

Change

By Kate Collins-Thompson

*Change
comes flying out of
an upstairs window
and lands with a thud
on a pile of rubble.*

*Change
drips from branches,
spills over gutters,
flows along the street,
emerges from a cocoon, and slowly dries
its wings
in the summer sun.*

*Change
flutters from an October sky
in the soft rain-sound
of falling leaves;
makes the ground ice-hard overnight.*

*Change pulls up the drive
in a moving van;
brings tears to every mother
seeing her first-born off to school,*

*And then,
Change creeps up,
taps us on the shoulder,
and surprises us
with the mystery
of
growing
old.*

Kate Collins-Thompson is a Member of Coldstream Monthly Meeting. The idea for this poem came to her once on a walk when she saw furniture and other items being thrown from a window as the first step in a renovation project on an old house.



“MOTHER AND DAUGHTER” BY JUNE-ETTA CHENARD

Fund Appeals

By Jack Ross

*Someday I shall receive
envelopes brown or white
sent by Quaker groups
that I imagine might
have clear plastic windows
to emit their Inner Light.*

Jack Ross is a member of Argenta Monthly Meeting. He wrote this poem in 2006.