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Bern Porter
Sheila Holtz
Natasha Bernstein

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"...out here, out there, out where I dare:
dare to travel, dare to see,
dare to dare to let things be me..."
needy from evil hap.

Fire, the lady of flames, who

to her, who permitteth not the . . .

Lady of light, the lady to whom

difference between her height and her breth

hath never been found since the beginning

whose size is not known; it was born in the

Robe which doth clothe the divine fee

lóveth and shrouding the body.

Blazing fire, the flame whereof (cannot)
tongues of flame which reach afar, the slain

one through whom a man may not pass by reason

doeth.

She who is in the front, the lady of strength, quiet

birth to her lord; whose girth is three hundred and fifty me-

forth rays like the watch stone of the south; who raiseth up

and clotheth the feeble one; who giveth [offerings] to he-
I am with my mother somewhere, maybe Newark, outside a run down apartment building. We are looking for someone. We ring the bell. I can see at one of the windows upstairs a man standing, looking out. He is either Asian or Indian. He is either looking for someone or waiting for someone. Perhaps he is talking to a young boy down the street - his son.

Meanwhile, we are unexpectedly inside, following a group of people down the stairs. I recognize A. from the back of his head, but he looks different. He is wearing a tweedy overcoat and has a multi-pierced ear. I tap him on the shoulder. He turns around and tells us to meet him at "Ramon's Pizza."

I think I know where it is, so I lead the way. My mother and I are walking along but actually I don't have any idea where we are. However, I am in a buoyant mood. We pass a vacant lot with wildflowers growing. They are blue with large petals. I see one of them with a glowing white spot in the center. I explain that draws love down" (from heaven). I pick the flower and immediately the spot disappears. I am sad now that I have picked the flower and made the light go out. I've forgotten all about the pizza.
Postcard by the late Guillermo Deisler
Feathers added by S. Holtz
the world is truth,

from "HOUSEKEEPING"
by Marilynne Robinson
NY: Bantham, 1982