

BEVERLY A. TIFT

In Memory Of All Things Past

Tonight, I visit the ‘Moving Wall’, the half-size replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial that has toured the country for more than twenty years. Each time the wall comes to Connecticut, I go at twilight—for I cannot bear my reflection.

laundry day—
clenched between my teeth
clothespins

—originally appeared in *Haibun Today*, 2007

Stop-Time, Convoy Rest Stop, Tapline
Road, Saudi Arabia, January 1991

Cindy—in one perfect moment with the sun on her wind-shuffled hair—is laughing. From where I stand, I frame her bright face with my hands and call, “Click, Click, I got you.”

distant thunder
all night the radio
tuned to static

Arabian Nights

Under the dark of the moon, the *An-Nafūd* desert is shrouded in brilliant light. These are not muted city stars, but a radiant tide that pours from black-velvet sky to engulf the world that I once knew.

sentry duty
the letter from home
in my pocket

—originally appeared in *Moonset Literary Newspaper*, 2009

A Holiday Called July

Two months after returning from Desert Storm, I'm sitting on the porch listening to an album by Bette Midler. When neighborhood teenagers set off fireworks, I startle back to those memories that keep time with the echoing booms.

Again, the beginning notes, *From a Distance*, weave through my thoughts . . . leading me home. I turn the volume higher, close my eyes to the brilliant sky and wonder: Is God still watching us?

fireflies . . .
“red rover, red rover”
fades into night

Somewhere North of the Neutral Zone

On days like this, neither here nor there, I see your silhouette against a ruddy horizon, which is marred by dark clouds that imperceptibly engulf the light. When the sky fractures and falls apart, desert sand slips between my fingers and there is nothing left but the wind . . . on days like this.

shifting shadows
under the clothesline
greener grass

BEVERLY A. TIFT is an US Army Veteran, fiber artist and daydreamer, who lives in Connecticut surrounded by her family, friends, books and a large stash of yarn. Some of her work has appeared in *Heron's Nest*, *Daily Haiku*, *Moonset Literary Newspaper*; *The 2005 Red Moon Anthology of English Language*, *Contemporary Haibun*, and *Haibun Today*.