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## Rippled Waters

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## **Cover Page Footnote**

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## MEGAN LINDLEY

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### WISDOM STARS

His eyes seem to be shooting off firecrackers  
Like the finale of a 4th of July display  
Alternating one and then the other  
Then several times over  
To others they appear  
More like puls—ing yel—low  
Lights on a railroad crossing sign  
The difference—the glimmer, only she is able to see  
Reminding her of the stars above

She looks to them for answers and inspiration  
As they twin—kle one by one  
Almost as if *they* are winking  
Trying to tell her something  
If only she could interpret the meaning

## STACY COLOMBO

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### RIPPLED WATERS

Standing on the aged, sable brown planks  
of the deck in the early hours of  
the day, just as the sun awakens  
and begins to raise its head, its beam  
of beauty outnumbers the fog amid  
the cool, damp day. The smell of  
the morning dew upon the velvet grass  
and the perfume of the earth's  
breath, induces a sense of tranquility  
and remembrance. The image of my  
sister and me swimming in the waist-  
deep water, surrounded by seaweed covered  
boulders, sparks a memory of innocence.  
Looking back on the games of Marco  
Polo and the handstands performed underneath  
the lemon grass green water, I shed a  
tear, for I know we are no longer children.