

# POETRY

## Corona

by Eric Noel Perez, Bay Shore, NY

Seated at my window.  
Overcast.

Staring out at the gray expanse  
of water that is the Great South Bay, and  
I'm thinking with everything that's been going on

God could've at least given us the consolation  
of a sunny day

instead of panic. Closures. Grounded planes.  
Famished restaurants, which, no matter  
how much they sanitize their tables and chairs,  
have little more than fear as fare:

is this what 1929 looked like?  
Were Soviet breadlines long  
as the queue that snaked around Costco this morning?

Of course, I may be over-indulging in hyperbole  
(a benefit of the over-privileged),  
but some license must be given to the unprecedented:

Times Square at rush hour is a ghost town,  
toilet paper nearly brought down the NASDAQ.

But the way I see it, crisis is a crossroad.  
In a culture of consumerism  
we've become fashionistas of shortages,  
philosophers of frugality

making lemonade, and love,  
out of bitter, fearful fruits.

Look here, your unopened books  
are begging to be deflowered,

gardens long untended are grateful for your touch,  
as are our children, who look to us  
to rewrite the rhetoric of dread,  
to add our brave verse to the adversity.

We hold off the plague  
of hysteria  
behind the walls of a fortress built with pillows and  
blankets,  
reclaim sovereignty over our lives sporting crowns we  
taped together.

Life comes alive on the razor's edge of things.  
When at the end of their rope  
it is the bold that swing.

## Two Haiku

by Jerry Reynolds, Coram, NY

happy fathers day  
to the man who taught me to  
not talk past the close

hellos and goodbyes  
we seem much better at those  
than the space between

## A Prayer of Peace

by Joe Iadanza, Roslyn NY

The endless passing of days,  
One swirling into the next.  
Carried upon the sweet scent  
Of the chilled morning air,  
I hear Her voice whispering to me  
Calling to us all...

Remember,  
My sweet one.  
Turn back to me,

And  
Follow  
My  
Voice  
Home

## The Sun

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

Sitting outdoors  
in direct line  
of the sun,  
I am deeply touched.

My skin absorbing  
the intensity of heat rays.  
My mind quieting in the  
all over, soothing warmth.  
My heart opening to  
the pleasure of penetrating contact.  
My soul deepening in the direct  
Light of consciousness.

The sun,  
much like other  
masculine energies,  
"taken with a grain of salt",  
in small doses,  
can be a divine source  
of the sacred.

## I Am With You in Wartburg

by F.E. Scanlon, Flushing, NY

*The approaching five hundredth anniversary  
benchmark of MARTIN LUTHER'S fake  
kidnapping and quarantine/exile in WARTBURG  
CASTLE, wherein he produced the most well-  
known translation of The New Testament into  
German (1521-1522), is duly noted. This poetic  
essay is dedicated to all the Residents and Staff at  
Wartburg Retirement and Assisted Living Facility  
(Mount Vernon, NY) who are now "distanced"  
from one another for the good of all.*

We are all who washed up ahead of us in that  
great Wave called Life.  
Hiding out in your very own mountain fortress  
There is yet again the urgent need for a new  
testament in a new universally understood  
Spirit that will require no translation.

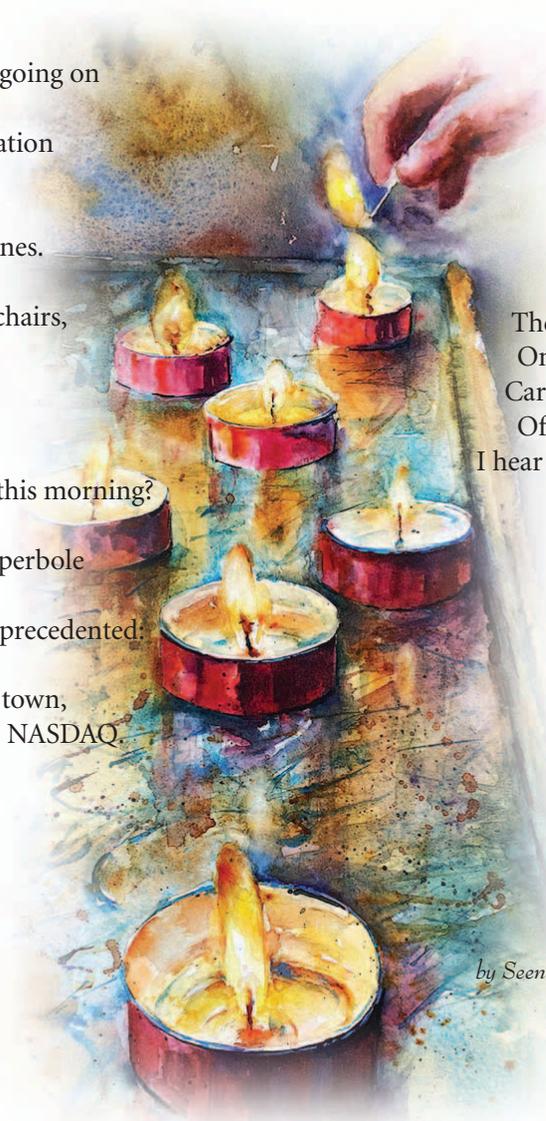
I Am With You in Wartburg  
There is no quarantine ever from the truth of  
Love and the Love of Truth.  
The Truth will eviscerate the smoke-screen  
germ of lie and smother it with the disinfectant  
of reformation.

I Am With You in Wartburg  
In that castle in Mount Vernon involuntarily  
sequestered by unconscionable far-away  
misrepresentations of fact that will ultimately  
be torched by Eternity's Lightning.  
Fear not the fear that rages in the land eclipsed  
only by lies upon non-truth telling liars.

I Am With You in Wartburg  
The glitter of the aura of make believe has been  
cast asunder by the courage, character and  
conviction of those with whom you now abide.  
Hear each other's hopes, hear each other's  
misgivings, hear each other's Gospel witness.

I Am With You in Wartburg  
You are not alone.  
I am not alone.  
We are not alone.

Reformed almost five centuries ago we are in  
the shadows,  
the crackling crevice of Light emerging  
inviolate.  
I see you.  
You see me.  
We see each other.  
Re-reformed anew.



Watercolor  
"I Say a Little Prayer  
For You"  
by Jan Guarino  
Jan@JanGuarinoFineArt.com  
Live On Line Classes  
631-368-4800

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato