



Among the Birches

PHOTOGRAPHS
Laurence Salzmänn

POETRY
Karen Lee Boren

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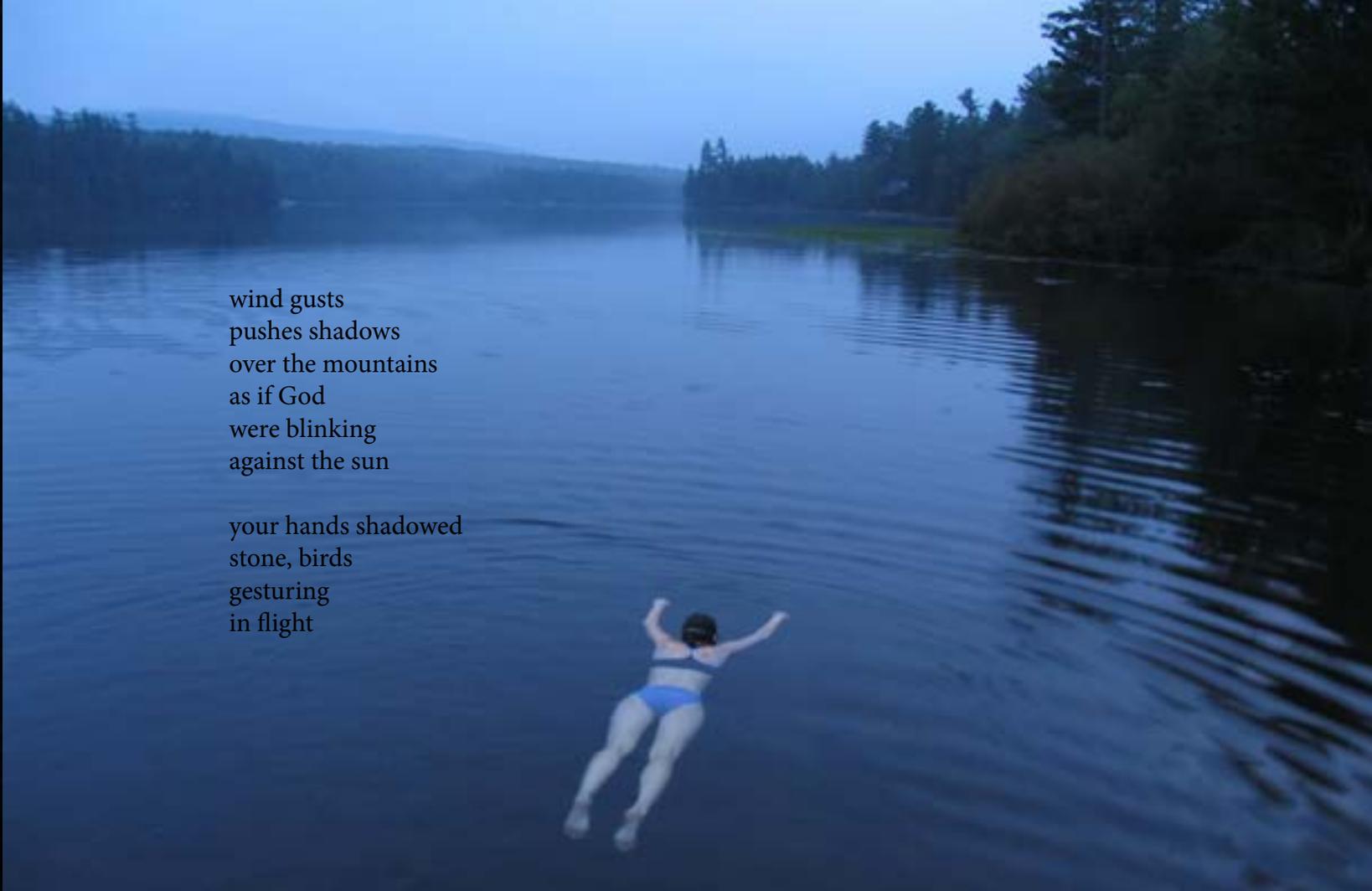
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B•L•U•E
MOUNTAIN
C•E•N•T•E•R



wind gusts
pushes shadows
over the mountains
as if God
were blinking
against the sun

your hands shadowed
stone, birds
gesturing
in flight





Sunset Canvas

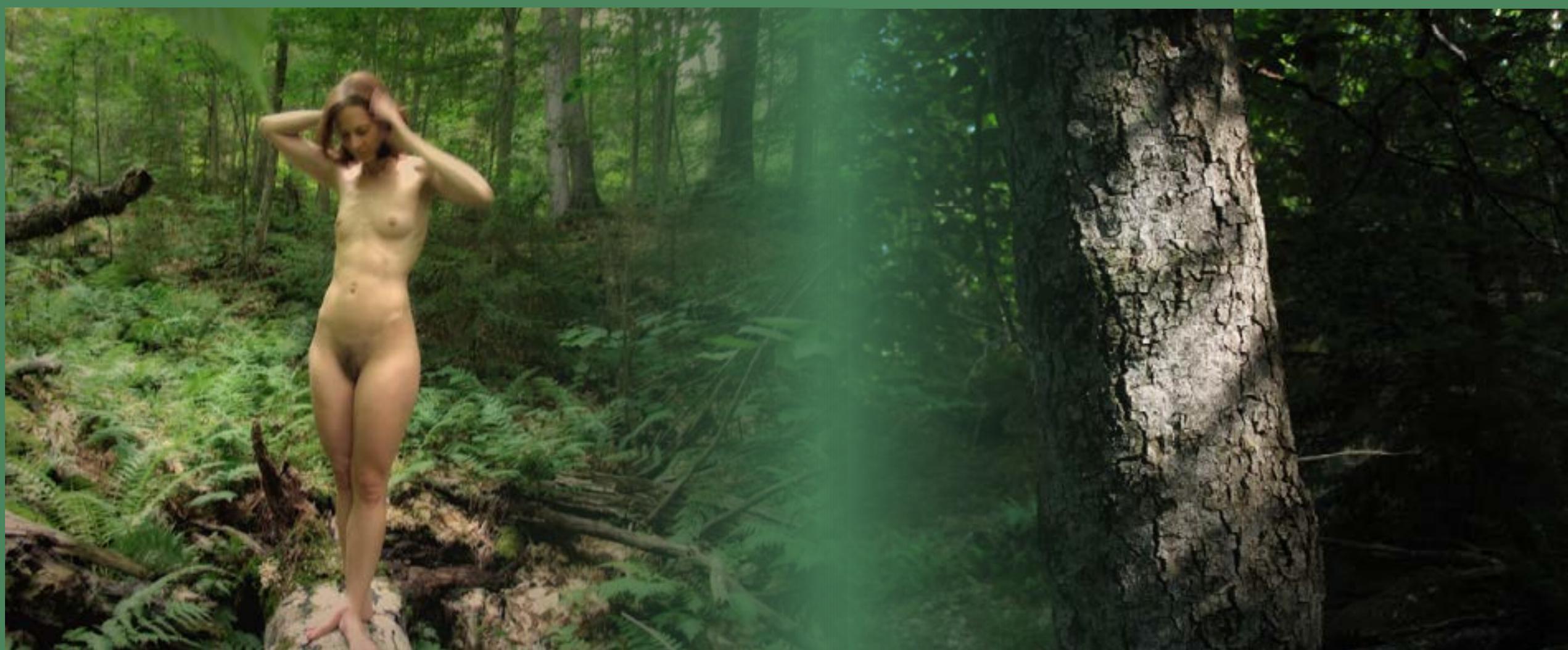
Dodging fish hooks and invisible
lines weighted as spidered webs
we walk to the pier,
challenging
each other not to fall
into cliché. Hard
at sunset, all gossamer mists and placid
waters, infant pinks
and blues.
You refuse the sunset
canvas, pointing
to dead smelt, bodies lapping
against rocks barnacled to the banks.
So many gulls, their exquisite skill –
glide and release – dropping from the sky
like sinkered lines –
splashes pebble-small,
alighting instantaneously,
on fish fresher
than we can imagine.

--Karen Lee Boren

















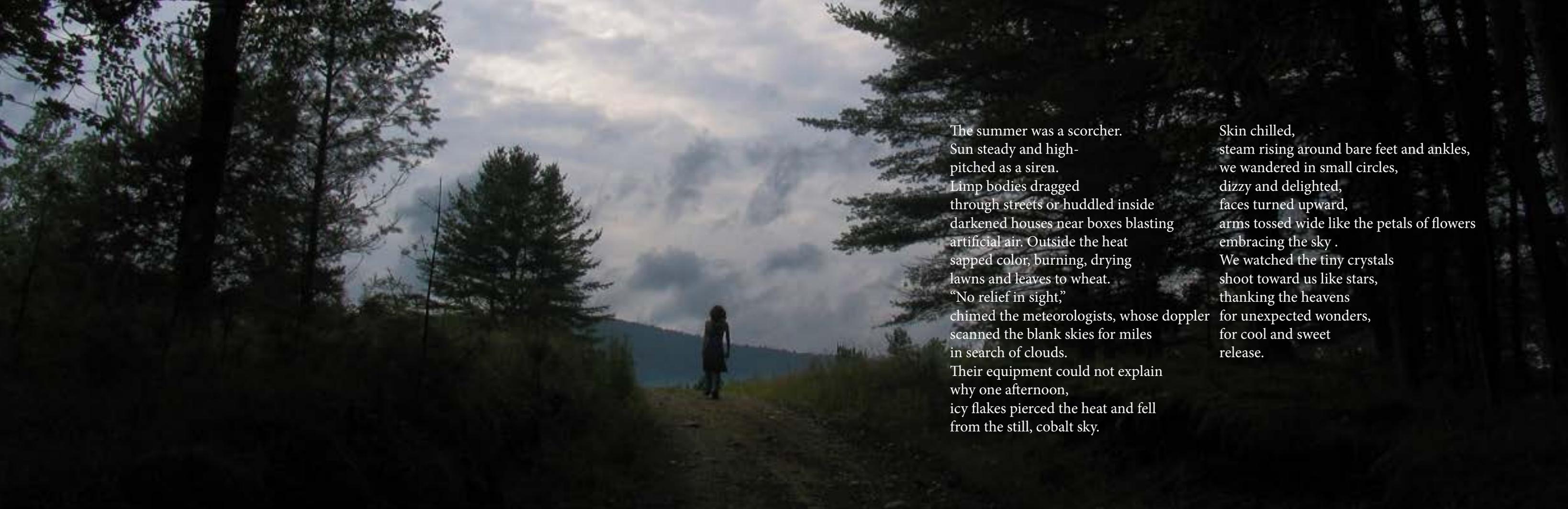












The summer was a scorcher.
Sun steady and high-
pitched as a siren.
Limp bodies dragged
through streets or huddled inside
darkened houses near boxes blasting
artificial air. Outside the heat
sapped color, burning, drying
lawns and leaves to wheat.
“No relief in sight,”
chimed the meteorologists, whose doppler
scanned the blank skies for miles
in search of clouds.
Their equipment could not explain
why one afternoon,
icy flakes pierced the heat and fell
from the still, cobalt sky.

Skin chilled,
steam rising around bare feet and ankles,
we wandered in small circles,
dizzy and delighted,
faces turned upward,
arms tossed wide like the petals of flowers
embracing the sky .
We watched the tiny crystals
shoot toward us like stars,
thanking the heavens
for unexpected wonders,
for cool and sweet
release.



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