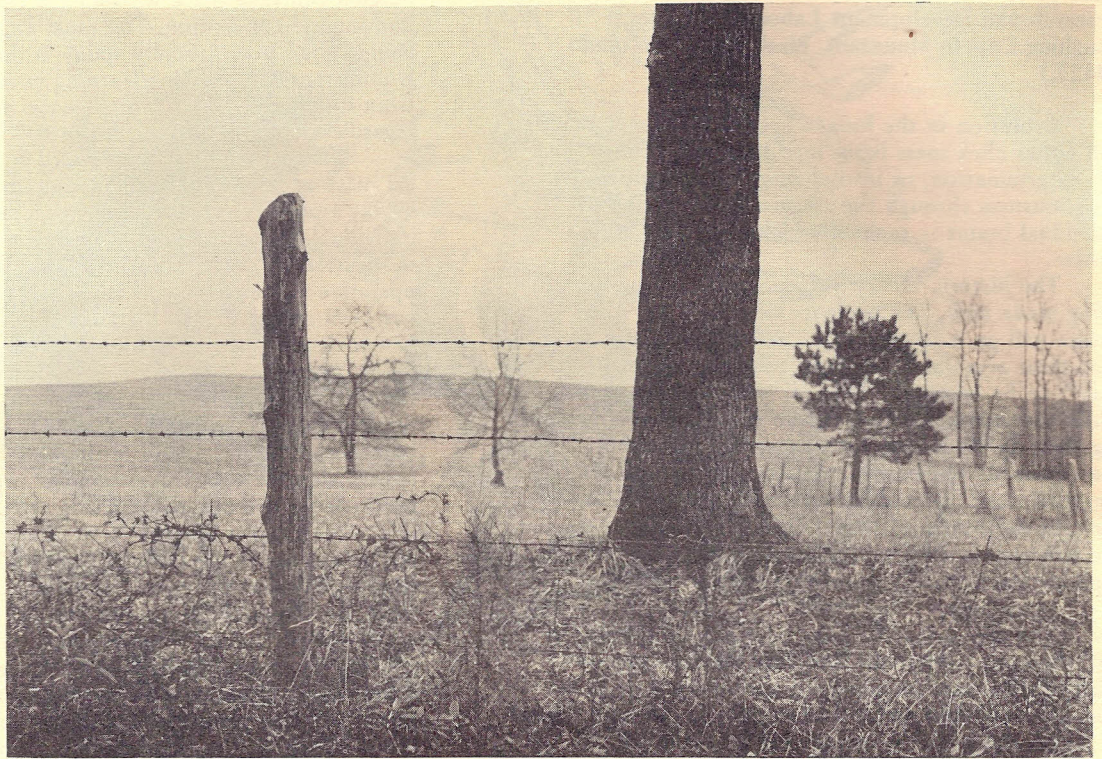


PRISCILLA RICH SAFRANSKY



JOE BLANKENSHIP

night

eyes.
here lie dreaming trains
lost in the night. here,
night is caught up
and travels.
here is the night, you could
almost take it in your hand.
you might blow it out
on ribbons of light
then pull it back
through the stem
of an idle flute.
you could at least
drag it through fresh corn,
think of the pleasure.

KIP WARD

Poem

It's just to us.
The laughing between toes.
Skimming river banks
thinking
what can this world do
but move beside
our touch.
Feel me
for a moment
near the mossen oak.
When we go beyond our skin
we break into
blossom.