

Abalone

A lacquered rainbow stiffened by the years,
its surface pumiced pock marks of a weathered face.
Crevices going through layers cracking the veneer.
Its lacquer split three layers deep by inclimate storms
digs nails deeper to hold on.
Rolled and flipped by stormy gusts.
It's traveled many miles, leaving to posterity
bits of itself.

Brian T'Kindt

Metamorphosis

River, listen to the wind, and hear.
You only seem to be grooved on a course,
Fixed, defined by the beveled shoring
of green-woven banks.
Impassive trees nearby insinuate
their own indestructability
To tell smugly of your forever.
See, lame river, how you accept.
You dream, void of thought,
Along their concept of your destiny.
Beware, river. Prepare, and hear the wind.
One season the prophecy of Noah may tease, urge,
Swell your complacency beyond the satisfaction
of yesterday.
Your banks will cease to be banks.
You will unnerve, uproot, leave behind the trees
And surge by necessity toward your own discipline.
River, hear.
Sail close to the wind.

Ann Maione