Wisdom Stars

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Megan Lindley

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—ow
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

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.