

Isabel Viana

Faith

“Can you do wheelies, yet?”
she asks.

She’s five, I’m 39.

We’re biking in circles
in the alley that’s recently
become our playground.

That she asks
shows she has faith in me.

That’s how she is.

I’m caught in my ego’s web,
believing its lies
(bad mother, bad partner, bad person).

She raises her fairy wand.

One swipe of love
and I’m free.

And like that
she brings me back
to what is real,
to the yellowing leaves hissing,
as the wind pushes
through the spaces between them.

Jessica Harmon

Pomegranate

Round, red, plump – yearning
Tiny seeds
Between the spaces
Beyond its entity, like me
Squeezed to juice

What makes it so easy
For some people to get out the seeds?
Things are much more complex
Than wanting something just because
How do I know what I’m getting into?

To know the possibilities
Of what it takes to extract juices
From so many single tiny seeds
When the plump red skin is cut
A whole lot more goes to waste
Unless I learn how
To eat it seed by seed