









Fickle Weather

From a plane above the Colorado plains.

Burlington, Colorado











-  Altitude does little to diminish
-  Grimness in the fallow fields below—
-  Nothing is concealed by sooty snow,
-  Only some momentary feints at purity.
-  Still, I'd like to think some watershed,
-  Tentative, but undeniable, awaits;
-  I find myself oddly hopeful, despite
-  Conventional distrust of fickle weather.

Robert Lavett Smith



Prognosis

*Musings along a winter pond,
Denver, Colorado*

-  Against all odds, I seem to find
-  God in Its wisdom infinite
-  Now refuses to exist within my mind
-  Outright denying Its Being incarnate
-  Sowing ontologies of dubious repute:
-  Therefores and wherefores not easy to refute.
-  Irrelevant as these symbols are—they remain
-  Cuneiforms as unscrutable as a timeless reign.

Deena Larsen

Triptych











Inside Job

Watching the switchyard behind the gaslight theater,

Durango, Colorado



-  Atheist is a garish word
-  Glaring and harsh. I am
-  Not faithless; I find faith in
-  Oneness, though not "ONE TRUE GOD"
-  Setting up pieces like a
-  Toy train, a "Remote Switch Railmaster."
-  I find faith in inscape: interrelations and
-  Correlations between the many that are One.

Stace Johnson