

POETRY



The Buddha's Shadow

by Don Pfeifer, Hempstead, NY

A line of human shadows emerge from the shade.
From all perspectives, they are different.
Distinct shapes and angles.
From one perspective, they are all the same.
Undifferentiated as they ripple in waves,
over the bright green grass.
Then blend, once again, into the shade.
From the source, returning to the source.
From shade, to shadow, to shade.

Wayfarer

by Elaine P. Morgan, Warrenton, VA

It's all one long road,
an uphill test.
Weary on the journey,
I pause to rest,
watching precious rays
of sunshine slip through
spidery veins of leaves
above my head.
A traveler's lamp in every tree,
to light the path ahead of me
as I continue to follow the call.

I step forward, backward,
walk forests, deserts, twists
and turns, losing my way,
finding the path again.
Wolves howl in the dark night.
Birds sing and take flight in the
light as I watch and long to fly.
Over my shoulder, the old way.
I see youth, health, love,
laughter, vitality.
So many footprints in the clay
of a wandering soul on her way
to somewhere.

HAIKU

by Jacqueline Neus
Fresh Meadows, NY

Dawn brings a fresh start,
With sleep acting as healer.
All things possible.



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

As We Go

by Dave Frieman, Huntington Station, NY

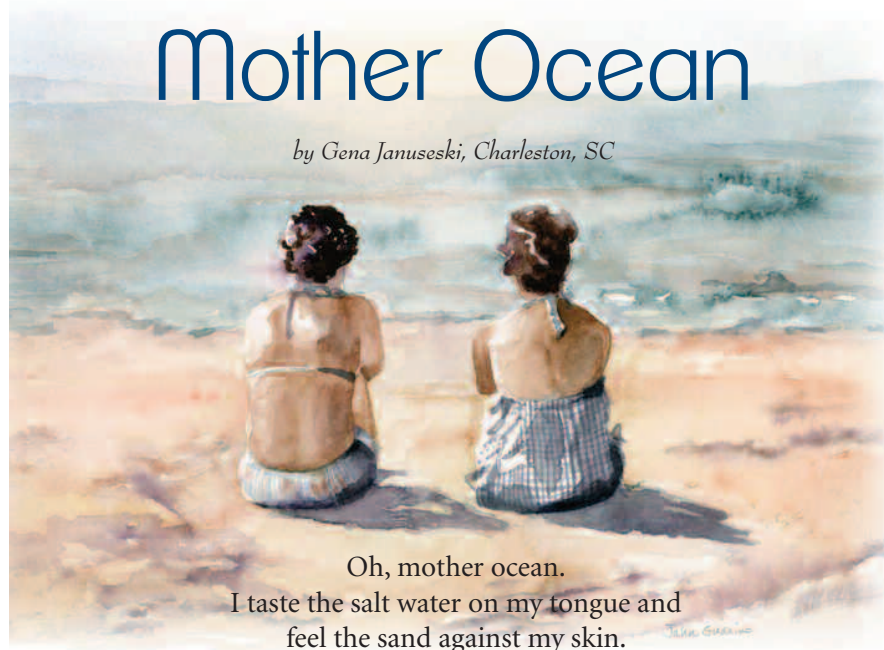
As we go through life the path we walk will certainly curve and climb,
The effects of unexpected events that bring us over the borderline,
How should we handle these roadblocks taking us out of our way?
Well, first remember to respect yourself through each and every day.

As we go through our years we should learn to avoid diversion and lies,
And to say to people, "No!" when they are disrupting our lives,
Unexpected epiphanies can be found around each and every bend,
Magical moments that can change our karma from now until the end.

As I bask in many beautiful sunsets of yellow, orange and gold,
It takes me back to distant memories from thirteen billion years ago,
Always move on with contentment, respect, and love within your heart,
And let every day bring to you a new and refreshing start.

Mother Ocean

by Gena Januseski, Charleston, SC



Oh, mother ocean.
I taste the salt water on my tongue and
feel the sand against my skin.
I see the waves come and go and
hear the rhythmic reminder of crash and calm.
I am one with you and all of my senses,
your beauty is now my peace,
my balance, my joy.

A Bee Market

by Dolores Cinquemani, Central Islip, NY

blooms on the railings of my deck,
radiant flowers in colorful pots
lure bees dressed in striped fur vests
to come and taste the wares,
balanced with closed wings
and a vibrating motion
they ping pong between florets
loosening tiny grains of dust
from pollen-tipped stamens.

When full these blossom shoppers
laden with treasure
fly back to the hive with the promise
of honey to come.



"It is difficult to get the news from poems, yet men die miserably every day for lack of what is found there."