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## My House

Mirtha Aertker

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## FAMILY REUNION

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

we came together like pastel ribbons  
rippling from paths that had touched  
one that had not  
the jolly, the poet, the hunter, the beauty, and me  
our appearances betrayed the connection  
that our blood could ne'er deny  
we were still strangers  
we forged a bond with laughter and barbecue  
the laughter masked my tears  
my tears exposed my longing and my fears  
old folks keeping secrets...  
but blood bonds cannot be broken by those words  
so robust hugs gave way  
to gentle embraces  
tentative touches melted stoic faces  
tender kisses and pockets of quiet conversation  
in the midst of a room  
full of love and vigorous laughter  
we left like brightly colored ribbons  
rippling in all directions  
full of promise and  
the assurance to meet again



MY HOUSE Mirtha Aertker

## GREENHOUSE

Anna Gauthier

Beside a small home  
stands a greenhouse:  
suffocating in summertime  
& tepid in winter,  
it is nevertheless  
Loved.

It fools the weather  
to protect its seedlings inside  
(it's those small things  
that count),  
looking on as ants  
steal food from the potted soil  
& the plants look out  
beyond their terra cotta beds  
green with envy.

The freedom they see has  
room to stretch their roots,  
and inhale sunlight through  
waves of fields of green.  
A world unto itself, this  
hothouse  
who sighs with the wind  
and laughs at the rain  
as the foliage inside blooms  
endlessly.

Incandescent light streams  
through translucent walls  
where  
herbs, fruit and flowers bloom,  
forever sprout  
in this little piece of paradise  
encased in glass.