

by David Frieman, Huntington Station, NY

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

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

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

> Watercolor by Jan Guarino JanGuarinoFineArt.com

by Joann Wagner, Upper Black Eddy, PA

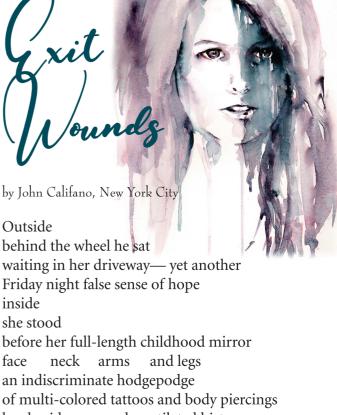
by Elaine P. Morgan, Warrenton, VA

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.

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

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



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

else someone 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

determined she to drive once again down the

road

most frequently traveled

"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