

CRACK COMBAT

Granite and a pine tree
combat cracks
where roots shove
against
immovable object
granted space millennia ago.

Sun-bleached stumps
stand in defeated slumps
across the cracked landscape
littered with youthful sap
surging through growth rings
pushing cracks wider
for future generations
of pine cone seeds cracking.

ANONYMOUS NAMES

Like watch guards
tombstones stand
on both sides
of the path
through the cemetery.

A gauntlet of names
and dates chiseled
for eternity or until
wind erosion erases
the death to anonymous

which all visitors
hope they appear
to the buried ancestral
plots in formation
placated by fresh roses.

CAMOUFLAGE

I am a sparrow
like all sparrows
swooping to feeders
for a snack
of sunflower seeds
set out like a buffet
for homeless people.

Indistinguishable,
anonymous,
brown and gray
plumage
in camouflage,
I fly back and forth
or is it really I?

Diane Webster

FACE TO FACE

I stand on my reflection
or does my reflection
keep me afloat?

I stand on my shadow
until I walk toward the wall
for a face to face.

STILL LOCKED

The door hangs askew on one hinge;
cracked wood and blue paint peels
like a drought-stricken river bed
drying in August sun.

But still locked in rusty grasp
of chain and padlock
like a school of fish lazing
in the final pool of water.