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the river

Molly Boyce

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the river

moody water,
still, passionate, and warm
touch of a kiss across the body
flow of emotion from a soul
eroding and uncovering
as it swiftly flows
back into the sea

at the edge,
that rippling, tripling rage,
that silent serpent of life
winding earth through me
cursing my destiny
down dark caverns
where the tide goes

on shallow bed
where reed and willow
sway their shadow's
sensual water sprite song
tangled in undercurrents
seductive and sweet
drawing me to its breast

Molly Boyce



House White by Nick Young

cherry willow

I don't remember how it died,
but I know it wasn't pretty.
I don't remember if it was
struck by lightning or
shot in the heart.

I remember the blossoms
pink I think or maybe white.
And they snowed down in
the every which way wind,
sticking to my little girl sweater
and piling up in drifts against
the chain link fence.

Does a tree have a solar plexus?
I swear I heard it scream
but it was low and drawn out.
Time is different for a tree.
Maybe that scream was just a gasp.
Damn him for that shot.
Damn god for that crack.
And damn me for never climbing
as high as its branches would hold me.

Claire Shipman