

Lost and Found

Lost you, found things, found you, miss you

Lost you: In things I've stored, kept and dusted, swept, polished and boxed,

Found things: There was a time I enjoyed these things with you

and now these things are here with me, memories are swirling in my head.

But you are not, so I wish you were here instead.

I am glad I can think of you now when I look at these things

and remember when we enjoyed them together

I share these things and with them the love of you.

These things have traveled and been treasured more than you can ever have imagined,

because they came from you.

Found you: Thank you for trusting me with these things,

and letting me realize that the most precious thing you ever gave me was not these things,

but rather your time and your love.

Miss you: Picture of you, stunning, beautiful, amazing you, smiling back at someone in your past.

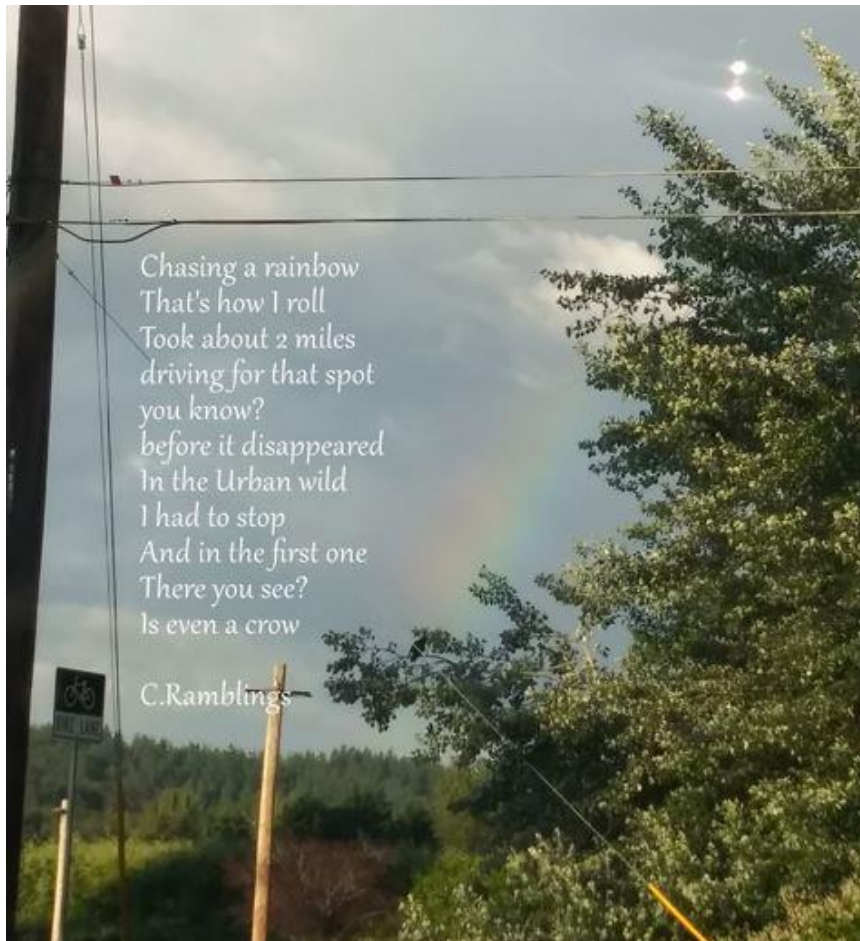
I can only guess who they were, but I am honored to be the one you are smiling at now.

Found things, Lost you, Miss you, Found you.

Letting go of some things, but in my heart of never ending space,

keeping you forever.

C.Ramblings



FABRICATION

New slippers

Shipped from the PRC

My cat sniffs both:

A universe in two

Teak drawers

Of an herbalist's chest

Mark Newman

I Never Been A Cowboy

I didn't sing
yippie yi yo
git along, little dogies

didn't ride the range
poke cows
bust broncos

I did tame
a timid half-Arab yearling
ease him into halter

run my hands
allover his body
to get him used to touch

crawl under belly
walk behind, under neck
rub allover with saddle blanket

lay over his back
until he let me sit
gently break for riding

watched for signs
when we rode along
cuz he'd spook 3' sideways

I never been
a cowboy

just maybe
a horsegirl.

Cindy M. Hutchings 11/13/19

Test Result Text

UR negative
RU sure
IM positive

Carl Papa Palmer

Ghost

In my dreams
I visit the house where I grew up
Come in the back door
pause in the kitchen
stop in the living room
Stand by my father's chair
and wish I could hear his voice.
then up the stairs to the room
I shared with my sister
at the top of the second flight.
The room looks the same
but she's not there.

It is always summer when I dream visit
a row of phlox blooming by the driveway
and dahlias shouting their brilliance
in the bed edging the front lawn.
My father's garden next to the side yard
lush and verdant with gifts for the table.

The house is long torn down, gone
still standing in my dreams.

Maybe this is what haunting is
A visit from a past inhabitant
searching a place
a longing for what was
that lives in heartmind
and dreams.

Nancy Fallert Colson | April 2022