



Image by Suzanne Metzler

### A CRACK IN TIME

There is a note missing  
from the scale, a galaxy  
torn from the sky, a rift  
in the universe since the day  
Mother could not remember  
my name, the day she asked  
if she was older than me.  
Can this cracked globe  
be glued back together,  
this inverted world  
ever be set right?

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by Wilda Morris

### TRAVELING THE WORLD

Listen more carefully to lilt  
of voice, passion of clicks  
and glottals, smiling words,  
the staccato or flow

of any language and hear  
hope after the handshake  
with a stranger who also  
seeks a better world.

Speak more plainly, not  
the spew from politicians,  
desperate salesmen, sirens'  
promise of fairytales come true.

Embrace the conspiracy of peace  
sprinkled among bitter crumbs  
of war while fists open  
to calls of understanding—

amity of frozen hatred  
and newly grounded tolerance,  
a lost dream awakened  
from the darkness of despair.

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by Susan T. Moss

### TAI CHI

To hold the world between your palms  
to push it up and over your head  
then side to side, caressing it  
like an ancient Greek statue  
of a naked man. I hold this globe  
carry it close to my flat chest  
it becomes my Chi, the life force  
flowing in and out of me.

The teacher tells us to imagine  
we are holding a small ball.  
I cup my hands and the circle  
becomes an orb of fire.  
I push it left and right  
it contains the ocean,  
waves in slow motion.

The strangers next to me all  
have cancer. The ball becomes  
a balloon, lifting each tumor outside our  
bodies, into the air where  
the wind takes it to a place of despair,  
where it can never escape or recur.

Later at night the ball surfaces again  
when I lie next to you. It becomes  
a tulip bulb, a red geranium  
in a broken pot, a nasturtium  
in full bloom outside my window.

Like the way you reel in your pike,  
the river's surface blue and full of light,  
the dancing glitter in celestial eyes,  
the moon recalling the ghost of a child,

I hold your soul close.

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by Caroline Johnson



Image by Alexa Frangos

In the summer of 2019, a group of photographers and poets from the Chicago area met to discuss the idea of pursuing an ekphrastic conversation between poetry and photography. The group eventually named itself The P2 Collective, a collaboration of four poets and three photographers. Since then, the P2 Collective has held online poetry readings with photographic images, produced several poetry-photography videos, and has held an exhibition of their work at the Perspective Gallery of Fine Art Photography in Evanston, Illinois.