

Winter 3-11-1982

## Enlightened

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## Poetry

### Summer Nights

Alone I sit under the dark blanket sky.  
The crickets softly chirp a sweet rhythm song.  
The cool air flows against my body,  
carrying my mind to all corners of the universe.  
No questions,  
no answers,  
no asking why.  
Peace of mind,  
so rare to catch  
comes quickly to set.  
For I am not lonely,  
only peacefully alone.

Sue Steigmeyer

### Enlightened

Shadows at my dawning  
Varied changes in the hues of color  
in my heart  
Deepest red  
now gone to umber  
muddied full  
with sorrow's blue and vacant trembling  
in the dark

Carin Wiseman

### Morning Sun

It pours slowly into  
the darkened void.  
Glowing like molten gold,  
it weaves a path through  
the mists of night —  
announcing a new day.

Paula B. Helfrich

