The limed road winds past the river.
The scrunch of the gravel,
The wind-whistle through the reeds
and the oonk-a-lunk of a bittern
and the taste of a plum
   plucked surreptitiously
scream at me to slow down.
So why do I hurry along?

-Richard Waters

Tight, idle silver on our fingers,
we yanked our class rings free,
spun them on desk tops,
cafeteria tables, and the rings
danced over cracks and
carvings, pirouetted on stains,
and circled each other ecstatically—
small dervishes near the edges.

-Steven McCown
Like the sun trickling
through snow-crusted pine,
a first faint smile flickers
and reluctantly lingers
after a harsh winter’s fight.

-Barbara Belobaba

No wind. No waves. No people.
Not a sail aflutter, a bow rising.
The rockbound blue water frozen,
even the reflections anchored,
the seagulls mute, mesmerized,
the harbor a perfect still life
into which I, new to the shore,
cast stones.

-Steven McCown

The frog arcs up
into the spotlight from my car,
its body a long flying stretch,
as of ecstasy, or surrender,
or faith.

-Anne Running Sovik
Rusty iron pump:
Long handle streaming
Like a bay horse’s tail.
Bewildered by the gleaming Honda
That sits nearby—
Where has its world gone?
Is even a drop left?

-Julia Braulick

squatters we lease
our land from rabbits
we peer from Victorian farm houses
we watch mottled short-eared hares
nibble at untended gardens
feast among peonies
creeping charlie gnarled
lilacs and bottlebrush sedge

-Becky Boling
featherbed overhead
pillow-top clouds

blue bowl of breezes
shimmering shine

stand still—listen
summer’s humming

Today, I bought a jar of honey.
I didn’t even need it. I just wanted it because it was so beautiful.
I place it on my kitchen window next to the warded gourds, puckered persimmons, rotting, transforming beautiful still life as I marvel at honey of light spilling on my floor.

-Lori Stoltz