

POETRY



A.M. Haiku

by Carol Purdy, Central Islip, NY

The sun invites me
to come outside and live now!
How can I refuse?

Weary

by Ben Calderone
Levittown, NY

Right Now
I Need
Some Quiet
A Moment
Of My Own
Alone
So I Can
Think
So I Can
Refresh
Myself
Let Me Be
Just For
Awhile.

I Must Shut My Eyes

by Alexandra Tory, Bellmore, NY

I must shut my eyes from time to time
To keep out the world and ease my mind
And breathe without the weight of demands
That knot my thought and tie my hands
I must shut my eyes to see myself
Whole and here not someplace else
But still and calm in control and self-paced
Not pulled by the future in a frenzied haste
I must shut my eyes from time to time
To keep out the world and ease my mind

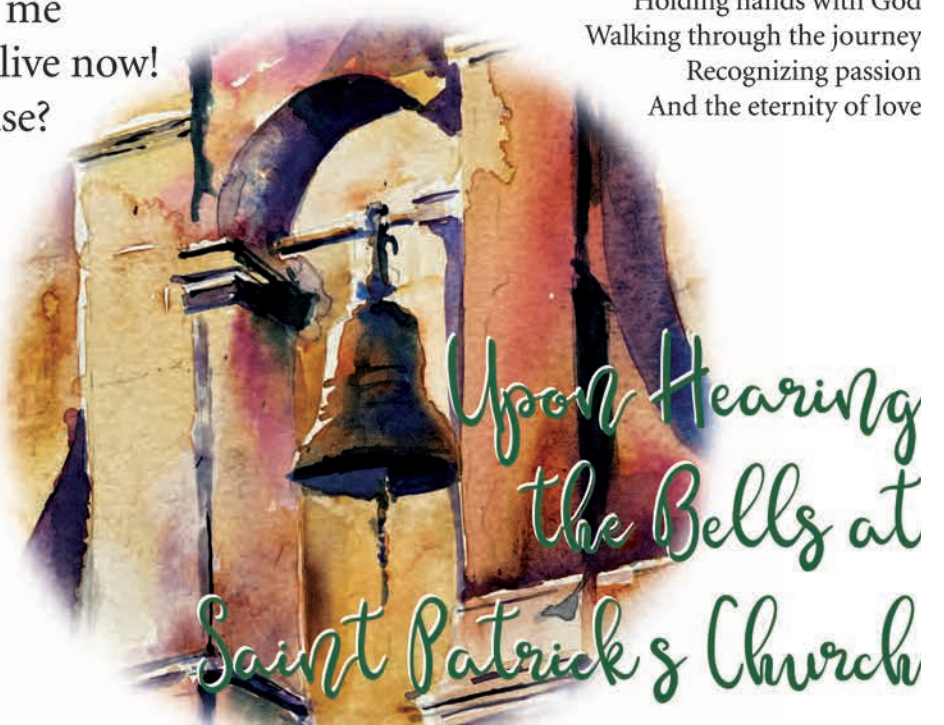
Building
a Bridge

by Bruce Levine, Middle Island, NY

In loving memory of my wife, Lydia Franklin

Building a bridge
From here to reality
Crossing the path
Of the unknown

Holding hands with God
Walking through the journey
Recognizing passion
And the eternity of love



Upon Hearing
the Bells at
Saint Patrick's Church

by Eric Noel Perez, Bay Shore, NY

Watercolors
by

Jan Guarino

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There is a jug containing
the most precious water
with a crack at the base
where the liquid leaks.

And no glue can you make
which can seal the tiny break,
no prayer you can pray,
no words a preacher speaks.

For this jug was made to be broken,
though forged in beauty by the Potter's hands.
And since day one the truth has been spoken
that nothing can stop time's slow-slipping sands.

Therefore, laugh much, love from your core,
and see what a waste it is to quibble,
for you may have years, or but a few days more,
so drink your fill, friend, before the last dribble.

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato

For the Long-term

by Rhonda Weiss, Leeds, NY

You promised

You told the woman sitting next to you at Radio City
(While in your military garb)
I'm going to marry that Rockette one day
Pointing to me
Without knowing my name or voice

Only to hear her say, "That's my daughter"

You promised

As we whizzed by in a red convertible
Me goading you past your law abiding nature
With a halo of auburn curls
Green thrill seeking eyes
And
A trigger temper

You blindly called spirited
And nicknamed me your firefly

You spread your chest like a peacock's tail
When your friends
Enviously joked
How did you land a beauty pageant contestant
Who walked the Atlantic City Boardwalk
Vying to be the next New York rep
In The Miss America Pageant

You promised

Even though you knew my family had a short life line

Till death do us part
And remained
Even as we stared at our cradle that remained bare
And there was just us two

And you lit a candle by our bedside every night
And thanked God for bringing this firefly into your life

And

You promised you'd never leave me alone

I remember still when

You flinched
As catcalls followed me
As I approached you in shorts
Long and lean with 20 year old looking
Legs, backside and boobs
All unretouched
And laughed with me as I turned around
A 70 plus year old and faced the catcallers
Whose pants lost their lust
But yours remained strong



I remember
You promised
To never leave me alone
You'd always be by my side

You promised me
You promised me

Not this type of gift
A flag
Folded in a triangle of (red, white and blue)
Stars and stripes
Arriving on a box born by 6 strong men

A triangle that
Is hard not soft
And even when unfurled
Blankets with weight
Not warmth

You promised
You promised

And now

I promise you
I will take this pillow to bed with me each night
Place it on my heart
So that the rapid fire beats
Torture you into surrender
Until you
Make an about face
And return to my side

I've a halo of white curls
And red weary eyes
My temper is a whimper
And, I am too clear sighted
To be blinded

But, I'm still your "spirited" firefly

And I'll hold firm
Till you're by my side
Again