

The Sunrise Shore Story Award

The Sunrise Shore Story will be awarded in the fall of each year in conjunction with the second issue of the year. All short story entries, fiction or creative non-fiction, are eligible for the award regardless of edition in which they appear. The submission guidelines are the same as any short story submission to the journal. All authors should provide full contact information with their submissions. The short story will be chosen by a committee of three members who are familiar with northeastern Michigan and literary works in general. The award consists of a monetary prize of \$100.00 and a memento indicating the distinction. The editors are proud to announce that the award will be designed by regional artist Mary Veselenak owner of Vesele Studio. For more about the artist, visit: www.veselestudio.com



MI Sunrise Journal

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● Volume II, Spring 2019

Regional Authors
Local Artists

MI Sunrise Journal

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Creative Writing
Regional Authors

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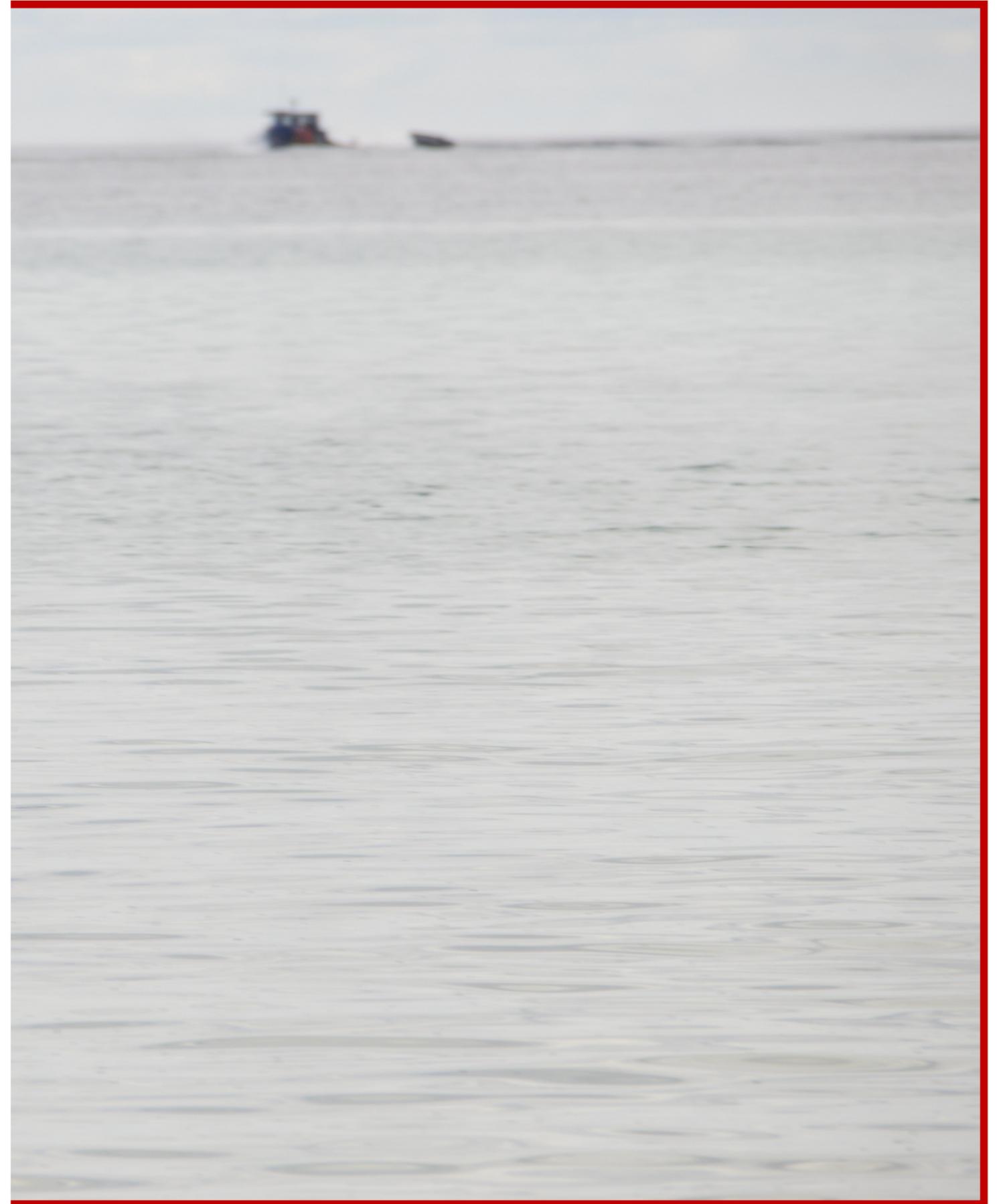




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My Vietnam Veteran Heroes

"Live for something rather than die for nothing" George Patton

Through my life I've had many positive influential people. For this project I was supposed to pick one person, one hero. The thing is I have two. My heroes' names are Paul Clement (my Papa) and Frederick Gregg (my Grandfather).

My grandfathers have helped me in many ways. I grew up switching back and forth as they both cared for me until I was in school then I would still switch after school. My papa taught me things like cooking and how to take care of myself. I also did all of my traveling with him. One of my favorite trips was when we were driving to Florida and we had stopped for the night. In a town that had a festival going on, a festival celebrating ants. My nana and sister went to get us food and the fireworks started going off. This was special because it was just the two of us. My grandfather was the one who taught me to do one of the things I love most. At five years old my grandfather taught me to shoot. To this day I still shoot. I compete with my grandfather and his friends. I have two deer under my belt and am still getting better.

My grandfathers have helped more than just me. My papa used to take care of me and my sister when we were little. He was also my dad's caretaker because my dad is very sick. My papa and nana would take care of each other. When I was little my grandmother had three strokes, so my grandfather takes care of her. He always goes to my grandmother's house and makes sure she has her pills, eats and gets proper care. They also served in the Vietnam War and both were wounded. My grandfather had his legs blown off and walks on prosthetic legs. My papa had a metal rod go through this neck.

My grandfathers taught me the respect and gratitude I should have for all veterans, something that lacked in their time. My grandfathers fought like hell for what they had wanted. One of the challenges they overcame was surviving. They survived the war, family, and life. My papa was a troublemaker and he overcame his troubles by joining the military. He survived the loss of a child. We are surviving the loss of him. My grandfather survived bad PTSD and depression. He survived being an amputee. He taught me to do the things I love and also helped me to be who I am.

Through every hardship, through every ounce of pain and tragedy, through the smiles and laughs; my grandfathers are always there for me. Without them I wouldn't be who I am today.

Cover Art

Front Cover Mallards at Sunset



Beckey (Hopp) Matthews was born and raised on a potato farm in Rogers City, Michigan. She graduated Central Michigan University in 2012 with a Bachelors Degree in Biomedical Sciences, and again in 2015 with a Doctorate's Degree in Physical Therapy. She currently lives in Battle Creek, Michigan with her husband, Andrew. She works as a physical therapist for Oaklawn in Marshall, Michigan with a focus on orthopedic conditions such as post-surgical rehabilitation, balance training, and pediatrics. Besides photography, her other hobbies include going on trail rides with her horse, hiking, and traveling.

Back Cover Black Throated Green Warbler



Gary Gee resides in Lewiston and works full time as the General Manager of The Woodworkers Shoppe in Comins, MI. In his spare time he takes advantage of his love and passion for the outdoors and photography whenever he gets a chance.

Northern Michigan provides the backdrop for his artwork and is home to many varieties of local and migrating birds as well as the abundant wildlife which captivate most of Gary's photographic time. His photos have been printed & displayed publicly in galleries, magazines, books, brochures, newspapers, websites & calendars and have won many awards in exhibitions & art galleries where he actively pursues in the display and sale of his works.

As a member and board member to a variety of art and photography groups in the state, Gary says, "I value every minute that I have my camera in my hand and learn so much from others around me in the various groups, meetings and shoots that I attend"

www.photographyupnorth.com

**A special thank you to
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Beckey (Hopp) Matthews
Gary Gee
Charlie Murphy
Sarah May
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**Author Interview with Writer
Thomas Lynch**

Thomas Lynch is a Michigan poet, essayist, and undertaker by trade. His business is located in Milford, Michigan with his family having a long tenure of occupancy on the shores of Mullett Lake where a Sunrise editor was able to meet up with him this last frigid January to talk about his career, writing, and the need for reading. He has been the recipient of the Heartland Prize for non-fiction, the American Book Award, the Michigan Notable Book award and was a finalist for the National Book Award. His collection of essays, *Bodies in Motion and at Rest*, won the Great Lakes Book Award.

He has turned his ancestral Irish home in the far west of the country into a writers' residency. In 2016 he founded The Lynch and Sons Fund for the Arts, which endeavors to intervene in the lives of Michigan artists to encourage new work of lasting merit. The Moveen Prize, is a month long retreat with a travel stipend.

Poetry

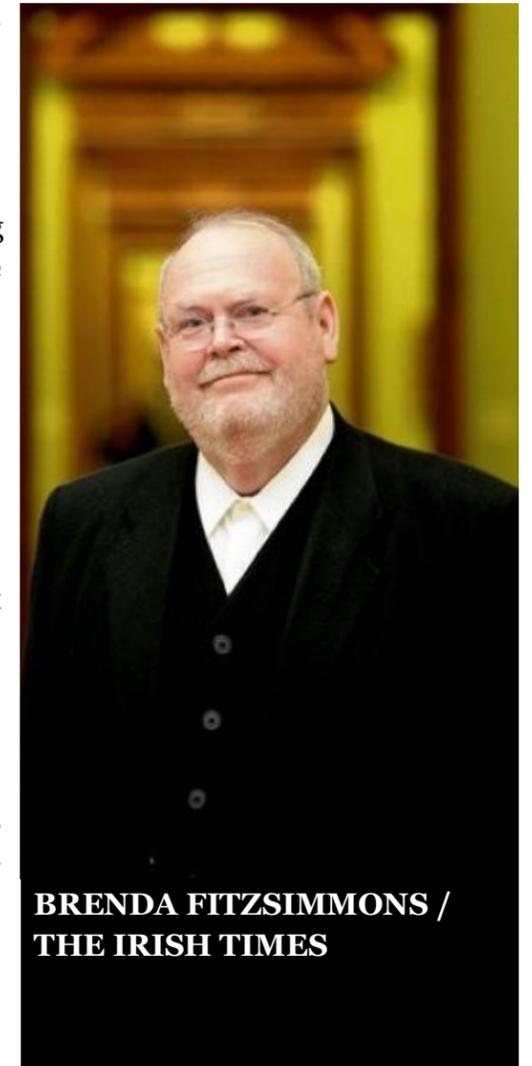
Skating with Heather Grace, Knopf, 1986
Grimalkin and Other Poems. Cape Poetry. 1994
Still Life in Milford: Poems. W. W. Norton & Company. 1999
Walking Papers: Poems 1999 - 2009. W. W. Norton & Company
The Sin-eater: A Breviary, Paraclete Press, 2011

Fiction

Apparition and Late Fictions. W. W. Norton & Company. 2010

Non-Fiction

The Undertaking: Life Studies from the Dismal Trade. W. W. Norton & Company. 1997
Bodies in Motion and at Rest: On Metaphor and Mortality. W. W. Norton & Company. 2001
Booking Passage: We Irish and Americans. W. W. Norton & Company. 2006



**BRENDA FITZSIMMONS /
THE IRISH TIMES**

The Good Funeral: Death Grief and the Community of Care. Westminster John Knox Press . 2013

Whence and Whither: On Lives and Living. Westminster John Knox Press. 2019

The Depositions: New and Selected Essays on Being and Ceasing to Be. W. W. Norton & Company , November 2019

Sunrise - Most people know that, because it's hard to miss, that historically as a professional, you are a funeral director and you're still part of an organization in the business so the question for most is at what point did you start writing and why?

Lynch - I think I started reading early so I always knew that I wanted to have something to I do. I think of writing as sort of a response to what you take in through books, it is just like your end of the conversation. But I didn't have writing classes at Oakland University. I did fall under the sway of a young Poet by the name of Michael Heffernan. I believe he was the first living full-time poet that I really admired. I've seen some people claim to be poets but they just didn't have a life like I wanted to have . I definitely like his work, not only did he write marvelous words as far as how I was reading his poems. Like reading them out loud, I like seeing them on the page I like knowing where some of them came from but I also like the fact that he had a Buick, a mortgage, a regular life. And so because I was going to end up with something like that, I knew that I wanted to have a family, be part of a family. I knew that I wanted to travel he was the first person who got me interested in traveling to Ireland. So I would say his influence was central to my notion, of being, that I could write poetry I went from being a reader of poetry to a writer of poetry. Then I sent work out to a publisher to sound them out, to see how they would do against the general market place of poems. And I got encouragement from editors and publishers who would then ask if I would like to write something else, and so I wrote other things.

Sunrise - There's the time where you just write things for yourself and your family and then there's that turning point where you want to share with somebody else. Did you just started sending things out ?

Lynch - I immediately wanted to know if what I was writing was indeed poetry so I immediately sent them out to poetry magazines. It seemed like the place to send them. [Chuckle] Actually a Michigan man, John Nims, was working at the time and he didn't take the first batch I sent but he did send back a letter saying that if I punctuated it properly he would look at them again. He said they could have no punctuation or correct punctuation but not sloppy punctuation which is what it seems I did. So I fixed a couple

With creative nonfiction, such veiling and protection is cast off. As part of the origin story for this genre some memoirs that were turned into successful movies in the 90s were cited as the core impetus, such as: *Out of Africa* (1985), *This Boy's Life* (1989), *The Liars Club* (1995), and *Angela's Ashes* (1996). In the case of the wrenching story *Angela's Ashes*, members of the author's own family claimed that the events were untrue. Regardless, the author told a story of his recollections that engaged people enough to become a bestseller and a movie.

But is such writing new? *Out of Africa* was published in 1937 and Karen Blixen referred to the work as a lyrical meditation on her coffee plantation in British East Africa. As well, one could argue that Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* was creative non-fiction with the small change of their names. An altered moniker would not have spared them jail time with enough interest from the legal authorities. Memoirs have always been a popular read, just because they could be exotic, racy or touching, so why now?

Susan Orlean, the popular author of *Rin Tin Tin* and the *Orchid Thief*, known for being true stories, described the genre as when a writer can tell a story in a fashion that makes it exciting for readers. The fashion in which a story is written may take a plain Jane story and make it interesting, fascinating or humorous.

Out of Africa was an elegant example of creative-non-fiction but not all stories of the time featured Robert Redford. Take for example the popular 2001 horror flick, *Jeepers Creepers*. It was a fictional telling of a real-life occurrence of what happened to Ray and Marie, Thornton, on Snow Prairie Road, in Coldwater Michigan. The story first aired in *Unsolved Mysteries* in 1991. As such, one might argue that the new genre is literature's response to reality television. In the genre true stories read in an entertaining fashion like fiction, in reality television, true stories, edited, are told in a fashion that will keep people tuned in on a regular basis.

The Deer Camp: A Memoir of a Father, a Family, and the Land that Healed Them is a book just out on the shelves by Dean Kuipers. Set in Michigan, it has been called a frank, personal, and sometimes-painful account of the author's fractured family. While a memoir and likely to qualify as creative non-fiction, it is the author's narration of the land and his love for nature along with masterful writing that many Michiganian might recognize in themselves and enjoy. For more on Dean Kuipers visit his website at: www.deankuiperonline.com.

Creative Non-fiction: What is It?

In the past two years I have started to hear a term creative non-fiction on a more consistent basis. That made no sense to me at the time and I really had no idea what differentiated creative nonfiction from fiction. Then I read a chapter from *Elemental: A Collection of Michigan Creative Nonfiction* edited by Anne-Marie Oomen. The story I read was all true with the author having genuine sources however, he could not have known all the details. He illuminated a true story in a setting with which he was familiar and filled in the gaps. It was engaging to be sure.

Have we seen such writing before? It may be nonfiction devoid of tiresome footnotes or a history written in such a fashion where the academic tone is mitigated. Back in the day, professors would call authors of such books, “arm chair historians.” With such a stream of fluid ambiguity regarding its identity, I finally thought to inquire as to how writers and publishers defined this genre of writing. What I found made perfectly good sense in popular culture yet smacked of a new name for vintage writing.

Reportedly, in 1991 *Vanity Fair Magazine* proclaimed a writer and instructor Lee Gutkind, “the Godfather” behind the creative nonfiction movement and its popularity in the publishing world. This moniker likely came about as Gutkind had started the literary journal “Creative Nonfiction” that published only that genre.

Non-fiction was being taught in classes outside of English departments and writing workshops because at the time those programs were focused entirely on pure literature and poetry. Literature, here being defined as utter fiction, nothing but fantasy. In stark contrast, non-fiction was to be factual stories told in an unbiased way. “Creative non-fiction” was an attempt to bring factual writing into the English classes.

While the term has been debated, at the core, creative nonfiction can be anything you can think of that is written in prose that is not fiction. A writer creates stories, but they stick to the facts. Real names and places are used. The writer aims to get the same drama in both fiction and creative non-fiction.

Perhaps important, the factual elements in creative nonfiction differ in a significant way from a Roman à clef, a form used by writers such as Truman Capote and Ernest Hemingway. Roman à clef, ‘novel with a key’, is a form of writing used to tell true stories while protecting the author from self-incrimination and libel. Often controversial, such stories use fictitious names and locations to represent real people and events in thinly veiled true-life situations. You may have noticed that in most books and movies, there is a written notice indicating that any parallels between the story and true-life events are purely coincidental.

I AM

Celtic Brag by Diana Standen

woman stumbling on a broken sidewalk

sidewalk crumbling beneath heavy feet

feet finding solid ground

ground supporting the woman

woman opening a heavy door

door closing out a painful memory

memory playing with an interesting idea

idea lending a helping hand

hand waving to the painful memory

memory turning into a solution

absolution

Am I

March 14, 2019

and then sent them back and then I found out that *Poetry* was a good place to publish. I knew that as I had asked my friend Heffernan if I wanted to get poems published where should I send them and he had said *Poetry Magazine*. I asked for good orderly direction, getting some, doing the next thing and then I was always shocked when people would actually read the poems. Absolute strangers read *Poetry Magazine* and then would tell me what they liked or didn't like or whatever but it gave you an audience that you did not anticipate and I think that is what most writers want is readers. I never felt like I was writing for myself. I mean I wrote to makes sense of things it was a form of word play which was a way of processing. I really did want to know if I was making poems, committing poetry. So the editors got back to me and said, "Yeah, this is poetry."

Sunrise - So there is no agent here?

Lynch - No, there were no real agents for poetry. There are a couple now but I mean there were no people saying I'll take 15% of the absolutely nothing you're going to get paid for this. [laughter]

Sunrise - Now you had already answered a little bit of what I was going to ask about the motivating element. You wanted to know if they were real?

Lynch - I wanted to know if they were worthy. As a reader of poetry, I knew poetry when I read it and my response. I want to know if what I was doing was real.

Sunrise - I think it might be best to just back up a second and make mention that this was the late 70s and early 80s?

Lynch - I have this notion that I started writing poems with seriousness in the late 1970s. But I know that I was reading poetry in the late 60s.

Sunrise - The reason I point that out is because now, with social media, if someone wants to write a poem and send it out there to people they can with great quickness.

Lynch - Yes, but see there again, it doesn't seem, to me, and this is probably me being an old fart, but there is not any adjudication. For me, someone who does this for a living, who is the judge jury and executioner of a magazine, who is filling the pages needs

Upon Crossing the Atlantic

Nine days on a boat
Coming home.
I stepped ashore.
The land
went out and round,
splashing.

I've known you one year.
Your body
abounds in mine,
in and by,

Effects my balance.

In Biff's After the Rosacrucian Lecture

Slouched
over green counter
The mummies,
out of their sarcophagi,
being it's summer,
Are attended by Egyptian princess
with watery hair
that flows like the Nile
of 6,000 years past.

I espy her
pouring coffee and
filling sugar bowls
at 10:30 p.m.,

Knowing that I must wait
another 6,000 years for my
B... L... T...



Wildflowers

Getting old, getting tired.
Let's see, where did I put
my BP medicine?

Years of war, assassinations,
And urban turmoil
Fell on the anxious days
of flowery children
seeking solutions.

For a moment in history,

The dew or morning
Became the mourning of the past.

Today,
Anew,
Golden poppies and purple lupine,
Sanctify our fields
We rejoice in our rebirth,
Our rejuvenation, and
Persistence toward Quality
and Excellence.

Autumn

No fue nacimiento.
No fue muerte.
Fue una hoja
Se cajo a la tierra.

It was not birth.
It was not death.
It was a leaf
falling to earth.

Nicht die Gebort
Nicht der Tod.
War ein Blatt
auf der Erde gefallen.

By Allen Burnett

I attend a writers workshop in Harris-
ville, Michigan with Will St. John.

Mikado, Michigan

The poem, altho simple, says something. In Spanish, the leaf is actively falling. In English, we have the translation. Incidentally, the leaf is still falling to Earth. In German, the leaf has transitioned to the ground. I include German for a specific reason. The word gefallen includes FALL, another word for autumn. A human derived such a word from the visual experience of seeing the leaf falling. Kinda neat don't ja think.

to screen. I needed someone like John Frederick who is the editor of *Poetry Magazine* to say, "yeah if you did these right I would take them." And that was more encouragement than I needed.

Sunrise - You went to a pretty good high school and an excellent university but did you have any writing classes?

Lynch - No I never had any writing classes but I had reading classes. We were told what to read, we read it, we were supposed to respond to it. The same was true, Heffernan taught at Oakland University and what he taught was Melville, Poe and Thoreau.

Sunrise - Bringing us up to 1986 you came out with *Skating with Heather Grace*. How long did it take you to put that together?

Lynch - Well, I would say that the poems in there were five years work from starting from the earliest part of the 1980s. I think the earliest poems in there were 1980. The two that Nims (John Frederick Nims) took were "Death", "the Grandmothers" and then he published three or four more and so those formed the impulse for that book to find a bigger audience. And then, I remember well being up on the other side of the Peninsula from where you are (Rogers City), I was up around Mackinaw City at Cecil Bay and Heffernan and his family came to visit with my then woman friend, now wife, and we were lodged in cabins there on the beach and he was looking through my manuscript while I was out getting a sunburn. I remember him saying, "Lynch you have to send these poems out and get a book of them, its ready, its time, you should do this." He had published a couple books by then and I took it as serious council. I said, "send me a couple addresses and I will send them out." well he sent me like thirty addresses of editors and their addresses of the publishing houses. I said, "well for the next month so I will send ten a week." I set out with my typewriter, a stack of paper, the addresses and just started sending them out. The first one I sent out was to Gordon Lish at Albert Knopf and he responded pretty quickly. What I sent out was like three or four poems and said, "If you like these I have a bunch more you might like. If not, adios, if so I will send them on." It was a very straightforward and Lish responded right away, "send me the whole manuscript." I did. I did not know Gordon Lish from the man on the moon but I did know that Alfred Knopf was a nice looking name on a manuscript. So I was pleased to accommodate, he sent me a contract. That was more encouragement than I needed but that took together all the poems that I had been writing

since the late 70s until right up to publication. It was November of 1985 when he accepted it and 1987, in January, when it actually came out. There was a time towards the end of that when I was in a writing group. It was in Ann Arbor and I was producing poems every week because you have to. Keith Taylor, and a half dozen of us or so, meet every month and talk poems.

Sunrise - Nice! So that really helped getting with other people.

Lynch - Oh God yeah, That was central to it, because poetry is elective if you do it, because nobody is going to give a rat if you do it. Nobody says, "I hope you are still writing those poems." They would never say that. They kind of try to avoid you particularly if you are drinking [much laughter] and I was drinking at the time. So I always had more to tell people than what they may ever had a curiosity about. It was very important that I sat down with like minded people. It was Alice Fulton who got me into that group. She had appeared in *Poetry Magazine*. I admired one of her pieces, it was a poem called *Traveling Light* about her father and I wrote her a fan letter, because I saw that she was at UofM, I wrote her a fan letter. And she said, "well let's meet" and we did and she said "well you should join our workshop." I did not know a workshop from anything else. The society of poets was very helpful to me.

Sunrise—What strikes me about writing, and you might chuckle at this, that it is pretty cheap fun.

Lynch—Well it keeps you out of bad places. And it is cheap, except it is the overwhelming concern when you are doing it. When it's working it is joyous. There is nothing that I know of that is that kind of focused joyous feeling.

Sunrise—And when it is working you are saying, when the words are coming to you and it is what you want to put on paper.

Lynch—Well people ask me, "What do you do up there" (home in northeast Michigan) and I say, "Well I type." Some days it feels like writing but most days it is just typing. It's like fishing. Most days its just drowning worms but then once in a while you catch a big one.

Sunrise—You had a pretty substantial situation with the work *Undertaking, Life Stud-*

Olds Dogs and New Tricks

Fingers trailing, I slowly search the yellow pages

...Styma Potato Farm, Styma Potato Farm...

While my son quickly recites the number, then adds,

"Mom, they have this new invention called the Internet!"

By Carey Rapin

Carey values writing of all kinds and has been a journal writer for many years. Alpena



Taking Flight by Sarah May



Oh, Good Grief!

Write a poem, she said to us all.

I came up with nothing, not one little scrawl.

I'm just not a poet

And surely I know it.

I'll just stick to writing about kids and baseball.

By Jim Falk

Retired from Abitibi Corp, lives in Alpena and coached little league baseball for many years.

Water, an Acrostic in Honor of

Wishful, willful, wet, wild waves

Artfully sculpt pale blue shards into

Temples, growing, reaching, beyond memory of sand

Elegant, cold-crystal turrets rise, pause, pray, and

Reduce to glistening rubble in spring sun.

By MaryAnn Crawford

retired Professor of English, has spent a lifetime studying how and why we write.

Alpena, MI



Charlie Murphy

ies of the Dismal Trade. You are in something of a different position as a poet because you are in a position to share, pretty much with the world, insights that not just anyone can provide given your profession. You received the American Book Award and that is different from the National Book Award as there are no restrictions on the American Book Award. It is wide open and to me that is a pretty big honor to have received it. You were up against everything and you landed that fish right there.

Lynch—I thought it was just the consolation prize for not getting the National Book Award, that is what I thought. [Laughter]

Sunrise—There are no categories, no limitations.

Lynch—And I was out in the same room as Don DeLillo, so I felt pretty good about that. That again was Gordon Lish. I think it was the same week that my book of poems came out. He called and asked, “Do you write anything other than poetry?” and I said, “Yes, of course. I can write anything.” Which was a lie, but I figured if he’s asking. He said, “I happen to be the editor and publisher of a very important literary journal. I would be happy to publish an essay of yours if you would write an essay.” I asked how many words and it was a couple, few thousand, so I said ok and hung up the phone. So I looked up what an essay was and I thought “important literary journal” that means no one will ever read it and I will never get paid but he is asking, so what harm? And he was saying he would publish it and for me that is like drugs. It’s a thing for writers. So I said I would do it and I stumbled around and was thinking about what I should write about. I stumbled around and waited a good long while, I was pretty much up to the deadline, so I asked him what he wanted me to write about and he said, “I don’t give a shit, tell us what it is you do.” I thought that was generic enough. I was over at Heffernan’s doing a poetry reading, it was the night I met Jim Harrison of all things.

Sunrise—Was that a little intimidating?

Lynch— No, no we were playing cards. And he was just, he was just Jim. His brother was a librarian at the University of Arkansas. I remember being at Heffernan’s electric IBM typewriter writing that essay. I was the President of the Rotary Club and they had always had this thing they called the Classification Speech. Have you ever been in the Rotary?

Sunrise—no, not at all.

Lynch- Well no women were back in those days, it was all men. There was one person from every profession: one barber, one real estate agent, one serial killer, one radio announcer and there was one undertaker. But when the Drain Commissioner or the mileage vote rep could not come to lunch and give a fifteen minute speech then they would call on one of the members to give a Classification Speech and that was basically, tell us what you do. So I thought that was easy, I will tell them what I do and that is how that starts with the essays. After a while, when things are going right, typing becomes joyous and it just becomes you writing to yourself. I remember writing it that afternoon, reading it that afternoon at the Poetry Reading Club [chuckle] and lots of poets I knew would come up to me and say that is a great poem. I thought well it is not a poem but what harm if they think it is, because I do care about sentences and the structure of things. Several years later when I was having a book of poems published in the UK the editor of the *London Review of Books* asked me if I had any prose and what could I do, I gave him what Lish had asked for.

Sunrise—Did you have any idea that the *Undertaking* would just take off like it did.

Lynch—Well I knew that no one had written a book by a funeral director. People did not think that funeral directors could write sentences. They had been sort of savaged by Jessica Mitford who is a wonderful writer but not a great thinker at least not on some levels, a lot about the stuff than the nature of things. Pertaining the *Undertaking*, like John Lish, they just kept asking me for material on my business and it just grew to form a book about my profession. I did have the sense that if it was given a chance that it would make its way in the world. Most people are curious about anything involving mortality in the same way we all want to know what porn stars have for breakfast. [laughter] In the same way people want to know how it is burying your neighbors or a member of your family or the child that's on the table. So If I did it right and give them substance and avoid spectacle, I thought yep it could make its way. The publishers in the UK took it and bought it cheap so they could spend some money on marketing and they did.

Sunrise—What do you think the difference is between essays, like what you did, and creative non-fiction.

Inviting

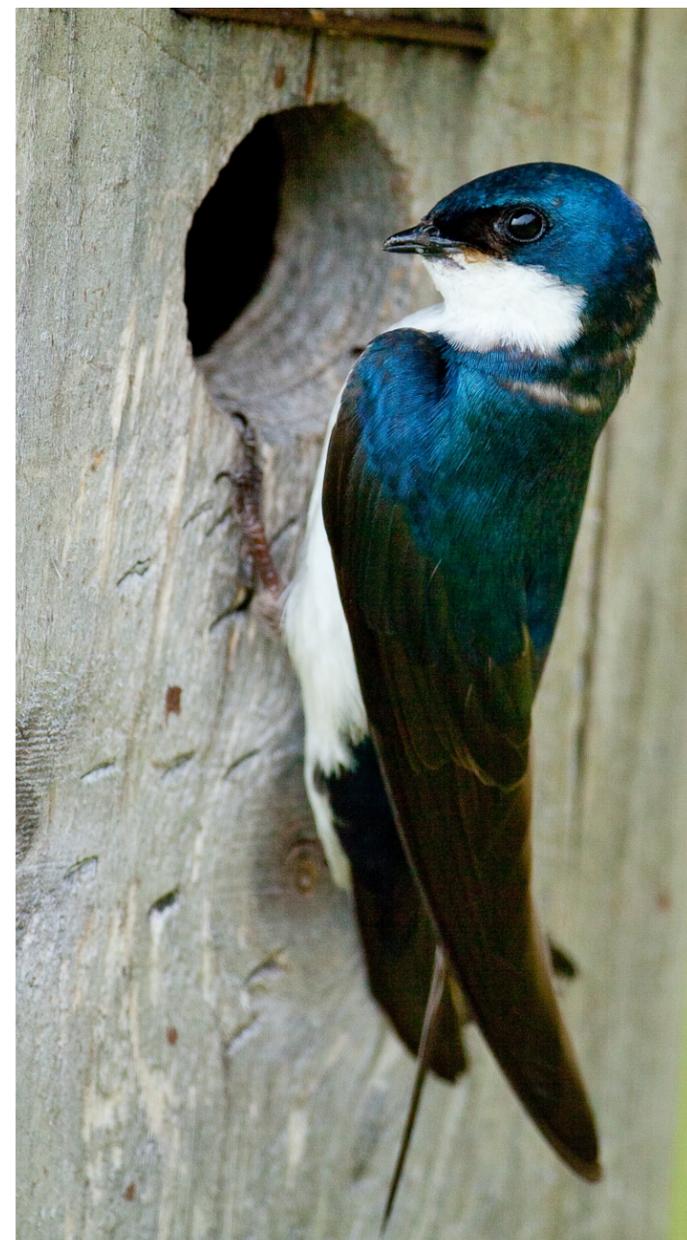
Habdur, "the inviting
here and now",
"the space
of invitation",
waits
at the Nexus of Possibilities,
calls
at the Crossroads of Multiverses,
cradles
in the weaving of the Thousand
Thousand Ways
we could have lived,

we could yet live.
Here we rest our heads
very near to past selves,
future selves, alternate selves,
mythic selves,
and the veil
is so thin tonight
and my mind so empty
and inviting
I can hear the gentle thoughts
of a happier me
seeping across the threshold.

He is not at all
what I imagined.
He is yet more alive

and more present, and stronger,
because I imagined.

By Garrison Benson



Tree Swallow

Gary Gee

Containment

I shed my coat and wondered
how my old friends would react
to the tentacle gliding
across the table edge, fidgeting and
feeling out
textures. I have been letting it
explore me and my old haunts—
curiosity killed the cat
but I am not a cat
today. I am a human

and a curious
young tentacle
emerging from my side.
The strangeness about magick
is this new awareness

of the layers of containment defining
this form
and what is being contained
and the mutability
and the breaches in the membrane—

I know now
I could have been anyone
today, frog or prince, noble or tum-
bling fool,
monk or hedonist,
comforter, gadfly, gray old friend,
new man, new smile.

I can hear in each moment
the din of possibilities coexisting in-
side
bursting to become more
mutually exclusive
realities.
I am tired—aside from the tentacle

my present skill is spent
noticing all of this and choosing to
change
slowly, choosing with effort to remain
mostly
something known.

Dealings with the Shadowlord

Witches whisper of partnering
closely, carefully, dangerously
in the dark
with certain gods
or goddesses
fickle or willful, playful or demanding,
surging with power.
I found the scat of a large animal
full of claws and fur
of the animals it devoured
on the trail I walk daily
between the house
and the driveway.

I had been wondering about him.
He had been wondering about me.

To the dark
I spoke truth
and the dark spoke
truth for truth
and something changed.

I am honest now
about what I crave,
more secretive
about what I offer.

Come to me this night
and bargain

again
to run together,
you with me
and I with you,
two Sovereigns
over Day and Shadow.

Lynch—I don't know if there is a big difference. I have seen some writing on this. The thing about essays is that you have a sense of going on a journey, you don't know the outcome, but a good writer knows how to space the rocks. If not, the reader gets bored and falls off the rocks. If the rocks are too far apart the readers do not take the leap with you. This is the job of the author. When you get the spacing right the reader goes with you. You can connect a lot of stuff, as you know, when you are on a journey, shit happens.

Lynch—One of the reasons we write is putting that vague notion into words, elements like anger or rage. Or affection, if we can put it in sentence form then we can hold it up and look at it and think, “does that ring true?”

Sunrise—Back to the *Dismal Trade*, somehow PBS got in touch with you and you did a



Gary Gee Hummingbird

By Garrison Benson, Rogers City

television special.

Lynch—Oh *Frontline*. Actually they have been in touch years before and that. I had published something in *Harpers*. It was one of the things from the *London Review of Books* and *Harpers* said, “Can we publish this?” *Harpers* is one of those things that David Fanning of *Frontline* reads and he called me up and said that he would like to come out and start a conversation with me and I said, “chat away, here is my address.” They spent a week with me, followed me around and then said that they would like to do a film about how you do things. At the time I did not think I was ready, I thought it would be a breach of privacy for the families that we serve.

Sunrise—Milford is kind of small.

Lynch—It’s a small town, I am the only funeral director there and people are very good to me. I just was not ready. It think it was 12-15 years after that that Karen O’Connor called and said that they had been thinking about it for a long time.

Sunrise—Just to recap, at this time you are just still writing poems and sending them off to publishers like the *London Review*, the *Salon*, and *Harpers*.

Lynch—Actually *Harpers* just has a bunch of young people who sit around reading things and if they see something they like they ask if they can publish it.

Sunrise—So word just gets around.

Lynch—It gets around. When I do workshops that is why I tell people that their biggest job is to advocate for their work make sure it gets out there. Emily Dickenson is not going to happen again. Not in the age of Facebook and social media. No one is going to find a packet of poems tied up on a shoelace.

Sunrise—That brings me to my next question. Do you think younger people, particularly amongst men, feel that there is something of a stigma affiliated with writing? A sense that it is not the cool thing to do?

Lynch—The short answer is no. People are not doing this to get girls. I remember thinking that I would rather be Simon and Garfunkel. An Irish friend of mine, Mary O’Malley,

Spring Morph

Dawn chorus emerging

Robin riot converging

Around the base of a willow tree

Song sparrows boasting

Sweet notes crescendoing

Sunflecks dance toward the old red oak

As choruses combine

Screech owls resign

Spring has returned to the northern woods

Great Snowy Owl, Rogers City Marina

Charlie Murphy from canoe



Broad Perspective

What is your intention?

Destructive distillation

Coke and coal

Immersing self with ascension

What is your intention?

Soil degradation

Food supply and pesticide

Conventional wisdom obsession

What is your intention?

Atmospheric convection

Emissive force and human choice

Waste without perception

What is your intention?

Knowledge assimilation

How far and how long

Before we have your attention

By Christopher Bobryk

Journey Through Grief

Autumnal equinox:
the year and a life in decline,
Night lengthening, overtaking Day.
A heart failing,
six months or less to live,
into hospice, into the Valley of the
Shadow of Death.
Palpitations, tightness in chest, pit in
stomach.

Born January 1, 1923.
Died October 29, 2018.

All Hallows Eve, All Saints Day,
mortality scattered in a Garden.
Crying, deep sighing, lost.
First Thanksgiving without.

Winter solstice, full Cold moon, Ursid
meteors:
signs and portents.
The world is about to turn.
First Christmas without, and New
Year's.
96th birthday in absentia.
Restless, sleepless, impatient.

Celtic Imbolc, Lunar New Year:
the Year of the Pig, my year.
Spring cometh!
(In spite of ground hogs and weather
reports)
Bird song, new life, hope return.
Wipe away all tears,
for the dawn draws near...

Vernal equinox:
Day in ascendance, Night receding.
Equanimity.

By
Dr. Kathleen Dunckel

This poem was written in memory of my mother, and in gratitude to the staff of Turning Brook - Alpena and Hospice of Michigan.

Dr. Dunckel grew up in the Seattle area, went to medical school at the University of Washington, then did her family medicine residency in Midland, Michigan.. Her husband is from Ossineke, Michigan, and they settled in Harrisville after she finished residency. She has been working for Alcona Health Centers for the past 25 years. We live on 76 acres in Haynes Township, where we raised 2 daughters, both graduates of Alcona Community High School.



a wonderful poet, was visiting and staying with us and she said, “ the worst of it is, Tom, male poets always get offers of sex, female poets get offers of manuscripts.” [laughter] I can tell you that I have gotten my share of manuscripts.

Sunrise—Along the same lines, we are sitting in your home, there is a pretty good view, but there are also a lot of books. You look like you might be someone who has read a lot. How do you feel that shaped what you do?

Lynch—I do not think you can write without reading. Its like you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs. I think writing is an effort to belly up to the same table with all these people who have done it. Its like a potluck with these people who happen to be writers and once a month we bring in our best dish and feed our fellow pilgrims. Its like being in a library, it feels like being in a mausoleum. There are all these voices. You pull down a volume of Walt Whitman and you have his life's work, the song he wanted everyone to hear. There is a lot to know about Walt Whitman but you can start with the *Leaves of Grass* and you can open it to any page to begin to know Walt Whitman. The same is true if you are reading a book on cooking or geography or maths, it really dose not matter. By the time it goes through your mouth, down your arm and onto the page, it has been scrutinized a lot and then it goes to an editor, then a proofreader then the market place and then to maintain its place on the shelf, it has earned its right to be there. These are not warehouses or storage bins. There are still more books than there is space on the shelves. There are hundreds of thousands of books published every year but only a fraction get on the shelves of a library. Writing is a response to that conversation. You get to belly up to that bar or sidle up to that table and help pay the bill. It just feels like magic.



Charlie Murphy

The Vacation General Store

I know the sneaky ways of this little store. I do. Well, I think I do. It is a typical general store in a lake vacation area. I live in this area so I do not need a thing this tempting little store offers, but I go in there anyway. This place has atmosphere; it reminds me of my youth when I, too, vacationed at the lakes. The store has over-priced things vacationers should have remembered to bring but did not. The store also carries indulgent items to tempt humans -- things like beer, and candy bars, doughnuts, and ice cream cones.

"Good afternoon, may I help you with anything?" asks a portly, middle-aged guy named Bud. Bud looks like he would rather be anywhere but here. He always looks as though he just got out of bed.

"No thanks, I am just looking." What a dumb thing to for me to say in such a utilitarian place. This is not a department store in a mall. This is a place to come with a purpose. Otherwise, I should be out fishing or swimming or hiking a trail. Since I am the only one in the place, I cannot be as anonymous as I would like. I also feel compelled to purchase something. After all, the store has been for sale for the last five years. I should do my part to help keep it here. Right?

The wooden floor complains with creaking as I circle the center shelves where all of the essential forgotten stuff is kept. Peanut butter, crackers, corn flakes, baking powder, catsup, mustard, coffee, tea, salt, pepper, and pickles are among the offerings. They come with a hefty penalty for forgetting -- two to three times what you would normally pay, at least. The rear of the store is equipped with its noisy coolers for beer and butter and milk and other things that require refrigeration, including night crawlers. Ice cream by the dip is available behind the counters closest to the cash register. A couple of dips could run as high as a lunch in a regular restaurant, especially if you opt for the waffle cone. Potato chips adorn the racks near the cash register, and below the counter are compartments of gum and candy bars and breath mints. Behind the counter, up on shelves, are half pints of liquor, cigarettes, cigars, and other vices. Warnings are issued about carding for under-aged delinquents on signs that also promise a ride in a police car for shoplifting.

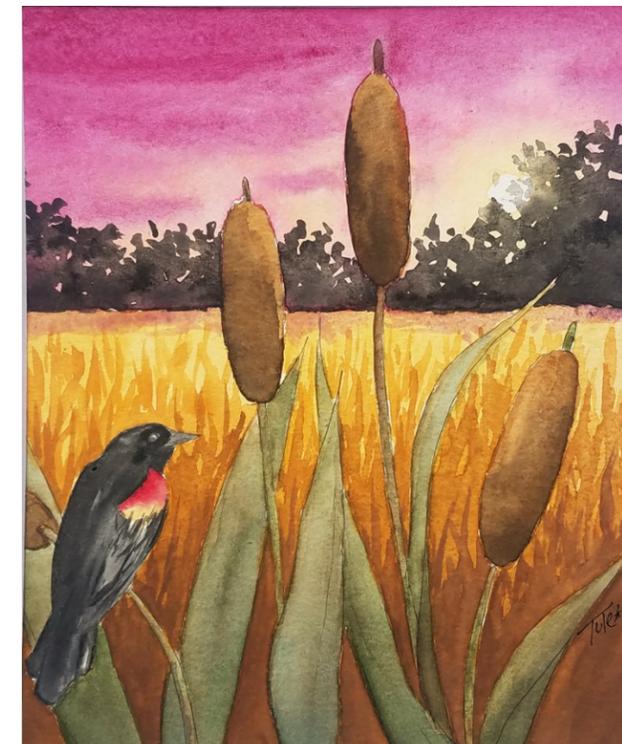
As I stated earlier, I do not need a thing. I am preparing to make my exit past the main counter and it catches my eye. The slice of pizza. This particular slice is enormous -- rare for these kinds of stores. It is loaded. The slice is dripping with cheese and crafted

officer's and their families were on the top deck, the NCO's on the next deck, and we were in the hole. We were not permitted to leave our deck.

Victory for me. They wanted someone to edit the ship's daily newspaper. I volunteered, remembering my journalistic skills helping the troops with their letters in basic training. I copied the news wires, the weather, told everyone on this adventure how many miles from America. I want to say I made sufficient copies for everyone using a mimeograph machine but it might have been a stencil. I don't know what that means these days.

As a result of volunteering, I was able to wander around the ship, news gathering you might say. There was always someone throwing up over the side. I didn't look, like I don't look when I get a vaccination.

What was the best part of the expedition? It was when we got near New York and I started hearing music on the radio. Although we were still miles from shore and we couldn't see land, the reception got better and better. Suddenly, my best memory of America came to me, Rock'n'Roll. Elvis. Buddy Holly. Jackie Wilson. Fats. Endless high fidelity rock'n'roll. I had been away 3 years. I was coming back to something very profound to me. It was September 1963. The Beatles still hadn't made it to America. Nor had the Rolling Stones. Even the American D.J.'s excited me. It was all exhilarating. Oh, God Bless America, land that I love. Oh holy, Oh Holy. Oh, happy days. When Jesus walked. Land of the Free. Land that I love. Stand byside... It's 2:30 in the afternoon. I can see the Statue of Liberty. Amen.



Sundown by Sarah May

Made In Detroit by Allen Burnett

Somehow I got in the Army in 1960, after a stint at a vocational school in Detroit. My life matured me into a naïve, stupid and gullible nondescript. When I hit basic training at Ft. Ord, California, honestly, I had never shaved, never used a deodorant, and probably, you won't believe this, brushed my teeth. Food was food, and I ate it, but I was just a skinny, puny corpse. The most adolescent soldier on the whole base.

We did the usual things in basic: marching, PT, shooting the M1, and learning the general orders. I've forgotten them completely. I'm almost 77 years old.

The first odd thing that happened. In the evening, in the barracks, my platoon of about 40 guys from mostly California, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, and Utah, we sat around spit shining our boots, smoking cigarettes (if you got 'em), and of course, writing letters home, to our moms, girlfriends and wives (if you got 'em). Back to the first odd thing that happened to me in the army.

Someone was writing home and maybe asked me how to spell a word, and that led to a sentence, and pretty soon, I was getting requests from just about everyone. I really wasn't bright in school in anything. If I had a C average it would be miraculous, cuz I skipped school from the first week in junior high school. Please, young 'uns, don't skip school. I used to show up for Algebra, and have no idea what was going on. Every class was like that. You could say they were doing the 4 step foxtrot and I still on the 2 step, pacing in place.

After basic and Advanced Infantry Training, six of us were sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey. Most of the others went to Korea. I ended up in Berlin on Christmas Eve, 1960. I was there when the Russians put up the Wall around the city, the rest uneventful. I did my time and when my time was up, they sent me to Bremerhaven, a port city, for shipping back to the U.S. It would take 9 days to cross the Atlantic. Nine days of holy heck. One needed a strong stomach for this; it took courage; they owe me a medal and a plaque for this I say in jest.

I walked up the plank of the *U.S.S. Upshur* with my duffel bag filled with diapers, you might say. Aboard, we, the troops were stacked down in the ship's bowels. The bunks were stacked 4 high, the tall guys got the lower bunks, and the little guys climbed up the 10 feet to reach their bunks.

Here's the truth, in case you don't know, there's a lot of sea sickness crossing the Atlantic in late September. There's a lot of throwing up, especially for land lubbers like in the army. Some of the troops didn't get out of bed the whole trip. Some didn't eat. They couldn't hold food. Things I learned, don't look at someone throwing up, it's very suggestive. Try to eat despite not wanting to.

What I remember most. They kept the troops separated from the officers and NCO's. The

with ham bits, pieces of bacon, ripe olives, green olives, green peppers, mushrooms, tomato slices, and some other ingredients that just make it pretty to look at.

Understand that I am not supposed to eat anything like this. I had heart by-pass surgery a few years back, and I am advised to avoid this kind of poison as a matter of survival. My statins and blood pressure pills are taken each day to counteract my many years of overindulgence of this kind of venom. I move past the case with resolve but the sumptuous smell reaches out and demands attention. I turn back for another look. What a wondrous slice of ecstasy. I remember how all of those ingredients come together in the first bite to flood the taste buds into climatic crescendos. I quickly head toward the cash register and snag a five-piece pack of spearmint gum to justify my presence.

"Anything else for you?" Bud inquires hopefully.

"No, that should do it," I respond.

"Oh, by the way, our pizza slices are only half price this afternoon."

What a deviant little man he can be! I am strong, but I am also thrifty. The dilemma is set before me. I am thriftier than I am strong.

"How much?" I ask.

"A dollar fifty," he answers as he maneuvers toward the pizza slice, ready to snare his victim. He watches me struggle with my decision. Then, he opens the case, allowing the aroma to come back at me with a vengeance. "I must be strong," I coach myself. He flips on the light in the warming case. Now, he is just being cruel. The slice of pizza looks like an ad from a slick, upscale food magazine. It is quite possibly the most beautiful piece of pizza I have ever seen. My mouth is watering. My rational senses give out. I cave and blurt out, "I'll take it." Bud gingerly places the prize on a sturdy paper plate as though he were handling a fine artifact at the Smithsonian. He is good. He carefully slips the morsel into a generous plastic bag. He adds a couple of napkins and a plastic spork [that ill-conceived spoon and fork combination]. I offer up a twenty.

"Have you got anything smaller?" Bud pleads.

"Sorry," I counter, "This is all I brought." He gives me a ten and a slew of quarters.

"I am all out of ones and fives," he apologizes. I take the pizza and exit, listing somewhat to the left because of the weight of the coins in my pocket. I shoulder through the screen door at the entrance, careful to keep the pizza horizontally positioned. Once I am clear of the door, it does that familiar slam you only seem to hear at resorts and cabins.

The slice is mine. I take it to a picnic table in a small park next to a lake. This forbidden fruit is off-the-wall tremendous. I angle the point of the slice toward my face and slowly take it in. My taste buds are flooded with waves of succulent sensations. I am caught up in a stupor of fat and carbs. It is better than an ice-cold beer after mowing the yard on a hu-

mid August day. I am amazed at the speed at which I engulf the treat. Before I know it, I am down to a rim of crust. I stop. The crust is tempting but I know it will not be half as good as the main section. Some semblance of control returns.

What to do with this crust? Then I spy a gull. He has already spotted me and my treat. I have watched gulls. They live for the discarded morsels of humans. He is staring directly at me, shifting from one leg to the other on the boulder serving as his perch. He is ready. I toss the crust into the lake and the splash is the signal he awaits. He squawks a noise of delight, zooms over to the crust, and picks it up, leans his head back and gets most of it into his gullet. A small piece falls back in the water. He churns the water into a frenzy of splashing as he chugs toward the lost morsel. He snags the remaining piece with the coordination of an Olympic diver. It is gone. The water becomes calm again as he turns back toward me to see if any more is coming. It is not. He stares a bit longer until he is sure.

Although I may be hallucinating on the pizza, I see something quite odd: The gull winks at me. I tip my hat to him. We agree -- rare, forbidden things are the best!

By Steve Bailey

Steve is a retired public school superintendent. He and his wife Jill (married 50 years) moved from Indiana to Michigan in 2013. They have two adult children, both married, and 3 granddaughters. He writes short stories and vignettes about various life experiences. Along with several short stories, Steve is working on a mystery novel set in an automobile manufacturing city.

When he's not writing, he likes to fish, hike trails, appreciate the out-of-doors, explore the unique towns of Michigan, and read a variety of literature. He and Jill live in Presque Isle where they enjoy the woods in which they live.

In Planting Time

I and my grandfather working in the fields, stakes and string in hand, laying out the lines to plant the seeds for summer crops: beans, squash, tomatoes. Grandma in the farm house at the kitchen sink, washing the breakfast dishes. She raises the window to let the blooming lilacs' fragrance in. Many aircraft flying overhead, a national guard unit at gunnery practice. We hear the sounds of firing runs in the distant north. Then a new noise, growing louder, louder, until even the earth vibrates. The sleek jet aircraft passes directly over the farm house, smoke trailing.

At the window Grandma sees it pass over, low and descending, glowing like a summer flower fed by air. It disappears behind the tree line. Then silence. Grandpa looks at me, shakes his head. A moment later we feel and hear the boom that shakes the ground, a half mile away. At the kitchen window, Grandma sees, beyond the lilacs, the smoke rising casually, drifting slowly up, a thin wisp in the still spring air.

Buzzing the Farm House

In my single-engine plane, I circle over the farm house, Diving and swooping, jazzing the engine to let my mother Know we have arrived. She will meet us at the airfield; one last visit Before I depart for the war. From the air, the farm looks small, Smaller than I imagined it when I worked in the fields. The maple grove on the north, the rail line and corn fields On the west, the high line of trees to the east, the barn And house near the road, the lilac blooms turned to seed.

The land is summer green, but the fields are unworked now, The livestock sold, the chickens gone. I wonder what Grandpa Would have thought, to see me orbiting above the land The family farmed for one hundred years. I make one final turn To the south, to fly above the cemetery where he and Grandma rest, Then turn north for one last pass before landing at the field.

By David Vaughan

Castroville TX , raised in Northeast Michigan

Four Scenes Near the Air Base

The Whitewash Mark on the Oak Tree

During the war, Grandpa said, French pilots trained in single engine fighters. They loved to fly in formation, low above the trees, to show their skills. He and the other farmers complained; the stock would bolt, no eggs from the chickens. The French pilots attacked the local trains; the railroad track ran north and south along the west edge of the farm. They practiced attacks from the front and rear, to prepare for their return to France. One early fall afternoon, when they attacked on a low northbound run, one aircraft fell out of formation, its propeller stopped and no place to land except our field of corn, stalks dried and rippling in the breeze. It dug a groove two feet deep, Grandpa said. One wheel bounced into a neighboring farmer's field. I tried to imagine the scene as I swung from the large oak tree that stopped the aircraft's sliding progress.

Turning Final Over the Syrup Kettle

We were seated around the big black kettle, deep in the maple woods, watching the sap boil down, protected from the winter wind by three walls of stacked wood, shoulder high. Fresh snow on the ground. Grandpa rose from his log, unhooked the ladle from the peg, dipped it into the boiling sweetness, let it cool, then sampled it, nodded his head. Almost ready, he said. He handed the ladle to me, and I tasted richness, inhaled the lovely aroma.

We heard the engine noise, a high whine of turbines; in the patchy sky above, blocking the early morning light, the dark shape of an interceptor, returning early from patrol, dumping fuel to lighten his landing. The noise faded slowly as the pungent jet fuel vapor drifted down through the bare trees.

I AM

The journaling assignment was to imagine oneself as someone or something other than himself. I imagined myself to be a wiffle tree. If you are not familiar with the term I'll try to explain. A wiffle tree is that wooden, usually two or more pieces, which connects a team of horses together as one unit. A wooden pole approximately 7 feet in length with metal rings on its ends extends between two horses. Another wooden pole approximately 4-feet in length from the middle of one horse's chest to the middle of the chest of another horse, alongside. The wagon driver holds a rein in each hand and can control, using a gentle tug on one rein, the action of both horses.

I unknowingly, became a metaphorical wiffle tree when I began coaching young people to play baseball and basketball. The principle being that success is not necessarily measured in having the highest level of talent but in getting all levels of talent working together and knowing what to expect of one another. T = Together, E = Everyone, A = Achieves, M = More.

Having seen the wiffle tree work as well as it seemed to with 8- to 12-year old kids I wondered if it may have the same effect with adults in the workplace.

So after having worked for 15-years in a clean, air conditioned office Monday through Friday from 7AM to 4PM with every week end off, I volunteered to train as a supervisor in a 4-shift environment on the dirtiest production line in the plant.

The important thing is that I found that the wiffle tree works just as well with adults as with children regardless if you are dealing with 5-people, or 10 or 20 and even over 100-people. That is, as long as you never exaggerate that gentle pull on the reins.

Moral, when everyone knows the goal and how it can be achieved and no one tries to claim to be more important than any other good things can be the result.

By Jim Falk

Separation Anxiety
Or
Working For the Weekend

When I walked into the living room I immediately knew mom was visibly upset. I'd told her I was going on a vacation to visit my kids and I'd just finished packing my truck and I came back to tell her goodbye before I drove off.

"Why do you have such a sad look on your face mom? I'll be back in a week", I said sitting down on the couch.

"How do I know you're coming back? Please don't leave me here alone!", she said with her eyes watering and her voice trembling.

This wasn't the first time she reacted like this when I told her I was going on a vacation. As time went by, she became more and more upset when I told her that. It was as if she thought I was abandoning her like a newborn baby on a doorstep.

Everyone needs a vacation from time to time and our need to escape from our circumstances and to engage in the pursuit of pleasure and some happiness, which is in our Declaration of Independence, is quite natural. I think it should be added to the Bill of Rights but that's just my opinion.

So whenever I would take some time off to go visit my kids in Ohio, she would get absolutely beside herself. Even though I'd covered all the bases so someone would be there to take care of her when I was away, she was still adamant for me to stay home and I could see how fearful she was. Sometimes she asked if she could go with me but she wasn't in good enough shape physically or emotionally to endure the long ride. I became very upset and felt guilty because I wasn't taking her with me, and it haunted me the whole time I was away.

When I returned, she was always glad to see me but sometimes she would say, "Why did you leave me? I didn't know if you were coming back." I had to reassure her that I loved her and I would never abandon her. This happened every time I would take a vacation so I struggled whether or not I should go, but the caregivers encouraged me because they knew I needed time away to relax and gather my strength.

By Daniel McCurdy

Watchers

Pitch black against the snow
Silent, as it goes
Until a caw breaks the silence
But never telling all it knows.

Scouring along the beach
In the rocky places people can't reach
Sun beating down
On shiny feathers too black to bleach.

Short beak that rips flesh, tail like a fan
With the voice known by all of man
We don't always listen
But, pay attention if you can.

Their black eyes watch all we hold dear
So, there is more there than we usually hear.
They call out to let us all know
All is well. Or not.
We could be so lucky to truly know a crow.

by Valerie Meharg

Gary Gee Great Blue Heron

