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# outhouse blues / Seeing The Light: A Sonnet for My Sons

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freedom of interpretation

power of myths

#### outhouse blues

By Sheryl L. Nelms

so much of my early life was spent suspended

above that black and gargoyled

hanging there in the cold ammonia draft

remembering the horror stories of a cousin who disappeared forever

when he was grabbed from

below

### Seeing The Light A Sonnet for My Sons

By Sandra Soli

Who is to say the sun is not a fire Made up of moons, old stones and tigereyes, Bright coals to warm a chilled celestial choir? Collected, burned, then hurled throughout the skies By that Omnipotence who dwells past Mars, Deciding, at the dawn of leisure games. "As marbles these won't do - I'll call them stars, A festival of lanterns, each with names!" Whichever explanation suits you best, Imagine, if you can, the wondrous light! For even antic errors meant in jest May lead to future miracles outright; Exploding from a spark of perfect mind, Most glorious stars and suns of every kind.

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SANDRA SOLI, originally of England, is a prize-winning poet from Oklahoma City.



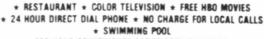
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