

## Liquid Love

*by James Richard Hansen, FSPE*

for Kristen

A waterfall floods our hearts  
with bracing, pristine spring water  
that carries love from nature's reserve.  
The source deep in the backcountry  
is God's wellspring of happiness.  
From the deep basin containing the liquid love,  
God's angels keep the goodness flowing.  
You were born of that spring,  
the endless reservoir  
that continues to give the world  
untainted goodness  
through the presence of your spirit.  
I feel ineffably blessed  
to be the main recipient. Ω

## 161 West 4th Street

*by Gary Tillery, SFSPE*

One day he showed up in the Village,  
an angelheaded-hipster-poet-  
Midwest-dharma bum,  
pulling origin tales out of his hat  
like a sideshow prestidigitator.

Once he drew a crowd  
he began the real magic,  
walking a tightrope of sound  
stretched across a land gone gray,  
blending Woody and Hank,  
Arthur and Stéphane, Allen and Jack,  
to skywrite poetry above their heads.

They had the impression  
that he came from some dark star,  
a realm of riddles and surly geniuses.  
In fact, his aim was to live there.

Concealing a poet's insecurities  
behind a useful mask,  
he combined audacity  
with uncommon dreams  
to stake out territory no one  
had ever noticed before. Ω