Butterflies in New York
By: Tony Lang
Behind glass they dangle on thumbtacks;
green chrysalises against corkboard.
Living envelopes, stamped by God
with crowns of golden postage;
waiting to deliver
monarchs to a butterfly zoo.

An excerpt from Season of Discovery
By: Chadd VanZanten
The Sitka spruce and juniper trees on the cliffs of the Oregon coast lean away from the sea as though suddenly frozen in the midst of a gale. Unlike their inland cousins, whose trunks grow tall and straight, the coastal trees have spent their lives in the ocean's breath, which makes their lines sweeping and aeronautic. Although they seem exotic or decadent, they actually lean away from the ocean in the same way a child avoids the kiss of a repulsive relative. For surely the ocean is an enemy to the tree, and the ocean claims every tree in its reach. The waves are an erosive, hungry tongue, pulling trees into the endless mouth, pulverizing and digesting them, then vomiting their remains onto beaches in the form of bonelike driftwood. It is no wonder they veer and bend from such an ignominious end, but there is an inevitability to their leaning, for they cannot uproot and move inland, and the sleepless ocean is coming for them, if not this year, then in ten years, and if not in ten years, then in one hundred years—it is all the same to the ocean.