

Diane Webster – Two Poems

For Someone To Pass By

Beside the road pampas grass tassel
looks like a relaxed hand
expecting someone to pass by
to wave at in beauty-queen fashion
with all smile, no heart
or a cherubic child
waiting until car passes
to flip the bird in salute.

Or frozen attempt of buried body
to thrust free one thin arm
to flutter fingers in white flag surrender
only to freeze in tombstone rigor
waiting for someone to pass by.

Breath Captured

Her breath flies captured
inside soap bubble
rising skyward;
a full moon
on one horizon
sun balanced
on other horizon
not knowing
sunrise, sunset,
moon rise, moon set
until bubble bursts
freeing her breath
to blow out the sun.

Diane Webster grew up in Eastern Oregon before she moved to Colorado. She enjoys drives in the mountains to view all the wildlife and scenery and takes amateur photographs. Her work has appeared in *Old Red Kimono*, *Talking River Review*, *North Dakota Quarterly* and other literary magazines.