5-1-2009

# Greenhouse

Anna Gauthier

## 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.