

Here are some of the submissions from our eleventh Invite to
Write inspired by the following work:



The Unknown Road to Somewhere:

On an untitled anonymous painting found in a garage

for Gisela, who travels with me

~

One always wonders about roads not taken.

- *Warren Christopher*

1

a mist-muffled road and a morning walk
that would have us believe they are
leading nowhere leaving us doubtful
risking the assumption we will know
when the mist clears

I keep walking
beneath the long vault of trees
a branch cracks and breaks somewhere
to the left with no apparent cause
a pine cone thuds on damp earth
wild boars grunt close by

2

was that movement in the distance
a sudden memory emerging

I remember that white stallion
leaping out of grey air
a terrible surge of muscle and breath
loose in the forest baboons barked
at this invisible stranger then fell silent again

3

translucent light rouses my craggy celtic blood
as I walk the mist breathes through the forest
in the cold lake low in the valley the otters

4

I know this is the right road yet I'm suspicious
of the ferryman and wonder how long
the obol's acrid taste might linger on the tongue

I keep walking
was that movement in the distance

5

there can be no going back
nothing will be the same
neither the place nor what we were then
the fantasy of familiarity no more
than wish fulfilment tainted by nostalgia
a longing for the garden where children still play

Into the Mist

Leave the car and walk.
Cross the threshold
and Time falls away
and Body falls away.
Whatever begins to fall in one way
somehow begins to rise in another.
Despite the fear, you arm yourself
with surrender
and follow true-road
into the mist.

- Judith Capurso

THE STREAM

Words glide
like women
reclining on a boat
in living water

On the stream that you showed me
running through my heart
cleansing the sands blown in from my desert
washing my veins, those marble halls that echo
You're all alone,
you're all alone.

And there's a dream in the stream

of you carrying in both hands
a cup of clear broth to me
warm gold liquid
feeding the hunger I forgot
to melt into so much more
so much more

Words glide
like women
reclining on a boat
in living water

- T C Kelly

Psyche Self Traveling Together

Hit the road again
Grief gripping me like a fish in a net
Breathing through and realizing I can get out
Interaction after interaction as to how to cut the cords
Thank God the net is big and gives me opportunity to extend my hand through
As I reach and touch
Using the knife of the intellect
Ego gave way
I connected with
The people I love
They shared and shared stories of old & new
We cried, we laughed as I observed
The tribe that I had left behind

I entered in a new way
I am exited in a new way
I shared myself in a new way
I breathed and held my breath in a new way
The old began to give way
As consciousness rose for the occasion in a way
With the luminous piercing through the way
The road I traveled
To go home back to my home
In a new way

- Lera Welch

Hear The Echo

Can you hear the echo?
The sounds, on a lonely country road
when fog sets in to speak.

Birds sing to mesh with shadowed trees.
Branches weave their textured web against sky.
A dull murmur is sensed from Mother herself
aligning her many sleeping children who stir.

The night awakes many things besides stars.
Can you hear them whisper?
Listen, as the bells toll,
and the dogs bark.
Listen, while the stars shine, on a lonely country road.

- Star Blossom