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Family Reunion

Sidney Portilla-Diggs

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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.