

Pick Me Up  
Art! Poetry!

# corridor



Vo1.20



## Embrace

On those days when skin can't contain us.  
Raw to the world,  
an open wound hit with salt water,  
and anger  
and tragedy,  
it all comes uninvited.

Like the wire monkey's child  
we reach towards embrace,  
looking for another skin to wrap around ourselves.

Sometimes it is enough,  
the faux fur blanket, caressing the cheek  
sharing warmth, softness.  
Breathe darling  
life can be soft, and slow, and delicious.

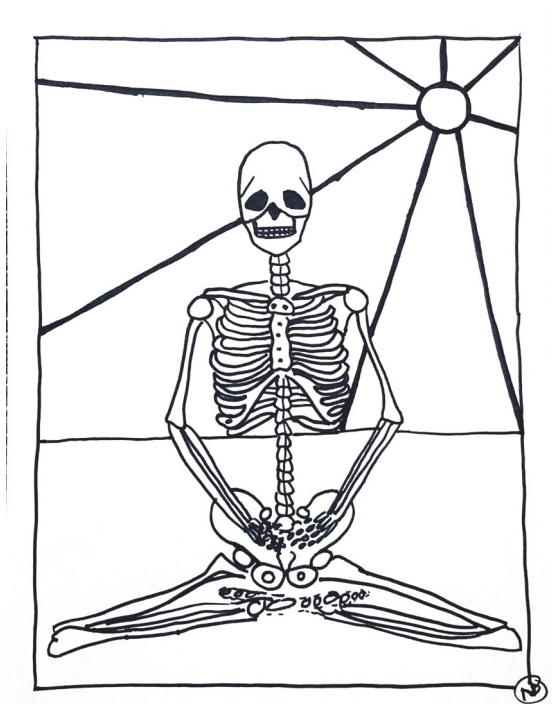
Warm tea coats our inner contours.  
Follow it tracing our circles and curves.  
The nest we call here.

Sunshine warming our outer shapes.  
Here are the edges.  
At this caress of light,  
like hands folding in prayer, we greet each other.

Water.  
If the shower could freeze mid-fall  
and we were to step away,  
we could walk around the empty space and study our form.

And poetry.  
Words to wrap around ourselves.  
Powerful and gentle words to nestle in  
like mystery, roots, green, dappled, and home.

by Maureen Sandra Kane



by Alissa De La Fuente

“Skeleton”

## Fun Science Fact

Green iguanas are the largest. Of what, I'm not quite sure. Maybe the person whose job it was to post the fact of the day was up late studying for another test or wooing a college girl over Barefoot Pinot Grigio and French fries.

Maybe there was a technical error and the rest of the sentence got cut off and lost in the oblivion of little ones and zeroes that float endlessly above our heads into eternity.

It could have been a contest for kids – whoever colors the best picture of an animal and writes a fun fact, wins a published spot for a day on The Daily Atom. And then the adults in charge, overwhelmed by entries, simply selected at random the winner, which was a picture of a lizard colored moderately well in Crayola Light Chrome Green by Hector, age 6.

Or maybe, of the dozens of species of iguanas, the green ones really are the largest. Not that the distinction helps them in any way relevant to an iguana, having mastered life on the planet for the last ten and a half million years, now having to survive the hostilities of habitat destruction and extra pressure from predators, chiefly humans roaming around ruining things for the animal kingdom in its entirety.

These green guys could really do with a little more respect. Certainly more than a nod and a headline from an obscure online journal imploring Sustainability for All in an overly-full email inbox on an otherwise Sherwin Williams Repose Gray, November morning.



## **I Stand by Her Grave and Weep**

Standing on a large rock at Cape Flattery  
Backed by a million Douglas Fir trees  
She sinks into the ocean supreme. Grief sobs me.  
A blazing setting sun screaming a red orange  
Sunset of dreams she once allowed everyone.

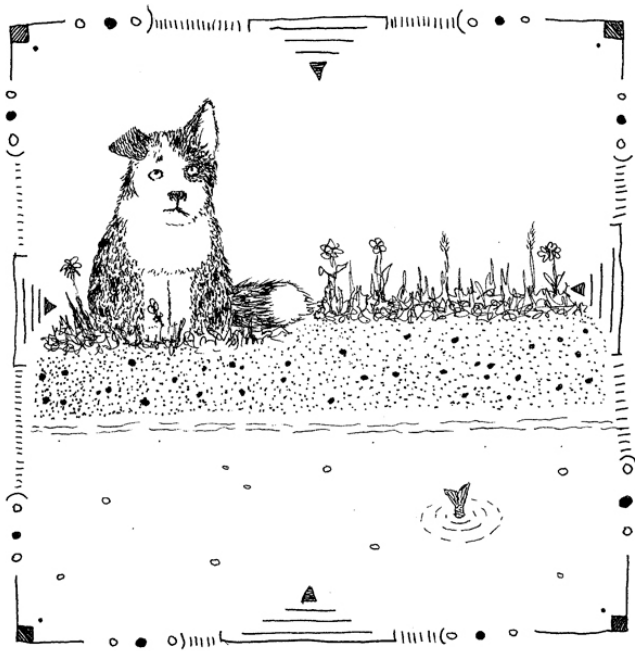
She was the morning sun's rise and shine...  
She was the prairie wind the bison knew...  
She was the wish on a silver Roosevelt dime...  
She was the mountain trickle to a river grew...

She was the eagle's majestic circling flight...  
She was the mother of jazz in New Orleans...  
She was the baby rocked to sleep at night...  
She was the immigrant and pilgrim's dreams...

She was the breadbasket of ripened grain...  
She was the wild free wind in Kansas...  
She was the gentle spring and autumn rain...  
She was the messy fall Vermont forest...

She was a hamburger and chocolate malt...  
She was our mother destroyed by default...

I kneel, my back rounded, my heart riven.  
With a forest fire in front of me  
This eighty-year-old body wizened...  
We are dying at the same time. I cry  
For America the Beautiful and I.



Art credit: Anita K. Boyle  
Poems from the Noon Road Pond, Egress Studio Press, 2016

## Blue Dog at the Pond

The blue dog and the goldfish  
are, for a moment, together.  
Then not.

The fish ran low; the dog  
sat high. The water grew dark.

The fish-tail was the last  
flash of light before the stars  
grew upon the surface  
and the heavens.

Just then the blue dog  
leapt into the moon.



*Painting by Candice James*  
*"Crescent Beach Afternoon"*

## Becoming/Looking

It's like a gull gliding high in the sky  
turning into a snow white dove.

Like a rowboat on the ocean  
turning into a sailboat  
when the sun is ablaze  
and the warm winds gently blow.

It's like me becoming  
a vision of love  
whenever I look at you.

It's like a caterpillar on a branch  
turning into a butterfly

Like a tulip in the garden  
turning into a red, red rose  
when the rain is silk  
and the grass a dampened sheet.

It's like me becoming  
a sweet, sweet dream  
whenever you look at me



*Painting by Candice James*  
*"Pale Desert Moon"*

## Pointless and Maybe That's the Point

An eagle glides through the air, straight, no flapping.  
Convertibles ride with tops down, at first straight  
down the road, then passing on the left as hair flies  
uncontrolled.

Moving these bodies—feathers, skin, vehicles.  
Feeling the sun, and wind, and temperature just right  
makes everything feel right.

Is what I'm writing too on the beak, on the emblem,  
on the nose?

Epilogue:

The eagle glides and the car drives and I feel alive and  
soon I'll be splashing in the bathtub,  
moving my toes, feeling alright with what I've written.



by Olivia, 7 years old  
"Manager Jay"

## Smell

Untreated  
Wood of a new fence  
Made of cedar boards

Dry grass  
Plastic Lawn furniture  
Under the summer sun broiler

Now  
There is another  
Smell in the world

Garbage truck passes  
Leaks  
Fermented stew

It splashes  
On blistered asphalt  
Steam slow to evaporate

Greasy  
Cloud stench slides  
Down a gutter  
Dormant until rain

## Two short poems

Pencil stroke erased.

Don't dream in chicken scratches.

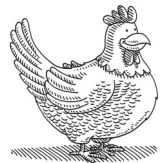
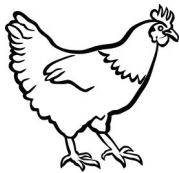
Write in ink. Commit.

Feet scuffle and slip. Nose runs, winter coming.

I pick my way through the bounty of loss.

Red, orange – the colors of death.

Such beauty in endings.



artisan quilting the Sunshine  
October Come to think of it,  
also seems responsible for  
the unexpected  
patchwork  
golds  
of a butterfly.

J.I. Kleinberg



*Painting by Candice James*  
*"Last Train To Avignon"*

## Gardener

Do you want to see? She says. I'm going to dig them up.

I crowd close, lean in, look past her hunched shoulder

as she takes the smallest shovel, lifts the fallen, faded plant,  
plunges in the tool, exposes tangled roots, slides her hand

into the crumbling soil and pulls a small potato out,  
so red and clean, perhaps an inch in width. We laugh,

delighted as she digs again, finds another, larger  
than the one before. It fits so snugly in my hand!

Having seen the wizened scraps pushed into soil late in May  
this seems some kind of miracle. Let's dig some more!



## Committed

Glazed eyes search for the right word  
It runs from you scared of  
what you might do to it  
A crowbar works at the hinge  
Pats of butter melt under the skin  
Bowl of round berries feeds flies  
While  
the smell of an idea  
the breath of a book  
hide under the bed

## **Vol. 20 Contributors**

All poems and art used with permission and submitted by the creator.

### **EMBRACE**

Maureen Sandra Kane

### **FUN SCIENCE FACT**

Taya Sanderson Kessler

### **I STAND BY HER GRAVE AND WEEP**

Lynn Geri

### **BLUE DOG AT THE POND**

Bertolino Boyle

### **BECOMING LOOKING**

Candice James

### **POINTLESS AND MAYBE THAT'S THE POINT**

Tyson Higley

### **SMELL**

Kathleen McKeever

### **TWO SHORT POEMS**

Barbara Wells ten Hove

### **OCTOBER**

J.I. Kleinberg

### **GARDENER**

Linda Conroy

### **COMMITTED**

Shannon Laws



## BIOS BIOS BIOS

Maureen Sandra Kane is a Sue Boynton Poetry Award winner. Her poetry book is *The Phoenix Requires Ashes*. Her therapy workbook, *A Guide Back to You*, is a Chanticleer International First in Category winner.

Alissa DeLaFuente is a writer and artist. She mostly writes speculative fiction. Visit [www.alissadelafuente.com](http://www.alissadelafuente.com) to learn more

Taya Sanderson Kessler believes that beauty will save the world, and poetry, cookies, and kindness. She lives in Fairhaven with her sweet husband and their many 4-legged creatures.

C.J. Prince's newest book *"Pandamndemic: Poems in Isolation"* will be published this spring. Look at your local bookstore or Amazon.

Lynn Geri lives in Bellingham... dreaming of flowers that taught her about beauty and how a garden's four corner structure taught her a way to seek understanding.

James Bertolino and Anita K. Boyle. Bertolino and Boyle sat at the pond, and wrote words in a journal about the extraordinary microcosm of the Noon Road Pond. They have been forever changed.

Candice James is a visual artist, poet, musician and songwriter. She is a League of Canadian Poets and Royal City Literary Arts Society member and the author of 21 books.

Tyson Higel lives in Bellingham, WA where he works as a nurse. To read more of his poetry or to say hello (yay for community!) visit [tysonhigel.mailchimpsites.com](http://tysonhigel.mailchimpsites.com)

Olivia is 7 years old and enjoys drawing with markers. Her drawings are often inspired by her favorite series *Ninjabo*. She also loves ninjas, Legos and dogs.

Kathleen A. McKeever has published two books of poetry, available at Village Books or Bellingham Washington Public Library, *"Lightbound"* and *"Body/Today."*

Barbara Wells ten Hove, (and yes, this is the correct spelling) is a retired Unitarian Universalist minister who brings her Southern upbringing and NW life experience to her writing.

J.I. Kleinberg lives in Bellingham, Washington, where she tears words out of magazines and stares at them until they turn into poems. Find out more at <https://chocolateisaverb.wordpress.com> or on Instagram @jikleinberg.

Linda Conroy, a Bellingham poet, and author of two poetry collections, likes to write about the complexities of human nature and our connection to the natural world.

Shannon Laws is in her second year of publishing *Corridor*. You can learn more about her at her website [shannonplawswriter.com](http://shannonplawswriter.com)



What shall I do now...?

**LEAVE | KEEP | RECYCLE | SHARE**

### Corridor Vol. 20

Cover art: by Shannon Laws, "Jump to Conclusions" Lukas Rodriguez (Seattle Skyline and I-5 freeway), Chase Stine (people & dog), Pexels.com

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*The Corridor Collective respectfully acknowledge this zine being published from the traditional lands of the Lummi, Nooksack, and Coast Salish People; they have stewarded this land since time immemorial and we pay our respects to elders past and present.*