

The Goddess of Heart Lake
By Joylynn S. Fox
Dedicated to Peg

The Goddess is a whispering, calming presence.
When she awakens, her spirit rises in the mists
to greet the morning sun.
Bringing forth the energy, that ripples and vibrates
across the surface of glass.
She is greeted by the dragonfly, wind dancing
and the rhythmic strides of the water gliders.
The bass rise up to kiss her, as they break the surface.
We can hear her when the loons call,
as they glide across the water.
Experience her regal presence as the heron
stands motionless at the Point.
We feel her gently touch and hold us
as we float in her embrace.
Connecting our heartbeats in this womb of grace.
Wise ones hear her calling, beckoning for our return.
Those who know her, feel the tug within their hearts,
and remember her voice.
The Goddess gives this gift of Love,
as our inheritance.
She ignites our inner flame, in the passionate
and magical moments we share together,
in the sacred space of Heart Lake.

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Corporate Headquarters
By Tom Staicar

On the top floor
the CEO and other suits -
the brains -
produce giant thoughts.
Their ideas work their way
downward
downward
downward
descending
floor
by
floor
Turned into breathing, circulating
work projects
by the muscle of production staff.
Ideas digested fully
moving
lower
and
lower
inexorably through the bowels
of packaging and shipping
then down to the bottom floor
and out the exit orifice
of back doors
with regularity
to the loading dock near the compactor
and dumpster
where the CEO's ideas
are flushed out
to their deserved destinations.

My Work in This Life
By Karen Totten
To Michael

I am more than the work
of the day,
less than my desires.
It is my job to measure the length of each
across the floor of hours,
to witness the unraveling of your body life.
You pull against the strictures. It's hard.
I draw a dragon for you to chase,
and irises for myself, to forget.
My work in this life is endless.
My work in this life is trembling and wavering
and vacillating, and shielding
the inner from the outer.
It's too big to fit into one sentence.
It's too small to quantify.
I take no chances.

To submit poetry, contact Sarah
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