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issue 15 contributors:

My Toddler (Holy Week Poem Set), Matthew Miller .......................................................... 5
Full Bloom Photoset Submission, Irina Novikova ................................................................... 7, 13, 21, 24
3 minisons, J. Simpson ............................................................................................................. 8
Floral Mourning: A Requiem of Snow, Shelly Jones ................................................................. 9
Feel Better; Old Readings, fabrice poussin ............................................................................ 10
almond blossoms; orchid, a mystery, Lorelei Bacht ................................................................. 11
the winter caterpillar, Jocelyn Luizzi ...................................................................................... 14
The Cloud, Teri Anderson ....................................................................................................... 15
spring training, Alan Bern ......................................................................................................... 16
Ranunculus; Tonguetip, Springtime, Eliza Bowen-Smyth ..................................................... 17
forever popping, Alan Bern ..................................................................................................... 18
“Hopeful Dawn”, Yuu Ikeda ................................................................................................... 19
Adagio e Allegro, Gary Griffith ............................................................................................... 20
Salgamundi, Meghan Kemp-Gee .............................................................................................. 22
Fortune Teller, Alison Bainbridge .......................................................................................... 23
The Language of Flowers, Maddie Bowen-Smyth .................................................................. 25
My Toddler Lights a Candle on Ash Wednesday
To wash
gritty ash
from his
fingertips,
he wants
to see it
more clearly.

My Toddler Crawls into Our Bed on Palm Sunday
Flipping his
zipper like
a palm branch
into the gap
in his front teeth.

My Toddler Washes His Brother's Feet in a Smoky Mountain Creek
Splashes and play
take some
dirt away,
but nature's
cascades finish
the baptismal work.

My Toddler Stands Below the Smoke Alarm on Good Friday
Gawking at
the light
that's glowing
like a wound
on the gauze
of night.

**My Toddler on Easter Morning in the Cemetery**

Dancing through
death,
he sings -
He is risen -
tapping each
gravestone
on its head.

Matthew Miller
Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova
3 minisons

Bright Lavender

Emerald Skyfire

Chrysanthemums

J. Simpson
Floral Mourning:  
A Requiem of Snow

Green tufts peek  
through icy soil,  
the bulbs unfurl  
like robin wings.  
Bud yawns open to  
butter-rich face,  
orange lips tutt.  
Daffodil droops,  
pious head bowed  
mourning crusty  
snow in crevices:  
winter’s vestige,  
yet untouched by  
sun’s spring rays.

Shelly Jones
Feel Better Soon (above) and Old Readings (below),

fabrice poussin
almond blossoms

from grey twists,
from coarse bark –
now: nascent pink
in gulps, buttons,
small offerings
to disprove cold,
cease wintering,
abandon grief to
whoever wants it.
what I want is: now –
timid buildups,
bloodied nacres
blooming, spring.

Lorelei Bacht
orchid, a mystery

a luminous white
is coiled around
the black bark of
a pine tree / small
moist bursts / wet
morsels of light /
shimmers: edible
or poison? / who can
assess what dark
magic made these
ghostlike folds? /
a liquid origami
refusing itself
to my dissection.

Lorelei Bacht
Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova
the winter caterpillar

breathing in air
frosting inside
i’m crystalizing
no, strike that, i’m-
chrysalisizing
a metamorphosis

spring will come
so i will pray and
so i will profess
to whomever will
try to defrost me

body from cocoon
then transformed
into a butterfly

Jocelyn Luizzi
The Cloud

I fall through the cloud wanting to know shall I be rain or snow.

Teri Anderson
spring training, Alan Bern
Ranunculus

Lardy—butter-full—jumps a little crow-foot frog.
Its eyes are a coyote’s: awake, knife-keen.

Tonguetip, Springtime

You’re sweet as honey—this seems both trite and insufficient. I’ll keep trying, honey.

Eliza Bowen-Smyth
forever popping, Alan Bern
“Hopeful Dawn”

The scent of wind changes. Flowers begin to sing and dance with grace. Colors of the new hope and oath dye the ground. Cruel icicles thaw, and piercing echoes of winter shrink back from pastel days. My notebook is waiting for me to draw warm dawn.

Yuu Ikeda
Adagio e Allegro

Feb pressure, the
Brainy soreness
On the periphery
Felled meanness
Rudeness rubbed
Till sparked, the
Threads of smoke
Tending, coaxing
Division’s flame
Confusion reign
My censored mind
Know no know know
Love love evil of
Condemns belief

Playful March, an
Airy mitigation
Boundaries none
The smile thawed
Lingering laugh
Soggy roadsides
Trickled rivers
Softens loosens
Melding mirrors
Charcoals fears
Untethered mind
Yes plus yes plus
Love love love of
Cradles all above

Gary Griffith
Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova
Salmagundi

A late arrival in
the post, a letter
written out, rows
upon rows, pulses
beats and u-boats
capsized or sunk
by someone else’s
nemesis, letters
you did not write
served up smoked,
worked up in rows
arriving late of
unknown origin, a
kiss, right angle.

Meghan Kemp-Gee


*Fortune Teller*

I map paths in the lines on your skin.
Palms held out, upheld, cupped. Look.
You hold time. See, runes hidden in a crease, in the way freckles dot the constellations.
You want romance, adventure, a home.
I lie. Our futures are not by design.

Alison Bainbridge
Full Bloom Photoset Submission by Irina Novikova
The Language of Flowers—

Aconite.
Baneful; transformative; alas, a touch to a cup, and your tongue aches for me.

Bindweed.
Love untamed, unyielding; now torn from your embrace; once cut, I will rise again.

Larkspur.
Blood spilled; ferity; bequeathed to soil; in my wake, you bloom with my strength.

Maddie Bowen-Smyth