

The Glorious Blue Skies

The glorious blue skies
 behind the mirrors of your soul
 makes me face the world again.
 Among the crowds of indecision
 who try to knock me down
 with talk of confusion
 your strong arms hold me above
 the blank faces and names.
 The north wind
 doesn't rule
 my open soul
 any longer.
 Only the Sun
 motivates my mind.
 Like the gulls of the Sea,
 my heart is free
 free to love you
 not to fear you.
 Putting strength
 behind my growing bones,
 I owe you my happiness.
 Rising like the Sun,
 my soul rises above the din.
 Only it goes down
 in the comfort of your arms.

--Gretchen Zehner

Reflections on Blood

She had to put the book down. All that violence and so much blood. It seems as if blood is spilling off of the page. She can see the blood on her hands and worst of all she can taste it in her mouth and she knows it has filled her stomach. All that blood, all that life and it is pooling in her mouth. Hoping others can't see it and know—know that she has the blood and it is her fault the violence all happens. She feel the guilt, all of the pain, the hurt, the damage, the death of it all—and she tastes the blood. She can't find a reason for the damage of life and the discovery of blood. The game of predator and prey—the prey only knows fear and pain and that its blood is being let out. Blood is only life when it is on the inside, it is death when it is outside. She wants to vomit all of the blood up. Vomit until the blood comes, not from the violence she knows she is responsible for, but from her. Let the blood out in penance for having had life.

--Heidi Lorraine Bechtold