

POETRY

Spring

by David Frieman, Huntington Station, NY

the rebirth of life
from the last cry of winter
to summer's first laugh

Spring Haiku

by "The Poetry Club Residents" of Acadia Center
for Nursing & Rehabilitation, Riverhead, NY

Warm weather appears
Daylight hours are longer now
Take long walks outside

Watercolor by
Jan Guarino
JanGuarinoFineArt.com

Just Does!

by Joann Wagner, Upper Black Eddy, PA

A flight of a bird ever so peaceful,
never a thought of how,
just does!

The Retreat

by Rhonda Weiss, Leeds, NY

Unimpeded by a mask or oxygen tank
In the dank quiet of the old cemetery
Set off from exhausting fumes of cars and trucks
Fabric softeners and scents man-made
Pesticide-spared, for the trafficked lawns need
Is air so fresh, and uncompromised
As to fill the lungs with life
Of a visitor chemically injured

Exit Wounds

by John Califano, New York City

Outside
behind the wheel he sat
waiting in her driveway— yet another
Friday night false sense of hope
inside
she stood
before her full-length childhood mirror
face neck arms and legs
an indiscriminate hodgepodge
of multi-colored tattoos and body piercings
hard evidence: a sad, mutilated history
of family neglect, hurtful names, and social rejection
desperate the moments all
when she wished, prayed, and vowed
to do anything *anything*
if only she could
just
be
someone else
her unforgiving reflection triggered
an all too familiar inner voice
that sometimes seeped into her consciousness
when she was alone
and in the dark . . .
dear god, who am I? will I ever be loved?
weighty and unwelcomed her feelings
reflexively they gave way to the jarring sound
of his beckoning car horn . . . *dissipating*
almost as quickly as they arrived
now—tight skirt, high heeled, and heavily perfumed
she headed out her front door defending fiercely
her unexamined past: a nest of injured sparrows
fully armed with a lit cigarette and a painted smile
she determined
to drive once again
down
the
road
most frequently traveled

Grandma

by Elaine P. Morgan, Warrenton, VA

Faded flowers bloom
on an old cotton house dress.
Wisps of damp tendrils
frame a walnut face.
She stoops, rolls flour, eggs,
water with a wooden spoon.
Old flesh jiggles.
A toothless grin.
Eyebrows collide.
Slight-of-freckled hands
directed by radio opera.
Water rattles in aluminum.
Hand-forged pasta dries
on white bed sheets.
A waft of garlic
on fan blades.
Blessed by her tongue
on a wooden spoon.

"He who draws noble delights from sentiments of poetry is a true poet,
though he has never written a line in all his life."

— George Sand, from *The Devil's Pool*