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Sculptures

Janet Powell

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PONDERANCE

I chose to be here,
In the classroom,
Learning of Freud,
But my conscious
Seeps through glass
Into autumn's warmth.
The peak of color –
The best it gets here.
I find pleasure
In this view
And I wonder
What Freud would say?
What part of unconscious
Finds meaning in fall?

I easily recognize
Innuendo.
I am capable of
Tawdry thought,
But this escaped me.
Perhaps it is anticipation
Of swelling buds in spring,
Waiting to release new life.
Or perhaps the id
Is a product of some
Over-imaginative
Unconscious excuse
For obsessive thought.

Beth Turner Ayers



Lily by Janet Powell



bone

I get home and
the furniture is
moved around.

I get a sick feeling
in my gut. Sister
and I drag and
scrap the floor
putting it all
right again. Daddy
doesn't know.
You stand on the
front steps and
don't even help.

Now you stop
looking into
our eyes. I
close my own
eyes and feel the
world wobble beneath
my feet. Now I
know anything
can be broken.

Claire M. Shipman

Angel by Janet Powell