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Come in...and be captivated...



"The Poet" by Denise Morris Curt; www.ctlimner.com

Denise Morris Curt, The Connecticut Limner

The violin is from Germany circa 1902. The Poet is dressed in red: made of Chinese sealing wax, her hair is Guilford, CT clay soil and copper particles. The book of poems is lapis lazuli and milk curd with tempera pigments. The white is a brilliant mica from Madison, CT which has been cleansed to remove the dark ore materials. The gold band in her hair is gold dust mixed with melted frankincense. The varnish is beeswax which feeds the wood and helps to continue its life with the movement of each season/temperature change, humidity, etc. and melted amber; the two are heated together to give a high sheen and harder lustre.

This Is Not a Love Poem

by Fredrick Zydek

It's a poem about the moon
ascending into wonder,
the soft neck of memory
when the little scar above
your upper lip transforms
a slight smile into an
invitation to dance.

It's a poem about a great
bear whose celebrated growl
nuzzled at your ear as gently

as a nursing lamb. Maybe
it's a collection of words
dripping with the smell
and fragrance of your hair,

a gathering place where nouns
do more than name you,
where verbs tingle each time
your eyes nudge them deeper
into the language this poem
invited one kiss at a time.

This is the kind of thing

that tempts you with adjectives
even angels fear to utter.

It wants to be your nest.

This poem wants to explode
in you, wants to draw you
in the way light gathers
a shadow and makes it glow.

In the Zone

by Fredrick Zydek

I'm in the center place where time stands still.
Awareness and I have become the same
thing. What I am goes beyond my free will
and enters a space where silence sustains
me. How awesome this place. It is the source
and summit, the window of faith, holy.
It is where Spirit, Karma, and the Force
pour the oils that feed our lamps and slowly
light the paths that lead us to the hallowed
and sacred. The weaver of peace and love
lives in here. This is the divine abode.
It is within you, around you, above

you, where all life's treasures wait to be shown
as proof that you have come into the zone.

A Few Wild Places

by Fredrick Zydek

There are still a few wild places on earth:
arenas men have not entered, scenes
not photographed, places where death and birth
are parts of a food chain where nature cleans
up its plate no matter what's found on it.
If it has life in it, something will find
and swallow it almost whole. They don't quit.
Every day everything out there grinds
its teeth on some other living thing. Why
must life keep busy at death to live on?
What sort of system requires that things die
in order for others to sing their songs?

In the wild place, this seems almost natural.
At the market, we don't see it at all.

A Work in Progress

by Fredrick Zydek

How assuring it was when our perfect
universe seemed to so comfortably fit
Isaac Newton's laws of cause and effect.
Everything owned a truth and opposite.
Logic and reason were king. Rule could be
counted on to function like divine law.
That was before we found flaws and debris
in the system's matrix and formula.
Suddenly we were faced with quantum things,
bits and pieces of light that can be in
more than one place at a time - things that bring
more questions than facts to the disciplines
of mathematics and science. Now we must
live among questions and Sir Issac's dust.

Trying to Be a Child of the Light

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I know it's what I'm made of. Science has proven
that atoms are composed of shreds and strings

of light. These tiny fires are not frozen
in one space. It is as if they have wings
that lift them to more than one place at a time.
I am more, of course. I am cell and tissue,
systems and gas, longings, organs and mind.
I'm a creature faced with an odd issue.
I must learn to live as a child of light,
as the activity of light moving
through the strange nothingness where staying bright
is often harder to do than improving.

I'm learning to transcend my animal state
and become what the spirit celebrates.

Relativity of Freedom

by Farida Samerkhanova

She lets her man go
Wherever and whenever
He wants, because
He would not go
Father than the

The length of his leash
Would allow him,
Even when there is no
Collar around his neck.
This is the mentality
Of most men and dogs,
Though not all women
And dog owners
Know that.

Programmed in Loud

by Cheryl Sommese

I remember sitting at the table and
everything was loud.
Dishes were loud, voices were loud
footsteps were loud,
even Dad's eyes were loud!
Grandma sat in her favorite chair mostly speechless,
love evident in her form,
but when she interjected Broken English quips, they were loud!

Not a harsh loud like everyone was angry,
just an animated kind—
like even thoughts had lips.
This was all so usual,
customary,
normal to my little girl existence,
loud was familiar.

But the years carried on and
loud began to weaken like 20/20 eyesight.
As my dolls and princess shoes departed
I grew at odds with my former pal.
Entering a theater or
restaurant
complexity surfaced
and I became accustomed to its ways:
composed diction
calculated stride,
soon I came to loathe loud,
for it reminded me I was not inherently programmed
to commune with my newer
nature.

I was in an ethnic eatery the other day
and met loud face to face.
I stared at it, scrutinizing its features,
and remarkably
all these wonderful feelings came rushing through
me!
I remained an observer
for almost everyone I know abandoned its traits
long ago.
Still it was as refreshing as I had remembered:
feeling no pretense to be anything it wasn't,
nor deny itself the pleasure to be what it is;
I left envying loud—
wishing I could again know its innocence:
and solemnly wondered
if I could ever go back.

Scholarly Ignorance?

by Cheryl Sommese

He looked beaten yet handsome,
a scholarly man
educated in books and life.

Surviving the unimaginable as a child
and unfathomable as a senior.

Still challenged to
grasp the seedier side of man.

I watched vigilantly
as he outlined the details of his quandary:
errant eyebrows,
sallow skin,
angry beyond measure
because vast amounts of wealth
accumulated from his life story
vanished
into deceit.

Perhaps a camel has better odds of traveling through the eye of a needle
than he has to forgive his offender.

This time a monster not disparate
but with lineage like him.

Yet who can reproach his despise,
for untold numbers equally share his
story.

If it had been me, undoubtedly I would demonstrate
a reaction better left to motion pictures.

But where is faith,
or works,
when it all falls apart?

Our inclination for grandeur

bared
by morphed depravity

Sometimes demons show faith—
like the evildoer now exposed.

But where is our blame
when we place our faith
in demons?

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Beneath Her Pigtails

by Melissa Dalis

Laughs
Soccer star
Brightest smile
Dancer and singer
Prettiest outfits
Popular girl
Happy.

Walks home alone
School was fine, Mom
Quickly running to her room
Screaming and crying into her hands
Only her stuffed animals will know
A whole world beneath her pigtails
Hiding behind closed doors
No one to talk to

Alone.
Rips off dress
Steps onto the scale
Puts hands over her eyes
Only ten pounds until perfection
Glances at the cottage cheese on her legs
Sweaty sit-ups during Disney channel breaks
Cuts out pictures of Barbie dolls as her thinspiration
Throws mom's dinner out the window for the birds outside
Found with a pink toothbrush and head lying over a toilet of lettuce

But she was

perfect.

April's flowers

by Michelle Kennedy

You meticulously tend
every flower in your garden
Till the soil, sprinkle nutrients
into the earth
giving your time and attention
even to the weeds which seek
to destroy your hard work
I am in the dark corner with dry soil
Not even a drop of water you give
to nourish me
Abandoned, I wonder
how you could turn from me
I watched you grow
from girl/woman/mother
Unconditional love I've given
so you assume I will remain
planted
Never leave you
But you're always too busy for me
and I am dying

With great effort
I will lift my eyes
to the sky
Seek
a wind of change
to blow my dry seeds elsewhere
where it is warm and welcoming
I will find a new home
for my tired, unloved roots

Bee, Still, My Heart

by Michelle Kennedy

Just last night
I listened to you
Your honey nectar lies
lay thick on your tongue,
trying to coat your way
out of the sticky mess
inside of your head
I wanted so desperately
to believe you, to slip
into the tranquil buzz again
Numb myself to the truth

But this time I couldn't

Did you know that every
syllable stung me?
Did you know that every
word stung me?
Did you know that every
sentence clung to me?
Could I continue?
I wanted so desperately
to believe you, to slip
into the tranquil buzz again
Numb myself to the truth

But this time I couldn't

june 28, oob

by Kat Farrin

this sunday morning
even the sound of rumi too much
this abundance the last week in june

hovering me to an edge

dreaming a white owl opening her wing to me
only to watch her mouth smile and realize she is human
thinly disguised

yesterday
a bulb pops with a bang so loud i jump
i try to rescue my paintings
after the basement floods
someone shuts the door, the lights go out
and at the end of a long maze
i am immersed in a darkness so thick
i can't breathe

the hermit card reaches out to me
walk away, walk away
i get up before light
to feel space, hear waves roll in

today is my daughter's birthday
but i'm headed up the coast to
an uncle's funeral

the world
it is way too much with me

At the Bathroom Mirror with Tweezers

by Mark Barkawitz

my hairline is receding

and i really hate it.

it's causing my part to creep

ever so slightly

but noticeably backwards.

i've found myself becoming

obsessed with the hairlines

of others as well.

when we converse,

my eyes glance above theirs

to sneak a peek

at thinning here,

receding there,

combed to cover,

a bald pate everywhere.

and where has it all gone—

the hair of my youth—
an evenly-grown abundance
which i took so casually
for granted?

apparently, the roots
have twisted deeply within.
'cause it's growing
like furry-white bushes
out my goddamn ears.

I Hate Flying

by Mark Barkawitz

i haven't boarded an airplane
since the winter of 1979, when
a bumpy flight in a bad storm on a small jet
from san francisco to los angeles
convinced me—i hate flying.

i don't care about the statistics.

i don't care about the law of averages.
i want to be in control of my own destiny.
i want the steering wheel in my hands.
i want a parachute.
until then, i travel surface only.

and i'd been comfortable with the limits
this personal code of physics had put on my life—

until my uncle ferdy died suddenly.
mom wanted me to fly back to new york
with her for the funeral.
hundreds of people were attending
from as far away as london.
ferdy had been an influential guy
and a good friend to many.
there wasn't enough time for a cross-country drive,
so i agreed to fly back with her.

but at the last minute,
i chickened out—
death was already in the air.

mom flew to new york without me.
so much for controlling my own destiny.

i have an old photo of ferdy
while on a business trip to california,
sitting on back of my little brother's motorcycle—
easy-rider in wing-tips—
poised to soar down mom's driveway.
every time i look at it,
i'm reminded
just how much
i hate flying.

Untitled

by Adam Bright

At last I come to rest
Between the fire and
The low notes of
A brooding canticle

Emotions, ancient and all at once
New
Drive nails deep
Against wood and stone and flesh

The angel who comes to me
Singing in deepest azure mourning
Lazily lilting lyrical lore
Whispers hints of love
That she of me implores

With most sincere and frank gratitude
I fall to my knees
Shaken by such an unearthly voice
As that of a ghost bound to my soul

Let not she go from me
To the light
For I am bound to her
In mortal musical eternity

Summer Sonnet

by Denise Bouchard

In this enchanted forest of a yard
We celebrate the day we wed

Rows of lush blue hydrangeas, rafts of hostas
And varieties of flourishing wild flower beds

Here we stand under an archway
Of simulated branches infused with timed twinkling lights
Which dance in a bower of heather

I take your hand in mine and we raise our glasses high
I recite the old vow "I give you my hand"
And
We then dance to the song
The Sweetest Days
As we knowingly sigh

A song that speaks of great joy and tears as well
Of days gone by

For all we've been through

We celebrate with family and friends
Till the setting sun is nigh

For a sacred vow was taken thirty years past
And as our sweet, beautiful daughter stands by our side
On this summer's day of August in its familiar and balmy weather

We look around at this gorgeous home, these lush grounds with pride
And think upon how we created all of this together.

A Woman Through the Ages

by Denise Bouchard

Pregnant with want
Dreams running wild
I'm hitting mid-point, yet I'm a newborn child

Feeling like the moon in all of its phases
Waxing now fully into my power and ruling

All of the currents of land and sea

At other times I'm fading out to a thin sliver of light
I want to hide, leave me alone, I think, even though
I'm still affecting the tides of those around me

They're looking to me for answers, for what I'm feeling...
How will I affect them today?
But my face gives nothing away; they don't know all that I have seen

I've been there over-lighting the pain, the love, the betrayal of all
the ages
Since earth was created...
I'm full with knowing and knowing all is over-rated

Sometimes wishing I were a more simple woman,
PTA, meatloaf, bowling, best friends forever, Sally and Sue
A 9-5 structured life
Always sunny

Instead I find myself annoyed with the sun
I have been burned by it

I come alive late in the day
And try to forget the nights that I
Over-lighted the painful events in history
As I watched the sinking of the Titanic,
Or the many ways they betrayed our daughter

Still, I try to go on dazzling with my light
And continue to be the beacon
That guides the small ships home

Notorious

by Vince Corvaia

I want Ingrid Bergman

to slip me the key
to a dangerous room,

to meet me among
the shadows and Nazi bottles

filled with anything
but poems.

I've had enough of po biz,
as Anne Sexton called it.

I want a life filled with
champagne and uranium.

To hell with the round sounds
of vowels, of moon, June.

I want to take my chances
in a black-and-white reality

where Ingrid presses
her lips to mine

as Claude Rains makes his ominous way
down the stairs.

Tourist Season in Old Orchard Beach

by Vince Corvaia

for K.F.

Among the umbrellas
and pale, lotion-slathered

arms and legs,
the sand castles shaped

like pails,
the pleading gulls,

she sits alone
with her paints,

adorned in tie-dye,

her thick ropes of hair

three times as long
as her brush,

meticulously placing
dots of turquoise

on a beaver-chewed
stick of wood.

This morning's
angel card

read TRANQUILITY,
which she will find

later as she walks
along the railroad track

to the pier, picks up
a crow's feather on the way.

She will stop
at the Subway,

carry a sandwich back
to her condo, where

she lives year-round

with her artwork, her cats,

her meditation recordings
that ease her to sleep

with the waning day.

Phone Booth Elegy

by Vince Corvaia

Like Cheever's swimmer,
I once stopped

in every phone booth
between Wall Street

and the Port Authority Bus Terminal
just to tell her I was

on my way home.
(I remember her eyes

were green with flecks of gold
and she wore her long brown hair

up in combs.)
CNN says

four booths remain

in New York City.

Now a gecko is trying
to sell me insurance

against loss.

A Single Life

by Vince Corvaia

Cubicle days
and nights of unoriginal sin.

Never enough toner,
never enough wonder in bed.

“If you have something to say to me,”
his boss tells him,

“say it behind my back, because
I don’t need to hear it.”

His last lover left crumbs,
mispronounced “nuclear”

when they tried to speak.
Too many channels,

two little pills.
They dissolve like dreams, or something.

Night

by Nicole M. Bouchard

We were once great companions so inseparably close,
you a shadow to my form...

Now I cannot bear the shrill silence of a raging mind or memory
I only want to scream

How did we lose hold of one another's hand walking into this nightmare,
this dark emphatic scheme?

The serenity I felt in the presence of your all-encompassing darkness has
left.
The discrete peace and protection replaced by agitated fears, alone,
beguiled, bereft...

I used to drink in the hours with you deeply,
Those glittery dreamer dreams resenting the dawn come to end our time.
Child beliefs cradled me but the bough broke, the cradle fell, fate spoke and
there is no rope nor braid with which to climb.

No longer a mystery to me,
I see you now in dawn's light...

No more do you hold me, not now; too much... goodbye to good night

Lost City

by Nicole M. Bouchard

Come home, take a bath,
Wash off the city I've just left

The clever noble marks my ancestors made
Are fading, so I look for them everywhere else

I remember, we remember, they remember,
And so it will be
But the old are tired and so are the young

And the city...
It is a once grande dame of the stage
She sits at her vanity upon the balding velvet seat,
Unconscious of the chipping gold paint
Exposing the scratched wood underneath

Yellowing poster of her former glories
Lie scattered with the dated newspaper clippings
At her feet

The grandeur is gone from her face and no coat
Of fresh paint or rouge will undo the Truth upon
Her face...
The new age coming is aggressive, casual-careless, and ugly-cruel

Her formerly elegant gown is moth eaten and her dim eyes
Say the show is over.
She bravely walks onto the dilapidated stage and
Does a low, deep bow to her audience of past and present inhabitants.

Adieu.

The Beauty of the Beast

by Nicole M. Bouchard

There have been others... of this he is

Certain

He knows of enchanted castles,

Gilded cages with towers

And

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Gargoyles instead of cherubs

And manifestation, imagination

Bringing to life objects and creatures as

They'd never been before

He knows of the selfish princes
Who turned beggar women away
And the enchantresses who cast
Their spells as punishment

But his story is different;
He knows not the reason
For his curse
He did not give too little-
It might be said of him that he gave too much

And he is beautiful;
The beastliness is on the inside
Turned inward, so no one
Can see
The unsightly quality of his pain
It is within as opposed to those forced to wear it without

The roses in his garden are trying to bloom
though he does have a magic mirror,
A digital portal to the

Outside world

And he needs to be loved

In return to break the spell

Some days he thunders at

Silent stone walls, demanding

To know why what's happened

Has befallen him

He is both beauty and the beast

The objects who love their master

Warn him that the villagers are at the door

But he doesn't care any longer.

Their damage was done years ago.

He focuses instead on the enchanted rose

Beneath the glass

Instead of shedding its petals, counting down time

Like an hourglass, it is a seed, then a sprout

Growing, Growing, much as he does

When it blossoms, when he's ready,

The curse will be lifted

And he'll have learned to love himself in return

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Prettiest outfits
Popular girl
Happy.

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Quickly running to her room
Screaming and crying into her hands
Only her stuffed animals will know
A whole world beneath her pigtails
Hiding behind closed doors
No one to talk to

Alone.
Rips off dress
Steps onto the scale
Puts hands over her eyes
Only ten pounds until perfection
Glances at the cottage cheese on her legs
Sweaty sit-ups during Disney channel breaks
Cuts out pictures of Barbie dolls as her thinspiration
Throws mom's dinner out the window for the birds outside
Found with a pink toothbrush and head lying over a toilet of lettuce

But she was

perfect.

April's flowers

by Michelle Kennedy

You meticulously tend
every flower in your garden
Till the soil, sprinkle nutrients
into the earth
giving your time and attention
even to the weeds which seek
to destroy your hard work
I am in the dark corner with dry soil
Not even a drop of water you give
to nourish me
Abandoned, I wonder
how you could turn from me
I watched you grow
from girl/woman/mother
Unconditional love I've given
so you assume I will remain
planted
Never leave you
But you're always too busy for me
and I am dying

With great effort
I will lift my eyes
to the sky
Seek
a wind of change
to blow my dry seeds elsewhere
where it is warm and welcoming
I will find a new home
for my tired, unloved roots

Bee, Still, My Heart

by Michelle Kennedy

Just last night
I listened to you
Your honey nectar lies
lay thick on your tongue,
trying to coat your way
out of the sticky mess
inside of your head
I wanted so desperately
to believe you, to slip
into the tranquil buzz again
Numb myself to the truth

But this time I couldn't

Did you know that every
syllable stung me?
Did you know that every
word stung me?
Did you know that every
sentence clung to me?
Could I continue?
I wanted so desperately
to believe you, to slip
into the tranquil buzz again
Numb myself to the truth

But this time I couldn't

june 28, oob

by Kat Farrin

this sunday morning
even the sound of rumi too much
this abundance the last week in june

hovering me to an edge

dreaming a white owl opening her wing to me
only to watch her mouth smile and realize she is human
thinly disguised

yesterday
a bulb pops with a bang so loud i jump
i try to rescue my paintings
after the basement floods
someone shuts the door, the lights go out
and at the end of a long maze
i am immersed in a darkness so thick
i can't breathe

the hermit card reaches out to me
walk away, walk away
i get up before light
to feel space, hear waves roll in

today is my daughter's birthday
but i'm headed up the coast to
an uncle's funeral

the world
it is way too much with me

At the Bathroom Mirror with Tweezers

by Mark Barkawitz

my hairline is receding

and i really hate it.

it's causing my part to creep

ever so slightly

but noticeably backwards.

i've found myself becoming

obsessed with the hairlines

of others as well.

when we converse,

my eyes glance above theirs

to sneak a peek

at thinning here,

receding there,

combed to cover,

a bald pate everywhere.

and where has it all gone—

the hair of my youth—
an evenly-grown abundance
which i took so casually
for granted?

apparently, the roots
have twisted deeply within.
'cause it's growing
like furry-white bushes
out my goddamn ears.

I Hate Flying

by Mark Barkawitz

i haven't boarded an airplane
since the winter of 1979, when
a bumpy flight in a bad storm on a small jet
from san francisco to los angeles
convinced me—i hate flying.

i don't care about the statistics.

i don't care about the law of averages.
i want to be in control of my own destiny.
i want the steering wheel in my hands.
i want a parachute.
until then, i travel surface only.

and i'd been comfortable with the limits
this personal code of physics had put on my life—

until my uncle ferdy died suddenly.
mom wanted me to fly back to new york
with her for the funeral.
hundreds of people were attending
from as far away as london.
ferdy had been an influential guy
and a good friend to many.
there wasn't enough time for a cross-country drive,
so i agreed to fly back with her.

but at the last minute,
i chickened out—
death was already in the air.

mom flew to new york without me.
so much for controlling my own destiny.

i have an old photo of ferdy
while on a business trip to california,
sitting on back of my little brother's motorcycle—
easy-rider in wing-tips—
poised to soar down mom's driveway.
every time i look at it,
i'm reminded
just how much
i hate flying.

Untitled

by Adam Bright

At last I come to rest
Between the fire and
The low notes of
A brooding canticle

Emotions, ancient and all at once
New
Drive nails deep
Against wood and stone and flesh

The angel who comes to me
Singing in deepest azure mourning
Lazily lilting lyrical lore
Whispers hints of love
That she of me implores

With most sincere and frank gratitude
I fall to my knees
Shaken by such an unearthly voice
As that of a ghost bound to my soul

Let not she go from me
To the light
For I am bound to her
In mortal musical eternity

Summer Sonnet

by Denise Bouchard

In this enchanted forest of a yard
We celebrate the day we wed

Rows of lush blue hydrangeas, rafts of hostas
And varieties of flourishing wild flower beds

Here we stand under an archway
Of simulated branches infused with timed twinkling lights
Which dance in a bower of heather

I take your hand in mine and we raise our glasses high
I recite the old vow "I give you my hand"
And
We then dance to the song
The Sweetest Days
As we knowingly sigh

A song that speaks of great joy and tears as well
Of days gone by

For all we've been through

We celebrate with family and friends
Till the setting sun is nigh

For a sacred vow was taken thirty years past
And as our sweet, beautiful daughter stands by our side
On this summer's day of August in its familiar and balmy weather

We look around at this gorgeous home, these lush grounds with pride
And think upon how we created all of this together.

A Woman Through the Ages

by Denise Bouchard

Pregnant with want
Dreams running wild
I'm hitting mid-point, yet I'm a newborn child

Feeling like the moon in all of its phases
Waxing now fully into my power and ruling

All of the currents of land and sea

At other times I'm fading out to a thin sliver of light
I want to hide, leave me alone, I think, even though
I'm still affecting the tides of those around me

They're looking to me for answers, for what I'm feeling...
How will I affect them today?
But my face gives nothing away; they don't know all that I have seen

I've been there over-lighting the pain, the love, the betrayal of all
the ages
Since earth was created...
I'm full with knowing and knowing all is over-rated

Sometimes wishing I were a more simple woman,
PTA, meatloaf, bowling, best friends forever, Sally and Sue
A 9-5 structured life
Always sunny

Instead I find myself annoyed with the sun
I have been burned by it

I come alive late in the day
And try to forget the nights that I
Over-lighted the painful events in history
As I watched the sinking of the Titanic,
Or the many ways they betrayed our daughter

Still, I try to go on dazzling with my light
And continue to be the beacon
That guides the small ships home

Notorious

by Vince Corvaia

I want Ingrid Bergman

to slip me the key
to a dangerous room,

to meet me among
the shadows and Nazi bottles

filled with anything
but poems.

I've had enough of po biz,
as Anne Sexton called it.

I want a life filled with
champagne and uranium.

To hell with the round sounds
of vowels, of moon, June.

I want to take my chances
in a black-and-white reality

where Ingrid presses
her lips to mine

as Claude Rains makes his ominous way
down the stairs.

Tourist Season in Old Orchard Beach

by Vince Corvaia

for K.F.

Among the umbrellas
and pale, lotion-slathered

arms and legs,
the sand castles shaped

like pails,
the pleading gulls,

she sits alone
with her paints,

adorned in tie-dye,

her thick ropes of hair

three times as long
as her brush,

meticulously placing
dots of turquoise

on a beaver-chewed
stick of wood.

This morning's
angel card

read TRANQUILITY,
which she will find

later as she walks
along the railroad track

to the pier, picks up
a crow's feather on the way.

She will stop
at the Subway,

carry a sandwich back
to her condo, where

she lives year-round

with her artwork, her cats,

her meditation recordings
that ease her to sleep

with the waning day.

Phone Booth Elegy

by Vince Corvaia

Like Cheever's swimmer,
I once stopped

in every phone booth
between Wall Street

and the Port Authority Bus Terminal
just to tell her I was

on my way home.
(I remember her eyes

were green with flecks of gold
and she wore her long brown hair

up in combs.)
CNN says

four booths remain

in New York City.

Now a gecko is trying
to sell me insurance

against loss.

A Single Life

by Vince Corvaia

Cubicle days
and nights of unoriginal sin.

Never enough toner,
never enough wonder in bed.

“If you have something to say to me,”
his boss tells him,

“say it behind my back, because
I don’t need to hear it.”

His last lover left crumbs,
mispronounced “nuclear”

when they tried to speak.
Too many channels,

two little pills.
They dissolve like dreams, or something.

Night

by Nicole M. Bouchard

We were once great companions so inseparably close,
you a shadow to my form...

Now I cannot bear the shrill silence of a raging mind or memory
I only want to scream

How did we lose hold of one another's hand walking into this nightmare,
this dark emphatic scheme?

The serenity I felt in the presence of your all-encompassing darkness has
left.
The discrete peace and protection replaced by agitated fears, alone,
beguiled, bereft...

I used to drink in the hours with you deeply,
Those glittery dreamer dreams resenting the dawn come to end our time.
Child beliefs cradled me but the bough broke, the cradle fell, fate spoke and
there is no rope nor braid with which to climb.

No longer a mystery to me,
I see you now in dawn's light...

No more do you hold me, not now; too much... goodbye to good night

Lost City

by Nicole M. Bouchard

Come home, take a bath,
Wash off the city I've just left

The clever noble marks my ancestors made
Are fading, so I look for them everywhere else

I remember, we remember, they remember,
And so it will be
But the old are tired and so are the young

And the city...
It is a once grande dame of the stage
She sits at her vanity upon the balding velvet seat,
Unconscious of the chipping gold paint
Exposing the scratched wood underneath

Yellowing poster of her former glories
Lie scattered with the dated newspaper clippings
At her feet

The grandeur is gone from her face and no coat
Of fresh paint or rouge will undo the Truth upon
Her face...
The new age coming is aggressive, casual-careless, and ugly-cruel

Her formerly elegant gown is moth eaten and her dim eyes
Say the show is over.
She bravely walks onto the dilapidated stage and
Does a low, deep bow to her audience of past and present inhabitants.

Adieu.

The Beauty of the Beast

by Nicole M. Bouchard

There have been others... of this he is

Certain

He knows of enchanted castles,

Gilded cages with towers

And

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Gargoyles instead of cherubs

And manifestation, imagination

Bringing to life objects and creatures as

They'd never been before

He knows of the selfish princes
Who turned beggar women away
And the enchantresses who cast
Their spells as punishment

But his story is different;
He knows not the reason
For his curse
He did not give too little-
It might be said of him that he gave too much

And he is beautiful;
The beastliness is on the inside
Turned inward, so no one
Can see
The unsightly quality of his pain
It is within as opposed to those forced to wear it without

The roses in his garden are trying to bloom
though he does have a magic mirror,
A digital portal to the

Outside world

And he needs to be loved

In return to break the spell

Some days he thunders at

Silent stone walls, demanding

To know why what's happened

Has befallen him

He is both beauty and the beast

The objects who love their master

Warn him that the villagers are at the door

But he doesn't care any longer.

Their damage was done years ago.

He focuses instead on the enchanted rose

Beneath the glass

Instead of shedding its petals, counting down time

Like an hourglass, it is a seed, then a sprout

Growing, Growing, much as he does

When it blossoms, when he's ready,

The curse will be lifted

And he'll have learned to love himself in return

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