

The Kumquat Challenge



Many poems by current and former WCC
faculty, staff, and students celebrating
National Poetry Month

Spring 2014

Whatcom Community College Library

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rambunctious young boys and their lovable dog. One of her favorite quotes is: “Oh! do not attack me with your watch. A watch is always too fast or too slow. I cannot be dictated to by a watch.” – Jane Austen (p. 24)

HEATHER WILLIAMS works in the WCC library, where she wrangles thoats on a daily basis. (p. 10)

several Pacific Northwest publications and events including the 2012 Chuckanut Writers Conference. She's on the board of the Sue Boynton Poetry Contest and is a longtime fan of libraries, librarians, and the Kumquat Challenge. (p. 12)

SHARALYN SENTINELLA is a Whatcom Community College student pursuing a transfer degree for Molecular and Cellular Biology. Through liberal arts distributions required by the Associate in Arts and Sciences transfer degree, she has rekindled her love for poetry and fiction in WCC's English 236, an online Creative Writing class. (p. 31)

SALLY SHEEDY is the systems librarian at WCC, collects stuff, plays the fiddle, sings, contra dances, and is the mother of twins, rising juniors in separate colleges. (p. 28)

JAMES SPAICH is an English faculty member at WCC. (p. 7)

LYNDA SPAULDING enjoys community education courses offered by WCC. She is a lifelong learner and writes poetry to discover what is inside. (p. 37)

MARY LOUISE SPEER-VAN DYKE is in her second year of studies at Whatcom Community College. A returning student and a writer, she is pursuing a degree in communications. (p. 35)

JESSY STEWART is a bubbly 24-year-old who was born and raised in Bellingham, WA. She enjoys writing, singing, being outdoors, and spending time with her boyfriend Leo, her parents Eric and Kelly, and her God Daughter Alice. Her favorite poet is her very own Grandmother Iris Sherfey. (p. 20)

ARA TAYLOR works in the library. (p. 18)

JUDY TERESA is a retired special education teacher who lives with her husband in Bellingham. She has four adult daughters. In her memoir-in-progress she's framing a "Cathedral of Learning" that represents her philosophy of life. Judy meets with Jennifer Bullis and Andrew McBride in an informal writing group. (p. 36)

ANDY TOWNSEND believes that life is laughter. Laughter represents happiness and life should not be lived without it. So, even though Andy wrote this poem simply for extra credit in his Creative Writing class, he laughed all the way to the very last line. Just as you laughed at his purpose for creating it. (p. 2)

SARAH VANDERPOOL works in the WCC Library. She is the mother of two

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group with some fantastic Northwest writers. (p. 34)

JIM MILSTEAD is a member of Independent Writers Studio; and the Senior Activity Center's personal writing, memoir, and brainstorming groups. He is a member of Village Books poetry group and the Chuckanut Sandstone Writers. He is a peace advocate, Facebook ranter, former researcher in biological control, compulsive doodler, and lover of classical music and cats. (p. 14)

MARLA MORROW nurtures growing things, especially children, horses, relationships and words. Pruning her verbiage and trees that line her driveway is a brutal process, but has resulted in published works and an abundance of unfolding beauty. She advocates visual, literary and performing arts as chair of the Ferndale Arts Commission. (p. 5)

MARY MUELLER is a retired special education teacher. She is currently taking two night classes at WCC. Recently called opinionated, she believes in God's design for mankind. (p. 15)

CORTNEY NUZUM is a former WCC student, a writer, single mother, daughter, sister, and friend to all who know her. She has a good heart, though she can be stubborn at times. She enjoys life to the fullest. She has spunk and passion and loves the weird quirks in people. (p. 31)

LUCAS NYDAM: Diplomat, fashion enthusiast, entrepreneur, and wannabe beat poet. Catching tigers in red weather. (p. 35)

PEARL PETAIA is a second-year Running Start student at WCC who is earning her Associates Degree during spring quarter 2014. She also works in the Student Life office at Whatcom as a Program Coordinator. She is hoping to go into music education and school counseling after her time here at Whatcom. (p. 3)

LUKE PURDY is a current WCC student. (p. 32)

KIMBERLY REEVES, world-renowned biologist, Nobel Laureate and part-time lion tamer, begins her journey as poet extraordinaire. Her style and technique are reminiscent of the great poets of our past such as Theodor Seuss Geisel and Shel Silverstein. Her greatest literary influence may be found in the Golden Books series. (p. 29)

HARVEY SCHWARTZ was raised in suburban Philadelphia with a preordained path. He was to become a professional. He transformed through Woodstock, a hippie commune, and twenty-five thousand miles of hitchhiking. Then he became a professional. He now enjoys writing about the paradoxes that often define life. (p. 6)

BETTY SCOTT taught at WCC from 1993 to 2006. She's been featured in

and true loves. (p. 30)

JULIE HORST, having co-authored a couple of legal research books, looks forward to the annual Kumquat Challenge where she can stretch her writing in a fictional direction. These days you can visit her in San Francisco where kumquats are easy to come by. (p. 3)

KATRINA KAPPELE, airman first class, enlisted in the U.S. Air Force last year, after finishing her Associate's at WCC. She has since become a master of understatement. She wrote "The Minuteman" after reading some old letters from Basic Training, when she had written "honestly, I could be happier." She is happier now. (p. 16)

LORA KROON is a nursing instructor and is currently in an adjunct position. She frequently reads and rarely writes. Lora grew up in the Midwest and has made Whatcom County her home for over twenty years. (p. 8)

EMILY KRUSE is a second-year student at WCC. Her favorite poets are Emily Dickinson and Carl Sandburg. She also loves Jesus and leads worship for the WCC student club Campus Christian Fellowship. She will graduate next winter with her 2-year degree and plans on traveling before she goes to a 4-year university. (p. 23)

LINDA LAMBERT is the library director at WCC and a student in the low-residency Stonecoast MFA program at Southern Maine University. (p. 9)

RUSS MASSENGALE is a student at Whatcom Community College in the CIS program. He is a retired Navy veteran and lives in Oak Harbor. He is originally from South Carolina and enjoys a poem-writing challenge. He gets his inspiration from many different things but especially enjoys the outdoors. (p. 19)

ANDREW SHATTUCK McBRIDE has work published or forthcoming in Platte Valley Review, Magnapoets, Perfume River Poetry Review, Caesura, Raven Chronicles, Whatcom Writes!, The Bellingham Herald, and Clover, A Literary Rag. He has three merit award-winning poems and a walk award-winning poem in the Sue C. Boynton Poetry Contest. (p. 26)

WENDY McLEOD is a clerk for the Whatcom County Library System and a 1995 Whatcom Community College graduate. In 2012 she won a Sue C. Boynton Merit Award for her poem Tennant Lake Park Rules. She co-chairs the Sue C. Boynton Contest Committee with Norman Green. She is an active member of the Friends of the Ferndale Library as coordinator of their Annual Ferndale Poetry Festival. (p. 22)

KATE MILLER lives in Bellingham and teaches English composition and creative writing at Whatcom Community College as well as Women's Studies and American Cultural Studies at Western Washington University. She has written poetry all of her life. Kate is currently working on a memoir in a



Introduction

In this eighth consecutive year of the Kumquat Challenge in celebration of National Poetry Month, the library marketing committee continues to be amazed at the many ways our current and former faculty, staff, and students draw poetic inspiration from ten words. We think we're on to something! This year, we are happy to report that about a third of this year's participants are new to the Kumquat Challenge, and a handful who have met the challenge four or five times before.

Once again, library staff members offered ideas for the words to the marketing committee (Linda Lambert, Heather Williams, Ara Taylor, and I), and it is they who chose the final list:

reflect hold zone yield fall
tear quick shade key carry

Before you delve into the poems, please read this acknowledgment of the key folks who make the Kumquat Challenge possible:

Thanks to are due to our marketing committee, whose talents in organizing, book-making, free-photo-finding, and cookie-baking help to make this an event to look forward to. Also thanks go to Margaret Bikman for giving this publication her careful proofreading attention.

We much appreciate our judges, upon whom lies the burden of choosing winners from among these very different poems: Isadora Steiger, student; Johnny Hu, Math Faculty; Anna Wolff, English Faculty; Mike Singletary, Registrar; and Dr. Ron Leatherbarrow, Vice-President for Instruction.

The library is grateful for the WCC copy center staff, who faithfully print dozens of copies of our book every year, and often with a very short timeline!

Now, it's time to start the journey through poems of all sorts. Enjoy!

Sally Sheedy

Laughter

by Andy Townsend

The way you carry yourself says who you are.
If you fall, will you be quick to blame someone else?
Will you shed a tear as you reflect on your embarrassment?
Or will you yield your dignity and hold your head high?
Are you willing to laugh at yourself in the shade of humility?
Will you enter a zone of self-deprecation that oh so many believe you
won't come back from?
Laughter is key in defining what it means to be human.
One does not carry without holding.
One does not fall without reflecting.
One does not shed a tear without first hiding in the shade of sadness.
Laughter, in life, is everything.



CARRY

VINCENT DREYER is finishing his first year as a WCC student. He works as a member of the Washington Reading Corps in Bellingham. He enjoys reading, bicycling, spending time with loved ones, and learning. He moved here over two years ago with his now fiancée, and looks forward to another beautiful summer enjoying the outdoors. (p. 17)

SONJA DUNCAN works in the Writing Center on campus, and was introduced to Haiku when her children took what they thought was a piece of trash from a neighbor's yard, a drain pipe, and inadvertently vandalized it by decorating it with silver spray paint. They collaborated to write a creative apology, in the form of a haiku poem. (p. 15)

ANNE MARIE ELLIOTT is quiet but full of ideas. Born in Seattle, she has lived in Washington her whole life aside two years in New York City. Writing allows her to put down thoughts that she's too nervous to say aloud. She attended WCC for two quarters and enjoyed being on the Horizon staff, after which she transferred to WWU from where she hopes to graduate with a journalism degree. (p. 25)

SHARON EVANS has been volunteering as a math tutor for WCC Adult Basic Education through the Whatcom Literacy Council. Writing poetry with a select vocabulary provides a welcome challenge, and putting the words in Haiku format made it even more so for her. She thanks the WCC Library Staff. (p. 8)

ERIC FIORÉ is a Whatcom Community College Ambassador, ASWCC Senator, and Learning Center employee. Originally from Rancho Palos Verdes, California, Eric is a non-traditional student who's focused on graduating this spring and studying Environmental Policy at University of Oregon. Previously published in the Venice Beach Head Newspaper for his poem "Crystal" and in the Horizon for "Gathering Fountain." (p. 4)

MARY HAMMERBECK teaches writing at Whatcom Community College. Her poems have appeared in *The Talking Stick* and *A Face to Meet the Faces: An Anthology of Contemporary Persona Poetry*. (p. 22)

JOHN HANSEN is known for his flair for floral arrangements, displayed at many campus events. He has a degree in display design from Spokane Falls Community College, and is on the custodial staff at WCC. (p. 38)

SARAH HODGE has been writing since she was ten years old, and comes from a musical family. The combination of performing arts and creative writing has been a positive influence on her. She believes the art of creating is profoundly effective in maintaining an open mind. (p. 34)

KAREN M. HOLLINGSWORTH currently works at Bellingham Cold Storage as the Education and Safety Trainer coordinator. Karen completed her bachelor's degree at WWU and continues to be a lifelong learner at WCC. She lives in Bellingham with a wonderful husband and family, who are all tried

Contributors

DENNIS BARNES, a graduate of Western Washington University's Fairhaven College, discovered the joy of writing prose and poetry while studying at Whatcom Community College. (pp. 27, 37)

LLOYD BLAKLEY teaches art classes at WCC and spends his free time with stringed instruments and old tunes. His paintings are represented by Foster/White in Seattle. His favorite place to be is in the woods looking for mushrooms or else chopping firewood. (p. 8)

SCOTT BLUME, reference librarian and ESL instructor, "dactyl"-ed the word list and made it a rhyme. He would love to be covered with ukuleles. (p. 21)

TAIYA BROWN is a current student at Western Washington University, pursuing a degree in psychology with a minor in international studies. She finished her studies at Whatcom in the winter quarter of 2014. At the age of ten, Taiya began writing poetry as a way of expression and has never stopped. (p. 39)

SUSAN CAMPBELL CROSS is a writer and poet who also enjoys taking French Conversation classes at Whatcom Community College. She is working on a murder mystery novel which is now in its first draft. (p. 13)

LINDA COMPTON-SMITH is celebrating her 15th year at one of her favorite places, the WCC Library. When not working, she can often be found in her barn, enjoying the company of her farm family. Her wish is that everyone finds that perfect place, their own sanctuary of sorts, to reflect or "just be." (p. 40)

LINDA CONROY is a community education participant. She believes it is a writer's responsibility to watch things as they happen, to see people as they are. (p. 33)

ELLIOTT CRIBBS, originally a creature of the forests of Whidbey Island, has called Bellingham his home for more than 6 years. He is drawn to writing and loves to draw, makes a point of seeking optimistic viewpoints, works well with others, and tends to enjoy hacky sack over traditional sports. (p. 11)

DOUG DIENER is a former WCC student who has lived in Bellingham since 1971. A retired letter carrier, he is a veteran both of Vietnam and 41 years of marriage. He is often amazed by the human capacity to hold mutually conflicting ideas simultaneously. Doug enjoys walking, hiking, biking, kayaking, happy hours, and playing around with words. (pp. 19, 23)

Never Going Back

by Julie Horst

I arrive at the station carrying only one small bag, yielding to a family with piles of luggage and pets as they move into the boarding zone.

Quick! shouts the conductor, wanting to load everyone as soon as possible. He tears the ticket that I hold.

Too late, I hear the clink of my house key as it falls beneath the heavy railroad car. It is lost below, impossible to retrieve, until the train moves away from the station.

I briefly stare at the space where it fell but then I board, find my seat and pull the shade.

I'm never going back again, I reflect, so good riddance.

Multi-Medium Waves

by Pearl Petaia

Polychromatic sounds drive deep into our world,
Reflecting echoes of movement in the shaded moonlight.
Their timbre springs from the boiling core within,
An antithesis of the reverberations in the soft night above.

Rebounding against the shores of the Florida Keys,
They carry the rise and fall of
walkie-talkie frequencies to those boats
On the horizon. I hold them in my vision
as I stand in the low-tide zone
Until they tear over the ocean and away from me.

Quickly their motion slips through,
Holes in the clouds and gaps in the canopy yield easily enough.
Water droplets that display a concerto of color,
a spectrum of sound,
As they precipitate kaleidoscopic waves on top of the earth.

Our Lost Love

by Eric Fioré

Our faith had been challenged,
Our love so thick,
She'd failed to carry,
We both felt sick.
"Quick I say,
We'll try again,
We'll never give up,
We'll never give in."
We'd taken a fall,
But gotten back up,
Because of our sins,
We did it again.
"Hold me" she said,
With tears in her eyes,
"With the key to my heart,
I'll tell you why."
As she began to reflect,
Tears flowed as I cried that day,
For under the shade of an Elm our baby lay.
There I listened deep in a zone,
All that mattered was her loving tone.
"Yield to me,"
Sadly, she cried,
"Never again will our baby die."

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No.	Word	Pg	Sources for Photographs
1	carry	2	State Library - New South Wales
2	fall	30	Smithsonian Libraries
3	hold	33	National Library of New Zealand
4	key	28	Photo by Sally Sheedy. Hotel key on page of the 1911 Encyclopedia Britannica
5	quick	21	Florida Memory
6	reflect	19	UW University Libraries; Rainier National Park Mountain-Glacier Wonderland Album
7	shade	7	Library of Congress
8	tear	38	Dutch National Archives
9	yield	40	Powerhouse Museum Collection
10	zone	25	British Library

No.	Word	Pg	Titles of Photographs
1	carry	2	<i>Cary Bay Zoo</i>
2	fall	30	<i>Souvenir of the Victoria Falls</i> , by Percy M. Clark
3	hold	33	<i>Swimmers during learn to swim week, at a suburban swimming pool, probably Wellington region</i> - by William Hall Raine
4	key	28	<i>Key Reference</i>
5	quick	21	<i>Barney Oldfield Racing the Blitzen Benz</i> - Daytona Beach, Florida
6	reflect	19	<i>Mount Rainier reflected in Mirror Lake, in Indian Henry's Hunting Ground</i> , Mount Rainier National Park, Washington, ca. 1925
7	shade	7	<i>Traffic Cop, Newport</i>
8	tear	38	<i>Woman wearing a headscarf, with handkerchief and gloves dries her tears as she says goodbye to acquaintances emigrating to New Zealand</i> , 1953
9	yield	40	<i>The Farmer's Flock</i> by Kerry and Co., 1879 - 1917
10	zone	25	<i>Our Earth and its Story: a popular treatise on physical geography</i> .

Sanctuary

by Linda Compton-Smith

During summer, the shade deflects the pesky flies while providing a cool place to share with my faithful friends.

When fall rolls around, the loft holds the summer's yield of fresh hay, the sweet scent emanating from above while I listen to the rhythmic munching of oats and dried grass.

Winter is dark and much too long, but each season provides the same routine. With pitchfork in hand, soon I am in the zone.

Quickly, yet careful to avoid spills, I carry buckets of fresh water to place inside each stall. Warm and steamy preferred during the coldest days.

My arms are strong from years of this work. My mind and spirit free to wander, procuring a smile, deep thoughts, and occasional tears.

Everyone needs that special place that brings peace and allows time to reflect. For me, the key is a hundred year old barn... my sanctuary.



YIELD

The Great American Race

by Marla Morrow

*Honorable Mention
Student Category*

From the shackled zone of sunken ships,
And truncated captain's quarters, Tiny bubbles rise,
But we cannot be saved from this quietus
By air, flotsam or ablutions,
We are racing to the end,
We turn into the ebb of love and know
We still are victors

Being one together once had
An ample draught,
You yielded to my mirror mast,
Unafraid to navigate our reflected ambiguities
Or the key-shaped spits that stretched to lovely lilt effervescent,
Then vanished into dark water dirges

Too drab the present,
Too memorable the gone-by, We are
Quick to tear up crimp-edged photographs
Of people whose lives we cannot recall,
Or, like our own,
Cannot tape back together,
There is no longer a need to hold
Crucifixes or amulets

Is it permissible in this race,
To carry across the seas,
A victorious shade of ourselves
Albeit falling
Into the dregs
Of time torn years?

From the shackled zone of sunken ships,
And truncated captain's quarters, Tiny bubbles rise,
But we cannot be saved from this quietus
By air, flotsam or ablutions,
We are racing to the end,
We turn into the ebb of love and know,
We still are victors

Mexico
by Harvey Schwartz

Shade from serrated palms
cuts the beach
like they're knives.

A shadowy sage watches,
behind a locked door.

I want to hold her.
Search the sand
for the key...

Pelican squadrons
drop like meteors,
feast on
minnows.

tear aspirations
fish don't have
to nevermore.

Awkward gulps
quickly whoosh
empty schools to
tsunami shore.

Humpbacks
play football on
sunset horizons.

Dive into
end zones.

Shrimps yield
gaping gullets.
Six points.

Unfurled history
reflects upon
the birthright I carry.

Furled Mexican flag,
watching eagle.
The snake falls,
Unavoidably.

Honorable Mention
Non-Student Category

A Declaration
by Taiya Brown

If you fall
I'll fall too.
Hold me up
And I'll carry you.
You be the lock,
I'll be the key
And together
Happily, we will be.

If you'll be my shade
Then I'll find you sun.
Together we can be
Two is certainly better than one.

Let's reflect in the water
Bask in the light,
Step out of our comfort zones
And marvel at the sight.

I know life can be difficult
And sometimes the yield isn't worth the crop,
But please don't tear your eyes away
From this madness that will never stop.

Because it's in the madness
Where we'll find hope.
It might not be quick
It may take years,

But don't worry.
No, never worry.
For in those years
I will be there.
Always present,
Always willing,
Ready to dry your tears.

Flight 370

by John Hansen

The satellite operator was quick and provided key guidance on the missing Malaysia Airline flight 370.

The time zone put it at 4:20 on the West Coast.

Many helped carry out with the rescue, including the United States, Australia, and many Asian countries.

The last hope is dashed and will tear many families apart, but many will hold on until the missing plane is found.

The shade of the water will yield no sign or clues to the plane's disappearance.

The fall of events has found no trace of the Boeing 777 which vanished into the depths of the Indian Ocean on March 8, with 239 on board from Kuala Lumpur to Beijing.

It will only reflect being baffled and disappointed that no wreckage had been found in over 50 days.



TEAR

The Sherpas on Everest (April 18, 2014)

by James Spaich

2nd Place Winner!
Non-Student Category

They carry the weight of wealthy clients, strangers who pay for their service, who know these guides are the key to triumph—the peak.

As they ascend, surely they recognize, once again, each step places them further in the zone; surely they know how quick the snow and ice can tear loose devouring them.

At times, surely they must reflect on their tenuous hold on life, on the line to which they are attached, climbing in the shade of sudden death.

Then, it happens; the crack in the cold air as the crystals yield to gravity's law and the crush of the mountain buries them in the fall, the silence.



SHADE

The Twilight Zone*by Lloyd Blakley*

Tear yourself away
 And find some shade.
 Let the weight you carry fall
 And the noise yield to silence.
 The key is to be alone.
 Hold quickly that fragile moment
 And reflect on this twilight zone.

Danger Zone*by Sharon Evans*

Yield in key fall zones.
 Sun reflections carry danger.
 Shade eyes, hold quick tears.

Blameless Fall*by Lora Kroon*

I carry the Fall in my head.
 How could I not hold you?
 The key to keeping you unsaid.
 Quick shades of a sadness.
 Reflect my tear so blue.
 I yield to a zone of blameless.

Eternity*by Lynda Spaulding*

The blossoms come now
 quick to carry their perfume around street corners
 as they show off their frilly blooms.
 Their folds hold sweet nectar
 the yield ... golden honey
 but
 the bees are gone,
 their combs empty spaces
 now reflect our sorrowful tears.
 The master's key does them no good
 for they too have fallen from the sun
 into the shade of the time zone of eternity.

Goodbye Chloe*by Dennis Barnes*

Loss of soft four legged friend
 Devastated—quick tears fall
 Eyes protected for a moment... yielding yet mistaken
 Shades from trees—rippling off water
 All carry memories of tossed sticks for warm fur bundle
 Fetching and retrieving
 Holding reflection from heart's zone
 Can't replace loved one
 Key?...impossible...

Bedtime Story
by Judy Teresa

When my father was the turnkey at Iron County Jail
I begged him repeatedly to tell me this bedtime story.

There once was a drunk man
leaning against a building
trying to shade himself from the sun.

A policeman came along
and yelled, "You can't loiter here.
Move on and be quick about it."

The drunk man protested.
"But I'm holding up the building
so it won't fall down."

The policeman scoffed,
"Imagine you holding
up a building. Move on!"

The drunk man yielded
and the building fell
on the policeman.

The drunk man shed not a tear
when medics came to carry
the zoned-out policeman away.

When I reflect
on the moral of the story
it reminds me

just when I think
I know it all to beware
because I probably don't.

Haiku How Do I Write You?
by Linda Lambert

Heavy gloved hand
clumsily trying haiku
quill misses inkwell.

Five seven then five
haiku how do I write you?
Come syllables come.

Kumquat Challenge, yes!
Make poems from ten words given
due at April's end.

Key for poets now
Basho: sixteen sixty two,
his first verse birthed.

In classic haiku
nature transports the message
not so in Senryu.

Senryu holds humor
and the dark side of humans,
Meaning, mirth, mixed.

Senryu Karai watches
Facebook-linked, souls and tears,
horrified and glad

Who will carry poems
light as Basho's hiking bag
filled with quick truth?

In The Dharma Bums
Kerouac penned haibun
Zen yields prosody.

Leaves of diphthongs fall
In the shade of the word tree
ligature seeking.

Silky gloved hand
slowly reflecting insights
words finding their zone.

Ode to John Carter of Mars
by Heather Williams

A hundred and three years ago, with care,
the low-paid Edgar B. took up his pen.
He wrote of Dejah Thoris, princess fair,
who loved John Carter, manliest of men.
Born in Virginia, Carter headed West,
a gentleman pursuing greater wealth.
In Arizona, entered he a cave.
While drowsily his body lay at rest,
his very soul was spirited in health
far off to Mars, a princess for to save.

Low gravity for John had the effect
of carrying him high at lightest bound.
Green Martian Tharks upon this did reflect
and thought that they had best keep John around.
Fantastic John could not be kept in line
once he saw Dejah Thoris, captive maid,
and regal princess of red Martian folk,
with skin of copper sun, and form divine,
and raven hair of most becoming shade,
so glorious that John's heart nearly broke.

So yielded he to Dejah fair his love
and, caring not for what green Tharks might plan,
learned Martian, fought for rank, and made use of
telepathy. Then your attention span
might start to go away, but Edgar Rice
knows how to show a reader a good time—
look! Floating war ships! Righteous slaying, yes!
An atmosphere machine; escaping thrice;
and sun-ray-fueled engines; feats sublime;
and awesomeness that words cannot express!

(Continued on page 11)

airport
by Lucas Nydam

1st Place Winner!
Current Student Category

he stands punching tickets
in the shade of the dogwood podium.
passengers hold their boarding passes
and yield to the security checkpoint;
quick pat-downs and emigrating tears.
no carry-on for the carrion.

questions litter the floor like candy wrappers,
chime like spare keys on a keychain.
questions like, "can they see us in reflections?"
and "where do the fallen ones go?"
and "will I meet god in the endzone?"

Springtime Blows In
by Mary Louise Speer-Van Dyke

Winter yields,
disintegrates as springtime stakes claim to northwestern Washington
Shades of pink blossoms appear, clustered thick on trees.
Tiny green leaves hold tight to stark winter branches
as limbs dance, reflect the breeze.
Tight lilac buds in deep purple unfurl, release sweetness.
Soft blue and silver sky overhead,
puffy clouds tear into droplets of rain.
Glimpses of the San Juan Islands in the distance dark to lighter blues.
Winds carry chill and warmth, coats flap on and off.
The remaining fall leaves bristle and decay.
Hill zones abound with new growth,
light shades contrast against verdant pines.
Earthy pungence mixes with incessant salty breezes.
Robins hop, graze for wormy treats, and seagulls,
utter quick squawks, flit and soar.
Key of springtime's arrival in Whatcom County.

I will...

by Sarah Hodge

I will carry on
I will reflect the best parts of me
I will fall sometimes
When the sun is flaring I find my refuge in the shade.
I will hold on for the exciting ride ahead
Quick tear me away from my past
I will live in the present with my key to the future
I will yield when necessary for whatever may come
I will enter in to this unfamiliar zone.

Transcontinental

by Kate Miller

The Empire Builder can carry us clickety-clack,
across the face of North Dakota,
from dusk until dawn, one time zone to another.
Late at night I watch your face in the window,
reflected against a massive summer storm stretching on for miles,
one quick flash of lightening after another,
illuminating towering thunderheads before blinking out,
leaving us in the dark. This is the key to all our years together,
these bright moments like glittering beads flung across the decades,
shining so hot they mend the deepest tear,
holding us fast through every shade of trouble.
You wrap your arms around me as I lean back, closing my eyes,
an afterimage of stuttering light imprinted on my eyelids.
I don't recall who falls asleep first,
yielding to the steady back beat of the westbound train on the tracks.

(Continued from page 10)

John Carter, quick and wise, can change Barsoom
(that's what the Martians call the planet Mars),
but did he save the world from certain doom?
What fate's befallen friends among the stars?
The next book holds the key to soothe your doubt—
more epic sci-fi, glory, blood, and tears!
Beyond the thoats and jeddaks, foreign zones
await John Carter. Go, and seek him out
in stories handed down through all these years—
the dreams that Burroughs bore within his bones.

An Account of a Courtyard Kumquat

by Elliott Cribbs

i feel now like a shade of my former self.
It happened quick, the transformation
from laborer to student. Surrounded by crowds,
each individual about to tear into books
on any number of subjects. I key into
clever conversations out here in the courtyard,
thousands of nouns verbing quick.
Brick by brick, academic structures are built
to carry careers, well-taught walls that will not fall!
This place... It feels like i've found the passage into
some secret place and i would rather yield
my stubborn throne than ever sever the connection.
In this scholastic zone there has been such time to reflect
upon improvements, detriments,
and interpersonal excellence.
Wouldn't trade it for the world!
But then...
Maybe that's why we are all here,
to open any of many doors
so we can earn access to the world
Find a foothold and boldly stride into
a selfhood of our own choosing!

Between Capricorn and Cancer
by Betty Scott

In the beginning
Of the Drought Era
A woman stands in the shade

Of a well. She will raise
A bucket and carry it,
Careful to save every drop

For her family,
Should she stumble
Over fallen kumquats,

Rotting on parched ground.
On their veranda
She will hold the bucket

In both hands and with
A quick lift and tilt,
Water drops will scatter

Into a porcelain bowl
That sits on a three-legged stool.
She will dip her hands

In prayer, lift water
To her lips, and wipe
A tear for her son,

A teen entering
That torrid zone, and for
Her younger daughter too.

On this day, before others
In the house will rise,
Soldiers will order the woman

To reach beneath the seat
Of the stool for a key
Hidden there, though
The lockbox that belongs
To the key will not

1st Place Winner!
Non-Student Category

Ordinary and Unique – A Prose Poem
by Linda Conroy

People I see out there are people like me, I say,
even the ones who have fallen,
lied, and stolen, who have yielded to temptation,
not strong enough to tear
themselves from enticements that carry them past
who they might have been, and
hold them fast.

You may be quick to say this can't be so. We're on
this bright side of life, they on
the other, reflecting the norms of their culture,
too perverse and too, too...

Too desperate with what has happened to them,
I say, and what key inducement
might help to move them from the depth of darkness
to a lighter shade of hope,
not perfect, no one is, but to a neutral zone,
more typical, perhaps a bit petty even,
like me and you.



HOLD

(Continued on page 13)

For the Sake of the Planet and Also Extra Credit

by Luke Purdy

NesQuick™ chocolate milk is the key to a balanced diet
A balanced diet reflects good health
Good health means physical health
And physical health means mental health
Having physical and mental health helps you hold down a job
Without a job you would fall short
Of paying your mortgage
No house equals no self-esteem
No self-esteem means no courage
The courage to ask your lifelong friend on a date
No house, still in the friend zone
With house, out of the friend zone
Don't yield to the friend zone
Destroy the friend zone
The friend zone is a wall, so pay off your mortgage and tear it down
The friend zone is the one ring, so own your house and cast it into Mordor
When you're out of the friend zone you go on dates, out of your house, out of
the shade
If you're out of the shade it can only mean one thing
You're in the sun
The sun radiates down its vitamin D
The D gives you energy, the D invigorates
The D gives your de-friend zoned lover the vitamins and nutrients necessary
to carry
Carry a child
YOUR child
YOU went on romantic picnics and absorbed that vitamin D
Because YOU had the courage to ask your friend out
Because YOU managed to pay your mortgage and keep your house
Thanks to YOUR job
That YOU managed to keep
As the result of YOUR physical and mental health
Health that you wouldn't have had without NesQuick™
So drink NesQuick™ and populate the planet

(Continued from page 12)

Shield them.

On this day
Beyond prayers,
She will mourn:

*May my children
Reflect
And yield like water.*

Decline

by Susan Campbell Cross

I saw a tear
In the fabric of our country.
And realized that the fall
Will come quickly now.
The truths—once self-evident
Are no longer reflected
In our politics.
All too often, it is
The Special Interests
Who carry the day.
The center cannot hold their ground
Against the right.
The power zone has shifted.
Money is the key now and those
Who have it will not yield.
Whilst we stand huddled in the shade
And think of fighting.

Saranade

by Jim Milstead

His face always
unexpressive, his thoughts
hidden from sight,
his posture reflecting
only the determination
to carry on. Holding steadfast
to his mission in the midst
of summer warmth, deep
shade, winter snow swirl, his
fingers yield silent melodies,
tear obtuse messages
from invisible strings.

As I wait for the traffic
to advance, I observe
him strive to carry out
his mission.

Quick fingers move
frantically, yield
imaginary phrases
falling upon languid
sidewalks. No doubt he
wishes for time
to pass quickly, but
for now he must
stay in the zone,
design pepperoni
phrases, mushroom
cadenzas, adding
a hint of mozzarella,
a dab of Muenster,
onion, green pepper,
bacon, beef, Jalapeno,
those key ingredients
guaranteed to please.

Delicious thoughts

(Continued on page 15)

Tearing through My Writer's Door

by Sharalyn Sentinella

I carry with me a lifetime of faces,
Voices, pictures, and sensations.
Echoes ring from times before—
They tear through my writer's door!

Quick are memories as they fall,
From eyes, heart, hands and all.
Landing on pages creating scenes,
Of characters, seasons, or a number of things!

Memories cast shadows inside of me—
They shade how I will see,
How I will feel,
How I will be—
Memories hold the ultimate key!

When I sit down to write alone,
And I am in my writing zone,
I cultivate my memory's yield—
And reflect a subjective sense of real.

Goodbye

by Courtney Nuzum

How quick you are to judge me, telling me to
reflect on my love for him.
You yourself hide in the shade and darkness
of your own heart. I believe we yield our innermost desires because we
are so intent on self-destruction.
You carry the burden of loving me on your shoulders
and yet I see our friendship falling apart.
You will always hold the key to my heart. I will not
do this anymore, I will shed my
last tear for us, tear myself away and move to
a new zone of life...
The one where love prospers.
Goodbye.

The Right Way To Go and One Not So
by Karen M. Hollingsworth

As we live our life,
Do we stay ahead or follow

Is it easy for us to carry strife
Or hold on to a heart that's hollow

Should we yield to what is easy
Or be quick to do what's right

Do I fall and take you with me
Or stay in the safe zone and fight

I believe there is a key
We need to tear down our fear

We need to lead with integrity
And reflect on all that is dear

So step out of the shade and come with me
To share, to meditate, to help and to be



FALL

(Continued from page 14)
evoking little seizures,
strummed on the air guitar.

A Haiku
by Sonja Duncan

Yield into Shade Zone
Reflect, Carry, and Hold Key Sadness
Quick the Tear will Fall

Pro-Life Lament
by Mary Mueller

The exigency of truth
yields a standard
Which too often reflects
fallen morals
Unvalued values

Who holds high the key
to existential thinking
Simultaneously
Tears down the tapes
Which caution our
Children of a danger zone

O Lord, protect us from
Quickly ensuing rush of
Faded shadows that carry
Shaded fantasies of
Self-destructive disease
and ultimate annihilation

The Minuteman's Letter

by Katrina Kappel

Dearest Mother,

I'd be shocked if I met me a month ago,
So much have I changed in such time.
It seems I was merely a toddling child,
And now have grown into a man.

General Washington's troops,
We are proud, I am sure,
Of just how far we have come;
Why, a trip from York to here is clear
A thousand mile march!

I report with pleasure I carry my pack light;
There's nothing like campaigning for the diet.

I am well-shod in mud and blood,
And bathe almost daily in the rain;
Though I've grown half blind from the sun and the shade,
And the thunder of the guns
Bids fair to wake the dead,
At least my friends the crows are fed.

When the wet beds of fall yield to winter,
There'll be a layer of snow to soften the ground,
And I'm wildly optimistic about perhaps getting blankets.

Though it would be nice if you were closer,
This is good incentive to reflect.
After all, the Bible tells us
"Suffering builds character."

I have, like Boston's corrupted tea,
Been steeped in sedimented politics
Brewed with salty tears until
I begin to grow contented in my misery.

And if ever you should fear for me,
The key is to think of my uniform,
For though spare, my blue coat at least

(Continued on page 17)

Members Only

by Kimberly Reeves

"I cannot", she screams
Standing in the shade
A sycamore adrift
Pointing, reaching, raging
Against the sign
It does not yield but simple in red

Do Not Enter
No Parking Zone

You are not welcome
Here

She reaches, leans in to hold the tree
It does not fall

Bracing grief
Bark
Witness

Roots failing under the weight of despair
Pain, histories, unrelenting
This skeleton of unknowing

It does not tear itself from limb to limb with the knowledge of her failure
It simply is...

Waiting. patient again
The promise of Spring
Renewal

Forgiveness,
Is that the key?
She catches her breath
Ragged and heaving
Carry on? Trite, Cliché'
Reflect on your feelings

Find your inner wisdom
She is quick to spit on the ground
Who makes these rules?
The bold stroke of healing billed by the hour
She finds her strength and pulls the trigger
Flash

Breeze through the unfurling of leaves
Silence
Unnoticed

The Lamp
by Sally Sheedy

Recently at an estate sale I was totally in the zone.
I take time to browse when I go and I always go alone

It allows me to hear the things say "buy" or say "why?"
I quickly found a mid-century floor lamp older than I.

It seems I always fall for the handsome old things
Which might range from jet earrings to gut fiddle strings

I crave precious things (as the ring was craved by Gollum)
Man, the lamp had tear drop reflectors and a fluted column.

Three candle bulbs, marble, and a brass key switch
That will fit right in with my vintage gimcracks and tacky kitsch.

Every place I go I seek out the cream of the crop
And this lamp had a fringed shade that was over the top!

I wondered if my husband would disapprove
But the lamp took hold and I made my move.

I yielded to temptation with little resistance.
To pay for it I hefted the lamp with no assistance.

Indulging my whims (for a pittance) seems harmless
Yet I chose to carry the lamp home in total darkness.

(Continued from page 16)

Shows me a man of honor and pride
Who isn't too likely an old bachelor to die,
Leaving behind me no legacy.

Why this zone of the valley
Is alive with the smell of fire
As swords are sharpened and
Bullets are pressed in all idle hands!

News from the hold of the good ship Constitution:
Martha's son's leg is off at the thigh,
Marking the luckier certainly !!
(The bullet was slow but the surgeon was quick.)

Regards,
Your Son,
The Minuteman

Two Questions
by Vincent Dreyer

We here...
hear each other,
while others fall
silently in the shade.
Reflecting upon one another,
allows all to carry the key
of understanding.
Respect can bring many a terrific tear,
as well as tear torrentially in its absence.
Will you yield?
Will you hold yourself
accountable in a time
where limit and possibility
know no zone
or bound?
Answer quick!



Hold Back
by Ara Taylor

The forever fire of you
The fiery, urgent span of you
Quick—yield, then fall, reflect—then genuflect.

The ever, ever dark of you
The silver, slivered bow of you
So fine a thing, a particle of light.

The ever flowing heat of you
The silvered, onyx slink of you
Teasing sadness into shards of bright.

The never-ending flow of you
The sideways, glowing slide of you
A ravened bird, or—no, a shade in flight.

The ever-keyed up coil of you
The slender, carry'd weight of you
Icarus, then falling to your knees.

The overwhelming pull of you
The undone, zoneless tide of you
Dark magician or else damaged saint.

The never-ending fall of you
The rending, tearing break of you
The forever flow of you in me.

(Continued from page 26)

Will we sacrifice to welcome salmon back?

Despite whispering ghost runs, salmon
and salmon people dream a dream of return.

Red, White, and Corkboard
by Dennis Barnes

Family, Grandma Oma's Pretzels
Fairhaven graduation, black and white Kitty Valentine Hug
Paintings of shaded boat
Eagle Scout celebrations

Father's Day waves, tearful readings
Fishing son and daughter, Picasso p-coat on granddaughter
Grandsons' basketball sibling rivalry
My daughter's Heavenly Pastry and Cake Logo

Publicity shots, Barbershop Singers' quick smiles, colored pencil drawings
Toastmasters awards, Emily Carr's shoes held by pins
Printer, telephone, flashlight, key chain, computer monitor
Bass badge, glamour photo yielding its lies, raggedy sweater

Three puppies, three Grandchildren
And one courageous kitten staring in mirror holding reflection of proud lion
Orange poppies falling askew in a blue vase
Letter from my heart surgeon, my marathon at 80 years old

Surrounded by reminders of my life
Carrying those I love in my heart
In angled white frames on two red walls all askew on corkboard
My daily memory zone

A Dream of Return

by Andrew Shattuck McBride

Accounts tell of creeks so thick with salmon
farmers pitchforked fish onto skiffs or land,
used them as crop fertilizer, fed them to pigs.

Abundance mined and destroyed
in so few generations.

Salmon continue to have a hold over us
despite destruction and loss of habitat,

despite the precipitous fall in wild populations,
despite whispering ghost runs.

Tears won't bring the salmon back,
and there are no quick solutions.

We hold the key to salmon recovery
and return.

We can reflect on the great weight
and responsibility we carry.

Will we change our behavior and actions,
protect watershed zones?

Will we refuse to yield
to unchecked development?

Will we shield creeks, river, and bay
from pollutants and the effects

of damaged land upslope?
Will we stabilize slopes with native plants

and return creeks and waterways
to the cool shade of cedar, hemlock and fir?

Will we daylight creeks, remove
pavement, earthen fill, and culverts?

(Continued on page 27)

Lost

by Doug Diener

The key is here somewhere, amongst the shaded wet greenness,
the sucking, yielding mud,
In slow motion I fall—or watch myself fall—I can't be sure.

A dream?

To hold on to sanity, to quick, bright reality
Reflecting only the tears I'll carry forever—why me?!
Alone, that day, to survive the 'demilitarized zone'—
The greatest contradiction of all.

REFLECT



Untitled

by Russ Massengale

Under the shade of a kumquat tree
The samurai was quick to fall.
The temperate zone helped him to yield,
To the questions that hold us all.
To carry his burden for any more time,
Was sure to tear him apart.
The key to his life was to reflect and hope,
And dream of a brand new start.

Poem for Iris
by *Jessy Iris Stewart*

2nd Place Winner!
Current Student Category

No warm memories left to reflect on,
Long locked away with a forgotten key.
I hold your hand and sing your favorite song,
In hopes that you'll remember me.

Ninety-two years seems quick when measured by life,
A tear falling as I whisper, "how unfair."
To not remember being pronounced husband and wife,
Or the seven beautiful babies you shared.

The stories you'd tell under the shade of a tree,
Wide eyed grandchildren hanging on every word.
I promise to carry those memories with me,
And tell my children the same tales that I heard.

I remember that all would yield to your word,
Your advice stood above the rest.
I'll keep with me always the lessons I learned,
Because after all Grandmas know best.

I'll love you through each new zone of this life,
And though I've grown too big for your lap,
I desperately wish through my sadness and strife,
That just for a moment we could go back.

Back to money snuck into chubby little hands,
To hugs and kisses over skinned knees.
Back to when you were my biggest fan,
And you still remembered me.

So many warm memories left to reflect on,
Your little pal I'll forever be.
I hold your hand and sing your favorite song,
And you start to sing it back to me.

Intrepid
by *Anne Marie Elliott*

I have fallen in love with you as you carry me through the dangerous night

In one sweaty cracked hand you hold the key, gripped tightly,
that releases the tensiity intensely balled up in me,
down in the pit of my stomach

You're not letting go until we reach our destination

Breezy, fresh, freedom

You're quick to reflect the tears in my eyes
and yield to nothing but the beat of my heart,
occasionally stopping to check for the thump and bump,
and to match your steps with the rhythm

We're looking for our safe zone, and when we were there last
I remember we laughed so hard that tears came out as we lie there, shaded
from the night's angry heat

Take me there once again and I might just survive

ZONE

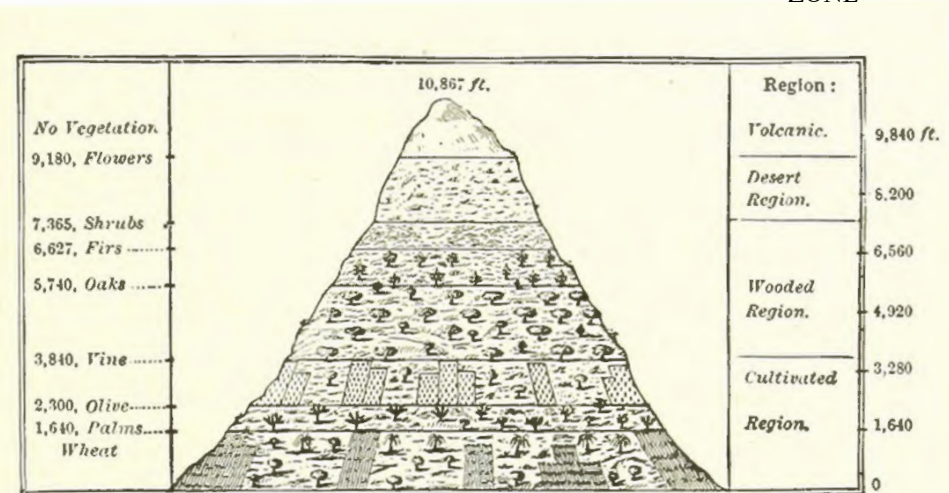


Fig. 240.—ZONES OF VEGETATION ON MOUNT ETNA.

Daddy's Little Girl

by Sarah Vanderpool

He taught me how to dance on his feet.
He taught me how to drive.
He taught me how to fly.
He taught me how to dive.

I learned to hold his hand when crossing the street.
I learned to always make it down the slope when skiing.
I learned to never eat chicken when it's bleeding.
I learned to get back up when I fall.

We have curly hair.
We like fast cars.
We love reading.
We carry chapstick.

He had a daughter, I have sons.
He likes sport bikes, I like cruisers.
He watches Formula 1, I watch football.
He lives in Texas, I live in Washington.

Sitting here, two time zones apart, reflecting over the years...
Memories of bright laughter, bitter arguments,
soft understanding, quiet tears...

Moments in a shaded spot on a hot day or
next to the warm fire on a cold night...
Recalling quick hugs, short phone calls, and brief visits...
Yielding to the wave of emotions battering my heart...

Time passes by too fast, and we are old
before we realize the key to savoring it.

Road Ditty

by Scott Blume

Let's take a night ride—we'll have a full moon!
Talk us a story or carry a tune.
Fall in beside me your hip next to mine
Lean your seat back and hold onto time.

Yield in the work zone and speed when we're through
Flip down the shade and turn off the news.
Ask for directions and take them or not
Quick like a bunny we're off like a shot.

Poles fly by, buildings, lights, shadows and trees-
Blink back a tear not of fear but of breeze.
We'll take the long way, to wander's no crime,
Lean your seat back and hold onto time.

Toss me the keys and pop you a beer
Follow reflectors and watch out for deer.
Night rises wondrously right where we are,
Roll down the window and catch me a star.

Singing in harmony, this moment's prime,
Lean your seat back and hold onto time



QUICK

Weighting*by Mary Hammerbeck*

The weight I carry has its unseen form,
quick to grow in limbs, lids, lashes

I feel it double, triple, expand
while I yield, stretch, hold

This key will tear its lock open and still
I don't zone it out or fall beneath its momentum

I move through seasons as to shade, bear, nourish
I wait while what I contain weighs heavier

Its arrival will reflect all this and it won't
In time it will become its own

Played-by-Played*by Wendy McLeod*

The countdown comes quick
in the key. Our point man
is being triple manned
with their zone defense
He alley oops a bank shot
and flops on floor for a foul call
but the ball yields to me.
I see the steel coming behind me,
reflected off the center's safety
glasses. I fall back to tangle
in his forearms and bait out
a holding foul. Their fans chant
CARRY! but I bounce it out, fake it
under the shade of their forward's
leggy gate and back to our point man.
We run and gun to the three point line.
As the shot clock taps down, he tears
their net off with a rocket rim shot.

Faith of Future*by Emily Kruse*

I reflect
Yet yield not the angry tears
Held fast in the fear of failure
Hold out your hand and I will deny it
In my personal danger zone,
I carry the guilt of sins past,
Heavy on my back, in my tearing pack.

Let it tear.
Let those tears be not unyielding
Quick!
Hold out your hand!

Let me fall, father,
Color me the shade of glory
For You hold the key to my reflection

I reflect
Yielding tears, and pain and all
Held fast in the faith of future
In my personal safety zone,
I carry promise of prosperity

Survival*by Doug Diener*

Timing is all, timing is the key,
Not to meekly yield to stationary regret
But to be driven by the need to move.
First gathering strength, holding calmly in a pool of quiet--
Then bursting out, quick as a fall salmon
Into the current of my relief, carrying me swiftly
Through the shade of your personal riparian zone,
And away from the pain reflected
In the river of your tears.