

LORRAINE SHEMESH

Wings, 2008
Oil on Canvas, 64 1/4 x 63 1/4 in



COURTESY PRIVATE COLLECTION

ANDREW FAGUE

Atlantis

There are those who have desired so wholly—
they can't, anymore, live near the storms, the windy
moon, the warm, reflective stares of the Pacific,

old lovers connected by the distant language
of Penelope, the disciplines of the religions,
disciples, perhaps, of the distillation of the sun,

lead past the conditioned surface to where
golden, feathering rays penetrate no further—
let alone the lightless miles, the longing

of the caldera, cave-silence, that which,
if only by a fraction, is deeper than a soul,
where a squid's ink, beyond black, glows.

Birthplace of the underworld, chamber
of the heart where angels fear to tread:
Has no fool ever imagined them there,

or were they startled by the dispassion of chariot
horses grazing the foothills of seamounts?

Wary of the other half of the world,
we were born dreaming in the shallows.

Andrew Fague has taught classes in composition, literature, and mythology as well as poetry workshops at various colleges on the West Coast. He is currently teaching at Cabrillo College and the University of California, Santa Cruz, while hoarding time to finish a collection of poems.