

WORD

Promise in the Earth

There is a promise between the soft, moist mounds of swallow coloured crevices, that occes gently over hills, rising over streams, that lick the quiet valleys and lubricate the grounds.

There is a promise emanating from breasted opal mountains racing for the suns of melted iridescence reflecting prismed gold in faceted remembrance.

There breathes a promise from the Mother's gentle breath that stirs, excites the foliage into massive reproduction repurchasing the earth for commitment to tomorrow's fertile crescent beds... providing for the offspring of father's tender wish there is a promise...

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Miracles

I stand in bubble of miracles Where trees grow, as people.

Love resonates through smiles That stamp time Never to be relived... Marks place in heart Never to be revisited.

Animals dwell in valley lows, And mountain highs as life itself.

Brush to canvas God paints scenarios that eyes fathorn in fractions, as my view of the universe. I know God is real.

——CERIC MINON

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Red

there are moments death it moves into your house watches the number of tim you come and go

waiting for a moment to cat

before reminding you that sometimes candlelight will stop flickering if you stare at it long enoug will check its own shadow just to make sure

it's still on

fire.

—JESSICA CA

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