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My House

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FAMILY REUNION

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

we came together like pastel ribbons
rippling from paths that had touched
one that had not
the jolly, the poet, the hunter, the beauty, and me
our appearances betrayed the connection
that our blood could ne'er deny
we were still strangers
we forged a bond with laughter and barbecue
the laughter masked my tears
my tears exposed my longing and my fears
old folks keeping secrets...
but blood bonds cannot be broken by those words
so robust hugs gave way
to gentle embraces
tentative touches melted stoic faces
tender kisses and pockets of quiet conversation
in the midst of a room
full of love and vigorous laughter
we left like brightly colored ribbons
rippling in all directions
full of promise and
the assurance to meet again



MY HOUSE Mirtha Aertker

GREENHOUSE

Anna Gauthier

Beside a small home
stands a greenhouse:
suffocating in summertime
& tepid in winter,
it is nevertheless
Loved.

It fools the weather
to protect its seedlings inside
(it's those small things
that count),
looking on as ants
steal food from the potted soil
& the plants look out
beyond their terra cotta beds
green with envy.

The freedom they see has
room to stretch their roots,
and inhale sunlight through
waves of fields of green.
A world unto itself, this
hothouse
who sighs with the wind
and laughs at the rain
as the foliage inside blooms
endlessly.

Incandescent light streams
through translucent walls
where
herbs, fruit and flowers bloom,
forever sprout
in this little piece of paradise
encased in glass.