

Moving Onward

by Tammy Jo Graham

If the trees don't change
fast enough—

Start moving.

If you find yourself
tiring of the same horizon—

Start moving.

If the rain never seems to cease—

Start moving.

If you are feeling tied down—

Start moving.

Start moving
and never stop.

If you are tempted to rest
because the night has fallen—

Don't.

Just keep moving . . .



Photo by Rhet Lickliter

Ideas Fade Into Nowhere, Like the Color of My Blue Jeans

by Jay Lesandrini

A fluorescent light buzzes in the back of my mind. My thoughts leap forward to what will be. They slip backwards over twenty-one years of what has been. They avoid what is now—class. My eyes become glazed; and in my trance, lectured words pass by my ears without entering. My closed head allows no new thoughts to enter. Instead, it forces old thoughts quickly out the back door of my mind, until future thoughts have become present ones. And, old ideas fade into nowhere like the color of my blue jeans.