

Theme: Listening
Sandra Cairns

Sound Orphans

Sound orphans, we have lived with no music
And you without the flowers of audience

This is an invitation to bring us lullabies.
I know your listening feet can find our trail

(Gardens in the mountains,
trains by a lake)

I know that trees record your nearing;
Vibrations through roots become

Etchings on tree rings, and slices of whimsical wood
Singing on old Victrolas to future insomniacs

(Laughter by waterfalls)

We are sleepless by a golden river
ears cupped for floating petals of kindness

I am listening for you, outstretched
through hands of trembling aspen

Bring us all lullabies
don't keep us orphaned
till dawn

(Tracks on the lake
Orchids in the mountains)

Theme: Togetherness
Victoria Crompton

Together in an Adirondack Universe

If I thought I might die tomorrow,
I would bring you here to the shore.
We would sit together in this giant chair,
Knees touching, legs dangling.
Safe in our Adirondack universe.
Channeling innocence, wonder, magic,
I would show you diamonds and stars on the lake,
Sylvan spirits in the compact hearts of fiddleheads,
And springtime in the tender leaves-
Sacred green flames lit by April sunshine.
In my Adirondack innocence
I would sing you a love song
That would wrap you in sunshine
And fade away like an echo on the water.
My love would be pure and sweet,
Unfettered by corrosive regret,
By memories of hurt, of trivial slights,
By the need to change you.
If I thought I might die tomorrow
I would love you extravagantly.