

M.P Jones IV is founder and editor-in-chief of *Kudzu House Quarterly*, a southern journal of literature & environment. His recent work includes a collection of poetry, *Live at Lethe* (Sweatshoppe Publications, 2013), poems in *The Painted Bride*, *Harpur Palate*, *Portland Review*, *Tampa Review*, *The Greensboro Review*, *Canary Magazine*, *Cumberland River Review*, and others; wards such as the 2012 Robert Hughes Mount, Jr. Poetry Prize and others; book reviews in *The Journal*, *Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and Environment*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, and others. He teaches first-year and creative writing at Point University. Visit his author's page at ecopoiesis.com.

A Heron

Crossing the highway sky
like a blue comet streak,
halfway from where I stand
and the distant clouds
with the sun already
leaning into the dark,
a heron casts its frail
shadow into the long legged
summer afternoon
and disappears behind
the shortleaf horizon
sloping beyond the crest
of the hill and power lines
which rise and fall,
dipping further down
into the silent air,
and I am left
to imagine it moving
across this strange landscape
of strip malls and traffic,
perhaps seeking shelter
in the drainage lake
of the Briggs & Stratton
industrial park.

Patti Crouch teaches English at Point University. Her husband and sons are poets, including *Stone House* and *Dam*.

Pinhole

Imagine a volcano
scrim of magenta
shadow streams a
great angry arms.
buildings as I list
team trailing a de
creek. At work, co
that a fugitive pur
shirt, one tennis s
days earlier he ha
died, fled on foot
muscular, bare-ch
friends speculated
there as a child.

That evening, I te
the imagined cry
explains the angle
science of rotation
are silenced by th
an old friend, who
died while backco
intelligence and c
for grizzlies and w
break, he called a
snow swept him a

Rainier haunted r
memorial, I cried
daughters singing