Reflections
Sara Reising
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

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 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.

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In Transit

Margaret Burton Malone