

**Francine Porad Contest**

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after the quake  
the weathervane  
pointing to earth

first star--  
a seashell held  
to my baby's ear

spring breeze--  
the pull of her hand  
as we near the pet store

chambers pulsing  
in the washed-up jellyfish--  
waning moon

hospital waiting room--  
the drinking fountain  
stops humming

sleeping toddler--  
a bit of the ocean  
left in his plastic pail

cotton flowers--  
the rise and fall of voices  
from the country church

winter solstice--  
a few test papers  
still unmarked

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