

THE BENICIA FIRST TUESDAY POETS

A COLLECTION OF EKPHRASTIC POETRY

INSPIRED BY ARTWORK IN THE
ART OF A COMMUNITY
EXHIBITION

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in collaboration with Benicia Public Library and Arts Benicia

Art of a Community
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Benicia First Tuesday Poets Mary Susan Gast, Poet Laureate, msgas@gmail.com beniciafirsttuesdaypoets.com
Arts Benicia Celeste Smeland, Executive Director, celeste@artsbenicia.org artsbenicia.org

Littermates

Two dogs together
Still
Eying
Each other
Dreams of
Puppies in a box

Littermates
Tails
Wagging
Growing up
Growing old
Together forever

~ Melody Anderson-Brumidis



Littermates (2021)

by Barbara Duvall

Infused Metal
10" x 8"



Distanced Marks 2 (2020)

by Paula Boas

Mixed Media on Canvas

40" x 40" x 1.5"

Chaos

I am writing these words wishing my mind was an organized file, a rolodex of thoughts in order. Instead, a beehive filled with brisk fluttering buzz more reflects the scope. What is that? Images, bedrock of beliefs, emerge like sun clears thin fog, come into view, then strong mental block halts any further scenes. Now no prologue to introduce my story. Do I start over, or fall into frenzied abyss? Clouds can stretch in open sky, but my heart closes in, remembers, reminisces times between twilight and dark, the peek of intimacy between real and dreams.

~ Suzanne Bruce

Divergent Pathways (2020)

by Melissa Stephens

Encaustic – Beeswax, Damar Resin, Rust, Oil Stick,
Caran D’Ache, Walnut Oil on Cradled Board
48” x 48” x 2.5”



Perception

On the edge of morning’s sunrise
ripples seam a festival of hues

amber, blue, orange, I catch
tender inspiration as softness flows

catch glimpses of dark sneaking through
whisper *gentle hearts can rise above hate.*

This sacred space once Ohlone land, where
nature was a song, wind its voice, now gone.

I begin my curious quest, a labyrinth,
follow an unchoreographed dance of known

and unknown, movements unite into one spiral,
one prayer descending

from jagged mountains to soothing sea
finding a divergent pathway

where the meeting can be mutually kind
where remembrance and forgiveness can live.

~ Suzanne Bruce

We Can Work It Out

Spring day raining
colors in my eyes
lilac in bloom

Lilac bleeds down
drizzle-bleared windows
as tears paint my eyes
if I cried
if I cried

Hailstones pelt
green leaves that falter
and we can't see through
can't find the future
couldn't stop crying
if we were crying

Everything that happens
leaves a vapor trail
traced on the sky
written on the eyes

We do the work of seeing
reading the blossoms
we do the work of living
falling
falling
dropping like tears

~ Mary Eichbauer



We Can Work It Out (2020)

by Irenka Kudlicki

Acrylic, Mixed Media
30" x30"

Dream of the Rapture

He knew the day
was unlike any other—
strange, other-worldly.
The pines on the ridge
licked a fiery sky.
The river was peaceful—
water so blue and clear
he could count the fish swimming
beneath its surface.
He cast his line
and it whipped the stillness,
a supplication scribbled on electric air.

He saw a man dreaming,
the blue canoe rising upwards,
as if the man were sitting
in the belly of a giant fish—
both of them reeled into heaven.

Suddenly, he understood everything.
He grinned, raised his arms
to the smoldering sky
and whispered,
Take me.

~ Johanna Ely



Dream of the Rapture (2020)

by Bruce Pope

Oil and Graphite on Canvas
31" x 39.5"

Euclid's Window

Euclid's window
Holds the shadow.
The evening sky
surrounds the light.

~ Susan Fuller



Euclid's Window (2020)

by Susan Fuller

Redwood Sculpture

65" x 21" x 6"



Quarantine (2020)
by Nikki Basch Davis

Oil
30" x 24"

Quarantine

The days lumber by,
Blind giants,
With bungling fingers too thick
to pick daisies,
Elephantine feet too plodding
to dance.

~ Mary Susan Gast

Bodil as RBG

Slipping through the reeds of widely-woven life,
Ruth Bader Ginsburg entered the Beyond
As Rosh Hashanah began.
Evidence, as if we weren't already convinced,
That she was a rare and splendid person
(oh, yes, "person," in the full-blown 14th Amendment
grand egalitarian meaning of the word)
A person of great righteousness.

Now Bodil slips inside the portrait
With the lacy collar of dissent,
Wisdom at her shoulder,
Scales of justice seeking balance,
Poised knife-edge of truth,
Clear brave eyes on the future.
Heeding the rousing cry
To honor the departed
By taking up the call.

As must we all.

~ Mary Susan Gast



Panel #1: Justice (Bodil as R.G.B) (2021)

by Larnie Fox

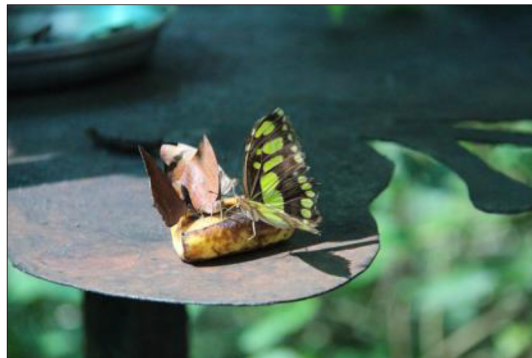
Acrylic, Charcoal, Latex, Collage, and Mixed Media on Board
18" x 28"

Banana

What were you doing
before your eyes alighted
on the butterfly—
scouting with camera in hand
for beauty, for majesty
discovered not in distant
cloudscapes or mountains,
but in a garden
amid diaphanous green
where this tiny creature
of chartreuse and black wings
sips banana nectar
with its straw-shaped mouth,
the proboscis, perfectly designed
for the concision of its life,

briefly beautiful

~ Laurie Hailey



Banana (2020)
by Marilyn Schaeffer
Photography
9" x 12"

Tiny Dancer

Clusters of zinnias
Poised on slender stems
Petals splayed open
Upturned faces blush in my satisfied gaze

Over my head
They fly two by two
Sliver of sky between them
Soaring spirals
Seductive flutters
Split second dives
They court and spark

Leaf, twig, stalk, blossom sing spring
Swollen buds soften
Opening one eye to the sun
Bumblebees crescendo on a monotone
Hummingbirds thrum staccato

Swallowtail leaves her amorous partner
Alighting onto dainty stamen
Ringed by kaleidoscope of mauves and corals
She toe dances just for me

~ *Kathleen Herrmann*



Butterfly and Zinnia (2020)

by MaryFrances Kelly-Poh

Watercolor

24" x 18"

Shugacitay

30,000 tons

Boat from Brazil

Belly so heavy

She rides low

Under the bridge

Up to the dock

Dwarfed by metropolis

Of metal brick and glass

Called Shugacitay

Cranes dig deep

Into the hold

Building crystal mountains

Of raw gold

Melt it

Spin it

Purify and dry

Pink and white boxes

Stockpiled high

Four million pounds

Pour from the gates

On trucks and on trains

To thirteen states

Old brick factory

Clean new tech

Engineered to refine and protect

Steampunk ironworks stained aqua and rust

Exhale mighty cumulous puffs

Blinking marquee flashes LEDs

Til apricot dawn breaks upon Shugacitay

Shoo-shoo sweet Shugacitay

~ *Kathleen Herrmann*



Shugacitay (2013/2019)

by John William Selig

Photographic Metallic Print

30" x 20"



Point Pinole Trees (2020)

by Dixie Mohan

Oil on Wood Panel, with Wood Substrate

21" x 26 3/4"

***The Dynamite Trail at Pt. Pinole
(for Julie and Abby, the Boxer)***

In a meadow of an East Bay headland
Abby wades through green grasses
nose high into a landscape of scent
where, hundreds of years ago, Huichin
women gathered acorns to make “pinole”-
where, in the 1800’s, the Giant Powder
Company, made dynamite and planted
eucalyptus trees -
where today Julie has another mission –
as she checks nest boxes each week
all season, until one day when she opens
the doors, baby bluebirds fledge.
Abby, wide-eyed, spots them in nearby
oaks and flying in sweet, sunny skies.

~ Georgette Howington



Daisies In Repose (2020)

by Robert Schwiebert

Pigment Ink on Paper
20" x 20"

The Day After

The hole in this house
is open to clouds
the ones that rolled
in layers of steel grey
and white behind
the Washingtonia palms
when the cobalt pallor
about to fade into dusk
time for ghosts to come
in, too, unnoticed except
by the one cat left alone
whose eyes flicker right
and left looking up at the
ceiling unphased by an
angel making way back
from dust into now

~ Georgette Howington

Lest We Forget the Massacres

America, people are dying,
and your flag's a bloody shroud,
covering the earth like a dark cloud.
America guarantees us the right
to own unlimited weapons of war,
but not food, shelter, nor healthcare.

America, where victims' names are forgotten,
but the killers are psychoanalyzed,
idolized, imitated, martyred, and romanticized
as the people's cries go unheard.
In America there's never a polite time
to discuss our backwards priorities,
so we stand idly by
while children continue to die.

America, we have enough guns,
lay down your arms,
and raise a banner of peace!
America, when will you value life?

~ D.L. Lang



Lest We Forget the Massacres (2020)

by Susan Lane

Fiber Art

16" x 28"

Squirrel

A squirrel stakes out the backyard,
bounding from branch to branch,
scampering along the fence,
planning out a route.
Taking a leap of faith,
they fly towards the feeder!

We engage in a staring contest.
There is a fear in their eyes—
a hesitancy—
as they secure a peanut.
They're unaware I want them there.

For too long the squirrels
have been dubbed thieves,
but they are not the thieves;
we are.

Their ancestors roamed this land,
planting forests.
Ours merely stole their nuts
only to sell them back to us,
so feast, dear squirrel!
You're welcome here!

~ D.L. Lang



Squirrel (2020)

by Cecile McNulty

Oil
12" x 12"



Sheltering in Love (2020)

by Joyce Byrum

Clay Sculpture

13" x 14" x 8"

Sheltering in Love

The last year has felt like this -
having a hole where your heart once was -
holding onto your heart in both hands
tight as you can,
lest it slip away somewhere safer.

The news kept rolling in with death counts climbing
from the pandemic, from race riots, from climate disasters.

Who isn't marked, and rigid and fragile,
held together precariously,
Medusa locks waving from our heads?
Maybe we can receive a message from outer space
with our waiting antenna.

YET, we aren't alone. We look up. Look beyond.
Lucky to be together.

~ Ronna Leon



Merci (2020)

by Janet Brock Hughes

Watercolor Collage

11" x 14"

My Spirit Friend

When the world becomes unbearable
And conversation is impossible,
I escape to the mystical to replenish.
I don't have many friends.
The circle was closed long ago.
Don't tell me she's not real.
I see her powerful wings glide
into the starlit night.
My Spirit Friend.
A Horse with Wings.
Improbable beautiful things.
Oh dare to dream idle.
Entranced in the Heavens dance.

~ Aqueila M. Lewis-Ross

The Queen's Face Mask

Fairytales have a way to bring false hope.

Even Queens are held down.

Silent.

By a Monarchy.

Patriarchy.

Where Women's Voices Don't Matter!

And Black Lives Won't Matter!

Imagine a scenario when born with titles,
still trapped in systems.

Even in the twentieth century,

Freedom is a false narrative.

But if you're brave enough,
change the narrative.

That's when the real magic begins!

So declare war!

Tame the vicious beast!

Because those who dared,

have awoken with their mask removed,

children born free,

protected,

and their power restored.

~ Aqueila M. Lewis-Ross



The Queen's Face Mask (2020)

by Bodil Fox

Copper

4.5" x 7.5" x 7"



The Climb, El Capitan (2020)

by Mark Bremer

Pencil on Paper

17" x 11"

Correlation

Time etches lines,
pulls a pencil down a white paper,
throws a highway across a desert,
builds a fence between homes.
Time ruts what was smooth,
Makes the meandering straight.

~ Paula Marckesano-Jones



The Intoxication of Secret Places (2020)

by Charlynn Throckmorton

Oil/Cold Wax Medium
11" x 15"

Birdsong

Birds tell tales.

Their tongues wag secrets
that diminish the stealth of a hawk,
suspend the white roar of roadways
trafficking a business that feeds itself
bits of its own body.

Birds, too, can chirp delight
that shatters inside the toyon thicket
or floats to the topmost twigs of the cottonwoods;
each note transformed to a bubble of deliverance.

~ Paula Marckesano-Jones



Still Blue (2019)
by Stephen Schumm
Acrylic, Paper, Collage on Canvas
36" x 36"

Still Blue

In blue-cold January,
one blue-dark night,
a gift in a blue velvet box,
the color of your eyes—
a lapis necklace shaped like a tear—
polished metamorphic rock,
holding the power to heal,
once ground into powders for eyelids
of Pharaohs, for Renaissance painters
made into precious ultramarine.
I wore your gift around my neck,
warm resting in the concave of my throat,
we spoke of Neolithic memories—
time before the present, when our
souls first met. Still Blue is our love—
blue ocean, blue sky, blue midnight,
lapis lazuli

~ Louise Moises



Stacked Stones (2020)

by Diane Williams

Mixed Media on Panel
20" x 30"

Stacked Stones

Wandering down a trail without a compass,
I mark the way with piles of stones,
rock upon rock, I labor to fine a balance,
meander through time eroded moments,
listening to the crack of ice, watching the melt
of illusions along the edge of a stream.
It is so easy to become lost in midst of doubt,
confused by misdirection,
I wish to find my way home,
until then, I will stack stones,
build a cairn.

~ Louise Moises

Sorry Jar (2021)

by Pam Dixon

Ceramic Fired, Cold Pressing

13" x 9"



So Sorry

To our brother, I'm so sorry
you suffered alone in an ICU
three thousand miles away.
Could your soul hear
our loving goodbye?

To the thousands whose lives were suspended
in the furnace of the California fires,
I'm so sorry
we couldn't do more than we did.

To the millions who marched to protest
the wrongful deaths of brothers and sisters,
I'm so sorry
we didn't do more when we could.

To those lost, you were us,
filling our Sorry Jar to overflowing
like ravaged bodies in a makeshift morgue
or charred ruins in a too small landfill.

~ Katrina Monroe



The Beckoning (2007)

by Geraldine Arata

Oil on Linen Canvas

48" x 32"

Snowy Urban Winter Beckoning

In cold rain and blinding snow, we trudge
Through the forest of skyscrapers. Down coats nudge
One another in subway crowds. Look up!
Above the petty squabbles and stealing: look up!
Up above the fear and hatred: look up!
Open your heart's eye and feel through fingers
A paradise whose dancers' call lingers
With graceful stories of courage and love forlorn.
It's inspiration to dare you to feel warm
Facing the blast of winter wind and storm.

~ Aikya Param



Woodland Sunset (2020)

by Linda V. Hubbard

Textile
18" x 14"

Quilted Sunset

As clothes and quilts we're wrapped in
Clothes and covers community creates
To costume, protect and comfort.
Look how the artist pictures here
Sunset, the surrounding splendor of woods,
Cut and stitched of protective cloth.
How it holds the healing of trees,
Shade-giving dancers in the breeze,
Pillars of wood and paper for poems,
She sewed this artwork of living shelter
And caught the contagious contentment,
Full and flourishing.

~ Aikya Param



Finding the Center (2019)

by Mary Shaw
Charcoal on Paper
9" x 12"

The Soft Center

Over soft landscape
Landscape of curves
Of curves and hills
And soft, moist valleys
That disappear in delicious bliss
That celebrate the hidden center
Prone in posture
Deeply grounded
And Centering
Centering below flesh
Centering towards the heart
Centering into the pulse and breath
Nestled into a quiet nest below
Below the outside world
Below the surface
Below superficiality
And softly settles
Into the warm center
Into the center of her soul

~ Kelliane Parker

Born of Flame

I am my foremothers
Who breathed fire into me
Skin bathed bronze
Polished, deep patina
Reflecting starlight
I am the dragonfly
Who breaths fire
The butterfly
Ethereal and nuclear
And the drums
Move hips to the pulse
Blood pulses, wings beat
I am the vessel
The place of birth
I am the river that flows
Spinning in a pond of ether
My seed flowers
Grows roots in soil, in air
Roots in the beyond
Fed by guide and ancestor
And the child, tender
Unscathed and breathing
She is more than all before
And I, will feed her fire

~ Kelliane Parker



Gather Your Sparks From the Sky (2020)

by Sabine Thompson

Mixed Media

30" x 40"



Garden Friends (2020)

by Mary Conner

Mixed Media on Paper

12" x 12"

Profusion

Turquoise, magenta, sage, rose surrounding
Birdsong; lush foliage sprouting
Friendship; ideas exchanging
Across the aisle; only a twitter separating
Them from us.
Look up, little bird,
See each side
To be a garden of friends.

~ Jan Radesky



Bouquet (2019)

by Nancy Freeman

Acrylic

11" x 14"

Rise Up

On sturdy stalks

From a place of love-loamy, dark essence

Seething with richness,

Giver of life above.

Spreading mauve, buttercup, tangerine invigorating

Eyes, olfactory receptors,

Soul.

The blooms-different yet sameness in their delicacy

And message.

Grandmother's correct assessment:

The many joining together to form one society of utter delight.

~ Jan Radesky



Pink Painting (2000)

by Kim Smith

Oil on Canvas on Wood
48" x 44"

The Color of Bliss

Breathe in this magic
stained glass window
shielding pink angels
wrestling at dawn
to build neat and perfect
cities of the future
—mapping streets and parks
and blue swimming pools
and gardens galore—

Growing visions of
a healthy planet waking
to unfettered landscapes
via embryonic dreams—
sweet cherubs playing Candyland
while green triangular party hats
morph into redwood forests
awakening to eternal spring

~ Alyza Lee Salomon



Morning (2020)

by Aldo Jordan

Photography
8" x 12"

Morning

Morning has come again,
both hands held out to us,
withholding nothing.

The far shore
is a dark, layered embroidery
of rising trees. Above the hills,
lifting mist mingles with new light.
The sky has begun to yield its deep blue,
last stars just visible.

Framed by silhouetted branches
of bay and coulter pine,
the hazy lake reflects the gold of sun
while, overhead, the silver moon
is still descending. It is as if
the pale moon itself
has cast this fiery image,

as if the mirror has caught
not the careworn face
but the ardent soul.

~ Deborah Schmidt

A Conversation with Kwan Yin

*I cannot forgive him,
the young woman thought.
The goddess was silent.*

I have built a wall,
the young woman said,
and now I feel nothing.

Taking this sorrow into her heart,
the goddess held it there
with all the sorrow of the world.

If I begin to forgive him,
the young woman asked,
what will happen?

*Like the willow, the goddess seemed to say,
you will bend, but you will not be broken.
Life's divine nectar will bless you.*

The young woman felt
a lightness entering her spirit.
The goddess seemed to lift her eyes
and smile.

~ Deborah Schmidt



Conversations with Kwan Yin (2019)

by Marjorie Lutz

Acrylic, Diptych

32" x 40"



Pears (2018)
by Nancy Bardach
Cottons, Painted Cottons, Batting, Texturing Threads
13" x 13"

3 Pears

Painted and Hand stitched on to strong enduring cotton
They look so ripe flavorful and juicy
Golden sun sweetness caught inside
a yielding skin
Lovingly preserved
in strong thread
to enjoy the remembered pleasure
every time you see it
in and out of season

~ Nina Serrano

Where the Spirit Meets the Bone

The drawing is inspired by a poem
calling for compassion

“You do not know what wars are going on
down there where the spirit meets the bone”

The drawing's bones depicted by the pelvic girdle
composed of 3 fused bones

the pubic ilium and ischium

joining the upper and lower skeleton

facilitating sitting standing and procreation

The spirit envisioned as a lotus flower in bloom

My poem calls for peace where spirit meets bone
so the heart's desire can prevail in mind and body

Peace in my heart

Peace in your heart

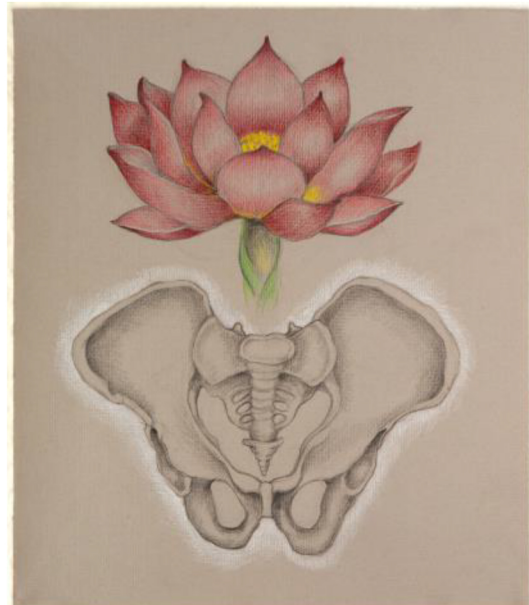
Peace in all our hearts and planet

~ Nina Serrano

Where the Spirit Meets the Bone (2020)

by Celeste Smeland

Graphite and Colored Pencil Drawing
14" x 12"





Sunset Rendezvous (2020)

by Suzun Almquist

Acrylic on Canvas
24" x 28"

Pity Our Humans
a pandemic palindrome poem

Our humans seem sad
Their kids not in school
Most staying inside
They might be ill
Strangely afflicted
Not using their autos
The way they used to

We cats refuse to
Remain so enclosed
To be restricted
We mingle at will
Prefer to preside
You could say we rule
We cats are rad!

~ Sherry Sheehan

Can Life Look Like That

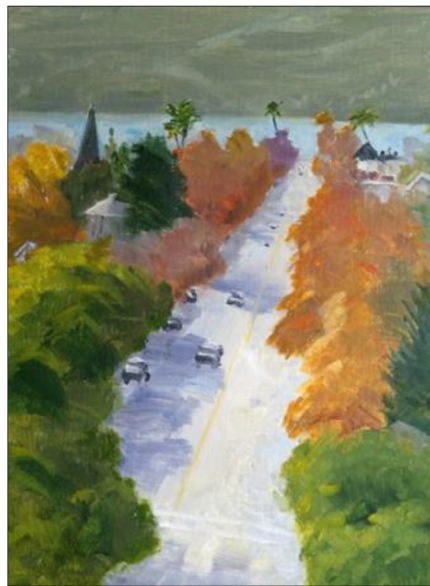
Can life look like that—
trees turning
vibrant colors
a calm strait, hills?

Can it feel like that—
free and peaceful,
a wide road that
cushions vehicles?

Once again it might,
but until it does,
praise this preview
of life lived in light.

Anticipate along with me
this longed-for sight.

~ Sherry Sheehan



Looking Down First Street (2020)

by Flora Baumann

Oil on Linen

12" x 9"

The Old Baron

My weary wooden bones rest in Carquinez mud
So distant from Ketchikan fishing....
Down Pacific, to Bay, mooring in the Strait.
Young Jack, fish patrol indeed, reformed oyster pirates,
Plied waters and relished dark runnings.

Time danced, Canadian bootleg filled my belly
Off-shore, Glen Cove by night
What parties at Stremmel's!
Oh the times....

Sailing life waxed short
Old Joe sunk me, shielding shipyard from battering waves
Fading paint replaced, white daubs
From dive-bombing gulls.
Yellow crane, my companion, stories retold
Building Panama Canal...or Golden Gate?

I no longer see sunrise
Only sunsets' fading rays...
Marking muddy demise
Then am I Red...

~ Woody Shiflett



Benicia Sunset (2019)

by Terry Hughes

Oil

72" x 48"

The Book of the Courtier

I saw you at Santa Maria delle Grazie
Who is this man?
who Dared to die
on my birthday?
this writer of books
parts unknown
bits known
and who is this
Shepard?
goats in pastoral frame
gaze
more than once
into blue mirror
oF book written
this now
this morning
so green the wood
so green the memory
solid house
a home
the time
when the country
had a middle
paintings found buried in war's sands
found again
in this homes attic
middle of the week
middle of the day
solidly painted
Into matter.

~ Tom Stanton



Raphael's Dream (2020)

by Mark Eanes
Mixed Media on Panel
56" x 36"

Caught in a Web

all over yellow huts
bungalows flats
kit for the yard
teatime, love the music
playing here
while i paint
mostly alone
memory in hand
forgetting too

how fragile a draft
can circle ones feet
while sitting

So
standing now solidly
in this mind's present
i paint this!
for you,

remember you too
your frantic energy
slowed down just enough
for a kiss
while gracefully passing through

how i love the silence of music
painted hues
Red yellow blue.

~ Tom Stanton



Caught in a Web (2020)

by Christina Finnie

Acrylic on Canvas

36" x 48"



After the Flood (2020)

by Mark Van Norman

Computer Rendering

30" x 30"

After the Flood

God awful
Gold doubloons on a new ocean floor,
Corroding skyscrapers
And missing skyline,
All lost,
Lost in the flood.

Killing us slowly,
Vesuvius in slo-mo,
Drowning in rising tide,
The sea gobbles our flash and glory.

San Francisco the gone,
The vanished,
A wet Pompeii.

Who will remember?

The Almighty mustn't have counted on us
When promising never again.

~ Roger Straw

The Nedge

Back in 1950
If you'd said nedge to me
I'd 've been lost.

Run to your Webster's,
Your Collins, OED...
And pull out your hair,
Who knows?

These days, Google instructs.
Gives us the Urban Dictionary
with rather racy
and misogynist context.
No way!

My Scrabble Dictionary says
NEDGE is not allowed.
Thinks it knows it all,
And fails.
And sets me on edge.

Like the crisp lines and shouted colors here displayed,
Wondrous pencil shades
And swoops of eyeful ribbonry
Set the world alight
And my brain atingle, my spine, my heart
All nedge, all nedge, all nedge.

~ Roger Straw



The Nedge (2020)
by Lee Wilder Snider
Colored Pencil on Paper
9" x 12"



No Name Ranch, Crockett (2020)

by Jean Purnell

Oil on Canvas

11" x 14"

No Name Ranch

Subtle shades float across the landscape
like the wisps of fog curling over the ridge line
only a barn and shed raise their stark roofs
Their solid browns balanced by the light greens
of the trees across the hillside and in between
the pale yellows and evergreen cover the hill
gathering in bunches their soothing colors
floating on the fallow grasses deepening the tides
of colors washing against the barn and shed
whose dark planks will soon be covered
by the soft brush of this sunlit hillside.

~ Ken Weichel



It's All About Balance—Mobile (2020)

by Carol Thompson

Mixed Media

14" x 25"

Hanging in the Balance

I am the sum total of twenty aspects
holding my life together.
So careful am I with how they balance.
My work.
My home life.
My spirit.
Each must be held separate from the other.
Each is weighted by and against the other.
All hanging by a thread.
If I should change a single aspect
I would come crashing down.

~ Becky Bishop White

Independent Variables

Flying saucer.
Devil's Mountain.
It's a close encounter
of an earthly kind.
A tree fungus among us -
see the hint of trunk below?
No. Wait.
Peek underneath
the ballerina tutu,
crisp with its
flaring folds of tulle
or gauze.
Organic netting
for sure.
Now
it's twirling,
twirling,
and just when I think
I've got it,
it's back to solid:
sturdy
and
timeless.

~ Becky Bishop White



Aurora (2020)

by Emil Yanos

Ceramic Wall Sculpture, Stoneware
15.25" x 4.625"



Sixth Extinction (2020)

by Peg Jackson

Digital Collage
16" x 24"

Sixth Extinction.. the Last Moment

Wait ... wait for me kids
I just need a little break
We've been flying for so long
Cooler water must be near

I am so hungry
I need a snack
No fish in pond
Must be too hot

Grass is dry and hard
Burned in the hot wind and sun
Not tasty anymore

It's so hot
It's hard to breathe
There must be cooler air ahead
If my wings will just lift me

I am so tired
I will just rest my eyes a bit
I will catch up in a minute
So tired.. so tired

~ Andre Zinkevich