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Communion

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COMMUNION

Ann Marie Newman

The shotgun blast of the screen door slapping shut
Announces to the bright, sunny world the arrival of...ME!

Hah-Hah!

My eight-year-old legs leap off the top step in a single bound.

I soar through the air down, down, down.

My landing is muffled in the pillowy, green grass

Surrounding grandma's farmhouse.

Overcome by the delicious ecstasy of warm, crystal clear, sunlit air,

I twirl, leap, and dance upon my bare toes like the

Bolshoi ballerina I imagine myself to be in that very moment.

With one final spinning leap I land, fall, and roll

One, two, three times,

Finally stilling spread-eagle on my back,

Cradled by the grass whose silken blades

Tickle my bare legs; they're welcome, gentle.

Beneath the calming midday sun I rest beside Grandma's flower garden,

Where my eyes are treated to a brilliant, polychromatic rainbow

Of lusty blooms swaying in the breeze.

BUBBLE

Amanullah Kahn



There I bask in the in-betweeness...
 Of soothing, cool earth embracing me from behind,
 And warm, flower-scented air caressing me from above.
 My right hand reaches blindly into the grass.
 Plucking free a few blades, I bring them to my mouth and chew.
 Mmmmm...the grass is a savory blend of sweet and bitter.
 It tastes GREEN, and green tastes like...life!
 In the safety of Grandma's yard,
 I dare to close my eyes against the brightness of the sun,
 So brazenly exposed in the naked blue sky.
 I inhale. I exhale.
 My breath slows and deepens. I feel my heart
 Begin to beat in rhythm with the pulse of the earth.
 My hearing intensifies, magnifying the cacophony
 Of living beings vigorously celebrating the day with me.
 Bees humming, crickets chirping, grasshoppers fiddling,
 Birds singing, trees waving their arms and rustling their leaves.
 Their symphony flows deep into the very center of my being...
 I am in complete harmony with the universe.

Here,

In Northern Minnesota, summers are far too brief.
 Days such as these must be appreciated with purposeful intensity.
 The sensation of the sun's warmth upon my skin,
 The vivid sight, the heavenly scent of flowers, blooming,
 The sacred songs and sounds of life, living.
 The sensual feel and taste of luscious green, green, green grass.
 All must be absorbed into my body and soul's memory,
As I lay in communion with the light of the sun.
 So that I may be sustained through the long, cold winter
 That will surely arrive all too soon.
 Like the shotgun blast of a screen door, slapping shut.

BEHIND EVERY LEAF

Chisom L. Ogoke



FUN IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN

Gilbert Hu