

THREE POEMS

FOR CARL RUSSO

LINDA BRATCHER WLODYKA

Purple Sky

No paint, no brush to
touch the sky.
Sunlight's sunset,
magic veil
magenta, violet
clouds of gray.

Shadows embark
slip to purple chasm, dark.
As if nectar drips from
concord grape then
splashes, smears,
rains down as tears.

Above, the skyline
light beams through
streak purple sky
without stark hue.

Dusk brings charcoal sky,
clouds linger, stagger,
skim mountain caps,
sink to valley, fade to black.

Full moon rise,
croons, aligns, eclipse
leaves cosmic burst,
purpler sky.

REBECCA HART OLANDER

In Memorium

Your smiling face floats above the crease,
your unfinished business, unfinished,
the ink of your life smudging fingers across town.

This same fall, the 60th anniversary of *Charlotte's Web*.
Narrating, E.B. White's voice cracked at the death of the spider.
It took him seventeen takes to record the end without tears.

It isn't easy to lose an unlikely ally, someone who
lived with you in a little painted village on a shell
in a world with the yolk blown out.

RICH PUCHALSKY

Ground

Just underground
Building-up, a network of threads
Leaves fall what must seem
A long distressing glide, a tumble
And packed up, layered, sewn through
Become what is called the soil.

What grows here? These woods
Are stamped by traveled paths
And overhead the flutter
Of the thing with feathers.

Pressed between wax sheets,
A leaf alone is forgot.
Merging, the threads,
The sprouting is what makes the farm.
That is the fall, coming together,
A good guest and a good host.