

POETRY

Watercolors by
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Classes • Portraits
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Faith
by Marie Emmons [deceased]

A Hopeful Tomorrow

by Diane Sciacchitano, North Massapequa, NY

On the horizon a “new” year is dawning
Hope and promise in our hearts – are rapidly spawning.
Betterment of mankind
Must be our goal of choice
Where people of the world
Would unite and rejoice.
Closer to home
We need to decide
Whether to wallow in despair
Or take back our pride.
Strides to be made
Wise choices will adhere
Go forth without doubt, malice or fear.
Knowledge is power
Our weapon of choice
United we stand
No division – One Voice

Balancing

by Sherrie Wharton, Cold Spring, NY

Acknowledging fear,
but operating from victory.
Acknowledging lack,
but operating from abundance.
Acknowledging confusion,
but operating from boundless faith.
Acknowledging isolation,
but operating from community.
Acknowledging the grip of old habits,
but operating from re-birthing.
Acknowledging challenges,
but operating from eternal light.
Acknowledging holiness and wholeness,
and operating from oneness -
redesigning the inner landscape.

Haiku

by Patricia Rossi, North Merrick, NY

snowflake minuet
white laden tranquility
nature’s gift of peace

Once There Was Nothing

by Ann Zalkind, West Babylon, NY

There was a moment once,
When there was nothing,
Before the birds harmonized with heaven.
The sun warms the sapling cherry tree,
A cardinal and other small birds fluttering,
Content in their purpose.
Prosecco bubbles with an effervescence
That calms me,
And I’m mindful that once there was
Nothing,
And that I was part of what wasn’t.

Following Fate

Jane Briganti, Middle Island, NY

Never thinking of the future
Not really making plans
She just follows her heart
Walking through the lands
She believes in energies
They guide her where to go
Faithfully following signs
Allowing energies to flow
How her journey will end
This she does not know
All she can do is believe
And let her spirit grow

Sacrifice Haiku

by Eric Noel Perez, New York

Artists trade the change
jingling inside their pockets
for constellations.

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato