

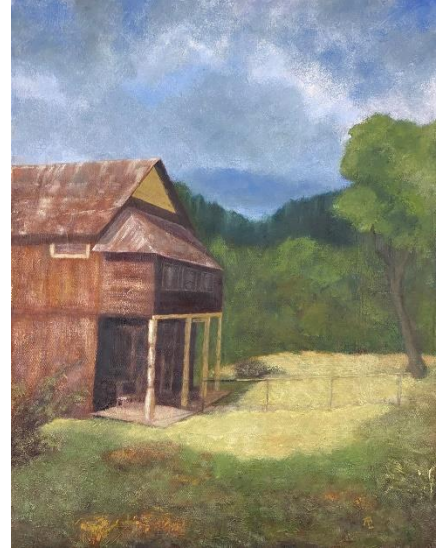
## “Refuge”

By Laurie Hailey

Under a muted  
blue and gray sky  
and white arc of clouds,  
sits a hallowed home,  
perhaps abandoned now,  
evoking a distant past  
when so many came  
to strike it rich.

Someone found refuge  
and true treasure  
in this wilderness ravine,  
cradled below a dark pine ridge,  
where lupine, fiddleneck, and poppy  
unfurl their colors each spring,  
and built this wooden house,  
plank by plank, each nail  
echoing escape.

We cannot know  
what cruel and joyous memories  
lie pressed into these walls  
where, like the wood,  
they decline  
with decay.



“Washington CA Place”  
by Annette Laurel Batchelor