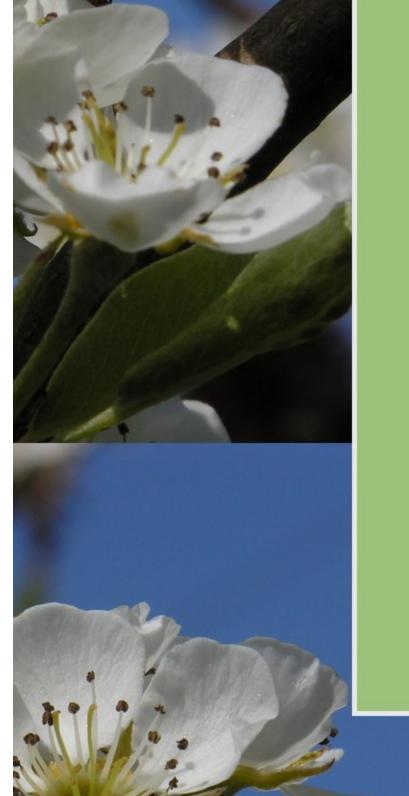


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	Soar					
	Pounce on drive of desire,					Sh.
SAMPLE TORON	Crowd the hope of fulfillment.					
2	Mesh the two in order to soar,					*
· · · · ·	Above the clouds of life.					• • /
	Stationary equates to failure,					
	With the loss of a life lived.					
	Promise of more fills the soul,					
	Just as water fuels the body.					
	Standing					
	Standing on the cusp change,					



I must look within.
Honesty comes forward,
And gives me the right.
The right to speak my mind,
To go to the inner realm.
Keeping what is important,
In the forefront of me.
Can't go back to what was,
Must carry on to what is next.
Abuse of the past must stay there,
Never to see the light of day again.
And that resolve is what keeps me going,

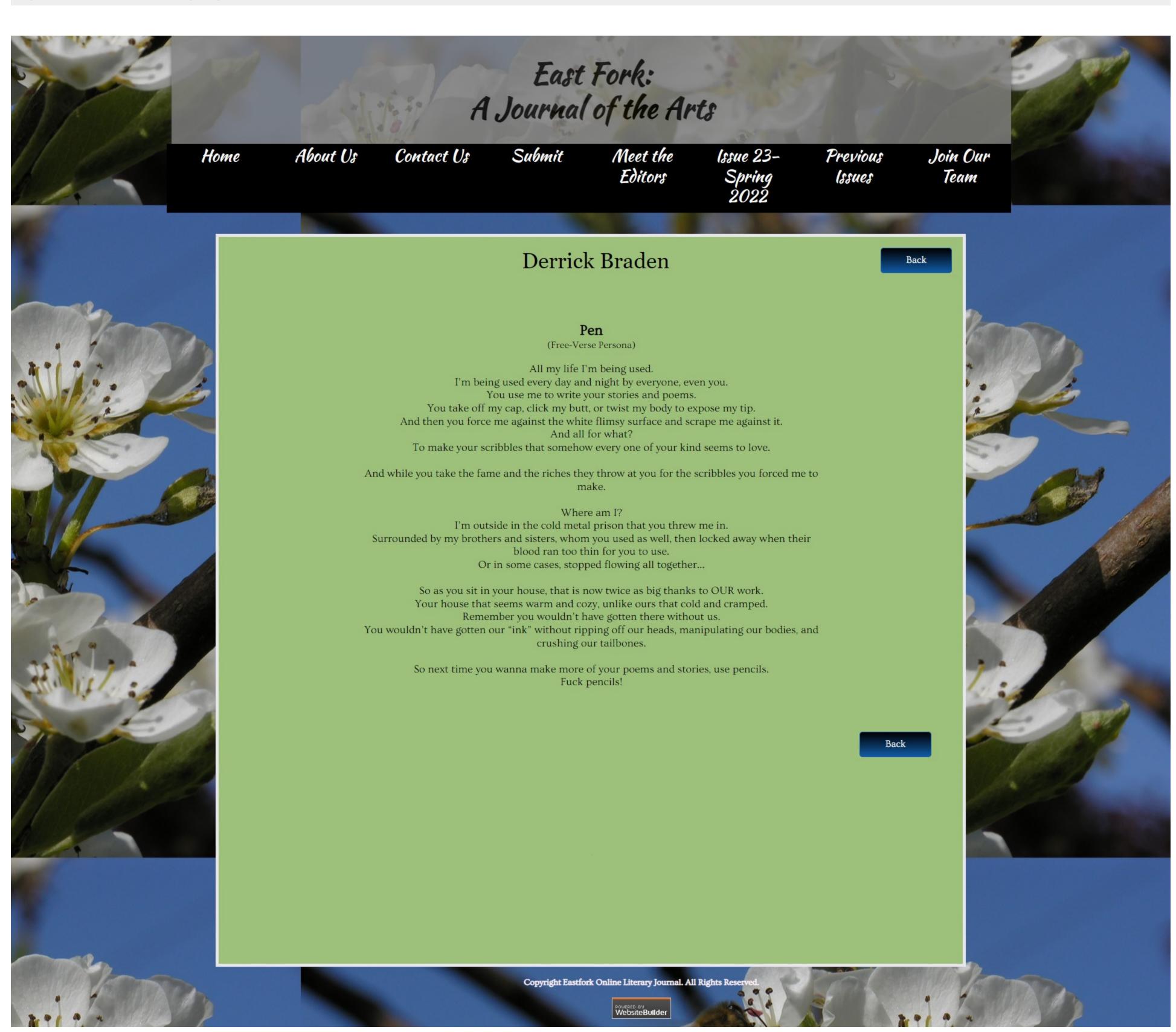
To the place I am destined for.

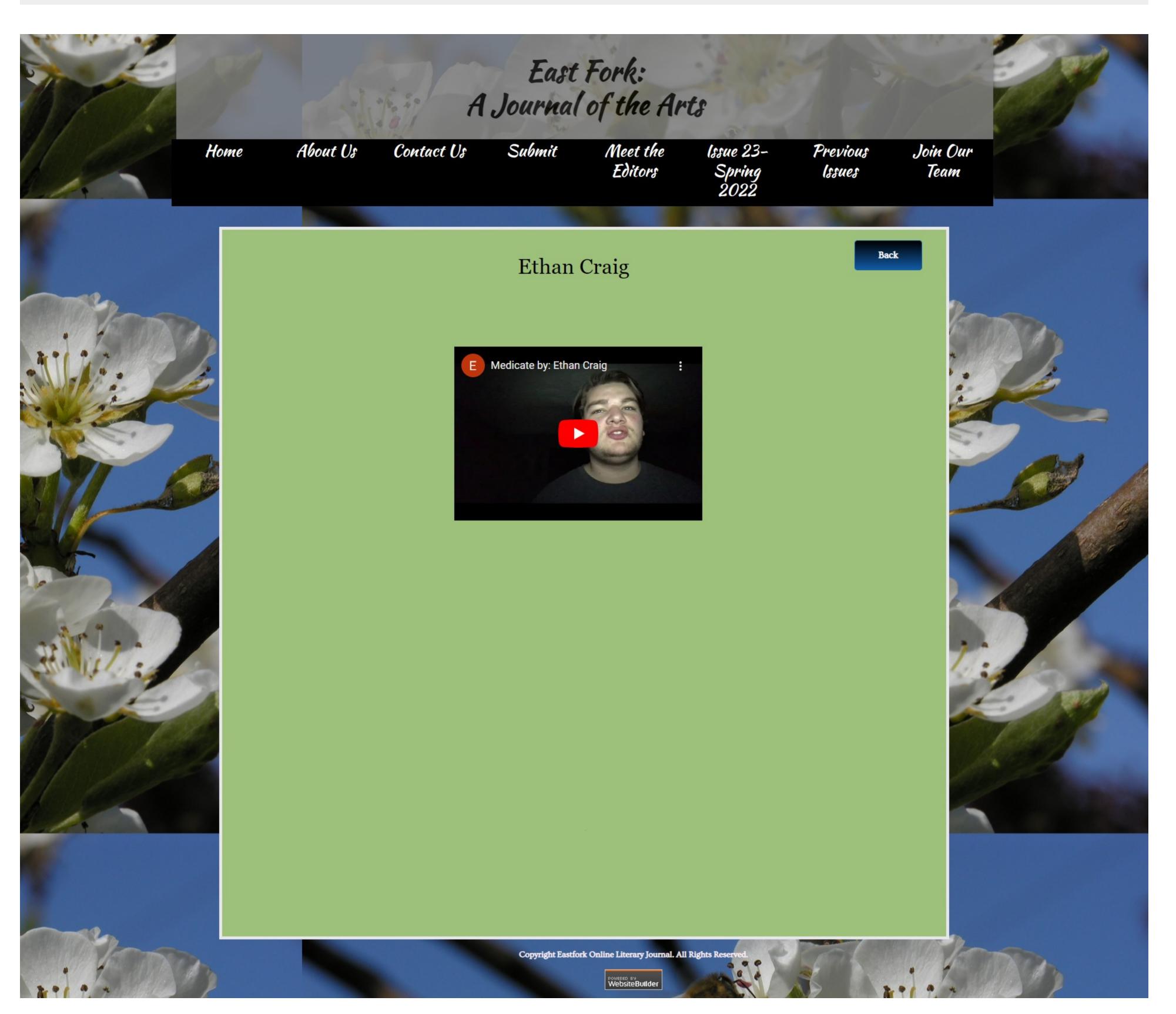
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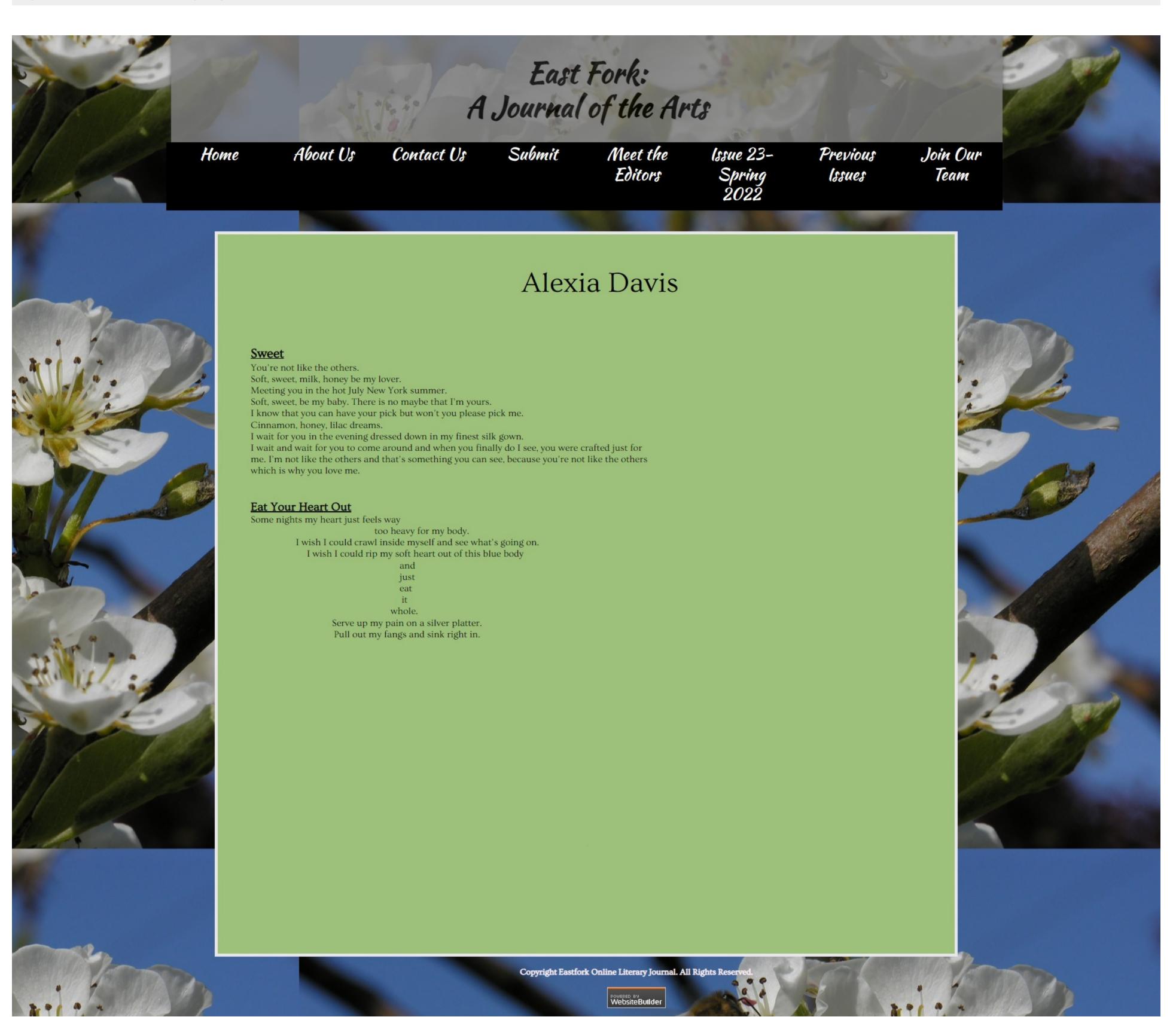
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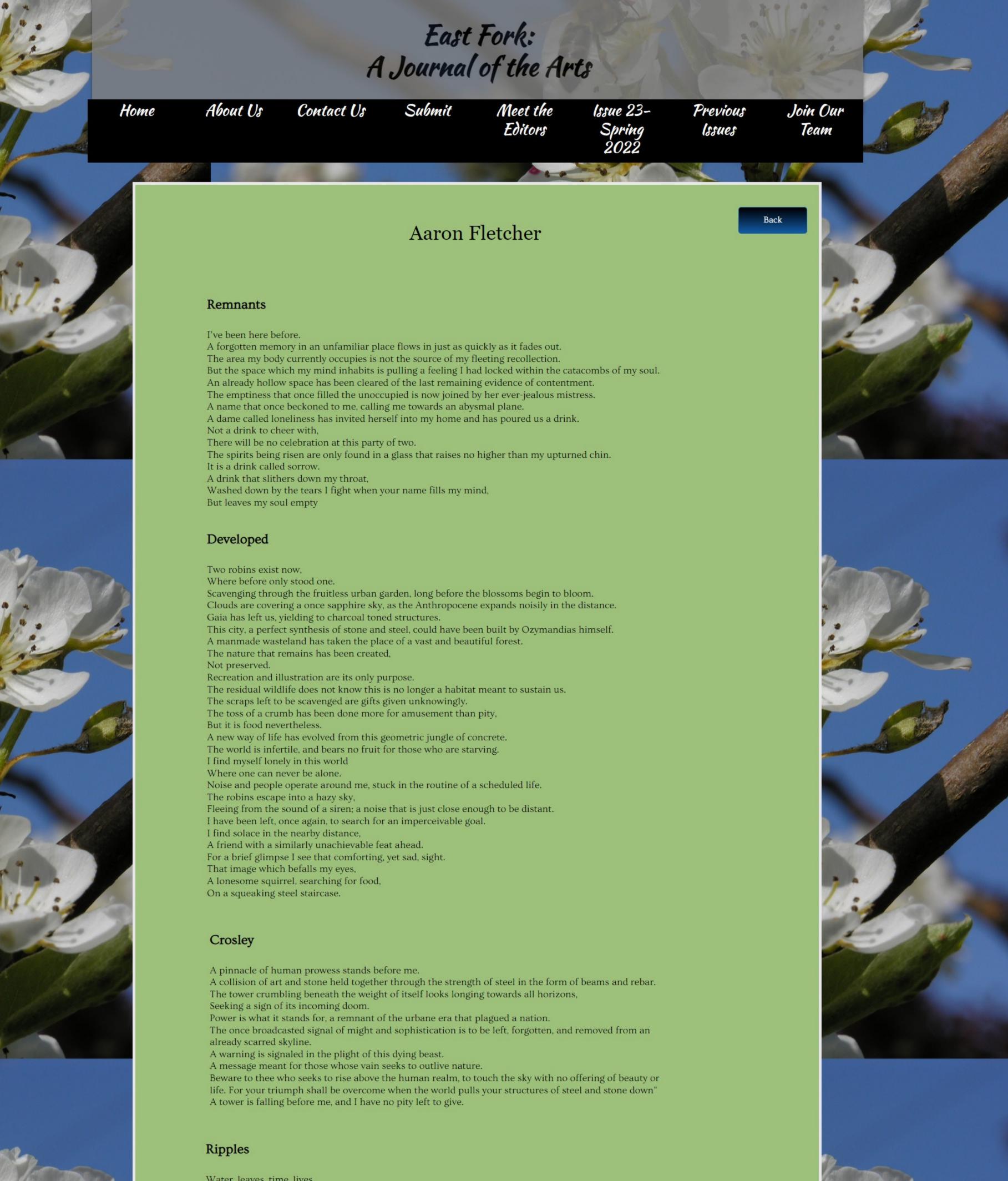
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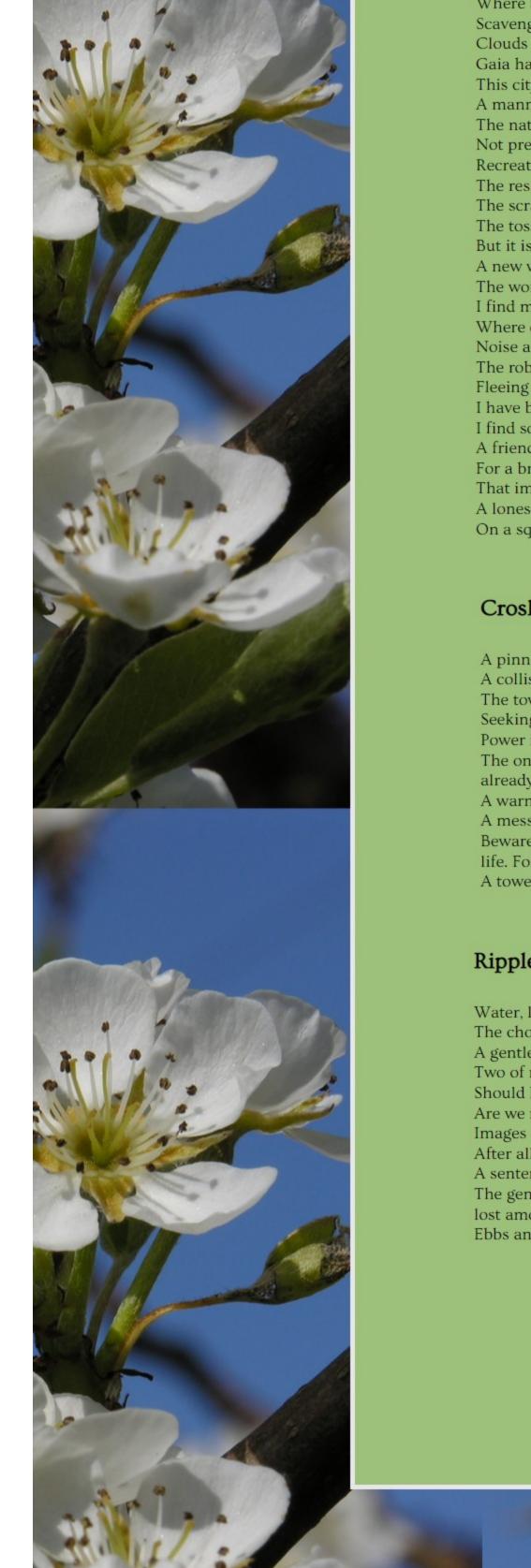
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Water, leaves, time, lives.

The choices of medium that nature selects to exert its unstoppable, omnipresent forces upon. A gentle breeze or a drop of rain.

Two of many tools used to create that ever expanding flow by the hand of Mother Earth herself. Should I toss a stone into the calm sheen of a pond, have I become one of nature's tools? Are we not part of the Earth's beauty? Images of God himself, placed upon the world in order to refine his masterpiece? After all, we can cause ripples too. A sentence misspoke, a line misheard. The gentle toss of the perfect stone; cast upon the waters of that fading childhood memory, left to be lost among the other "oh so perfect" throws, leaving nothing but those everlasting Ebbs and flows.

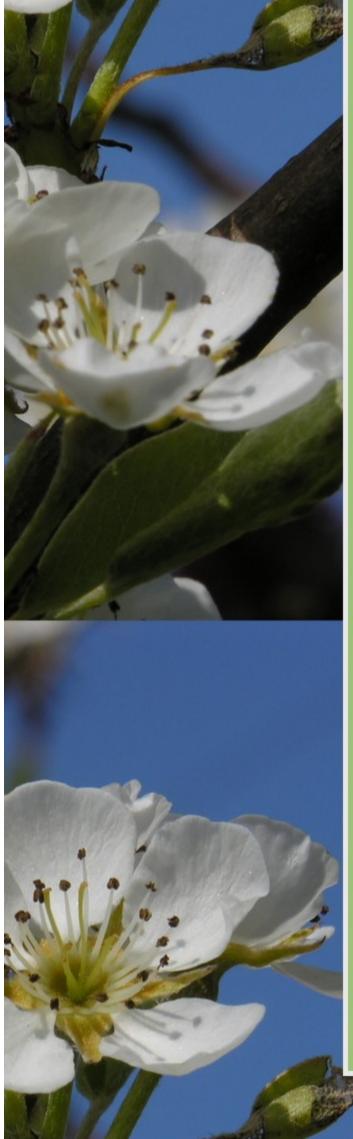


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		East Fork: A Journal of the Arts							
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		A Mother's Movia She has been up since three with the baby of a low heart beat She ha been awake since six to pack the car full of last minute escentuals and memories She been mo since nine with a little g toddling boy and a box spilt cereal	s cozy ving girl, a		Nicholson		Ba	ck	
		She has been at the wheel since eleven after two diapers changes, a bathroom trip and a few tears Now with a backseat full of her heart -sleepy hangery, and fidgety- she can breath.	N						



Jane Doe

My car would look beautiful wrapped around a pole in a familial embrace with my body inside.

My mind barks my death as I drive home from work, when willing to share they don't see what I mean- my mind's auditorium of sugarless details.

I see the dark empty road. the red lights of my car mirrored in the crimson that drips in a dip down my fracters to pool in my lap.

The first cars to pass doesn't see what happened, no one, not until I'm in someone's way.

I see the blue light of a cell screen flash in my window.

I feel the soundless scream.

I hear the dial tone of the nine one one.

Time beats along as sirens get loudingly closer , with sharp lights and then the screeching church of the door being ripped away, a pulse is Hoped for.

As three sets of arms remove my cracking form, a uniform searches the rubble I left for my name.

Phone, cracked and dented, It doesn't turn on.

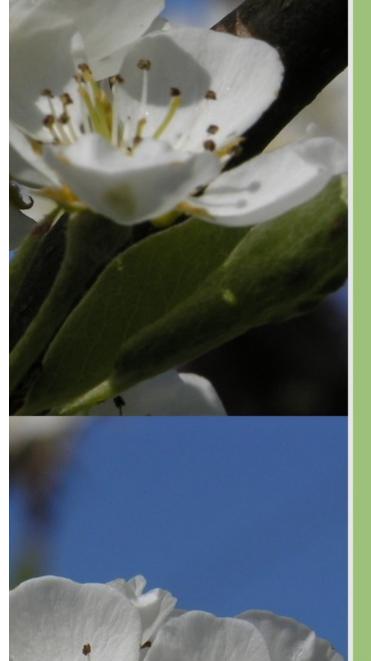
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Carlos and a second sec	Mother's Kitc	hen					7	
CAL BUDDED	And you said it wa	the kitchen floor was st is alligator skin and I be						1 miles
	Our house was but But he doesn't mir							12 and 1
		able I tucked my feet up n and dropped some Che		's back to see if he wo	ould flinch			
		of cereal and tossed it ur						
	At night When my socks we	ere full of eggshells						
	I crawled under th	e kitchen table	1 1 11					
		h a blanket covering my and safe and believing	back like wings					
		to your scales and swor	e I felt your fast hear	t beating				
	And though heard Is that growling?							
	No, crying							All Start
	"It's just the wind,"	" you'd say in the morni	ng					
	But I'd think it was	s the alligator under the	house					



But I'd think it was the alligator under the house I'd worry he listened to us and that we made him sad when we fought Or when I doubted his existence

Eventually

My feet pressed down flatter and ground down all the eggshells to ash And stopped eating breakfast with you at the table

Soon

You remodeled the kitchen And ripped up the green and black crinkled alligator linoleum floor Beneath I expected a heart in suspended animation And expected him to turn around to say "See that there? That's the truth. I told you I was real. I hope you know I was good to you."

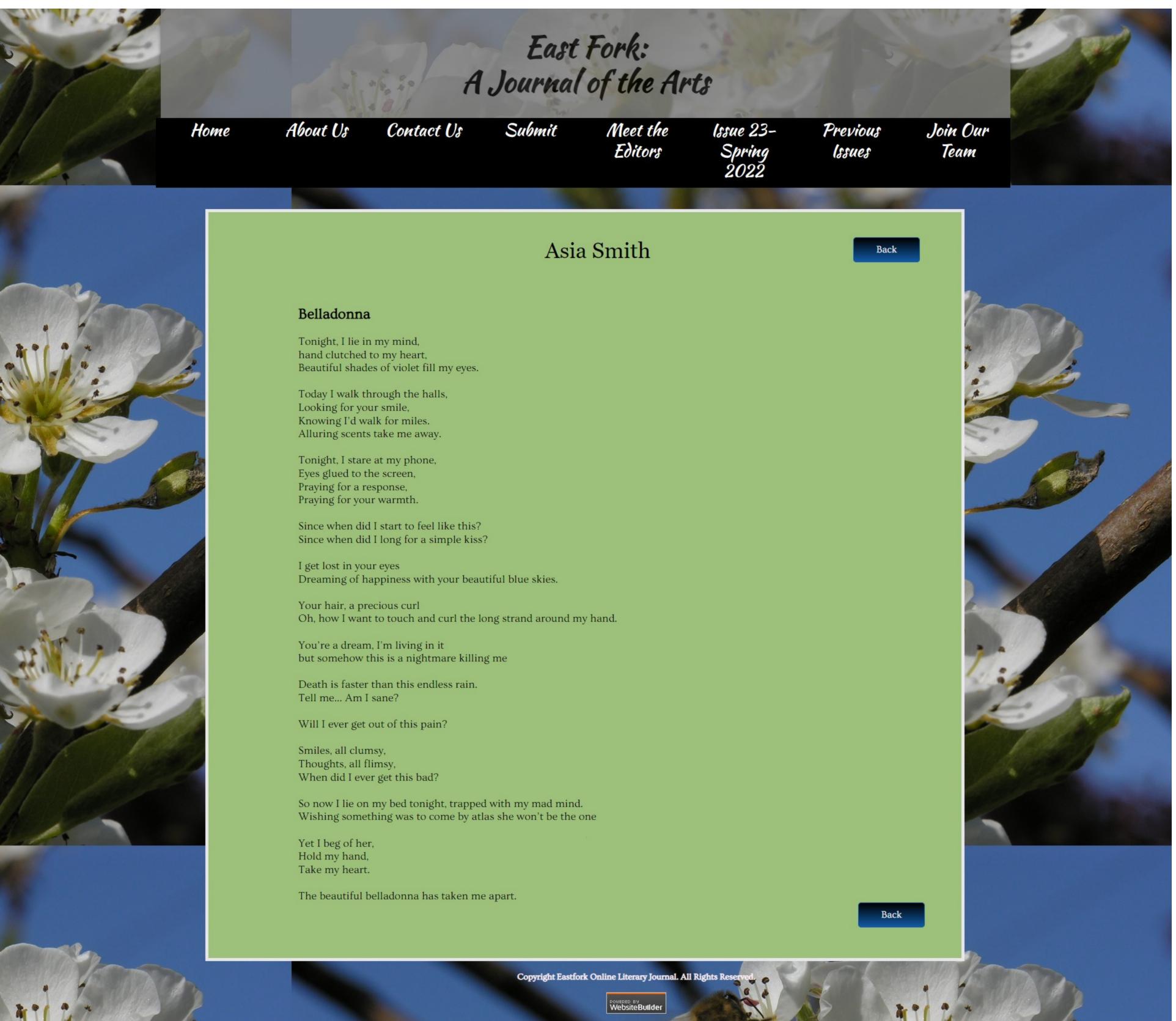
The floor is gray tile, now When I listen I still hear my heart beating against the floor And a sound that is not growling No, crying

In the morning I told you it was the wind Yes– It was just the wind

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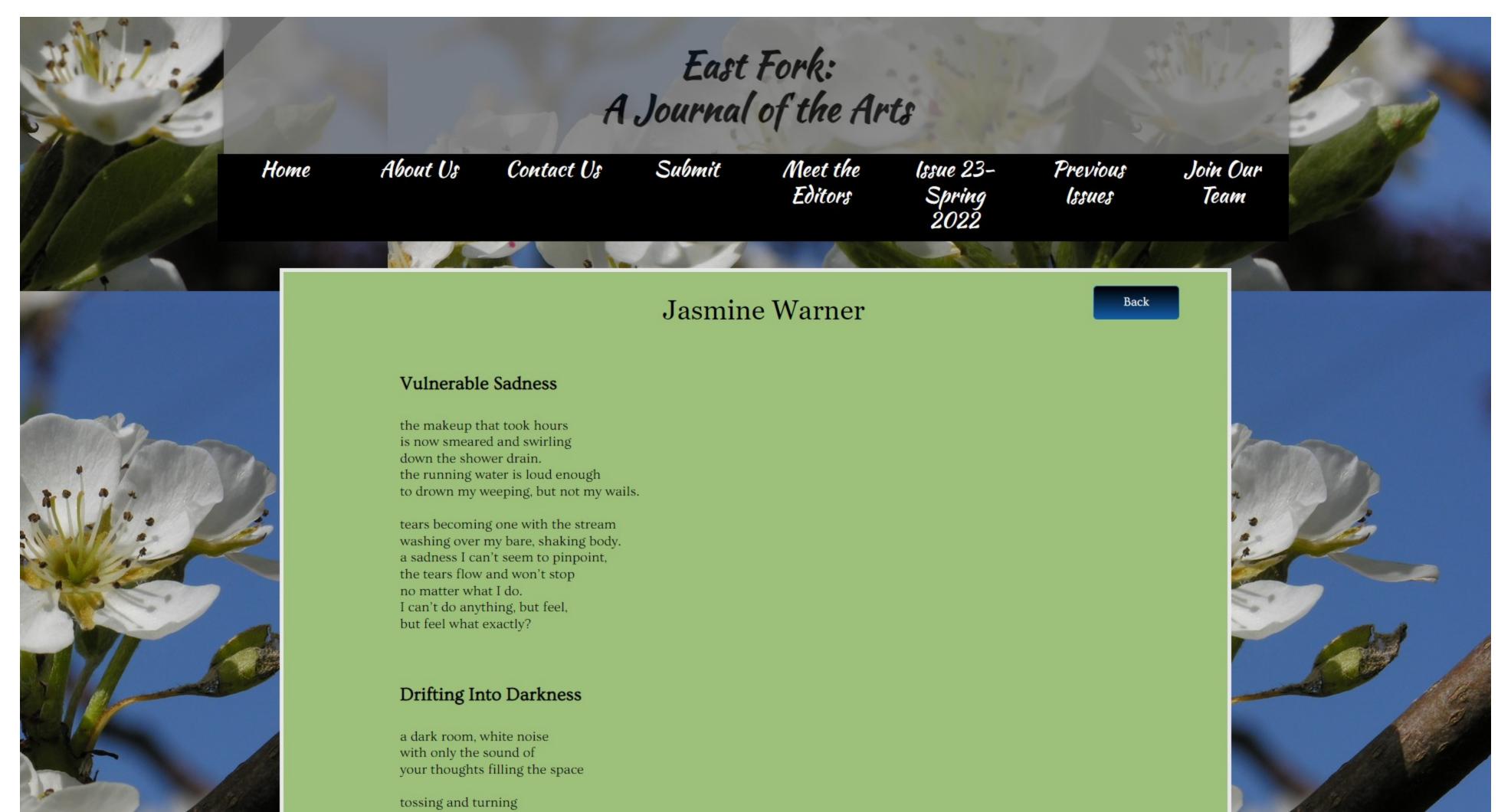
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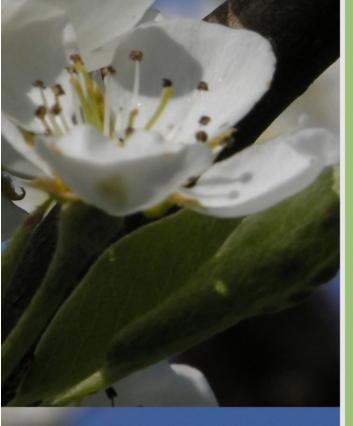
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tangling and untangling the sheets in hopes to distract yourself from the words you can't stop your mind from speaking

it isn't the lack of light that keeps you awake, it's the memories you desperately want to forget.

no matter how hard you try to push them from your head to your stomachthey still seem to belch their way out

the last thoughts you think before falling victim to your dreams that may or may not let your sleep be peaceful

they consume your mind to the point of wanting to stay distracted, occupied until you're exhausted, so you won't be stalked by the monster of your brain.

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