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Korean Kimchi

Janet Powell

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Korean Kimchi

Adam liked their kimchi
rotting cabbage and vegetables
in a vat of pickling juices

Back to the beginning
to start again
the warm, womb water
I float in an isolation tank
the quiet solitude
waiting for a mind trip
that follows long
dry spells

Back to the beginning
to the day
I was born
and the memory
however faint
of my first breath
the cold bright room
and odd human touch
examining my ten fingers and ten toes

Back to the beginning
with such absolute certainty
and conviction
you tell me
I know I am loved and wanted
I'm adopted.

Janet Powell

In Transit

You have become a stranger,
and I never saw it
at the time.

I saw the sky change color.

I saw the leaves fall.

I saw my children grow
a little in that space of time.

But I did not see you
as you put your coat on
and stood at the edge,
waiting to go.

You're still waiting.

I see.

And I hear the mad rhythm
Of an angry heart;
I hear the wind's fingers



Reflections by Sara Reising

stirring the trees.
The martins at morning,
the moths at night.
And you are standing
at the edge, stooped,
watching the ground,
waiting to go.

Margaret Burton Malone