

“To Look Beneath”  
By Suzanne Bruce

In the midst of midair, seeing  
this bouldered view, a cavity  
caused by unknown impact,  
like a mind wanting to be filled  
with solid thoughts, reverently waits.

Rising from below, rocks with hidden  
faces stare---I look beyond my hardness,  
unheard words carve curiosity,

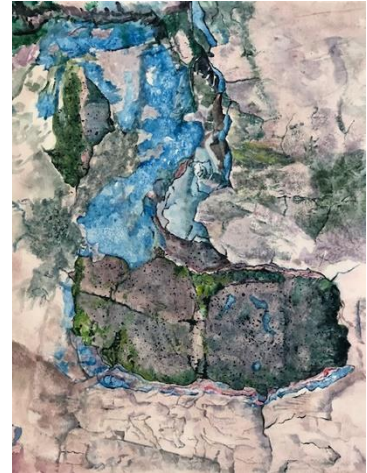
I soften into my breath,  
begin to look inward,

lush green peeking through crevices  
water rambling over granite

sometimes gently  
    sometimes swiftly  
        feel the energy  
            hear the sounds.

Like a sigh releases into tranquility,

river is my breath,  
crater, my soul.



“Drone Crater”  
by Craig Moline