

JOANNE ARNOTT: OUT OF THE PAST

out of the past arises  
against all expectation  
a friend, a family member  
joyous play

brought together by ghosts  
statues, tombs, words penned and forgotten  
words judged and faded into  
obscurity

fresh demands flicker  
in the ashes, smoke of seduction

make this leap  
know this thing  
publicize this  
share your life again  
join with

we all do it  
seduced by the pulse of life  
the rogue nature of life itself  
demanding more, giving much

seeds of tomorrow  
strength from the past  
lush reproductions

KIM GOLDBERG: WHAT REMAINS

At the end of Maki Road, beyond the Living Forest  
campground, lies a tomb of ghosts and statues  
from a civilization past. I can hear them whispering

among the broom and brambles and estuary  
grasses. Some days I think I understand  
their language, the meaning of a stairway

up a coal slag going nowhere. Or the giant  
iron spool thirty feet tall. Deeper in the forest  
the fractured concrete walls of an old building

with more forest growing inside, roof long gone.  
I step over the doorsill, walk across the soft  
earthen floor strewn with fir cones to reach the small

window with its view of furrowed trunks. A brown  
creeper needles its way up the bark in front of me. Somewhere  
nearby a crow strikes up a conversation as persistent

as the moss devouring the walls. I cannot tell  
if its raspy call is coming from the forest inside  
or the forest without.

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