

SLEEP

Sleep is solitude
Easing away the tireness,
The worries of living.
A cool cloak of velvet:
Refreshment for a weary soul.

— Susan Dittmar

FAIRYLAND

Nature had come with her magic wand and transformed the drab countryside into a shimmering palace. She had covered the surroundings with diamonds, pearls, and crystals. She had transformed the barren trees into beautiful fairy princesses covered with white, the brook into a silver thread winding into the future.

— Cornelia Metcalf

His obvious, outspoken admissions of cynicism were a sure sign of his immature hope that his immature friends would think he was infinitely wise and terribly mature.

— Sheila O'Connor

OUTDOOR MEDITATION

The outdoors is a place of serene beauty and wild confusion, of glorious sunshine, and rain falling in an undignified manner on a recently deserted hopscotch. The sun darts playfully from an ice cream wagon to a doorstep with several milk bottles on it, and then is off again to greet a lonesome daffodil or a toy soldier partly hidden in the tall grass. A timid rose stretches her thin neck out to greet the day. A tender shoot of grass appears nearby, seemingly from nowhere, to compete in the contest of which blade can stand the tallest. Afternoon passes and the sun slides into the ocean leaving a trail of golden mist.

—Gail Mungen

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