

Thin Hardcover Artbook

Vice Versa | vol 5



Observation is a great joy.  
To write one's observations, record such  
wonderings, the greatest joy of all.

Elizabeth Bishop



## Her Dog

Sometimes I wish

I would settle

for a sunset

or other

standard views

but most

everything of

interest is

never quite so

simple; like

our neighbor

slowly walking

a dog around

the block.

His wife died,

years ago;

I knew

she had not

been well.





### **Sorting Socks for a Nickel from Grandma**

It was the summer of broken trees without shade for the caged tiger pacing at the zoo and a pack of Fisher sunflower seeds sold for a nickel at the laundromat across the street where the kind lady behind the counter demonstrated how to tuck a handful in her cheek like the bored ballplayer in left-field pausing to wipe away the drool at the edges of his salty lips until startled by the smack of a well-struck ball headed for the alley but still he will make his millions wearing that uniform of green and Fort Knox gold while mother wears what she is wearing when she shares with us how her most memorable gift as a child was an orange.





*I'm not sure you got this earlier. Trying again:*

*Just wanted you to know that we are still sitting by dad's side as his breaths fall farther and farther apart. The outpouring of love for him has been beyond what I could have expected. This has helped me come to terms and feel at peace with my relationship with him. It has been extremely emotional and draining, but also beautiful and healing, and hopeful about the goodness of humanity.*

*What you share with my dad is the way you touch so many others with your generosity and kindness. Thank you for your positivity, your genuine interest in me and my parents' lives. I value your friendship over these years more than you know.*

*I look forward to seeing you on our eventual return.*





## **Thaw**

Silhouettes of large birds back  
from Venezuela  
swirl high  
to appraise the ice-scattered  
debris at lakeside;

A few runners pause,

Their paleness  
raised to the warming sky  
with neon caps  
and shoes;  
an early bloom.

Our need to be seen.



## **Morro Bay**

I recall Morro Bay in late-morning

the bird life, pelicans  
and entitled seals below the pier  
so loud I thought eventually I would tire  
but I didn't;  
so how are we not living there?

We continued on to San Simeon  
where I ripped my jeans, significantly  
on a barbed wire fence.  
Huge elephant seals speckled the beach  
sand-covered and still, boulders  
until we neared

and then later we checked out the Castle.

2025