

CCC
the form that denies intention,

and the moment when silence
speaks best. And I wish most
of all for us to know over and
over the thrill of creating
beauty for its own sake,
a kind of worship.

Rick Kempa

Star-Maiden

Every night
When the sky is clear
She slips out of
The indeterminate wooden house
Size and shape changing
With days and seasons
And while everyone else sleeps
She goes to the fathomless pool
Blue so deep
It hovers near black
On the sunniest days
But at midnight
It gleams with the green-white
Of countless stars.
Whether she collects them
Or hurls them deep into the sky
No one has ever observed
But those who have seen her know
Her hands, her face
Are suffused with
The most profound light.

Bert Barry

Names

The creek's sweet roar.
Flurries of foam
Playing chords
On weathered rocks.
Birdsong floating down
From some enchanted realm.
Dogs' gruff music
Riding on the wind.
Shy perfume of moist earth.
Dragon cloud drifting
Through blue bowl of sky.
My eyes sipping lushness,
Moss-smothered trees,
Yellow wildflowers,
A riot of green.
If only I knew their names,
I lament,
Scribbling notes for a poem.
A long-haired young man
Striding by with two dogs
Inquires,
"Are you a poet or biologist?"
I hesitate.
Reluctant to claim
The exalted mantle of poet,
Half wishing I were a biologist
So I could name names*
"I'm a poet,"
I confess,
Suppressing an urge to ask him,
"What's the name of that tree?"

And later, writing at home,
I realize you don't need names
To make Sausal Creek
Surge and sing,
Glisten in California winter.

Ralph Dranow