

—Sophie Diener—

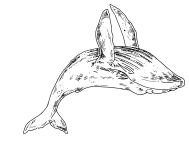
Get rejected. Mess up,
Run straight through your luck,
and still trust what's inside you
enough to keep going.
Let yourself feel it; attend to the sting.
Decide it's worth it. Proceed.
Sure, it'd be nice if
"the good part" came sooner,
fast forwarding life to your ideal future,
but you'd miss the meantime—
lessons you'd learn with your retries,
resilience coming up short taking shape.
Slow down. Look up.
You don't want to skip this.
Don't take for granted this gift
of experience.
Every step matters—both forward
and back. More than one thing
can be gained on this path.

KEEP GOING



Every time I dream of you,
there is
an antelope—
standing off the curb like
camouflaged silk.
A YIELD sign
reflects
off its hindquarters.
A breeze—and the fur
glows yellow.
The area seems to whimper.
I blink, as if to say,
I looked that way, too, once.
—Mckenzie Lynn Tozan—

THE ANTELOPE DO NOT HAVE EARS, HERE



—Mary Oliver—

Now through the white orchard
my little dog romps,
breaking the new snow
with wild feet.
Running here running there,
excited, hardly able to stop,
he leaps, he spins until
the white snow is written upon
in large, exuberant letters,
a long sentence, expressing
the pleasures of the body
in this world.
Oh, I could not have said it better.

THE STORM

—Mary Walker—

Ever widening rings
flow outward
from your every action,
unseen by you
but felt in places
you will never know.
Ripples of
whatever pebbles
you drop in the ocean
kindness, fear,
judgement, peace—
can rock the boat of another
or can quietly lull,
altering a course,
gently turning a bow
toward friendlier seas.

RIPPLES

THESE BONES REMEMBER

we go out the same way we came,
knees to ribs,
sternum to silence,
skull to shadow,
pelvis to prayer,
the last twitch and first tremor
stitched together;
our fate etched
in each vertebrae the entire time,
until eventually we'll rest
as all fossils do,
just another moment,
mistaken for a deeper meaning.

—Alyssa Harmon—



KINDER THAN MAN

And God,
please let the deer
on the highway
get some kind of heaven.
Something with tall soft grass
and sweet reunion.
Let the moths in porch lights
go some place
with a thousand suns
that taste like sugar
and get swallowed whole.
May the mice
in oil and glue
have forever dry, warm fur
and full bellies.
If I am killed
for simply living,
let death be kinder
than man.

—Althea Davis—

Readers, Writers, & Shark Fans!



Happy Poem in Your Pocket Day!



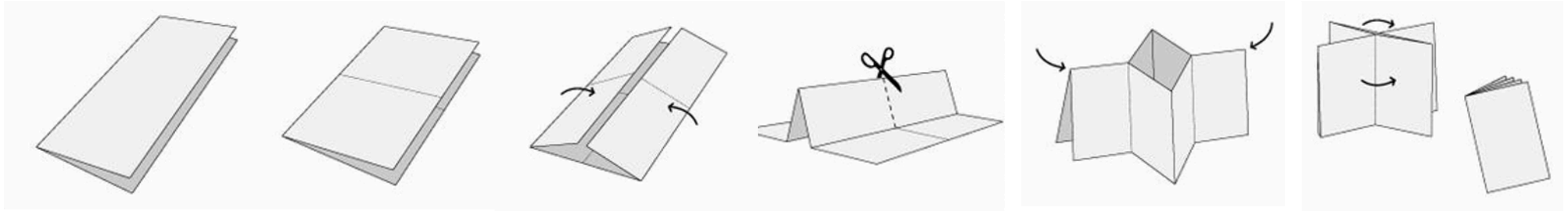
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THE WINTER DAY

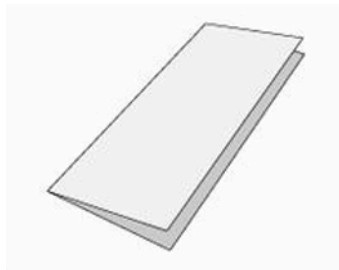
I saw the geese today.
They carried your voice across
the field, every call a salute,
every breath a prayer.
Your love lingers between
their feathers and in the rays
of the setting sun.
The grasshopper bows his head,
knowing he has been seen.
And as the day nears its ends,
even the sky is bleeding,
and the early moon hides
her face behind a misty veil.
Earth is mourning
and countless hearts weigh heavy
as their wild and precious lives
are lifted above a broken world
into the beauty of a winter day.

—Nina Heyen—
for Mary Oliver

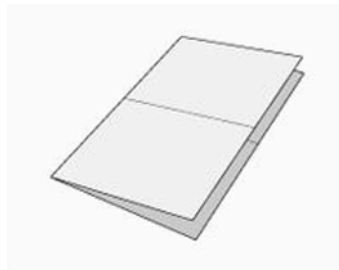
How to Make a Mini Booklet from a Sheet of Paper



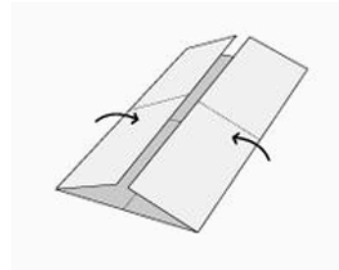
1 Fold your 8.5 x 11 sheet of paper in half, lengthwise.



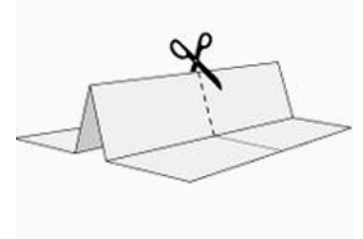
2 Unfold your paper, and then fold it in half, widthwise.



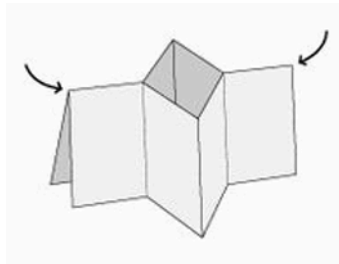
3 Unfold your paper again. Now fold the edges, lengthwise, to the center fold.



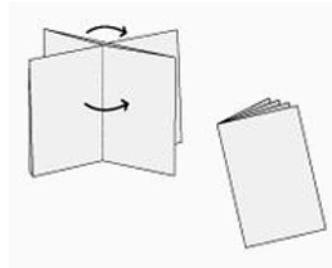
4 Unfold, and then fold widthwise. Cut a slit only halfway down the center (dotted line).



5 Unfold, fold lengthwise, and slowly push the ends in towards the center, creating a “mouth” in paper.



6 This will create a “star” shape. You can then fold the pages together into a mini booklet!



7 Fin-ally, enjoy some poems in your pocket! Share with friends! And maybe... check out *Lit Shark?*

