

BY GARY FRY

## mountain laurel

As dawn takes the last star  
dimming in the pale silver sky  
the blade of a faraway saw  
rings clear and everlasting

Remembrances rise  
unbidden  
the faces of white  
stones twinkling up  
from a childhood stream

A small boy watches  
his father charm mahogany  
into whirling carbon steel

dreams of a father taming  
golden trout to the glittering lure

dreams of a night long ago  
when a boy and his father  
nestled down in a tent pitched  
bravely against the stars

And I remember when  
my father's lungs began to rattle  
like castanets in the terrible  
wind of his cough

when his flesh dropped like  
blossoms of mountain laurel

until the last  
white petal fell

away

to earth

## seasonal

Summer dims away  
Birds have vanished into dusk

The chill creeps down the mountain  
taking the trees

one by one

### honor able mention



### p o e t r y

**Gary Fry** practiced real estate law in Phoenix for 35 years before moving to southeastern Arizona in 2001. He and his wife Karen live on a mammoth "kill site" near the San Pedro River with their motley of pets. Mr. Fry tends to a few clients long distance, writes and putters in his spare time.

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## bisbee cemetery in august

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The scent of an old holiness  
of stone mingles with  
the sounds of summer

A cardinal dives into its own  
song and scatters it like  
hulled seeds

The slow trilling

of the cicada fades  
as a mourning cloak sails  
over this still life in gray

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## A t r i p t y c h

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1

Old man sitting—  
park bench dreams  
smaller than stars

2

The old man pokes  
dying embers—  
no phoenix

3

Old man listening—  
the Alzheimer's ward  
full of absences