

**PATTERN**

*W. D. Ulrich*

All rapids are redeemed:  
 The dark isolate oxbows,  
 Those exiled directions,  
 Lost rivers,  
 Turning back the last light,  
 Like old animals, staggered from the herd,  
 In wait for whatever is theirs alone.

**FALSE LIGHTS**

*Bert Almon*

I sit in a driftwood forest  
 fallen timber all around me  
 a blundering armada of jellyfish  
 dry in wedge formation on the sand  
 I am waiting for the false sunset  
 (the real star gone under the sea)  
 letting my tensions sink with the red image  
 out there beyond the Umatilla reef  
 off Cape Alava I see the lightship  
 an anchored heart, waiting for night  
 I know its pulse as well as my own  
 weak flashes in the deeper dark  
 all day an eagle floated off the cloudbanks  
 patrolling flights of seagulls  
 as I watched to learn the clean pounce  
 to drop my good manners and gentle ways  
 the false lights that lead ships  
 to reefs, to the shallows that catch  
 fine lumber, salt-soaked bales  
 and bodies that swell on the sand