

Ode to Cache Valley
by Susan Pesti-Strobel

Generous

like a mother opens

Her arms

You unfold

to me

1. love this *liberal*

tilts into bluest sky

and you say

I am your gift

2. love is *large*

if I believe

in it

3. your aspens love me

freely when I steal

into their rhizome

4. bone-scorched

by sun wind fire

your Ranges are *rich*

in flavors of rocks.

I was home in you

for so long

You taught me love

but not

how to forget.

That Thing She Did
by Susan Pesti-Strobel

Coming home from school
on winter afternoons
I found her so often

sitting by the window
her eyes fixed on a world
not outside

her fingers idled
by that something that stirred
the folds of her apron

her elbows held up
by the brown chair's curved
arms, a tether from in-laws –

she just sat there with shadows
growing in her curls

why sit in the dark?
what needed to be seen?

Susan Pesti-Strobel hails from Hungary and has taught writing at USU, as well as at other colleges. While in Cache Valley, she belonged to the poetry group Poetry@3 and had her poems published in their perennial chapbooks, also in the *wordriver anthology*, *ProvoOremWord*, *Sugar House Review*, and *Loose Leaves* (UK). Susan was judging poetry for the League of Utah Writers and the USU Scribendi creative writing contest. As of this writing, she and her husband Craig are volunteering at Wallowa Lake, OR, searching for a home for their retirement years.