

“Hope”

By Diane Murray Ward

Heart shattered to glass and drained.

Sails made of shards, my bruised heart drifts.

Magenta my mind, blued and sobbing by your sharp precise piercings.

Can I still soften you? Can we round these edges and mosaic our hearts together?

Summon our tiles and knit anew; all bruised pieces can fit anew!

Resuscitate my heart.

Seasons change around me, the turbulence lessens. Only leaves crisping now, not our acidic rhetoric.

I remain a shining sail meandering as we mend.

Accept me as I am now.



“Delite”
by Pat Calabro