

*These poems bring to the page feelings of loss and grief, awe and joy, the strength of love, and the journey into imagination. Could there be art without imagination?*

## **The Forever Door**

by Diana Hetrick Wayand

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Diana Hetrick Wayand

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## **I Make My Home On A Hill**

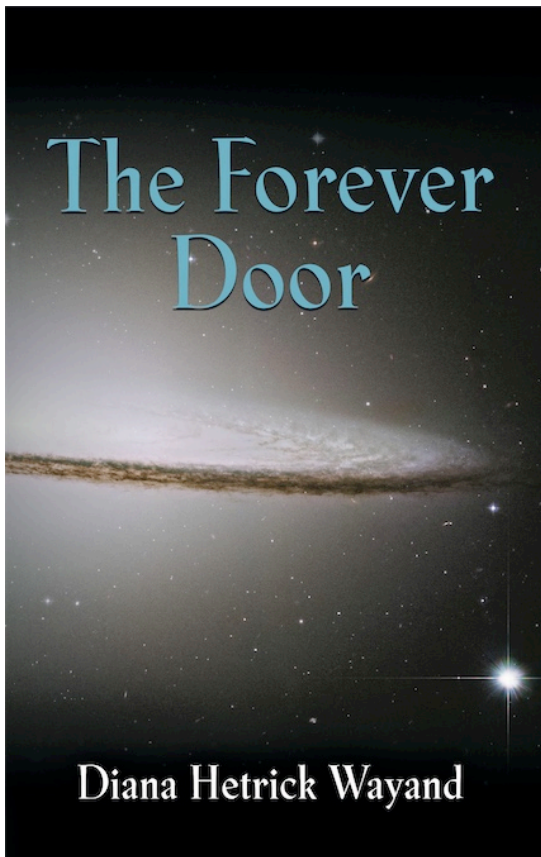
where chrysanthemums yellow the sky around me,  
the soil beneath my feet, loose and moist.

Here I the plant the seeds that will sustain me through the  
winter.

Crops of squash, carrots, and green beans I will put up in jars  
and store in my cellar pantry, alongside a row of red tomatoes  
that sit in wait on the shelf. Such joy. So simple.

If you visit, bring news, but do not stay long, solitude is my  
oar now.

The silent ripples that move the air offer a kindly peace.



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