

POETRY

Fall's Fashion Show

by Gina Fiorentino-James, Huntington Station, NY

[You go girl!]

There you go again...

Dressing up
(or down?)

Broadcasting your colorful wardrobe!

Swishing, swooshing

In such style

Shaking, shimmying, sashaying

Dripping your golden gems

Displaying your scarlet scarves

Dropping your purple pearls

The wind whisks your festooning skirts

And you loosen your belt

Fittingly, you thrive by unloading, unleashing and
unfurling your vibrant prints

And announce your ever-new designs

Dangling with delight

You've unwrapped and tossed aside your drab green
uniform

You're unpacking your trunk

Displaying new fireworks of colors

What a daring display!

You're so fancy Fall.

Fall, you're just so fashionable.

[You let it go, girl!]

On the Loss Of a Son

by Lisa Solomon, Long Beach, NY

I sit and wonder,

What is my thunder

After such a loss, forever more...

Take me off that list!

I don't want to co-exist

With the pain that wakes me
daily in my core!

I want to just be

Nothing coming to me

No more changes, rearranges for a while,

Or is this, 'only how I see it'?

I could let it go and 'be it'

And instead ... fill my dayswith his smile ..!

Watercolors by
Jan Guarino
JanGuarinoFineArt.com

Yesterday's Rainbow

by Bruce Levine, Saco, ME

Yesterday's rainbow

Past but never forgotten

A cardinal visiting

Watching me

Perched on a fence

As I sit alone with my dog

Heaven's messenger

To commemorate your day

Time gone by

Time yet to come

Yesterday's rainbow

Past but never forgotten

Dusk to Dawn

William H. Balzac, Deer Park, NY

I tried to capture

The Light

As it played upon the canvas

Of your face;

I Tried, all through the night,

When the stars were my companions.

I look for you now

In faces

Far and near:

A Swinging, singing, Soul,

You've settled now,

Somewhere in my Heart...

...Never,

To depart.

The Rose

by Patricia Bono, Scottsdale, AZ

She, in the hospital,

Critical, pain,

Bitterness, age,

A wilted rose.

Her great-granddaughter,

Born a month before.

New life, promise, hope,

A budding rose.

A christening date set,

Too late to change,

Who knew, this twist of fate,

Would occur.

Infection,

Complications,

The imminent death,

Of a wilted rose.

The priest at the hospital,

With the sacramental oil of the ages,

Marks the sign of the cross,

On her forehead.

The last rites.

The death of a rose.

The priest at the church,

With the sacramental oil of the ages,

Marks the sign of the cross,

On her forehead.

The rite of baptism.

The birth of a rose.

At the hospital,

The last breath of life.

At the church,

The first.

Oceans Edge

by Mary Wider, Yaphank, NY

I know you were here,

near the Oceans edge.

And so I come to talk to you,
though the path of your footsteps
have long been erased.

I look out to sea.

Someone is swimming

parallel to the beach.

Way out in the distance.

A magnificent athlete.

Smooth steady strokes.

I imagine that this is you,
as I walk along in the sand,
and carry on our conversation.

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato