

# POETRY

## Familiar Paths

by Paul Schaefer, Holbrook, NY

Lying in an empty bed,  
all my thoughts  
turn back to you.  
Our late night  
phone conversation,  
your disembodied voice,  
is a pale substitute.  
So, my mind blindly  
follows my heart  
down familiar  
paths of desire  
that lead me  
farther from sleep,  
and deliver me to  
the smooth curve  
of your hip.



## The Zen of Winter

by Tiffany Lassiter, Hempstead, NY

The stillness of the snow  
Blankets the valleys and meadows  
The faint whispers of the air  
Echoes through the powdered sugar woods  
The vines become strings of star lights  
Stretching across trees and canopies  
Bridges and paths glisten like diamond dust  
The pristine lakes mirror the wintry glory  
Of snow capped peaks and sapphire skies  
Everything seems frozen in time  
But nature still speaks  
The mind is at peace  
The heart is still warm  
This is the zen of winter



by Kimberly A. Herman, Sunnyside, NY

I would love nothing more than to create wrinkles in time, our time, with you my love. Years shall continue to stretch by across the sky and etch lines and patterns onto these heavy majestic trees that surround our home. I see your eyes, like the color of distant planets above the night desert, transfixed upon my head, captivating me still, still full of wonder.

We have entered the middle of it all now; growing, learning, living, and loving. Don't you know my darling, your smile lights up my spirit still, as I think of my hand in yours. As I think of driving together out East, another year of picking out pumpkins, another year of picking out our perfect Christmas tree, another year of picking and planting flowers under the hot summer sun. Soil now creeping in between creases of your aging hands; those hands of yours, heat crackled the color of your skin upon you.

You amaze me still, you challenge me still, and you love me still, inside the corners and secret passageways of our journey. You are my best friend. I love to hear your soft whispering voice, sending me into flight; my wings flutter and I am forever captivated.

How can this be, that you, this woman, my sweet, this soft lovely light beside me still dances and whirls, twirls inside of me. May I grow old with you, my love, can we always be?



Watercolors by  
**Jan Guarino**  
631-368-4800  
Classes • Portraits  
jan@guarino.gallery

## Decision

by Carol Purdy, Bay Shore, NY

This decision I must make  
has grown claws and teeth.  
It gnaws  
at the back of my neck  
while I sleep.  
I had better make friends with it  
and soon  
before it devours me.

## Miracle in Costco

by Irwin Dunsky, Monroe Township, NJ

I had to go to Costco for my hearing-aid  
Got there ten minutes early told to wait  
Sat on the side waiting for my turn  
Just minding my business sitting there

A woman wheeling a shopping cart came my way  
She saw a brace on my leg and said, "What happened?"

I told her my ankle was a problem since my birth  
She asked me if she could pray for me

Who is this woman, she doesn't even know me?  
Asked her how much it costs, she said it's free  
Go ahead if you want to pray about my ankle  
She put her arm on my shoulder and began her prayer

When she started she said, "Dear Jesus,"

I had to stop her  
"This prayer won't work, I don't believe in Jesus"  
"You don't believe in God?" I told her I was Jewish

"That's all right, Jesus was a Jew"

She continued her prayer praying for my ankle  
And my entire family and all my descendants  
Praying for the healing of me and anyone I knew  
When she finished she said, "God bless you", and left

The technician from Costco notified me she was ready

I got up and walked into the hearing-aid place  
When I walked I thought it strange  
my ankle didn't hurt anymore

It's been two weeks and my ankle's completely painless

I don't know who that woman was I met in Costco  
Someone told me she was an angel who came to heal me

An angel made that trip just for me  
The day I met an angel in Costco

## HAIKU

by Mankh  
(Walter E. Harris III)  
Selden, NY

frigid night –  
the bowl of soup  
becomes a universe

