

corridor



VoT . 8

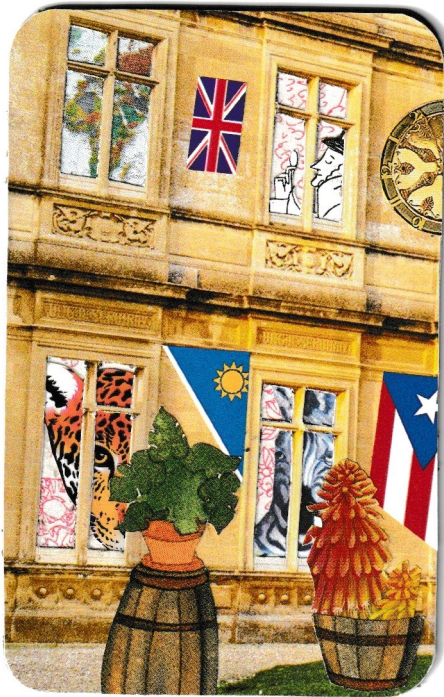
GRANDMA FISKE

Soil in my nail bed
from digging in the flower bed.
Without a hat atop my head,
I dripped with beads of sweat.

“Better drink some water” said
Grandma Fiske from her old shed.
Dahlias are what she bred,
with methods firm and set.

We went inside and there she fed
me with insistence that she pled.
Time that morning swiftly sped,
but it’s those times I won’t forget.

by Tyson Higel



#506 K. McKeever

“When Rowand Became An Empty Nester, He Converted The Country House Into A Transitional Hospital For Zoo Animals On The Way Back To Their Wild Homes’

AN OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK

Glassy reflection in water
and mirror
grasp my eyes,
steer their gaze;
latch my mind
in ways ashamedly vain.

Even in a window pane
my focus veers.
How insecure
I must be,
constantly
evaluating and gauging,
rating and appraising
the image I see
of myself.

What value is in that?
Not me, but the act?
Find your answers in others.
Trust what they see
and say.
Let them be your mirror today.

by Tyson Higel



#374 K. McKeever
“A New Form Of Mail Calls For A Different Kind Of
Delivery System”

THE SHARP BLADE OF THOUGHT

Twenty-two and two thousand
is the point in time-continuum;
who only knows how long
this body will go on.

The sharp blade of thought
plows in my mind, churning,
re-fertilizing opportunities for growth.
I hope, with good conscience,
I'll learn to irrigate, in some sense,
by next year's turning

by Tyson Higel



Kimker, Diane "Pumpkin Tutorial" a study

Created Sept. 16, 2022

Artist who made on-line tutorial: Andrew Geeson

City Where it is Housed:

The piece is in my possession, right here in Bellingham.

INTERSTATE JOURNEY

A diluted lemon sun
Shimmers a golden sheen
On a lake.

Ducks swim on water-logged
Fields, where cows graze
In summer.

Ribbon-threaded clouds
Filters through lichen and
Moss covered trees.

Five lanes of traffic buzz,
Hawks, herons, and eagles sit
Patiently.

Mountains to the east
Reflects sun, off pristine
Fresh snow.

From a curve in the road,
A vast blue shape looms,
Mount Rainier.

Towns, cities, lakes, and rivers,
Stream past my vehicle from
Bellingham to Portland.

by Elizabeth Jane Pryce

SELF

Let's meet
where
sky
caresses
sea
and sea
embraces
sky
to define
a horizon

beyond which
our souls
merge and
commit
to ultimate
self

By Ashok K. Bhargava

EARLY MORNING RAIN

I wake into new-breaking dawn
step past the doorway of my sleep
to catch the dark's retreat to lashing grey.

Feet splash in fresh-made runnels, inches deep.
The downpour clears away fog's banter with the mist
that softens, shrugs and flows away.

Faint sun slides through dreary cloud,
shimmer of a rainbow wanes as rain re-starts
to paint the bank of weed a wilder green.

Consider water, all that hides
between its pulsing bright and wet,
its constancy, its surrender to a path.

Will indecision settle, wrapping calm
on every side of me, to ease
into a river I might reach beyond?

May this delight, a thousand spears on grass,
a dance that tickles, toes to knees,
promote a fresher day.

By Linda Conroy



11th Street, by Kaori Brown

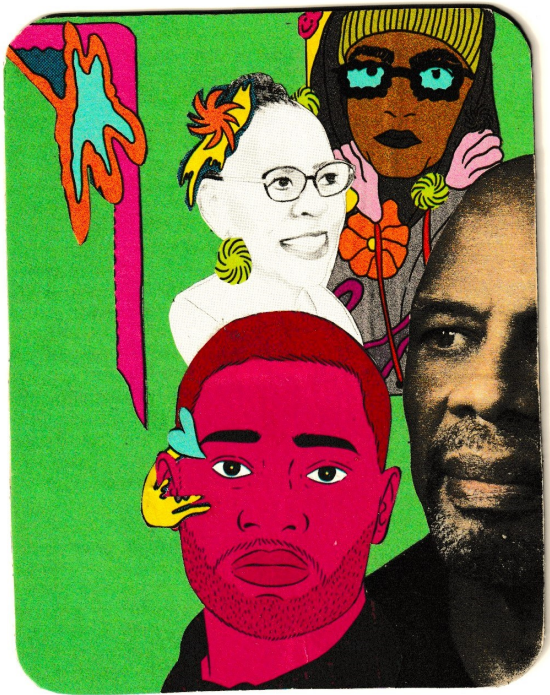
Kaori Brown shares, "I live in Fairhaven. Art journaling is my hobby. The "11th Street" art piece is a mixed media collage and watercolor of 11th Street. It was created by using collage fodder (recycled paper and magazines scraps.)"

11th STREET (FAIRHAVEN)

11th Street,
A bustling busy street in the day,
Where people shop and play,
Cars all in a line,
Some rumble by so loud,

At night you lay in silence,
As the early darkness of the Fall sweeps in,
Bricks echo history,
Shadows whisper the past.
Yet I feel not solace,
But tranquility,
As I breath in the cool night air on 11th Street.

by Kaori Brown



#413 K. McKeever
"Kareem's Family Enjoys Colorful Embellishments"

TEMPEST

This morning the sky changed. Wind from
another direction cast surprise
and stirred up curiosity.

Trees above sway to the Song of Fall,
a lovely dance to sing to.
Below, wind combs threw underbrush,
grabs the recently fallen,
blows them into whirlwinds.

Northern Gale, breathe on me.
Release from me dead and dying parts
Twirl them up to the sky,
lay them on the ground.
Churn them into soil—all that death is good for.
Compost for a garden I have yet to harvest.

by Shannon Laws



Photo by Josh Massey on Unsplash

ARROW

V shaped dots in the sky

Purpose driven

Direction certain

Group effort

Majestic to know

by Shannon Laws

THAILAND RUG*

Take off your dungaree jacket
come and sit by the high fire
warm yourself for brisket
dry 'yer socks for tomorra'



You are a sailor not a farm to toil
around the globe you float on your mistress Sea
let saltwater then heal your gashes
You'll only get good soil from me

My blood is full of vinegar
shake it on top 'yer cod
fork a big bite for your mouth to light
then perhaps you'll meet your god



*For a sailor, each swallow represents 5,000 nautical miles in a sailor's career. The circumference of the earth is 21,639 nautical miles - about 4.16 swallows.

Swallows are known for their migration patterns where they travel long distances from home and back again, a swallow tattoo would also mean that a sailor could always find their way home.

Truly the Lord lives in the fish,
fillet batter and flake-white
Rest your head on my bosom port
Tie a tail to your colorful kite



Let's rip the sheets up tonight, love
then move onto the floor
to cut up the Thailand rug, dear
that's really from Singapore

Oh rest your head on top my bosom port
tie your boat to my nested lap
tell those ladies on faraway shores
you're in love, dear, and won't be back



by Shannon Laws

Vol. 8 Contributors

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AN OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK
THE SHARP BLADE OF THOUGHT
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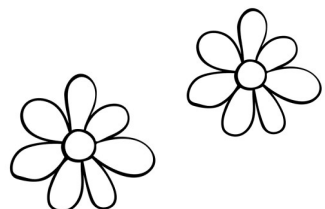
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Thank you



BIOS BIOS BIOS

Tyson Higel is a nursing student at Whatcom Community College, and living in Bellingham, WA. If he's not with patients or studying his coursework, he is, almost certainly, working on his poems and short stories.

Elizabeth Jane Pryce was born in England, but raised in the Caribbean until she was fourteen years when she returned to England. She survived the emotional turmoil of cultural changes, a new family, marriage, and three children, before moving to Bellingham. Jane has lived in the same house for thirty years, is a memoirist, a poet and a landscaper.

Ashok K. Bhargava: Art award winning multilingual poet; The founder and president of the Writers International Network Canada (WIN Canada); Community activist; public speaker; Former president of Literary Society of BC; Author of six poetry books and many poetry anthologies.

Linda Conroy likes to write about the complexity of the behaviors that make us human, and influence our connection with the natural world, especially in these times of change. She is the author of *Ordinary Signs*, a poetry collection. Her second collection, *Familiar Sky*, will be out shortly. She lives in Bellingham.

Kaori Brown lives in Fairhaven. She is a retired Teacher. She enjoys art journaling and writing poems to go with some of her work.

Kathleen A. McKeever lives in Sunnyland among a community of young families collaborating to create the world we desire for future generations. Poet, artist, creator of the Urban Cauldron Tarot Deck.



What shall I do now...?

LEAVE | KEEP | RECYCLE | SHARE

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