

POETRY

I Can Be

by Rhonda Weiss, Leeds, NY

A senior woman,
growing up in the 1960's,
remembers herself advocating for
a woman's right to be President.
Today, she actually believes
"actions led by hope" can succeed.

It was that smug boy again
Tall, and good looking
sitting in the last row
Talking down women's roles

When up went a hand
And a counter argument
By a girl in front
With strong opinions
And a voice
Which teachers said they couldn't hear

"I can be President one day"

And then the wave
Of muffled hope "ahs"
from some of the girls
While others
Joined the shaking heads
And more audible
That's crazy mockery from the boys

But, why not?
"I can be President one day"

Didn't these boys
Learn their first words
And form their foundation beliefs
From mother's thoughts

And
When the darkness overtook them
Didn't they call for "Mother"
To set the world right again
And guide them back to sleep

So
Why doubt that power now
To bring some calm to a restless world

"Why not a woman?"
"I can be President one day"

The quiet girl believed it
Until she almost didn't
again in high school
When looking at her reed thin frame
That everyone even her mother
Thought should have curves
To find a husband

Because
Men had recently landed on the moon

Yet children were still told to hide
under their desks
Just in case of a nuclear attack
And girls were told to sit with their
knees together
To be safe
Just in case

And
There were protests of anguish and rage

And Hope

Led demands for "full" equality
From Blacks who had brutally been
Stripped from their homeland
And forced to be beasts of burden
By those claiming to be God-fearing

And, yet women
Who restored order to nights
Plagued by marauding boogeymen
Would still not be trusted by
the light of day

There was a cry for change
And the girl listened

And
Put on her walking shoes
And joined her "couldn't hear voice"
To those that possibly could
And hopefully would (be heard)



Watercolor by
Jan Guarino

Momma

by Lynne D. Soulagnet, Medford, NY

why did you want to hurt me
keep my daughter from me
looking at me through those narrow slits
not seeing the real me
the one needing, always needing
your love

like a predator picking meat off a carcass
you didn't want anyone else to love me
called me homely, tramp
when I wore tight jeans, make-up
hoping to attract someone who would
want me, hold me
the way you never could

The Sea And Me

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

I come to the sea
to find a reflection of me.
A symbol of the natural world's
propensity to be "larger than life",
visible and mysterious.

The fathomless depths
of her watery soul,
the gyrating waves,
white-capped and wild,
caressing moist shoreline,
create a skip in the beat
of my heart, a catch in the
cadence of my breath.

I am home!
My soul is at peace!
My senses come alive!
My spirit remembers!
My body feels...all!

Spring's ocean breeze,
blowing wind, cool at the bottom,
warm at the top, over sandy shores,
through reed-covered dunes,
the greenery dancing and prancing
with the flowing air currents.

Late afternoon lovers
unable to depart from
their beloved sea,

sparingly dot the shoreline.
Love welcomed here...
in all its many forms.

A lone fisherman
in high rubber boots
keeps throwing his line
in to the water after reeling it in,
over and over again.
I wonder...catching a fish...
or finding yourself?

And here I sit,
being with me, feeling my yearning,
re-establishing my balance,
re-claiming equanimity,
teary and tender,
soulful, sweet and sad,
I am coming home,
finding my soul,

Aphrodite dwells here.
The sea itself,
a flowing rainbow
of green and blue hues,
white and wild at the top,
deep and dark at the bottom,
sensuous, serious and
eternally flowing.
I come to the sea
to discover a reflection of me.

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato