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## In Transit

Margaret Burton Malone

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## Korean Kimchi

Adam liked their kimchi  
rotting cabbage and vegetables  
in a vat of pickling juices

Back to the beginning  
to start again  
the warm, womb water  
I float in an isolation tank  
the quiet solitude  
waiting for a mind trip  
that follows long  
dry spells

Back to the beginning  
to the day  
I was born  
and the memory  
however faint  
of my first breath  
the cold bright room  
and odd human touch  
examining my ten fingers and ten toes

Back to the beginning  
with such absolute certainty  
and conviction  
you tell me  
I know I am loved and wanted  
I'm adopted.

*Janet Powell*

## In Transit

You have become a stranger,  
and I never saw it  
at the time.

I saw the sky change color.

I saw the leaves fall.

I saw my children grow  
a little in that space of time.

But I did not see you  
as you put your coat on  
and stood at the edge,  
waiting to go.

You're still waiting.

I see.

And I hear the mad rhythm  
Of an angry heart;  
I hear the wind's fingers



*Reflections by Sara Reising*

stirring the trees.  
The martins at morning,  
the moths at night.  
And you are standing  
at the edge, stooped,  
watching the ground,  
waiting to go.

*Margaret Burton Malone*