

by Gloria Murray, Deer Park, NY

last year I got a root canal for Christmas
an upper respiratory for my B-day
which came right after New Year's
and a cortisone shot
in my left foot for Valentine's day

not that I'm feeling sorry for myself
well, to be honest,
I really am
—feeling damn sorry
as if having a root canal
wasn't awful enough
my husband ranted about how much
this was all costing
so I gave my Christmas
money to the endodontist

by March, the tooth cracked
and by April
had to be pulled,
then a bridge cemented
that came to the cost of diamond earrings
which, of course,
would have been a much nicer gift

I mean,
I tried to look at it
with a sort of
philosophical approach
—at least I had teeth
at least I got to my sixtieth birthday
and I still had feet
*(you know, all that perspective crap
we got from our moms
about how not to worry if you had no shoes)*

but then you know there are plenty of people
out there living it up, getting diamonds
and have their own teeth
but hey, who am I to say why some of us
get the cream and others the sour milk—
or is it the grapes?

POETRY

Broken Things

by Milissa Castanza-Seymour, Bethpage, NY

As a child, I delighted in the broken pieces
in a package of cookies
The perfect ones not caring
if they were chosen anyway
charmed by their perceived perfection.
What is the appeal of *broken* things?
With precious parts and innocent hearts
that don't quite fit
while they long
to be heard
to be known
to be loved
And why not?
True perfection lies in imperfection
Parts configured in curious ways
Snaggled and rough
Smooth and soft
Beauty in all shapes and sizes
Uniquely composed
like a symphony of notes
full of love
holds the joy of being...
Heal in this knowledge
Broken is an illusion!
Delicious imperfection
Like the little morsels of my childhood
found everywhere

Watercolors by
Jan Guarino
JanGuarinoFineArt.com



Haiku

by David Frieman, Huntington Station, NY

when love is your life
beauty lives outside your eyes
and within your heart

Haiku

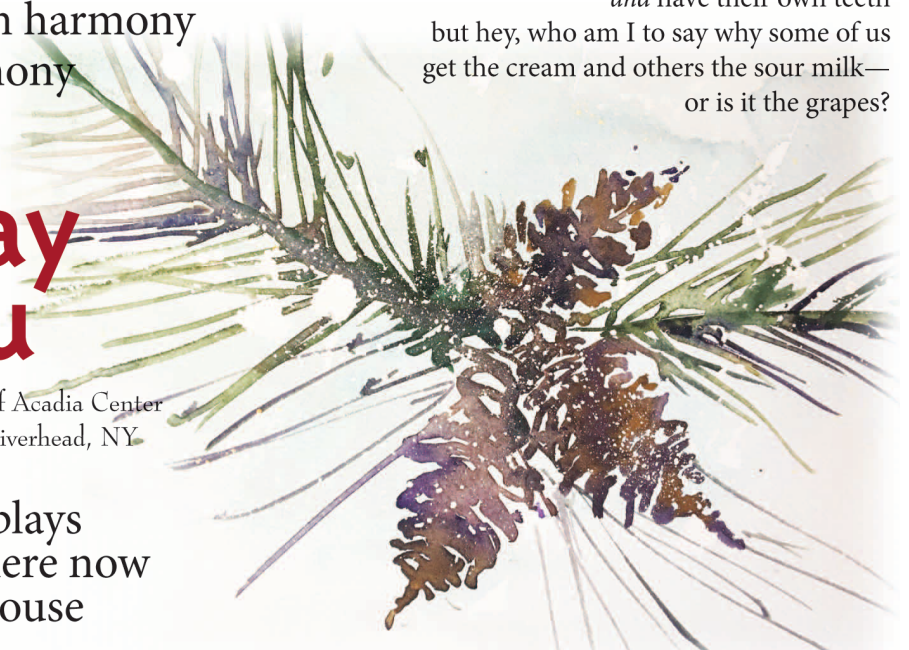
by Patricia Sorrentino, Merrick, NY

angelic voices
church bells chime in harmony
faithful symphony

Holiday Haiku

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

Festive music plays
The holidays are here now
Decorate the house



Sensitivity

by Jerry Brown, Santa Fe, NM

I accept my sensitivity
As one of the tools to help me learn
I *embrace* my sensitivity
For it helps me to discern

About people, behaviors
Boundaries and abuse
Spirit gave me feelings for a reason
As messages to put to use

These feelings aren't always 'comfy'
They can even be quite harsh
But they guide me toward the Light
Instead of floundering in the dark

To the message of "You're so sensitive,
It's always so much about *you*"
I have learned the healthy response of.....
Thank you!

It is difficult to get the news from poems, yet men die miserably everyday for lack of what is found there.

— From *Asphodel that Greeny Flower*