

SARAH MCCOUBREY

Large White Lake, 2012
oil on wood panel, 26 1/2 x 24 in.



COURTESY LOCKS GALLERY

JUDY BRACKETT

The Trees for the Forest

Judy Brackett's stories and poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Miramar*, *Subtropics*, *Commonweal*, *Canary*, *West Marin Review*, the *Midwest Quarterly*, *Spillway*, *The Untidy Season: An Anthology of Nebraska Women Poets* (Backwaters Press), and elsewhere. She is a member of the Community of Writers at Squaw Valley and has taught creative writing and English literature and composition at Sierra College. A native of Nebraska, she has lived in California's northern Sierra Nevada foothills for many years.

dawn pinking
the smoke-hazy sky
watermark clouds to the south

The word is your Easter.

wildflowers painting the trailsides
vermillion trumpets
thimble-size magenta spikes
flat-topped feather-leafed creamy yarrow
lepidopterous parade

Hope doesn't float, it struggles to rise.

golden eagle high up in a Jeffrey studying
the theory of fancy flight
old snow in the Palisades' saddles

Skysticks & stones threaten fire, bone-dry desert mountains.

Mule's ears standing tall cradling
citrine stars
skipper wings resting
on lupine
high noon

You're only old twice, but twice is forever.

black bear in her rough brown coat galumphing
through burnt trees & slash
hot-eyes-roving hawk ripping
the guts from a marmot
long shadows, late afternoon

Love never sometimes always maybe dies down, dies.

Tahoe's blue water white at sand's edge
striping its way to indigo
all the way to Nevada

Have I time & words & world enough & who's beside me?

high-riding moon in slow-motion leap
over Emigrant Peak
cable car climbing to stars