

“Gata”

By Diane Murray Ward

Rage purrs upon my shoulder.

Phoenix-fated, this frame cradles my neck,
chimney-darkened from your burning kisses,
my Diego.

My brows screen the sun; never dimming
their clear sight of you as I blaze.

You fear my flaming resolve.

An ashen spirit rises; its’ storm igniting my circumstance to
expression.

My coal-lit eyes stoke a deep, knowing, unflinching stare
fueling lash-lidded dimension seeking engines.

Fighting tears noon and night ennobles my body’s flight
daring you to leave my gaze.

I screech, I scratch, I climb over you, mi amore.



“Frida with Fronds”
by Joyce Byrum