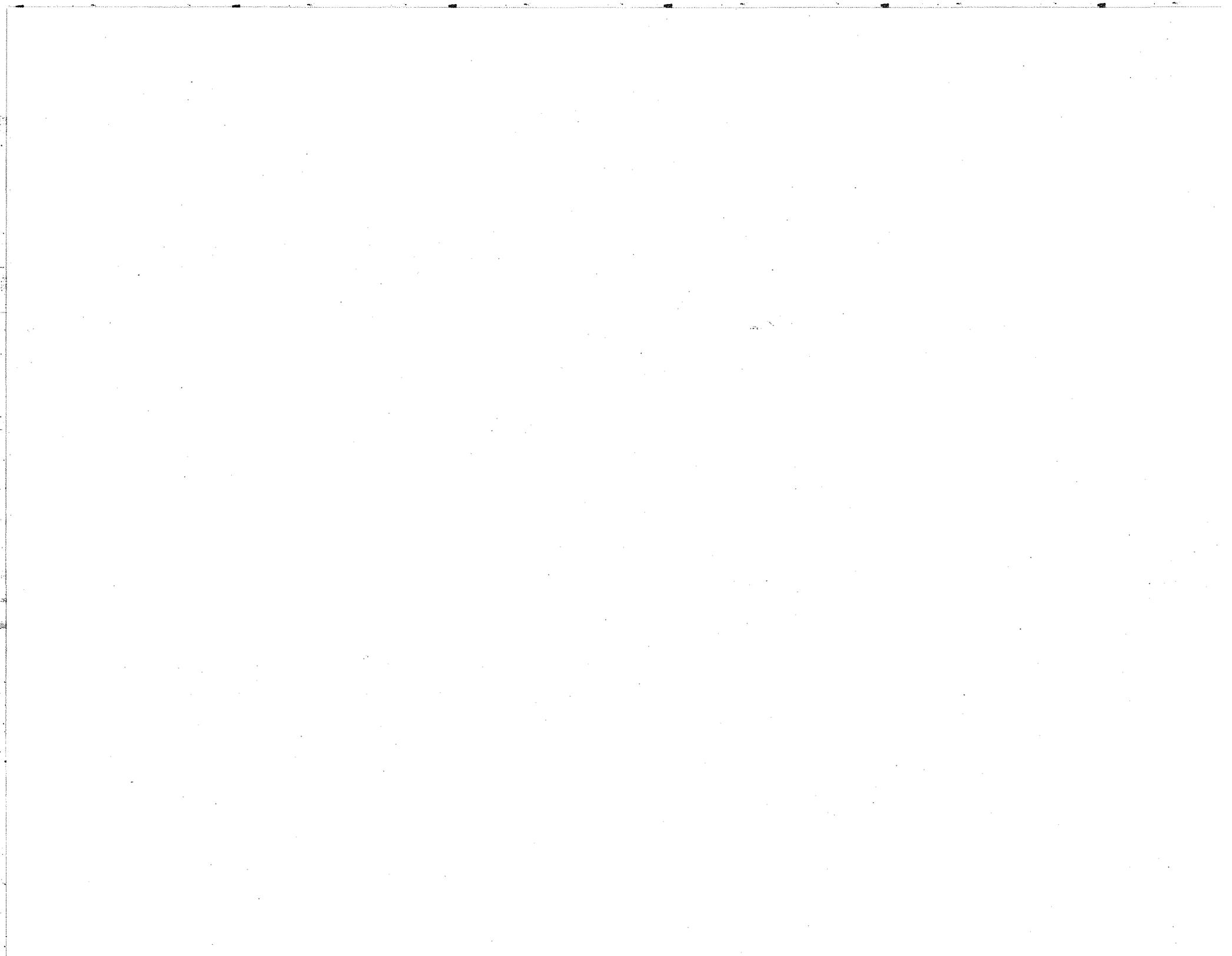


# ***NORTHERN LIGHTS***

***1981  
Arts Journal  
UW Center-Marinette***



## *Contributors*

This second issue of NORTHERN LIGHTS  
features the literary and artistic  
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Marinette County  
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TWISTED TREE  
-- David Liegeois

## Acknowledgments

credits

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A man becomes creative, whether he is an artist or a scientist, when he finds a new unity in the variety of nature. He does so by finding a likeness between things which were not thought alike before, and this gives him a sense at the same time of richness and of understanding. The creative mind is a mind that looks for unexpected likenesses.

-- Jacob Bronowski

Snow leaves small patches  
Clinging dear to rotted shade,  
But Spring is patient.

-- Jean DeMille

### *Renewed Delight*

The sunshine warms the soil which surrounds you,  
And melts the snow for life-giving moisture.  
Delicate first flowers, so beautiful,  
Bring promise of renewed delight in spring.

-- Darlene Baetke

## *Roll Me a Snowball*

Roll me a snowball--  
Please.  
Pat it round and firm.  
Shape it carefully in your strong hands  
For us to play with.  
Push it past the unsettled  
    slopes of my mind  
To a crystalline wonderland,  
Encircled by laughter  
And sheltering trees caped in  
    shimmering innocence.  
Guide it cautiously along the icy roads,  
Giggling as it goes,  
Happy to be five again,  
Confused and silly,  
Yet, oh so safe with you.

Take me high above the sleeping city  
And roll me a snowball.  
Let it melt in my mouth,  
Slowly,  
Gently,  
So I can savor  
The flavor  
Of you.

-- Jessica Audin

## *Letting Go*

It's so hard to let go  
--to let you be enveloped  
By the sea that threatens to drown you  
--to give you back  
To the maze that misdirects your energy,  
And diverts the love  
You share so freely  
With me.

When I let the sands of our time  
Reluctantly slip through my fingers,  
I conceal a few precious grains,  
Pressing them deeply  
Into the flesh of my palm,  
Imprinting the ecstasy  
Into the engrams of my soul.

Then, when I give you back to your reality,  
Back to the commitments  
Of your static, temporal world,  
I still retain a fraction of your being,  
Encoded in my every atom,  
Duplicating itself  
Eternally,  
In the psychic blood of my existence.

-- Jessica Audin



FOREST WALK  
-- Kay Fritz

## *Personal Equinox*

Summer's night moves about  
Quietly pressing its fragrances  
To those who take them in,  
And once they breathe  
The thickened air  
Their souls are  
Forever suspended  
On that sliver of a Summer Moon.

While back on earth  
Their bodies journey  
Through the continued  
Fall and Winter--  
Then suddenly that  
Jointless Spring  
And back to the  
Moon of Summer.

-- Judith Lintereur

## *For All the Times When I Can't Be with Her*

The vaguely familiar landmarks blink by as the funeral procession winds its way through the small Southern town. I close my eyes to these unwelcomed images as I have been closing my mind, for the last few days, to the seemingly endless hours in the stuffy funeral home, with its maze of strange faces, and its overpowering wave of mismatched floral aromas assaulting my nostrils and unsettling my stomach.

I pull away with the same type of self-imposed anesthesia I used as a child in the dentist's chair. Back then, I would grip the cold, black arm rests and replay my favorite movie, Peter Pan, on the inside of my eyelids. Now, as we pass the heavy iron gates of the cemetery, I search for a different brand of novocain.

My writer's mind thumbs through its file of unfinished stories, incomplete plot outlines, new character lists--and a little girl dances across the pages of my imagination, pirouetting between her giggles before an approving grandfather.

Perhaps this is the diversion I need to block out the last few moments of this painful ordeal...a short story...with a simple plot...two characters...and a happy ending...

When men and women can stare back  
At the Universe,  
Unblinking,  
Resolute,  
Unflinching,  
At childhood's end,  
And tolerate  
The ambiguities, random violence  
Of starbirth  
And death,  
Then,  
I will reveal all.

How can the earthbound  
Brook the chilling cold of space?  
Such truths lack credibility  
To those born of clay.  
They will be given a tale,  
Spun of half truth and fancy,  
A necessary fiction  
To sustain them.

Yet sometime  
This race will reach outward  
And claim their starborn heritage.

I can wait.  
I have Eternity  
At my  
Disposal.

-- James LaMalfa

## COSMOLOGY

One task remains.  
My progeny must not know  
Their origins  
Straightway.

The searing heat of stars,  
Violent clash of astral bodies,  
Will be kept from them  
Until,  
Mature,  
They can withstand the awesome magnitude  
Of Creation.

Foreknowledge of that exploding realm  
Would send them whimpering in impotence,  
To cower in the bowels  
Of dark earthbound caves,  
Stunned to mindlessness.

The reality of the Cosmos  
Shall be masked in allegory,  
Softened,  
Till mind  
Can comprehend the vast, relentless forces  
That could reduce this globe to cinder,  
In the wink of an eye.

The old man rocked slowly, back and forth, in his favorite chair, his lame leg propped on the fraying foot stool. The crooked fingers of his bulging-veined hands gently blanketed the well-worn wooden arm rests that curved down into delicate loops, forming vague, faded sculptures of dark swans. It was Sunday, and it was quiet. With his wife off to church, praying for the poor souls of the world, he could soak in the aroma of baking chicken and sweet potatoes filtering in from the kitchen and reflect on the sameness of his Sundays.

That morning, as usual, he had read the newspaper, completed the cross word puzzle, and deliberately stayed out of his wife's way while she rattled and chattered the kitchen into one of her fine dinners. Then, with her missal and beads in hand, she'd scurried off to Mass, with a reminder, "Now, Pop, your medicine's on the cupboard. Don't forget...11:00." And an admonition, "And don't you touch that peach pie I got coolin."

He relished that peaceful hour when he could prepare for the afternoon. He liked to enjoy, in advance, the time shared with his growing family as they filled the placid, old house with their laughter and confusion.

His only son arrived each Sunday at noon, bringing with him his pretty although slightly frazzled wife and their three lively children. They were a comforting

legacy, these grandchildren of his, but the oldest, Sukey, a blond-haired, blue-eyed tomboy, was undoubtedly his favorite, not just because she was his first grandchild, or because she was the little girl he never had, but because they would travel together through the uncharted lands of make-believe and magic.

Her constantly twinkling eyes only hinted at the wealth of imagination bubbling inside. Her love of fantasy colored everything they did together--the fishing trips, the picnics, the excursions to the zoo, and especially their music. What joy it gave him to hear her clear, perfect voice following him on the banjo, while he played his favorite, "Sweet Sue," and hers, "Old McDonald." She delighted in noiseless animals like giraffes and beetles.

"And on this farm he had a beetle..," she'd sing, swaying to the plunking rhythm. "With a beet, beet, here, and a beet, beet there..."

But all their adventuring had stopped with his stroke. Six-year-olds weren't permitted to visit the hospital, and during his first few weeks of recovery at home, their time together was limited by his too-worried wife, and her overly protective parents.

### EVE

Gathering my energies,  
I prepare the other.  
I will generate her from my flesh,  
And we will conform to the themes,  
The ebb and flow  
Of this green-gold  
And blue world.

I lie on carpeted forest floor,  
Birthing chamber for the other.  
The planet's star mounts blue heaven,  
Then passes behind the thigh  
Of a distant hill.  
As magenta evening falls,  
She is complete,  
Glistening,  
Bejeweled,  
In the fading light.

Dusk born,  
Symmetric in all parts,  
Graceful queen of twilight,  
She wants naming.  
She shall be  
Eve.

ADAM

It is done!  
I am transformed!

Staring into still forest pools,  
I admire my new being,  
Fair, symmetric, lithe.

I observe the working of each joint,  
Flow of muscle,  
Graceful movement of limbs.  
I open my mouth to speak,  
And am amazed  
At the sound of my voice.

What shall I call this new thing,  
Self created?  
Ego demands it;  
Adam I was,  
And Adam I shall be  
On this nascent world.

Now,  
While the power of creation  
Still surges strong within,  
Another birth is due,  
For to beget life on this fertile sphere,  
Two must join  
To bring forth another.  
It is a mechanism most peculiar,  
But upon reflection,  
Marvelous.  
How blessed the one who carries life.

That is my next task,  
To shape the vessel of new life,  
Before star memories fade irrevocably.

Occasionally she was allowed to sit by his bedside. Softly stroking his hand, she'd encourage him in her most grown-up voice. "It's okay, Paw Paw. You'll be better real soon, and then we'll have lots of fun together."

It was about that time Johnsifer appeared. At least through her fanciful tales this imaginary companion sprang to life. She spoke of him matter-of-factly, never doubting the old man's acceptance. Yet when he asked her to describe this new found friend, she responded with the same sparkle that laced her voice when she told him about Christmas and all the wonders Santa had left for her.

"He has a brown suit and a green vest. He's about this big." She held her hand level with her own shoulder. "And he wears a round brown hat. He's got scratchy whiskers like you, Paw Paw, and tiny glasses too."

The old man smiled, "Sounds like a fine fellow to me."

"Oh, he is! And we do all kinds of things together. He's got a little banjo so we can sing. He even knows "Sweet Sue"--but he doesn't play as good as you."

As the old man's health had returned, he and Sukey would wander through the flower garden sharing her dreams and his

memories. He leaned heavily on his cane, while she, measuring her steps to his, chattered in double time with the latest episode of The Adventures of Johnsifer and Sukey. These afternoon strolls had become the highlight of the old man's week.

That particular afternoon, as he began to nod off in his easy chair, the mantle clock struck the hour, but before it had reached the twelfth bong, the front door jolted open, ushering in the smiling Sunday guests.

Sukey waited her turn while her little brother and new baby sister greeted the grandfather, then their own special ritual began. He pulled her onto his bony knee, saying, "Well, Sukey, how'd we do this week?"

She nestled into the arms that surrounded her with the lingering warmth of yesterday's Old Spice, and allowed him to begin the familiar inspection.

"One, two...", he examined her leg tenderly. "Only three bruises on this one. Not bad. Now let's see the other."

As she eagerly offered the right leg, he tickled her, and she wiggled still closer into his lap, her tiny forehead brushing against his day old beard, the one luxury he allowed himself in his otherwise clean-shaven week.

## BIRTH

As it turns over upon itself,  
This planet works on me,  
Becomes me,  
And I  
Become it.  
For now  
I am content to lie cradled on leafy floor,  
Sun dappled, warm, moist,  
While the rhythm of life,  
Micro and macroform,  
Swarms around and through me.

Rested and renewed,  
It occurs to me  
That I prefer this deep bosomed world  
To the harsh blaze of the Cosmos.  
I melt into it, merge,  
And change.

I will stay and scatter my children  
Among swaying grasses of green veldts,  
Arching mountains, blue and serene,  
Vert jungles  
Confusing in their multiplicity of life.

I shall be first of the race,  
Shaping myself to the pattern of life  
As found.

Observing all aspects,  
Codes of creation,  
Wondrous and strange,  
But no stranger  
Than that of other worlds,  
Nor any less beautiful,  
I am ready to begin.

# Creator

## ARRIVAL

How did I come to this verdant spot,  
Oasis,  
Jewel,  
Floating in the starry night?

Exhausted,  
I must rest.  
My journey carried me  
Through tides of space  
And time.

It is pleasant to regard  
The myriad creatures,  
Bright and twittering,  
That surround me  
In this place.

How fair to mind and eye  
The flashing colors are,  
Gem green, vermillion,  
Chrome yellow, azure,  
Red of dying stars,  
And  
The sweet cacophony of sounds,  
As these bits of warmth  
Play out their little lives.

I will stay on this golden orb,  
Make it my home,  
Sink roots into its black loam,  
And populate this world  
With my offspring.

"Why, Sukey!" He congratulated her.  
"I can only find five bruises altogether.  
Last time we counted, uh, let me see..."

He rubbed his bristly chin slowly,  
waiting for her to find the answer.

"Eight, Paw Paw, you found eight  
last time. Remember? Cuz I fell off  
my bike and my roller skates on Saturday,  
and you said I'd better slow down or I'd  
have no knees left."

"That's right. Now I remember."  
He chuckled to himself, and hugged her  
tightly yet tenderly, as if she were a  
delicate, gossamer princess. She might  
appear black and blue and roughnecked,  
rather than pink and lacy and dainty, but  
he loved her more dearly than any earthly  
treasure. She seemed like a rough cut  
diamond--her vibrance and strength hidden  
deep inside.

An icy blast of January air slaps my  
face as the door is opened. The long  
retinue of rented limos and borrowed  
black Cadillacs has reached its destina-  
tion, and we are being shepherded from  
the warmth of our velour lined vehicle  
to join the family cluster of mourners on  
the silent, uphill walk to the grave site.

## Strings

In the distance, I see the reddish-brown mounds of clay shielding the coffin from the occasional gusts of north wind. The brass knobs and chrome scrolling reflect no warmth from the snowheavy clouds. Only the already occupied resting place, shrouded in hoarfrost and inscribed in granite 15 years earlier, offers any assurance that they will both R.I.P., together at last.

I hesitate with each step closer to these last physical reminders of my grandparents. My apprehension is punctuated by resistance from a frozen layer of dew under my feet.

Not this walk...

Not this grass...

But another, sweeter, journey crowds my mind...a casual wandering...away from this finality...back to adventuring...vitality...

Sukey rushed to her grandfather's side as the women began to clear away the dessert plates.

"Can we walk now, Paw Paw?"

"Of course, Honey. Tell your mother we're going out to the garden while I get our sweaters."

In these strings  
Suspended above rosewood,  
So taut, so vital, I feel  
The tension of life--  
Of potential music.

Plectrum caresses  
electric wires--  
Sounds become colors!  
Deep, sonorous browns  
and blacks

Clash

with screaming, crying  
blue flame and white--  
Colors become heat!  
Melodic warmth, discordant chill.

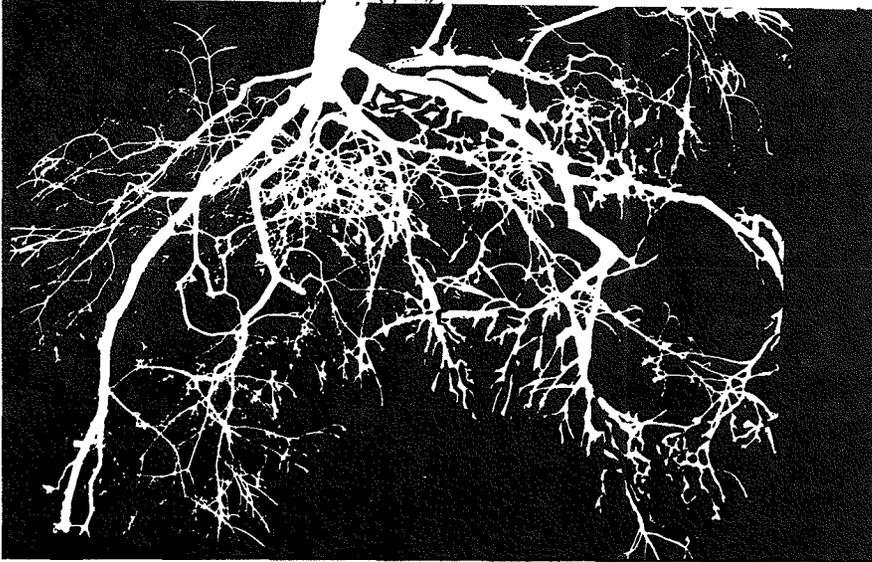
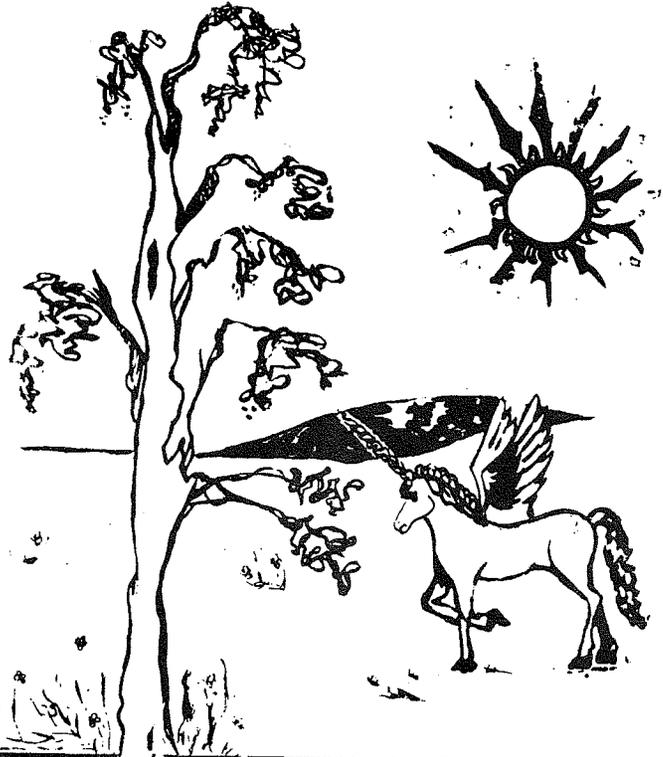
I sense the feedback  
pulsing through my fingers,  
two-way communication--  
As I play the strings  
Likewise they play me.

End result,  
a product  
I cannot control,  
nor care to.

The instrument, my bridge,  
mind-meld with  
the Supreme Being,  
the cosmic consciousness;  
Insight to truth  
and peace

are found  
In these strings....

-- Les Lessmiller



Seconds later she bounded out into the hallway. "Mommy says it's okay, but I gotta stay out of the apple tree cuz I got this dumb dress on."

She danced in a lively circle around him while he buttoned his shaggy grey cardigan, the final layer of his Sunday Clothes, as he called them--baggy, shiny-seated, grey flannel slacks, a soft, white cotton shirt, his favorite sweater, and well-worn brown Romeo slippers.

She thrust her anxious arms into her soft, blue sweater, and letting the screen door slap behind them, they ambled off to the world of discovery.

The flower garden was especially beautiful that early Fall. The roses burst past their thorns, the snap dragons crowded their stems with blossoms, and the branches of the apple tree drooped like tired arms from the weight of their juicy burdens. The young girl delighted in the bright colors and tempting smells. Only the old man felt the unmistakable nip of the changing season.

As they settled into the yard swing under their favorite tree, Sukey's expression tightened into a troublesome scowl.

"You know something, Paw Paw? I don't think Daddy likes Johnsifer very much."

The old man breathed deeply and smiled, giving her space to continue.

## Mentor Mine

"He says I should play more with Ginger and Joey, and stop pretending so much. But I'm not pretending. Johnsifer is my friend. We help each other.

"Like yesterday, when we went for a walk in the woods, you know, down by Maple Street, and he couldn't make it up the mud hill, so I held his hand real tight, and pulled him up. Then we both slid down on our seats. But Johnsifer said not to worry, cuz the dirt would wash out.

"Then when we got to the creek, we watched the tiny fishes swim around in bunches. 'Schools' Johnsifer called them. Is that right, Paw Paw?"

The old man nodded.

"Anyway, then we watched the little bugs too. And I told him that sometimes fish ate frogs, like the fake frog you have in your tackle box.

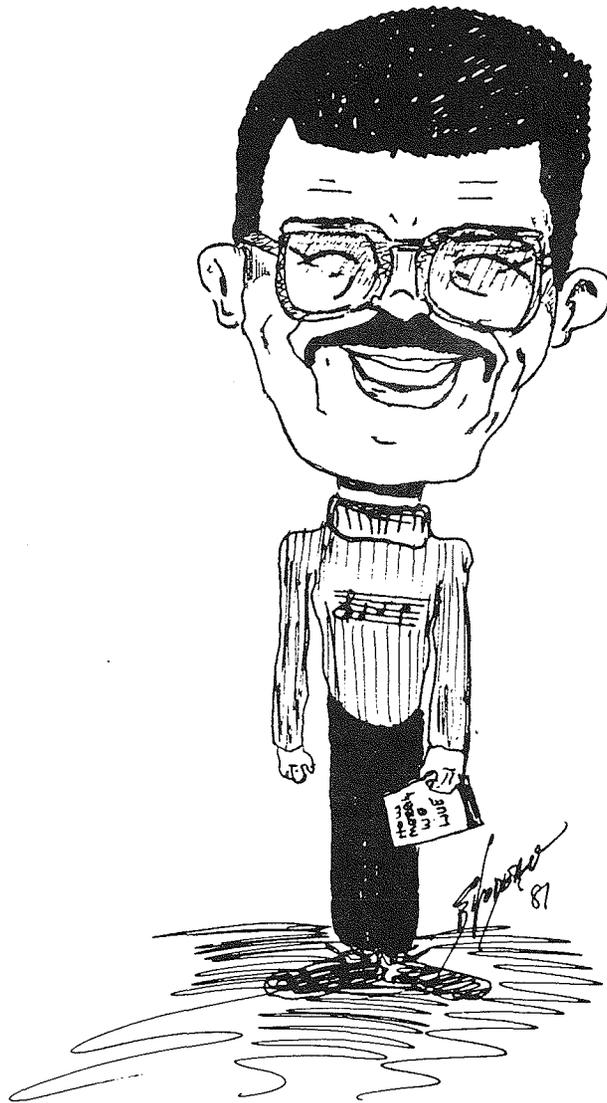
"Remember the time we caught that giant bass?"

"Of course I do, Honey. You yelled so loud half the other boats on the lake heard you. And when we cleaned that bass ...!"

"Yeah, I didn't like it very much-- all that squishy stuff inside. But you said we had to clean it before we could eat it. And then, and then, I asked you if a big fish would clean me before he ate me!"

Oh, owl-browed man of letters,  
Parting the air with a delicate hand,  
You are so false to your fragile frame.  
Your voice echoes through my memory  
As my eyes scan the page.  
The phrases become volumes  
Pulsations growing to electricity.  
Your crouched intensity  
Ignites my sleeping curiosity,  
And thank-you seems so inadequate  
For such a gentle manly opening of the door.

-- Sue DeKelver



MAESTRO SCHOONOVER  
-- Andy Bilodeau

They laughed through a hug, letting the swing settle to a stand still as Sukey continued.

"Then Johnsifer found a real frog. I hopped behind it for a while, and you know what? They hop zig zag. Johnsifer says it's so they don't get caught. So snakes can't catch them and eat them." She paused, forming a question.

"Paw Paw, do people eat snakes?"

"Sometimes, Sukey."

"And snakes eat frogs, right?"

"Yes, Honey."

"And frogs eat bugs?"

"Just like the fish do."

"Boy, it sure is confusing, but I guess everybody is food for somebody else, huh?"

The old man smiled and reached into his pocket for their cigarettes. He handed her a chalky-white candy Lucky Strike with a bright pink flame. Then, striking a long kitchen match against the chain of the swing, he lit his own Camel, non-filter. As always, Sukey blew out the match.

## Ode on a Stuffy Classroom

"In the name of the Father, and of  
the Son, and of..."

As the priest begins the service, I  
focus on the faces of the family and  
friends who've come to pay their last  
respects to this woman I called Grandmother .

The bent and craggy great aunts who  
outlived her through handfuls of pills and  
endless consultations with doctors...

The solemn neighbors, wondering who  
will tend the flower garden now that  
Barbara is gone...

The somber son, squaring his shoulders  
to the weeks ahead of finalizing the estate  
and the months ahead of parenting without  
being parented...

The grandchildren, my sister especially,  
who as a child, ruffled the frilly pink  
dresses and mothered the baby dolls that  
our grandmother so loved to give...

And finally, my youngest brother; the  
recipient of all the old woman's love after  
her husband died; the infant who could be  
cuddled and rocked to sleep; the young boy,  
cooked and coddled and generally overin-  
dulged to the rest of the family's dismay--  
now the young man, knowing the pain of  
death for the first time, openly weeping  
over the loss of his special grandparent.

The air is dense and crowded;

My chest is weighted down

With heavy dampness.

Closing walls,

And windows only cracked open

Hold back refreshment and freedom.

The lonely sun

Without her sister breeze

Stares with pressing heat

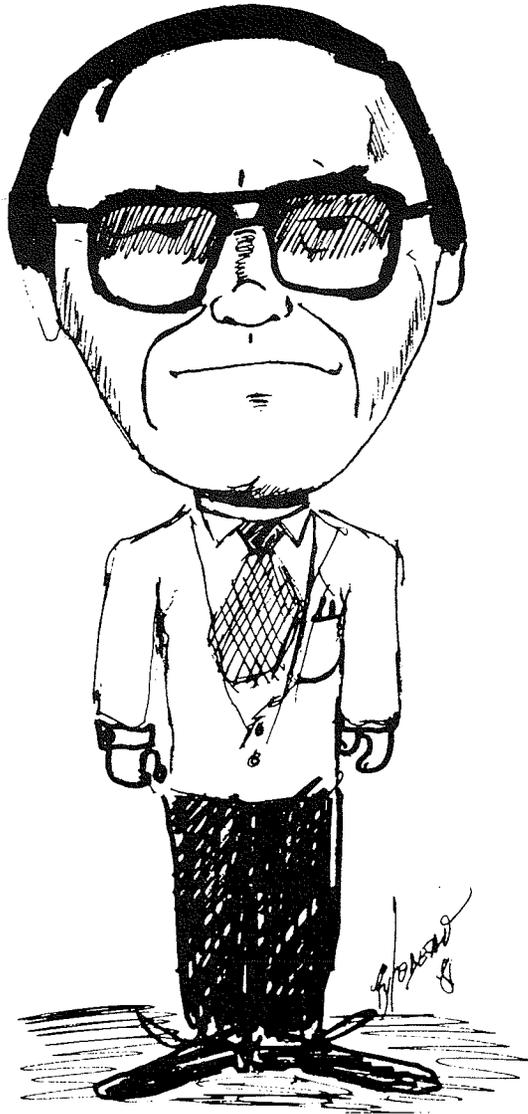
Upon this room of resocialization.

Only the metal marker of time,

Or the unburdening of the clouds,

Can alter this drowsing pain.

-- Sue DeKolver



PROFESSOR RICHARDS  
-- Andy Bilodeau

I reach out to touch his shoulder, remembering how it hurts to say goodbye to the grandparent you adore--the grandparent who made you feel so special, and as the tears begin to drip off my own cheeks, a grandfather's voice echoes in my ear, pulling me back to the garden once again.

"So what else did you and Johnsifer do yesterday?"

"Well, we found this real neat tree to climb, only he waited on the ground while I tried it out first. When I started getting way high up, Johnsifer told me to come back down. He said I'd get hurt. And then, just when I jumped to the ground, my foot twisted and I crashed down on my knee. Johnsifer said, 'One more for the collection!' I guess he meant this."

She pointed to a navy and dark red splotch.

As the old man stroked the small bruise, he wondered if anyone could keep her from harm. Could anyone suppress the lively spirit that drove her to the tops of trees, that sent her sprawling over bike handles, or rummaging through the neighborhood trash?

He wished there were some way he could always be there to guide and protect her, but more importantly, to encourage and enjoy her.

A voice from the back porch interrupted his reverie.

"We've got to go now, Pop. See you next week. Come on, Sukey, time to go home."

A polyphony of Amens finalizes the funeral service. I hesitate, taking one last look at their tombstone.

"Barbara, beloved wife of..."

But my eyes transform the letters of his epitaph into my own favorite name for him.

"Paw Paw."

I turn from the grave site, back to the garden...

"Okay, Daddy. I'll be right there."

From the yard swing, the old man waved goodbye to the rest of the family, and taking Sukey's hand in his, he touched her smiling face.

## *New National Anthem*

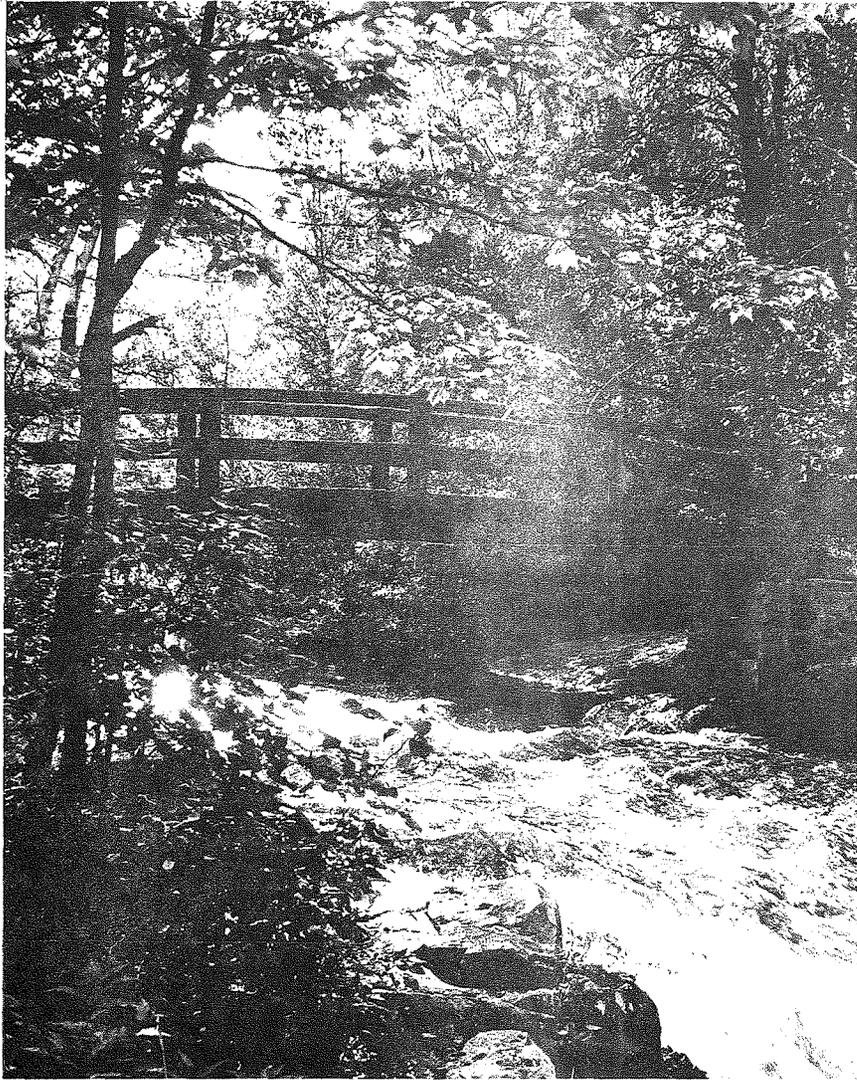
Lucifer would be pleased to see us now;  
Sodom and Gomorrah, if they could speak,  
Would call us the perfect seed to sow  
To reap the harvests of iniquity.

We pledge allegiance to the currency  
Of the United States of America,  
And to the illusion for which it stands  
And to the highest incomes per capita.

We earn our money and drink it away,  
Hunting sensual treasures that never pall  
Our senses. One nation under lust  
With jealousy and contempt for all.

Much time has passed in perfecting it, so  
Please don't disturb our inner sanctum.  
Freely let oil and alcohol flow--  
This is our new national anthem.....

-- Les Lessmiller



RUSHING STREAM  
-- Robert Fritz

"Will you tell me more about Johnsifer next week?"

"Sure, Paw Paw. Johnsifer and I will always have lots more to tell you."

She turned to leave, but spun back and stared straight through the wire rim glasses into his pale blue eyes.

"I love you, Paw Paw," she beamed. "I love you a whole bunch!"

"I love you too, Sukey, more than you know."

As she skipped off toward the house, the old man watched the shadow of her tiny companion following eagerly behind her.

"Stay close to her, Johnsifer," he whispered softly. "For all the times when I can't be with her."

-- Sue DeKolver

## *You're Welcome*

You don't have to be afraid  
to say thank you.

It's just a simple

Condensation

Of the volumes

In your eyes--

Two words

That tell me,

What we both already know

That I know.

So, don't be afraid to say

Thank you.

I won't bite...

Unless you want me to.

-- Jessica Audin

## *Househusband*

Unemployed--

By chance, not by choice.  
Makes the best of a  
new role;

sweet rolls,  
Baking bread, making beds,  
scrubbing floors  
household chores.

Doing what must be done  
to get by.

No macho here--

No suffocation of male ego.  
He believes in the wait-and-see;  
Let things be.

The woman signs the lines now,  
The woman puts in time now  
And he loves that woman.

Is this man insane,  
Or simply more able  
To see things clearly,  
To view  
the grand scheme,  
the basic theme?

Unemployed--

By chance, not by choice.  
The lower class has always  
known

the means,  
the way  
To self-actualization,  
To be fettered,  
yet free.....

-- Les Lessmiller

## *Gloria Steinem*

I'd like to see her--

Gloria Steinem,

Driving a '69 Plymouth

and wondering:

"Where is the next rent payment  
coming from?"

Would her mind be on ERA

Or the electric bill

She'd have to pay?

-- Les Lessmiller

## *The Search*

Long ago i began

a search

for something that seemed

unattainable.

i traveled by

land, air, and sea

looking for it.

i climbed mountains,

i crossed deserts

to no avail,

but then, one day,

i looked in your eyes

and found

love.

-- Anne M. Valley

*Afternoon: March 22, 1981*

Tomcat and I,  
On the big log:  
Front yard of my parents' place  
In the woods.  
Sun is shining,  
Cat is purring,  
All around is  
contentment.

-- Les Lesmiller

## *Defense Mechanisms*

Currents of current thought  
Winds of exchange--  
Barometer registers high pressure  
situation  
Best to keep up a cold front.

-- Les Lesmiller

## *Lovers in Retreat*

She is plain, very plain,  
but she loves adventure stories  
like Dumas' The Three Musketeers  
which she reads  
when no one's around.

For her, life is a sepulchre,  
just as Aramis said--something  
to that effect--when he was  
going to become a priest  
because he thought his love  
abandoned him.

She retreats more and more,  
pretending she is Constance  
or Aramis' lover.

But Constance died,  
Aramis became a priest.  
So goes the way of lovers  
who retreat.

-- Anne M. Valley

## *Surrender*

I never feel so naked  
As when you undress me with your mind.  
Stripping me of all my pretty defenses,  
Unmasking my fragile vulnerabilities.

Oh, I've bared my breast for a handful,  
And my soul has raised its skirt  
For those who take some part of me,  
Giving their parts in return.

But you disrobe the all of me,  
Leaving nothing for modesty to veil.  
You cut through to the core of my being,  
Penetrate my lust,  
Expose my lies,  
Pierce my every disguise.

You wisely use my strength to conquer me,  
Directing my passion with such gentle power,  
That I barely realize I've been had  
By a cunning far greater than mine.

You've beaten me at my own game,  
And I bow,  
In humble submission,  
To the lord of my soul,  
The grand master of my heart.

-- Jessica Audin

Cold, crisp, chilly mornings  
we get out of our warm beds  
with goose bumps on our bodies.

-- Diana LeRoy

Hot humid nights  
trying to rest comfortably  
we stick to our sheets

-- Diana LeRoy



An apple blossom  
falls softly off its branch  
to the wet green grass.  
Diana LeRoy