

RICHARD KING PERKINS II*FINDING HER MUSE*

As she quietly lays in her crib,
 no one can predict that this child
 will become a doctor or accountant
 with any certainty, even in a family
 rich with doctors or accountants.

Tonight, she slumbers in the titian vapors
 of untended potential where
 every pathway is possible and alluring.
 Change begins with stirring awareness
 and the subtle stoking of what is missed.

Even at the breast,
 her auspicious mist begins to dissipate.
 The roads to Tripoli are eclipsed
 while the streets of Denver hang brightly
 across an otherwise lackluster horizon.

But would any have said
 she will become a seeker of stars,
 searching every night through
 a magnificent telescope,
 one that's never been trained
 on the clearest of attainable skies?

JIM GOVONI*ICE SKATES AND PIANO LESSONS*

On the third floor
 in an unrefined Victorian
 a young girl dreams
 of ice skates and piano lessons.

With her eyes closed
 soul open
 she glides with dancer's grace
 across a frozen pond
 freeing piano melodies
 blocked by the knot
 of her narrow staircase.

Door slams . . . eyes open.

Father returns home
 from emptying garbage into an open truck.
 Mother remains in the back room
 foot-pedaling her Singer
 in endless rhythm
 sewing up hope for others.