

POETRY

Watercolors by
Jan Guarino
JanGuarinoFineArt.com

Her Floral Entrance

by Gina Florentino-James
Huntington, NY

Peering around her verdant curtain
She is ready to make her appearance.

It's been a year.
It's time.

She's ready to make her debut...again!
She has no choice.

The show must go on...ad infinitum.
Spring's stage is set.

Out she steps, blossoming.
She's played this part before.

Performed it oh so beautifully, magically.
Nothing is held back.

She blossoms so proudly.
Spring is here and so is she.

TA-DA
It's the part she was born to play.

Good Night

by William H. Balzac, Deer Park, NY

Before I fell asleep last night
I thought about a sunrise,
Where all the clouds, grey,
Would be dispersed
Within the blue skies,
And,
There would be:
Good Morning.



Haiku

by Madeline Heit (Lipton)
Farmingdale, NY

Rainy day unfolds
Soaking landscapes aplenty
Dreams and schemes still yearn

To Soar With Eagles

by Bruce Levine
Saco, ME

Flowers opening as songbirds fly
Above trees already in bloom
As leaves clothe the barren branches
No longer remnants of winter's black lace

As the rebirth of the earth
Signals the beginnings of a new life
For those recognizing the romance of nature
And the romance of the human spirit

Held together by the glue of eternity
While grasping the hand of the future
As the sap of trees rises each spring
Bringing life to the limbs of sturdy oaks

Our love will endure like the redwoods
Of California forests primeval
Towering among the clouds that keep rising
To soar with eagles to new heights

Rebirth

by Rhonda Weiss
Leeds, NY

The wind was praying
To someone deaf to prayers
Wailing dreams
To conch shells
Holders of echoes
Holders of messages
From bottles lost at sea
That dined on coral reefs and anemones
Played toss with an octopus
Hitched a ride on Poseidon's horse
Was broken by a white capped knave
Then left for dead
On a distant shore
Shards of glass
Glimmer
Through the morning haze

Unbounded Women

by Maureen Bourque, Nashua, NH

Mothers, Daughters, Sisters, Aunts, Nieces, Cousins
All XX chromosomes

It is the grandmother who reaches beyond the label
Her wisdom in action by words and thoughtful gazes
Her heart is wide touching a greater divinity of all women
Her birth in each womb is sacred
She holds the vastness of humanity...all foibles, graces and gifts

Genders not seen
Categories of beings not divided
Intolerances not accepted
Her vision of each being reflects all she has received by Love in her life
She holds Love's space
For Gaia our Earth Mother

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato