



The Heights

by Jadene Felina Stevens

You preferred the view from the second story
the rarefied heights...

and yet, that half-opened door
where you listened and conversed with the world.

At night, lilies drew you to the window
scented the lower rooms

...and then you paused from the cares of the day
to write of the life on the first floor.

...you had to tiptoe down to wade among the lilies.

You, who turned to the gardens of the night

who traversed imagined worlds
as numerous as summer's flowers...

you would reach into the blossoming conflagrations

gather a few stems to carry away
to your second floor observatory

to study at your leisure
petal by flaring petal...

to seek the fire behind the lily.

Thinking of Emily Dickinson and her nightly studies. You can email Jadene at: saltwindspoet@hotmail.com



Near the Sandwich Boardwalk

by Diane McDonough

At the edge of the world
where the ocean slips into marsh grass,
a blue heron, leggy beauty,
forages for food.
Wanting one photograph,
you step off the cracked asphalt,
wade into the mud,
and stand in her presence,
in silence.

You watch her pose
and how your breath echoes
the rhythm of the surf,
how it caresses your longing,
and erodes the rough edges of your doubt.
From the ruins, courage emerges,
a blessing in the wave spray.

When her tufted head lifts
her gray feathers puff, extend,
she soars over the boardwalk,
over each splintered plank,
and leaves you at the threshold
of your awakening.

Diane McDonough is a member of the [National League of American Pen Women](#), a member of the [YOOASS](#) poetry group and was formerly on the board of the [Brockton Poetry Series](#). A former high school educator, she currently resides and writes in Raynham, but will be a Cape resident in the very near future.

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