

## THOMAS DORSETT

### *Delivery*

Guilt, innocence, loaned light *and* dark,  
life's package emerges; gift-wrapped  
uniquely in live litmus paper, flesh;

it's blue now. Then the first breath;  
after air takes his first walk  
down the new passage, it's pink—

As the new road opens up to live traffic  
both planners lean over the bedside  
thrilled with dust's latest arrival;

through ecstatic meeting of clay  
plus nature's abracadabra,  
flash! now someone who's never been

is— Through live bread and water  
over a framework of bones  
again light announces *I am*

and the dark? New face means new fate:  
for both parents, growth *and* decay,  
life's plant on death's trellis, Thank God

## LISA SHARP

### *Sunset*

A core of bronze  
extinguished by  
vermillion, purple.  
A brush of black fir  
etched against  
a glowing sky.  
A trail of fire  
smoulders in the  
darkness of the lake.  
Color ushers in the  
coolness of night.