighten the hill slope ✨

Spring embrace the Spring

Irrigate my dried chese ❤

Refreshing the whole

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