

Listed alphabetically by Title

- OPP

Bereft

All night the drone of the highway schooner
scraping black ice off country roads floats
in unsteady light and swirl of snow colliding.
How can weather be scoured away when
a blue mist sulks for hours in the orchard,
lingering over tracks of deer and opossum
that have uncovered icy windfalls?
To survive, one must be aware – coyotes’
glossy breath staggers beneath pines–
their baleful cries echo– rungs of sound
climbing higher and higher. . .
What’s missing? A soul’s departure
only noticed by one of us.

•

MJ Iuppa © 2014 – From her OPP micro-chapbook “**The Night's Discrepancy**”

Dreaming, Mostly, of Nameless Things

In these blue mountains
where tall trees lean over
like gentle giraffes,
we go to sleep
dreaming, mostly,
of nameless things.

Last night, I dreamt
of horizontal rain,
of a tree with its irreverent hoofs in the sky.

•

K. Srilata © 2014 – From her OPP micro-chapbook “**Dreaming, Mostly, of Nameless Things**”

I Am Being Tested

I am being tested
and I'm finding wanting
in things I didn't want before,
not wanting what I did before
and knowing the difference.
A plan of self-discovery is needed
but I'm not interested.
The person I thought I was does not exist
and truly it's a little frightening
to wonder what's really there
when the wolf is not at the door.
I think I have become the wolf.

•

Star Ferrin © 2014 – From her OPP micro-chapbook “**I listen for the mail**”

Love is Breathing

Love, like music, is breathing,
the deepest thing
memory or future or now or never
finds in air, where
nothing cares
what happens next
because it will happen
regardless,
regardless impressions,
light or shadow,
are animals born out of expectant air
to the changes we need to make
which are never too late,
just like a solid, forceful wind
gives in
to the greater force —

Before I die. O, I can say,
I loved and I was loved,
and regret was a shadow
in that far-off green fields
only a single step away
to a person in tremendous love
and sinews of light
forgives.

•

Martin Willitts, Jr. © 2014 – From his OPP micro-chapbook “**Dedication**”

Primavera

Again the earth thaws and one bony knuckle
then the next unfurls
until your fingers fan out
caressed by the tender air.
Soon the green feels its way back,
fleshing out the beauty of you
shaking bits of soil free
from your strands of yellow,
thickening with each new breath.
All winter long my brittle bed
pierced me with loneliness;
my graying body starved in long neglect
ached for the color of you.
Even as the press of snow chilled my heart
I wanted to believe our love
could outlast death.

And now your kisses
kill the frost of me
as each gold spoke of sun
swirls its way inside
with warm pink life—
insistent, unending.
My eyes shut
to the gathering dust, feeling
tender, exposed
like the flowering vine
I climb—and climb.

•

Ira Schaeffer © 2014 – From his OPP micro-chapbook “**Deft Turning**”

Past Tense

It took me ten minutes or so,
to get the rhythm of rowing.
One oar slipped from its lock,
drifting ineffectively
like a broken flipper.

I watched you grow smaller
on the dock, as I relearned
a long unpracticed skill.
Pulled back in unison,
dipped my wrists, lifted,
and crossed fists to pull again.

Blind to where I was going,
as if stuck in a past tense,
only you for a distant guide.
My luggage in the stern,
a shifting ballast; as the bow

rose with each stroke
above a trailing wake.
A peculiar but familiar
way to travel, looking back
as I stumbled forward,
anticipating but never seeing
what's to come.

•

Bill Carpenter © 2014 – From his OPP micro-chapbook “**Kayaking the River Styx**”

-