

Camille Barnes

The Mountains

Two hours on that winding road felt like a century
The time belonged to no one, back then.
Far from the warm comforts of home
Far from the fresh excitement of the destination
But that winding road on the mountains was mine.

The small shop on the side of the road
a group of gruff cowboys might have stopped
On the way to their next adventure
Sorting through candy like I did, smiling at the scent of it
(Even cowboys like taffy.)
Though, *their* moms probably weren't there to say
—not today—
And yank the maple out from under their noses
regardless,
The cowboys, this moment, and the mountains were mine.

The cars looked like they belonged in a different century
Metal and rust on clear skies
Horns cutting through the peace of the silent air
But the grass was still green
The lakes were still blue
The mountains were still mine.

Dorothy Levine



“Green Girl” by Fairfield Porter—art donation to the Allen Art Museum

Green Girl

She walks through the green dressed in brown.
Her vest like the trees, layered and pocked.
A splotch of red
lines her ears, defines her mouth.
Her gaze will not meet your eye.

There is a word in Japanese—komorebi.
It translates roughly to:
“scattered light that filters when sunlight shines through trees.”
It is made up of three characters:
“trees,”
“escape” or “leak through,”
“sun” or “light.”

She faces away from a modest brown house.
The windows are black,
the door opens like a mouth.
It sits beside a light green hill.

There is no direct sun, only the absence of shadows.
The girl in green walks through the komorebi
with neither a smile nor frown.

and a patch of sun escapes to rest on her head.

Helen Marie Casey

Something Like

That's the way it is with poetry, revelation
of angels in discourse, matter shifting,
meaning splotched in varicolored hues,
sound penetrating the way the phallus does,
or something like, to make music and magic.
Syllables arch along, pattern emerging. We fall
in love, story and images dancing, earth bumpy,
then we fall out, noise erupting, color a darkness.
If poetry were an animal, it would be fleet, sleek,
and ambiguous. It might be hydra-headed and
should be fun. Mine, however, are almost always
dark as pitch, unforgettably heavy. I love them
the way I would if each were a god pulsing or,
perhaps, sedum revealing itself by a lonely pond.