

Demeter

She is rooted to the ground with her mind in the sky.

Her cold, steel wings stay rigid in the wind;
They are no use to her in flight.
But like the gentle wet wings of a newborn butterfly,
They carry the promise of future.

Her eyes, like ours, remain fixed on the horizon
In hopes of a better tomorrow.
We bend steel and burn remnants of the past
To propel ourselves forward.

But let us not forget from where we come.

We survive on the plants that thrive in the soil.
Like excavators, they reach in the dirt
And pull up the materials for their bodies
That, in time, will build our own bodies.

We are birthed by our mothers but fed from the ground.

So in turn we use our excavators
To pull up the ore to mold her frame.
She has come full circle now, she is home,
Living once again in the dirt.

Our minds will carry us far, to the sky
And onward to the stars,
But to sever our ties with the one who provides
Is to surely and utterly die.

Let us not forget from where we come.

- *Dave Hunt*



OH!

Bringing forth a newness

Of natural beauty reaching

Forever skyward.

Trapped in a youthful splendor

Surpassed by others cycling

Through seasons.

Never going beyond

The fully-bloomed grace

Of summer.

- Mellissa Miles



Water

*The web of connections between
species is torn, strands lost, broken.*

Now benthic fish, bottom feeders:

Redhorse, flatheads, carp,

Tear through sediment unopposed,

Up-root algae and aquatic plants

In search of mussels:

The Orangefoot, Pimpleback and Sheepnose,

The Pink Mucket, Fat Pocketbook,

The Longsolid and Clubshell,

And finding them gone, content themselves with

Rusty Crayfish and Chinese Mystery Snails,

Until they too vanish, like clear water,

Under a layer of putrid silt so thick,

It could swallow us all,

If

We let it.

- Jessica Orr



Michael Young - "Water"

Seduction

*You: Strange science,
Foucault's pendulum counting out the hours
As the world spins through the dark celestial sea.*

*Who would dare your maze for that honey sphere;
To stand on the shores of that ancient ocean
Where life began, shocked into being by lightening
As it sped through a red sulfur sky,
Joining carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorous
In an elegant spiral stair,
Which both is and creates, perpetuates:
The tarpon, the tapir, the chimpanzee.*

*Dr. Frankenstein must have known of its primordial power.
He stretched his hand to grasp Einstein's God,
To command protein's, lipids, RNA.
And yet, Archea, mother to bacteria,
Obeys no other but its own,
Ever changing,
DNA.*

- Jessica Orr