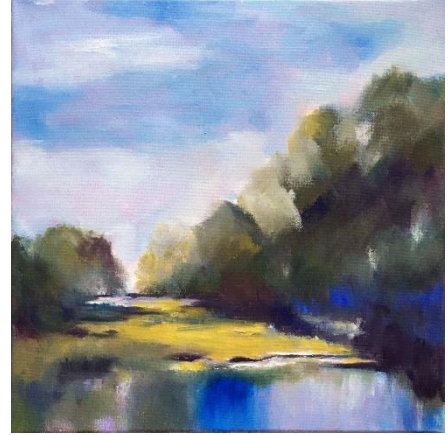


“River of Now”
By Tamra Amato

Skimming on a film surface
of a slow-motion river
I'm a clear tear on a
delicate twig balancing like a dancer-
Side to back to side, gliding, riding,
the brief sense of belief
in what's underneath.
I dive in below the water
My mind floats gracefully above sky
to cold blue, black, then light...
No need for eyes, open or shut
Blindness extinguished by brilliance.
My breath paints strokes of God in my lungs
I push out a guttering cry
Now, inhaling now.



“Lake of Memories”
by Jean Purnell