

Somewhere between  
*by Gail Christensen*

a rock and a hard place

near the cliff,

a meadow

where clouds hold back

their needles of rain

the whirl ceases

and a small light leaps

in the soft grass

and thorny blackberries.

Lost at Sea

*by Gail Christensen*

On the second morning of January,  
first cup of coffee in hand,  
I stand in the kitchen as if  
on the bow of a ship, gazing out  
on the sea of maple floor,  
the jetsam of pine and glitter,  
drops of red wine, chocolate crumbs,  
the ghostly shoe prints of sailors,  
evidence smeared on the smooth glass,  
that something happened here,  
something joyful in the cold night,  
time that will not in the same way  
be again, a spilling still warm  
that needs not be so soon swept away,  
not before a moment of silence,  
not before a proper goodbye;  
and so, respectfully, I linger,  
unmoored to the impatient hour tapping  
its foot on shore, and adrift  
in the dead calm that comes before  
I pour another cup.

*Gail Christensen* grew up in Ogden, Utah. She graduated from Utah State University with a degree in English. She also retired from USU where she was a typesetter and graphic designer for various departments on campus. She and her husband have lived in Richmond, Utah since 1980. They have two daughters and three grandchildren, all living in Salt Lake City.