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## Three Poets

Zelda Friedman

Gillian Huang-Tiller

Michael Casey

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## Two Poems

Zelda Friedman

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### Untitled

On his birthday  
the birds are back  
who love singing  
their own song

### Cynthia By Her Painting

(for Cynthia Reeves Snow, October 2, 1906 - May 21, 2001)

This latest canvas  
calls out one color  
in prolific variation,  
the Pacific Ocean  
vast and deep.  
Stand back. Look. See. Perceive.  
First stillness, then movement,  
then infinite movement.

High and higher, we go up the stairway  
to the second floor of her home.  
Two bent women,  
aged and aging,  
contemplators, bodhisattvas,  
ancient instigators,  
climbing an inner landscape.

Arrived, Cynthia sits to the right  
of the painting. She is  
to my left as I stand  
facing the two creations,  
Cynthia and her painting.  
She has said, "one more painting,"  
and again, "one more."

In the full creating  
has this painting created  
the consummate Cynthia,  
intricately moving the inner landscape  
deep and deeper  
in infinite completing?

work of art

—*Flushing, New York*

## Echoes of the Sea

Gillian Huang-Tiller

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— for Margie

i have traveled to water  
to know it's not the land's end

the journey beyond  
flows in echoes of the sea

from ocean to ocean Crusoe  
blesses the waves, each for

its sacred link to its former self  
in valleys or through peaks

on the horizon, the third eye  
surveys distant points

volcanoes make the clouds dance  
spewing not dark specks

but doves descending  
to fire the spring

—*Wise, Virginia*

## enormous room

Michael Casey

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I see them walking towards me  
in the stockade yard  
and they are always trouble  
Bundy and Wolfitz  
what now? I am thinking  
I don't want to talk to them  
I don't want to see them  
I don't like to even look at them  
Bundy had accused Wolfitz of abuse  
and to be sure things change and now  
Bundy is Wolfitz' particular friend  
and it is the most bizarre thing  
these two prisoners  
had heard  
I was out a day's work  
from the stockade guard duty  
for ready Vietnam training  
they walked over to me wish me good luck  
and both of them had been there  
and yeah I shook hands  
I thanked them

—*Andover, Mass.*