



by Kimberly A. Herman, Sunnyside, NY

A time of rebirth, of new life, of growth, of change, that which is Spring. The earth sheds a new layer, opening and revealing everywhere color and warmth, vibrant greens are resurrected. New buds emerge, tiny flowers creep up and stand proud, birds rejoice and sing. New energy floods my senses. I am overwhelmed with the beauty all around me. I want nothing more than to partake in the abundance of the season. I am open, and my heart feels free to embrace its wonder and magic. How wonderful that we shall meet in Spring!

Pathway To Intimacy

by Dr. Seena R. Axel, Delray Beach, FL

The recognition that I will lose you in life has made each moment together more meaningful, most precious.

The knowing that I will be left behind, a widow, without my loving life partner, has intensified my awareness & deepened my sadness

So...rather than focus on "the sad", I choose to heighten "the glad", and spend wisely the time we have now.

I never separate without an "I love you," goodbye. I hardly sleep without a lingering, goodnight kiss and intentional expressions of grace & gratitude.

Cuddling in bed together, wrapped in each others' hearts & limbs has become a favorite pastime.

Having the courage to discuss what matters and sharing our deepest wishes for self & other, have become favored topics of conversation.

Peering into soulful eyes, peeking into difficult truths, holding hands and touching whenever possible, communion of time and tears... these have become mandatory.

Irreplaceable loss has become our newest pathway to soul and intimacy. Illuminated only by the sacred Light of Love.

A Woman's Reflection

by Jane Briganti, Middle Island, NY

Reflection in the mirror
Show me what is true
Am I the woman I see
The one I thought I knew

Reflection in the mirror
Am I all that I appear
Is there more to see
Not just each passing year

Reflection in the mirror
All alone I look at you
I've got that empty feeling
Once again it's dejavu

Reflection in the mirror
Let me see my naked soul
I know just being alive
Is not the same as being whole



MY Guy

by Diane Sciacchitano, North Massapequa, NY

Strutting down the hall
This hunky guy named Paul;
My plan to collide promptly ensues
I'm available
Relay the news.
Mission accomplished
Dates galore
A long white gown
I shortly wore.
Best friends always
Sharing hugs and kisses
Happy I said "I do"
Just love being his "Mrs."

Affirmation

by Barbara Novack, Laurelton, NY

It comes overnight, the bursting forth;
it comes in a moment when the eyes close
in a blink;
from gnarled gray barren branches
casting stark street shadows
to leaf-fluffed avenues, all green rustling,
all dancing light.
It comes soft, the breeze borne sigh;
yes.

Into The Storm

by Diane Salomé-Diaz, Freeport, NY

Into the Storm, I walk
Head up and fierce
Eyes focused, Mind attentive
As rain drops on my skin, do pierce.

I've met many storms
Each one powerful in their own might
Deafening thunderclaps
Dangerous lightning aiming to strike.

The storm pounds harder in anger
Yet I keep walking straight on
The wind and the rain rises
But I only hear my heart, it's song.

A song of strength, of love
Only known through pain
So I walk through the howls
To the Storm's thunderous disdain.

The rock felt drops of water
May slow me at times
But I gather my breath
And I trudge through and grind.

The Storm was a fool
Thinking I was easy prey
That I would give up so easily
But No, I WILL live today.

Into the Storm, I walk on through
Yet it's tears rage on knowing in its defeat
So I keep on until the clouds dance in blue
Where the air is warm and
the Sun comes to greet.

Another Storm may come on by
But I am ready, head up and fierce,
And into the Storm, I will go,
A warrior, conquering all fears.

A Question of Beauty

by Rhonda Weiss, Leeds, NY

Is there any beauty in a pair of lines?
A bench obscured
A shadow thrown
Scattered leaves
And pollen flown
Is there any beauty in a pair of lines?
Rusted trellises holding ivy twines
A flash illumine of a firefly
Spider legs that
Demarcate the sky
Is there any beauty in a pair of lines?
From where I sit
With a dimming gaze
They provide a grid
To secure my world

