



Into the Woods
Laura Nejako

I Let

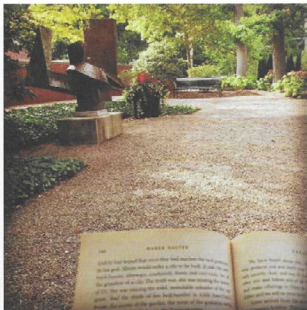
by Laura Nejako

the wind romance my dress, flirting with the hem
so that it looked like a calla lily kissing
the grass petals of the earth muted in
the springtime waltz, softly whispering
ballet slippers out of rhythm,
made beautiful in the musings of
the sunlight reaching past the trees
through the earthy fingers, picking
gently like thorns of the rose I
touched on my cheeks, the budding of
virginal lips touched only by
the taste of this moment

My Neighborhood

by Laura Nejako

This morning
I balanced acquisition
on the lop-sided left wheel
of a tricycle
I tucked curiosity
along with my hair
in the nook of
my brother's baseball cap
I grasped idleness
in the climbing
of a hidden
mulberry tree
I threw adventure
with the flat-edged stones
across the unpredictable
stillness of a creek bed
And when that didn't work
I wore disappointment
like trees wear leaves
shrugging in the fall



Sweet Serenity of Books

Laura Nejako