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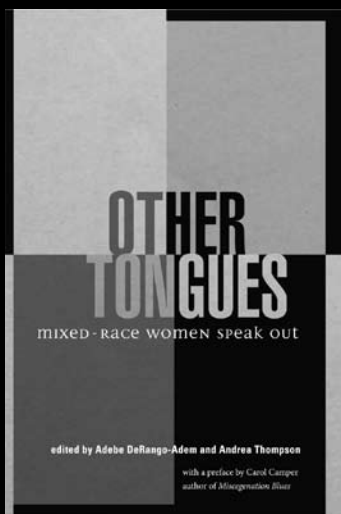
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MALCA LITOVITZ

What I'd Like to Hear

Tell me healing stories under the tree.
Let me sit at your feet and know
that all shall be well.

Look into my eyes as you speak
and see vastness mirrored there -
sky and earth.

Let me heal at your feet
receiving gifts and blessings.

Fill my bag with wisdom
and practices to still me.

Let me see enchantment
in the trembling leaves
and hope in the October sky.

Marlca Litovitz's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

ILONA MARTONFI

The Black Box

Gazette Extra: *Death from the sky: War on America!*
Eerie silence in downtown Montreal:

Hijackers crash a plane into the World Trade towers
— one hundred floors crumble. I watch it on television.

People are on alert. They huddle in small, silent groups.
I am thinking about my youngest daughter in

San Francisco, thousands of miles away.
Eldest sister Erna in Los Angeles —

"I don't have space for this," I tell my son.
"I am dealing with something bigger. My mother."

"I will have the mastectomy September 17," she said.
"I am not feeling well. I am tired."

Ilona Martonfi's poetry appears earlier in this volume.