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Single copies of *The Way We See Now* are \$35.00 plus postage. Quantity sales with special discounts are available. Orders from U.S. trade bookstores and wholesalers are encouraged.
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The Way We See Now: A Collaboration of Poetry and Photography

Sam Joyner & Francine Ringold

"If we are alive to the world, we are always relating to and collaborating with something — whether it is another art form or artist or the very air we breathe — with history or possibility." Francine Ringold, from the Introduction to *The Way We See Now*

"For all who are interested in startling images, exacting words and the possibility of working and playing together."

"This is a book to grace your coffee table! This is also a book to challenge and expand your vision!"

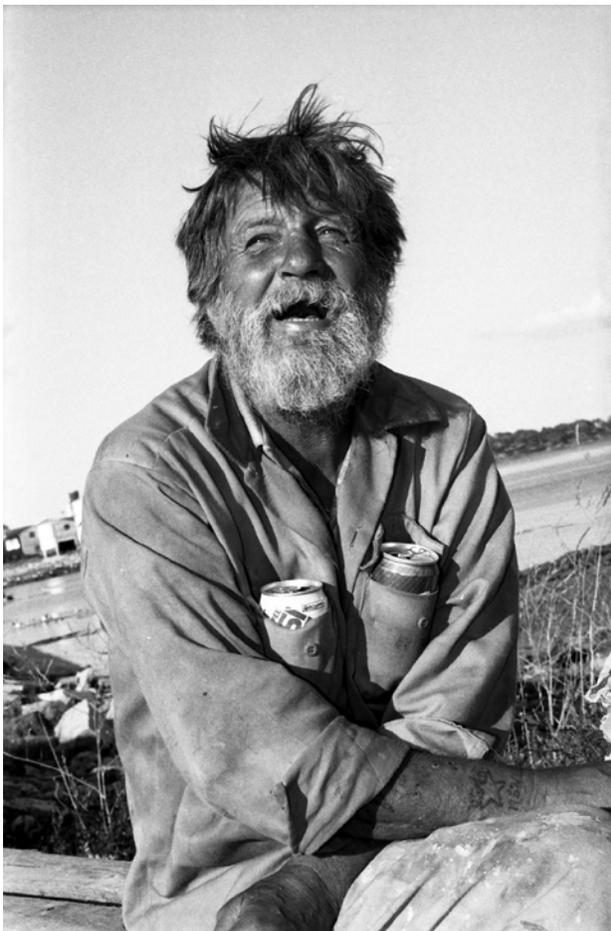


Photo by Sam Joyner

Mr. Tupper goes to Heaven¹

How she wished she could stretch her small arms,
reach high and gather his soft stray hairs, feel
the brush of his light beard on her cheek.
But he had those beer cans in his pockets.
That was the way it was.

That was the way it was:
the wrinkles lining his shirt as if the weeds
punctured the tough fabric and untucked
his very soul, the rosy cheeks bursting with smiles,
the eyes gazing upwards where a bottle floated
like an omen of forgiveness and there too
the scant image of the daughter
lost somewhere in the blue-grey haze.

Once she found him face down in the street,
yet he cocked his head and smiled. The cops
thought him funny and let him roam
back to his camp in the underground.
She could not laugh. That was the way it was.

Yet his shoulders were strong and his baby teeth
shone from his gaping and hopeful mouth.
And the promise, the mere promise
of his strong hugs were enough.
She wrapped him in a prayer shawl . . . waiting.
He did not disappoint.

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What happens when a U.S. Magistrate Judge/Photographer/Grandfather and a Poet Laureate/Editor/Grandmother get together? An invitation to look more closely at the world? Without doubt a compound of surprises — dynamite!

