You
by Amelia Enrico

Sitting and rocking on the porch filled with summer smells
Ice clinking in the thin glass of our friendship
We sip away at the conversation, too quiet for reverberations
your warm lips beam against the dim yellow grass.

Ice clinking in the thin glass of our friendship
happy that my heart still feels pain. Proof of life.
Your warm lips beam against the dim yellow grass
where the radiance of nature meets the vibrancy of you.

Happy that my heart still feels pain. Proof of life,
when doubt and fear pelt my windows at night,
where the radiance of nature meets the vibrancy of you
and the sky’s purples remind us of tender words.

When doubt and fear pelt my windows at night
and the blues have come to paint my walls,
and the sky’s purples remind us of tender words,
and with you, my dear, where your love is my constant backdrop.

Replacing Jesus
by Sarah Timmerman

He had been there for years.
He clung to stucco
in the unfinished basement.
The black seven by nine frame made him
look dignified.

Robed in red and white,
his bearded face smiled at me
for 2 minutes every night
while I knelt beside my red bedspread.

His grimace appeared when I gazed at him
from anywhere else,
questions hung in the air
between us.

One day I bought a little box of 25 pastels,
$9.95 at Walmart.

I knelt on the tan carpet for hours,
tently blending
maroon, sepia, goldenrod, umber, black
covering the empty and coarse white paper.

I finally stopped,
finding myself
on canvas.

I needed a frame.
I could have bought one for
$7.99 at hobby lobby,
but I wanted to see if black would make me
dignified too.

I cut off the edges pastels hadn’t touched,
fit my likeness
behind the glass.
I left his image behind my own.