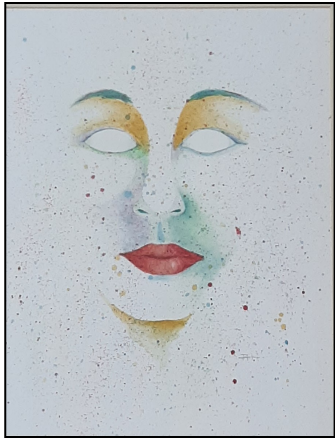


The Mask

She was
A life still unfolding
When she first appeared
She was there
With you,
And yet she wasn't
Her eyes were ovals of
hidden thoughts.
Her words were liquid,
flowing without direction,
Into the shadows.
She was an immaterial
presence,
Her face evaporating in the
light,
And she was gone.

Mike Nyerges
inspired by painting
by Peggi Heissenberger



Horse

I wasn't sure at first.
But I was willing to give her a chance.
First impressions weren't at all
promising.
She was eating an apple.
A red, very, very delicious apple – I
know apples
-that she finished right in front of me.
Sigh!
But she was Butch's new girlfriend,
Or so he said.
So, I let her ride with me.
(and I emphasize "with")
But I could feel she was unsure of
herself.
She kept shifting nervously
Sending shudders down one side of me
And down the other.
So, I was relieved when
She decided to head back to the barn
To dismount.
Poor Butch. Another nervous filly.
But at least she knew apples!
Now who's next? You?

Mike Nyerges
inspired by
painting
by Mary Phillips



Paris Rising, 1945

Ah, the sights one sees
I am a sylph...
Perched above the Place Odette
knowing the sweetness of it all.
The little darlings' aroma floating
Rose and chartreuse
Lavender and lemon
Their perfumes rising and raising
The foundations, pushing the garrets
stretching the mullions, up up up
The Seine circling, the gargoyles
hovering
The specks of humanity like the Mouches
below.
So recently threatened to be
squashed on the tearoom floor.
Now they're springing from the banks.
I sing with the sirens
and Paris opens to the heavens.

Rhonda Nyerges
inspired by painting by Kim Ratzel

