

Invitation

In deep stillness I observe my body
 its catalogue of ills—eratic heart,
 crumbling bones, eyes clouded in cataracts.

Clearly I was born to fall apart.

In- and exhale of breath a dance—waltz of lovers—
 beautiful life, inevitable death. I am ripe
 fecundity, vast portal, bright energy unleashed.

Come flies, come fishes, come beetles, come squid. Come cormorants
 herons, hawks, and shrikes. Come shrews, come moles, come mice,
 come mink. Come lions, leopards, wildebeest.

Come feast! Come feast!

—*Moira Magneson*

Letting Go

If I let go of all I have
 what becomes of me
 Do I dissolve as a drop of rain
 falling in the sea
 Or does my self expand
 beyond the bounds now seen
 And reach that higher state
 of fully loving being

—*Leonard Goodwin*

Basho the Skunk

All the winter he's journeyed, wandering roads
 burrowing under fences, and the spaces
 inbetween. His nose an alms bowl,
 snuffling out compost, garbage cans, traces
 of accidental kindness. And here he is now,
 poised on my back stair, stamping his feet.
 His thick-plumed tail arches, cowl
 his dark eyes. It is his nature to greet
 me thus—his form not separate
 from his given self. Mind and body
 unified, he does not question the state
 of his existence. The world is purely
 pungent scent, this naked moment
 of clarity—flowering, impermanent.

—*Moira Magneson*

be

What I would like to be
is
a bird
flying
touching neither the earth
nor the sky:

gain and loss
blame and praise
fame and disrepute
pleasure and pain

are
no more than
bubbles foaming on the surface of the sea

A bird
—like a fish—
never drowning in the sea of sorrow
is

what I would like to be

Just remember
to be aware of the breaths
as they come in
and go out

is
what I would like to be able to do
until
the last breath

—*Theikdi*

The Mourning Dove
sweeps down from a branch

mistaken for its brethren
the autumn leaf

cold is this sunrise
ceaseless is change

—*Mike Mosco*



Illustration of placed stones from a photo by Gene Parulis

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