

THOMAS DORSETT

Delivery

Guilt, innocence, loaned light *and* dark,
life's package emerges; gift-wrapped
uniquely in live litmus paper, flesh;

it's blue now. Then the first breath;
after air takes his first walk
down the new passage, it's pink—

As the new road opens up to live traffic
both planners lean over the bedside
thrilled with dust's latest arrival;

through ecstatic meeting of clay
plus nature's abracadabra,
flash! now someone who's never been

is— Through live bread and water
over a framework of bones
again light announces *I am*

and the dark? New face means new fate:
for both parents, growth *and* decay,
life's plant on death's trellis, Thank God

LISA SHARP

Sunset

A core of bronze
extinguished by
vermillion, purple.
A brush of black fir
etched against
a glowing sky.
A trail of fire
smoulders in the
darkness of the lake.
Color ushers in the
coolness of night.