

*In remembrance
of the GFA Convention
and Competition 2017
in Fullerton, California*



Strong Force *by Robert Ferguson*

1.
Young man stands
at the door of Willow
across the plaza
in early morning.
He rings the buzzer
and waits.
2.
I ride with Alejandro
from LAX. Barrios
plays on CD. Walkways
along Claves lead
to Little Theatre.
3.
Herjan, maker
of magical songs,
harrier hawk,
circles and falls
in forty-one forms.
4.
In the teahouse
of a Japanese garden
Josinaldo, by green water
and windblown trees,
plays *All in Twilight*.
5.
Marija, silver eyelids,
scarves on her shoulders—
her sad cante jondo,
her waves of solea
enter our bloodstreams.
6.
Chasm of space
fills the atom,
separates nucleus
from electron.
Like-charged particles
bend to repel,
bind in the Strong Force.

7.
Closing night—
Senio, Emmanuel,
Yael eulogize
their fallen fathers.
Alirio loved the land,
collected its stones.
Roland once said,
If I believed in God...

8.
Guitarists early Sunday
gather on the plaza,
walking from Willow,
Juniper, Manzanita.
Killing time,
waiting for rides.
Most are on their cells.
I leave them to talk.
My phone rings.

