

POETRY

Introspective Realizations

by Dr. Seena Axel, Delray Beach, FL

When I realized I had been hurting for a while,
I set out exploring alternative healing & deeper wisdom.

When I realized my heartache came from expectations held tight,
I let go and discovered the truth of what's so.

When I realized my wounding triggers originated from
the actions of others, I developed compassion & took
responsibility for my part of the story.

When I realized my loneliness came from wanting others to fill it,
I learned to love myself.

When I realized that some things will never change in one lifetime,
I surrendered & accepted my own inner truth,
knowing & this moment of now.

When I realized my soul's yearning came from the craving "to be met",
I re-claimed the Crone Feminine Goddess I'd become.

When I realized that we are all in this together & feel angst,
I became "Love Made Visible" ... everywhere ...with everyone.

When I realized (once again) that my frustrations come from wanting
things to be different, I laughed out loud ...
and set myself free.

Puzzle of life

by Eulalja Capozello (Deceased)

The ocean, the sky and the earth
Are God's blessings or your own curse
You are your ships navigator
Therefore your own thought creator

Your puzzle may be beautiful and long
Like a nightingale's morning song
You may always walk in the light
With a bright smile and great delight

You're lucky the sun is on your side
Night or day your constant guide

Your puzzle of life may be very small
And your heart's desire may never reach its goal

Oh why, why have the fates been so cruel
Did you ever ask if you lived by the rule
Each thought is a note of your melody of life
Play softly your symphony but do not strife

You hold your puzzle of life in your hands
Don't search elsewhere my dear friend
all the pieces are deep within your soul
Look only there and you'll find your life's goal

Watercolor by
Jan Guarino
JanGuarinoFineArt.com



A Man - A Dog

by Patricia Bono, Scottsdale, AZ

In the cage I saw her.
A hairless skeleton,
With eyes, huge, brown, gleaming gold.

An ancient frayed collar told the story
Of the ravage endured.

Who would do this?

Yet she sat.
Patient.
Eyes, huge, brown, gleaming gold.

I brought him to her.
He sighed and turned.
I said, "Look, her eyes."

And he who was lost,
Was found.

She was set free.
So was he.

Eyes, huge, brown, gleaming gold.



Silence

by Dave Frieman
Huntington Station, NY

A sanctuary
of sensual beauty where
one's soul can hear God

Beyond Words

by John Califano, New York City

today I passed you
on the sidewalk
awkwardly
you looked at me
alarmed and fearful

I
immediately understood
your
true
feelings
deeply troubled and confused

we both
spoke with our eyes
desperately
trying to navigate
the raging sea
of face masks
all

socially distanced
self-censored
locked down
emotionally quarantined
deafening the silent chorus
of collective paranoia

imbued with a newfound sense
of self-serving designer moralism
does anyone
know that

I secretly longed to cradle your cheeks
and kiss you tenderly?
please forgive me
I am weak and sadly human

not now
but maybe someday
we shall meet, once again
whole and alone
naked of fear

in a sacred, holy place
where
there is
no
darkness

Some advice for those ambivalent or outright intolerant to poetry: Arrive to a poem the same way you do meeting new people. Sometimes it's exciting, other times tiresome or intimidating ... We should engage with people, and poems, of all walks, embracing the challenge of divergent perspectives. Not all of them will be firm friends or favourites, but each teaches us something we didn't know before. — Vanessa Kisuul