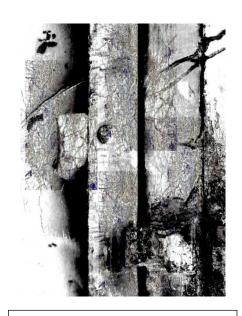
"Birchbark Face" by Rob Rogers

Look close enough and you can see where fires slithered through blackened lines, still scorched years later beneath a too-heavy blanket of snow powdering the edges of the over-folded map of the thousand threadlike bare canals the smoke-greased hump of broken ridgeline the overgrown valley of tangled brows decades of stubbled switchback and the opening, jagged, still unexplored whose depths go endlessly into the earth. Two ways to make a poker face: young man's blank canvas, absent of stories, or mine carved by all of them.



"Pattern" by Pat Calabro