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Sonnet No. 1

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Haleakala
Mardelle Fortier

Flowering silver grasses
hang onto precarious existence
in ancient lava rocks
on a wind-swept rim of
deep dead volcano.
Over us flies Pueo,
day owl, mystical messenger;
I pray his pewter wings guard us from unknown danger.
Ages and ages have passed in silence.

Far below, cinder cones
lurk in a haze of golden light.

We stand facing the sunset
hence unable to see our souls
in shadows, framed in rainbows.

Sonnet No. 1
John Ogan

When the sun rises in the painted east
And shines on waves that roll onto the shore,
It beams its rays reaching to the far west.
O sun! You are the joy that chimes the morn!

As beetles drink dew drops on moist grass strands,
The seagulls call through trees that filter light.
Over sandbars fall waves, sounding the land,
The rocks will be warmed even into night.

The earliest life came from light and sea,
Slowly crawling onto the bright firm land.
Evolving species that have yet to be,
The first giant leap was onto the sand!

As our sun climbs over vast turquoise sea,
Nature paints a long history of me.