

[The Write Place At the Write Time](#)

[Home](#)
[About Us](#)
[Announcements](#)
[Interviews](#)
[Fiction](#)
[Poetry](#)
["Our Stories" non-fiction](#)
[Writers' Craft Box](#)
[Writers' Contest!](#)
[Book Reviews](#)
[Exploration of Theme](#)
[Archives](#)
[Submission Guidelines](#)
[Feedback & Questions](#)

Come in...and be captivated...



"Morning Rain Clearing" by Jan Collins Selman; www.jancollinselman.com

Butterfly Effect

by Michelle Kennedy

It has been said that something as small as the flutter of a butterfly's wing can ultimately cause a typhoon halfway around the world- Chaos Theory

What if the landscape
we walk upon
is not constant, nor stable?
If time is a loop rather than
a straight line in our memories?
And what if in the few seconds
it takes you to read my words
I have already shifted one thing
causing a ripple for everything?
Perhaps
It wouldn't be of great consequence
Perhaps
It would
Save one man, you save the world
We are the world, we are the children
Let one man perish, gone the child
he might have had, who might have
saved one man and saved the world

Kaitlyn

by Denise Bouchard

Always at this time of year
I feel as though spring
Will never come again and
I yearn for signs of rebirth

But this morning on my way
 Back from the green grocer's
 I spot the first shoots of daffodils
 Rising through the cold, hard earth

I wrap my shawl around me more tightly
 And I spy Ben watching me as he always does
 As I make my way back home on my morning rounds

Strong, quiet Benjamin... I long for you to tell me
 How you feel
 But as I walk on by you take to sweeping away the invisible dirt
 On the indifferent ground

Ah, but I know you will open up to me soon

Maybe when Nature's gifts have fully bloomed
 If only you'd ask me to the spring dance in town...

I always feel this way when spring comes round

And the early morning dew is brushing watercolors
 Over our sleepy hamlet town

Spring Rain

by Denise Bouchard

A warmer wind in the air now
 Chasing winter

The cleansing smell
 Chasing away the strain

After an eternity of cold, frozen states
 The ache of frozen joints in pain

The water happily pulsing
 Like a symphony

Dancing onto the brick patio bricks
 Pouring out of the drain

The winter finally melting
 Away the ice throes

Still trying to hang on in vain

The mist clears
 And the new buds
 On our cherry tree welcome me
 And I melt too-

For it never fails to renew me with its yearly refrain

Spring rain

Pastoral

Inspired by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony

by Margaret Lincoln

First, they tune
Reverberating, random
then all together
silky smooth F Major
like fog curling on the moors.
I resonate
ears to toes
as though they bowed my diaphragm.

I touch the brook as it undulates
bucolic, rolling by verdant banks.
A lark trills on the winds
Woody throaty and low
a mourning dove.

The village crowd
exuberant
toe tapping
merry dancers to rustic tunes.
I feel simple joy
clear like brass
and the bells of lambs.

Rumbling and pounding
the bass summons Valkries
dissonant chords
electric
snapping
a low buzz.
I taste rain
a symphonic drenching.

Breathe!

Overtures of calm
after the storm
Allegretto
gratefulness in three quarter time
I glimpse the sun.

Beside me
the lady snores.

Aurorean Rain

by Bobbi Sinha-Morey

In the coolness of
the early morning
and its mist, autumn's
frost lies in the grass
while you and your
grown-up kids surround
the solemn fire that
you've just lit now that
your wife is gone.
Silent musings go
unspoken on their
tongues while every
whisper of thought you
hold dear is left in your
memory of her. Soft
shadows lay under your

eyes after the sleepless
nights you spent with
her, and in the dusk's
dying light her spirit
found direction on a
zephyr wind, touching
your cheek for one last
time before you could
capture the wild sweet-
ness that was once her
or taste her tears that
fell like aureorean rain
upon your skin.

Tomorrow's Light

by Bobbi Sinha-Morey

For weeks I carried
the broken talisman
clenched in my fist
as if it could keep out
the loneliness or hide
the fact that the one
closest to me was now
gone. Two days ago
I slept in the chair by
her bedside with half
the winter left to face
alone, the slow gray
skies moving along
the dark tipped grass.
I seldom look outside
my window and when-
ever I would touch her
trembling hand she
often would not speak.
On days when she didn't
cry I'd mend her clothes,
sew her a patchwork
shawl, make sure she
wasn't too sick. Yet
when the cancer was
in her lungs I quietly
told her to wait for
tomorrow's light. She
prayed for it to come.

a flash in the daylight

by Sarah Henningson

as the sun begins to sink in the coffin of grassy hills, their fronds waving
goodnight

i cozy up on the backyard patio

in my favorite wicker chair, a knotted nest of newly glossy twigs

and i take in the shiny green hummingbird that visits me every night at this
hour

the same shady green of my favorite silk bed comforter

who glimmers in the refugee dust of evening light

like a tempting piece of smooth aztec gold

impossibly out of grasp, his iridescent wings sparkle with mischievous

smiles
transparent as a gauzy sheer mosquito netting
easy to see through, a new and improved plastic saran wrap
i admire the wings as the little bird hovers
taking a full lay of the land
until slicing wickedly through untouched patches of air
a blurred bullet in the blue sky of my now graying eyes
or a venom-tipped arrow of the indigenous aztecs
razor-blade movements hooking through the sky
spearing the aromatic swirls of air, floating droplets of watermelon tinted
perfume
emanating from the recently opened flower buds
little wide-eyed girls who just want to breathe in the fresh sunset
and wrap themselves in a hug of fleeting beams
before falling prey to the hummingbird
a needle drawing a blood sacrifice from the sweet pink nectar
once known as the drink of the gods
a sweet and sticky juice like coconut milk seeping out of its thick armor
membrane
barely satisfied by the snack, my hummingbird flits gingerly away from my
chair nest
dancing over to the saccharine trees and flowery bushes next door
hoping to sample more flavors, like the spoiled kid at an ice cream store
the innocent pastel glow of flowers and evening cirrus clouds now his free
feast for all
taking advantage of the last strings of sun
and filling up an arsenal of syrupy grapefruit-tinted liquid
dotted everywhere with sugar, like kid-friendly french toast
in order to feel good and keep his glossy sheen of aluminum foil
the green flash must visit hundreds of flowers each day
a pebble-sized heart racing wildly just trying to stay up
and take advantage of our neighborhood's haggard and ragged bouquet
and even as the darkness blankets my beloved twin hills
he catches the final beams of sun in his wings of a million miniature smiles
twinkling christmas lights in the midst of greenery
that wink at me teasingly like batting butterfly kisses
before disappearing into a cloudy world i can no longer make out
a gaseous obsidian ceiling glinting with osiris
the black hole of starless sky sends me away from the stone veranda
back to hole up in my room of stagnant green walls
the color of a flimsy hanging moss that grows in sunless corners
where above the bed hangs an acrylic painting of a nectar-nursing

hummingbird

like a twisted shrine of idolatry

a glaring ghost of green frozen forever in time and oil whose eyes bore into
of me

and incite me to worship what is neither real nor present

reminding me of a portrait of the virgin mary

baskin robbins

by Sarah Henningsen

awake, but trying to dream

hydroplaning between the rainbow sherbet bed-sheets

she takes a modest taste

then swirls off into the candyland clouds

pink and orange from the sunset

they blanket memories

of free samples and daddy's friday night treat

she comes back arching

reaching for the comforter of fluff

to soothe her with sugary sweetness

instead of suffocating, biting with the unfamiliarity

of her favorite flavor

Growing Up

by Chelsey Sobel

Do we ever end up growing up?

Children lie for the game

We lie to hide away from the truth.

Children betray by finding a new best friend.

We betray by stabbing our best friend in the back

Children hurt by telling their mother that she is the worst

We hurt when we tell our mother to leave us alone for good.

Children cheat when they play Monopoly.

We cheat on the ones we supposedly love

Children fight over a library book.

We fight over a job position.

We all roll in a ball on the floor, hoping that someone comes up to retrieve
us.

We all break the rules

We all tell secrets

We all throw tantrums

But, we never give up hope just as a child never stops believing in the Tooth
Fairy.

We do not consider logic.

We do not consider experiences

When others tell us to give up

We refuse

We close our eyes and hope that when we wake up our fairy tale comes
true-

That the rain stops

The yelling starts to flicker

And we are truly happy

True, we get bigger, taller, older
We move out and move on
But the pain and wounds and the fear grow up with us
We are still a bunch of kids
Running around the playground
Trying desperately to fit in

Picking and Choosing

by Cheryl Sommesse

Calculating the lot,
as if tallying the crops
accumulated through my life.
Gratified by some fruits, marveling at their growth—
ashamed at others, wondering if a sinning seed sporadically took root
in my thoughts.

But in this assessment that only I can make:
only I can judge worthy or pitiable,
is an image
positioned unwaveringly at my side.
Sustaining me in times of virtue,
forgiving my wayward in instances of greed.
This awesome power
that expects nothing yet means everything.
A force so gracious that He graciously
allows me to choose.

How honored I feel
to grasp,
despite this garden of imperfections—
His splendor.

Identification

by Cheryl Sommesse

I immerse myself in prayer in the new of the morning,
and close of the day—
because it mystically defines
what I do
in between.

Song of Rebirth

by Cheryl Sommesse

Remnants of Christmas linger about,
on neighborhood gates
and bonnet rooftops.
Blessing my senses with a joggle of joy—
a welcomed reminder of how very dearly
I love the season.

But the meadowlarks have begun their song
outside my window,
crying out that a new world is near—
Affording me a glimpse into
the grandeur yet to come.
I burst beyond the cold
to cradle their melody.

Detached

by Cheryl Sommesse

Hovering above
watching it all.
Was she
someone who could magically revise life?
Caught in the thicket
of innocence that died
so young.

For how could she remain
pure?
Doing some things right,
though not enough
to earn their “applauded” badge of virtue.
Watching multitudes of good works
slip,
like pebbles through

decaying slats.

Themes From an Exhibition

by Marjorie Frazier

After floating from one room to another, I sit down on the gallery bench
and close my eyes.

I ask myself if I feel the energy of the paintings.

There are as many quotes from the artist as pictures –
so much said about the inside as one looks out.

Pitchers, vases, small unidentifiables

placed on a simple table

with such intention that the small and ordinary awaken themselves
and everything around them.

“All the world is an abstraction.”

says Morandi

“We create the reality that mind interprets as object.”

Sitting in my parents tiny living room

I gaze at my mother

who is small and uncomplicated now

from years of shrinking in body and mind,

and I wonder

Does she know more about abstraction

as she withdraws from the objects she’s created?

Does she live more in the world of wisdom now?

My father, lying in the hospital bed

chatters incoherently

and with great satisfaction.

But there are no words that can help me

create thoughts and objects from his world.

The connection between his mind and mouth are broken and cut
or so it seems.

I’ve never seen his eyes so big, so innocent, and beautiful.

What is the nature of reality?

Four for Dinner

by Mark Barkawitz

my eleven-year-old daughter stares

over her menu across the table at me.

“your nose is really crooked.”

my teenage son is quick to explain

for me: “well, duh. he’s only had

it broken about eighteen times.”

actually, it’s four times,

all while playing basketball.

“i’ll get it straightened after

i retire from contact sports.”

but both of my kids play

basketball for their school teams,

so it's not unusual to find me
still banging bodies under a hoop.
i explain further: "and because

it's elective surgery, it'll cost me
like five grand to get it fixed."
my daughter shrugs. "and why look good,

when you're already married."
sitting next to me at the table,
my wife just smiles.

Gone

by Will Dixon

You say that you want to stay but in your mind
You are already figuring out how much gas
You have in your car and who can pick it up if you
Leave it at the airport- and where exactly you left
The old green suitcase-and if the air-fare war
Will fit the limit on your charge card-
And if it doesn't, who you can borrow it from.

You say that I am the most important person in your life,
But you look past me out the window-
And wonder how the leaves look up north,
If they are green or orange or gone-
And if your sweater will be warm enough-
Or do you need to find the old leather jacket-
Whether I will really mind if you do take it?

You smile as you stir your coffee; you even touch my hand,
But does he have the same number? Should you call him?
Or will he be there waiting like he told you, like he told you-
Just for a moment you remember that he was more honest than you;
But you let that thought pass with the sip of your coffee,
And then you realize that you haven't heard one
Solitary thing that I've said-but you hide it with your smile.

And you smile to yourself now, but you laugh deep inside
Soon you'll be free of this all with no mess to clean up.
You'll call me sometime or maybe just leave a note-
Yes, a note will be easier- no questions to answer-
Nothing to explain, nothing and no one to face, face to face,
And especially no eyes, no eyes to look into, then to avoid
But you look into my eyes... then you look away.

Weary World

by Will Dixon

The sun shines weakly in prism streaks through the old windows.
Even in this warm place, there is a chill in the air
That bites at painful, old joints. A reminder, perhaps,
Yes, I can feel it, I might as well listen to the message:
That this is a time for those younger ones and others
Who don't notice the world getting older and harder.
We notice, not only in our stiff bones and sore muscles,
But also in the messages we hear on the wind
And the question that the night birds keep asking
Of who, who? not why or when.
There was a ring around the moon last night
Containing two bright and two dim stars-
Undoubtedly a message of significance lost on me,
Its beauty was not-- nor was the thought that
Maybe there is a little magic left in this old time-
But forgotten or ignored, now it's called illusion or delusion-
Voices on the breeze whisper this is an exercise in arrogance-
The mainspring of a master clock whirs quietly-
Time unwinds to be a useless philosophy-
The question of why? is replaced by why not?"
When eternity rises like the silver moon-
Perdition or heaven-
In between or neither-
Rising.

drops

by Will Dixon

the moisture swirled miles
and miles above the dark land-
whipped about by winds-
first a vortex left,
then a vortex right
and gradually the particles
accumulated, sticking together
to form a raindrop that
began its long fall to
the dark ground but
first it hit the tin roof
of the old restaurant and
flowed down the forehead
of the waitress who would now
be on her smoke break
if she finally hadn't quit

and as the drop flowed down
her cheek, it mixed with
the dark mascara
and the other salty drops
that had been flowing
long before the rain started
and now the young girl
who was way past exhaustion
looked as if someone had carefully
painted black lines in every
small wrinkle of her pretty face
and the lines all seemed to trace back
to her reddened eyes

so now break was over and
it was back inside, grabbing
a dish towel to wipe her
face as well as she could-
should she put her make-up
back on?-no she had no
energy or interest to do that
and now drops of sweat

started to flow down her brow
as she tried to remember
how many single patties,
how many without onions,
and trying to ignore
the manager whose eyes
were exploring every inch of her body
especially since her white
uniform got wetter outside
than she realized

and as the "OPEN" light changed
to "CLOSED" and the clean up was
just about over
she walked for the door
and tried her best not to
scream as he "accidentally"
rubbed up against her bottom
-yeah-accidentally-just like
every other night-but what
the hell, she needed the job
so now it was the raindrops again
as she ran to the rusty car
with the wet seat, since the
sunroof still leaked, duct tape and all,
this time it started
the first time and the radio actually worked-
and since the wiper blades were shot-
she drove with her face about
six inches from the windshield
all the way home.

And, yeah, his truck was not there
but as she lifted up the door so the
lock would work and gave it a good kick,
she noticed that something was different-
the apartment felt colder and echoed-
she knew anyway, but she turned on the light
and of course his stuff, and most of hers, was gone-
the tv, the dvd, the refrigerator-

but in spite of it all, she laughed,
yep, the bastard even took the umbrella.

And so she is alone-
again-
well her mom said she could pick 'em
but of course she could have told her mom
that she was just carrying on the family tradition-
but now she is just numb
tired, empty, and beyond pain
sitting on the wooden floor,
she doesn't even realize that the puddle
forming under her is her tears and not rain.

Again-
how could she let it happen again?
and as she screams she slams
her fist as hard as she can-
right into the edge of the heater grate-

she feels the warm dripping down her fingers
and watches the puddle under her white uniform
slowly turning pink, then red-
hell, why couldn't it had been him she hit?-
why did she have to be the one to always get hurt?-
everyone else just walks away-
and with her favorite umbrella
and as her small shoulders heave-
she feels the pain in her hand-
pain,
yeah, she knows pain,
and it almost feels good-
pain means you are still alive

but no, no he wasn't going to destroy her
and he wasn't worth another tear-
so she gingerly looks at her hand-
ok-no broken bones- ouch-- probably needs
a couple of stitches, but she can't afford that-
she takes the dish cloth she still has in her
uniform pocket and wraps it tight

and wipes up the floor-
she was going to be off tomorrow but maybe
if she is friendly with that slug of a boss
he might let her work anyway-
cause she needs the money now
more than ever

and high above, the moisture swirls
until another perfect raindrop
forms

but all the raindrops in the world
will not fill the pools of her eyes now
and make her soul feel anything
but
hollow-

as the miracle with the face and soul
of an angel drags herself to bed
and wraps around her pillow,
hugging it as tightly as she can,
muffling her sobs

One Night

by Will Dixon

A bit of dragon's sulfur flame
A lock of unicorn's silken mane
A chimera's curving claw
A serpent from Medusa writhing tresses
A sea serpent's shiny scale
Ash from the phoenix's empty pyre
A sliver of Excalibur's blade
A drop of water from the Lady of the Lake's hand
A chorus of the sirens' song
Just a taste from the lotus eaters
A tear from a lonely mermaid
My coin for Charon's boat fare
A short ride down Kerouac's smoky, hot road
As much of my heart as you would take--

These are just a beginning of the things
I would give to spend one night with you

Watching

by Will Dixon

Slow night tonight, not much going on-
Entertainment, yeah, what would be good?
After all I can choose whatever I want-
Nothing too light, maybe a little heavy-
Yeah, heavy-
A little light pain to make it through the night-

Maybe visit the lady who had put the glass down
And was drinking the scotch straight from the bottle-
The alcohol burned as it washed across her bleeding lips-
But eventually it numbed-yes it numbed and she
Could almost forget the screaming red face
Of her husband as he backhanded her for smiling
At the young man at the quickstop who opened the door
For her-she knew what was coming all the way home
As her husband accused her of wanting the young man-
Wanting?—she just wanted to disappear because she knew
What was coming, but as soon as they walked in the front door-
He hit her, she didn't even have a chance to dodge so she
Took it full across the face and fell across the coffee table-
Breaking every soccer picture, prom pose and –
Sin of all sins-she fell right on the remote control-
And as it exploded, he grabbed the truck keys and was gone-

Maybe he'd go somewhere else tonight, he had his secret girlfriends,
Well, her two teenagers, the light of her life, were at the church retreat-
So she would pick them up Monday morning-maybe her face would
Not look so bad by then-she really didn't care but she worried that one day
Her son-who had his father by thirty pounds of muscle-
Might take up for her and do something to that human waste product.

No, Seanie had his life ahead of him and he was going to be everything
She had wanted to be and everything his old man couldn't.
So she sat rocking back and forth-what to do-what to do-

She didn't care if her old man went straight to hell-it would be so easy-
But if she did anything to him, it would ruin her kids' lives.
More scotch and a few valium-the pain slipped away, the bleeding tapered
down
And Sally slipped into a dream she most certainly would pay for tomorrow-

Pain and all the concern she would get at work-
Her last coherent thought was that either they would let her work
The kitchen or she didn't work-no way would they let her work tables.

Pain and shame
Shame and pain
A little of this, a lot of that-
Such has become her lot in life.

The pick-up slid around the sharp curve, gravel flying everywhere-
Why was he stuck with this slut? He worked hard
And now he would have a time working the nail gun tomorrow-
He would tell the guys how he had busted his hand on a couple of smart
mouth kids
At the bar, but the crew would know and probably the foreman would
Smell just too much rotten beer and rum on him, the first time his hands
shook
He would send him home, no questions-or just fire his worthless ass.
This filtered through Mac's addled brain, maybe he could call in sick-
No, last time, Carlos-the new foreman said he would fire him
And he knew Carlos was just looking for a chance to get rid of him and
Hire one of his cousins that came over on the boat with him-
Of course Mac was too drunk or stupid to know Mac's family had been in
Florida
Since the early 1900's- well- in his pickled brain he knew they stuck
together anyway.
He saw the cop car and then the blues and for a moment thought back to
his
Glory days in high school, only he was driving a weak four-banger now
instead of the
SS 396 with all of the hurst works-but he could take this cop,
Anyway if he got stopped- they had him on a warrant for no license and
maybe a DUI-
So he pushed the weak truck harder, starting to smell the oil-
He saw the train crossing ahead-ok-he could make it; the cop wouldn't even
try-
About a half block from the crossing, he heard the rod go, actually saw it
come
Through the hood-his steering froze and all he had time to do was to look
up

And see himself slide right in front of the fast freight-

The young cop thought to himself, Man, this is just like one of those

High school drivers' ed films. At least a half a block later, he found most of the

Truck ground up under the train another quarter mile, he found

Mac (never wore seat belts)

Ahh, pain with irony, I think as I see how peaceful Sally

Looks as she lies curled up like she did when she was a seven year old.

Well, her pain will change-things might get better-

Probably not-she would likely find another one just like him.

Well, I am not one of those guardian angels, I will let those

Do-gooders worry about that

Spreading my wings of gray-I am just a watcher-

Maybe I will check back on Sally in a little while-

Nah, I won't-

I'm already starting to get bored-

One thing even I can't ignore though-

As my nimble fingers reassemble the remote control-

I smile at my private joke-

Pop in fresh batteries—

Reckon there's a reason He didn't give me white wings-

Guess I am just too good at watching

And He knows I look better in gray-

Time to see what's happening down the way-

I disappear.

Winter Walk

by Vince Corvaia

“clearing winds and blue skies...long walk today.”

-- a friend's Facebook entry

1

Two squirrels spiral up

a snowy trunk that snapped in two

during the Nor'easter

and angled in the next tree.

They get more exercise

than I do. This is
the deep still calm
between storm fronts.
I type while there's power,
while a friend I secretly love
goes walking alone
in the same town,
talking with God
beside the plowed roads
of rural New England.

2

What it would have taken
to ask me along
is the distance between stars.
Though more bad weather is coming,
I brush the snow off my car
to be sure I still have one.
I would rather drive
than walk. I imagine
the places I would take her,
the breathless talk.
So much is unsaid now
that we would never catch up.
I think of her winter hat,
gloved hands deep in her coat pockets,
her serenity along the roadside
like a hymn we sing together
in separate pews on Sunday morning.

3

The squirrels have knocked
much of the snow
from the broken tree.
How far has she traveled
since I began this poem?
The distance between
complacency and desire

is the longest walk of all.

Nancy

by Vince Corvaia

My cousin Nancy
lives in Rhode Island
and enjoys sailing.

She was a majorette
in high school
and trained many girls

to twirl.
I hadn't heard from her
since 1976.

This Christmas
she sent my father a card
because he had lost my mother

to cancer in March.
But she didn't know
he died in May.

I wrote to inform her
and now we correspond
like old friends.

Somewhere
I have a photo of her
in her uniform, smiling

when we were young
and death was still
an abstract noun.

Opera

by Vince Corvaia

I have never been to an opera
though I have seen two ballets
and a monster truck rally.

I would go to an opera
if someone handed me a ticket
and dropped me off.

But it's not something
I would go out of my way for
on the most boring of days.

I don't know the reason for this.
I like music and foreign languages
and even costumes I don't have to wear.

But put them all together
and I'll be hard to find.
Maybe one day I'll change.

As a boy, I was dragged
screaming to the circus,
and I had a perfectly acceptable time.

Sunday Morning Tetralogy

by Vince Corvaia

Worship

The stained-glass window
Bleeds the sun in reds and blues
Upon her blond hair.

Communion

As we leave our pews
To receive the juice and bread,
Her hand brushes mine.

Cross

Instead of the cross,
I watch the side of her face,
His own creation.

Love

Greet one another,
The pastor said. I stand where
She cannot see me.

The Wrong House

by Vince Corvaia

The moon is a coin slipped
halfway in a slot of sky.

I left behind the jukebox
because every song had her name

in the refrain. Really, I only drink
when I can't write.

I last wrote in 1973.
Plath called the stars

pinholes in carbon paper.
I want to steal that,

reach up and crumple it in my pocket
as I walk behind this dim shadow.

One of the houses on this cul-de-sac
will have to do.

Maybe the woman at the door
will help me forget.

Maybe between us
the coin will never drop.

Backyard Picnic, Teaneck, New Jersey, 1958

by Vince Corvaia

Wasps glided through the cool shade
under the eave of the back porch.
Aunt Mildred stepped through the doorway
carrying a tray with six shiny tin cups
and a pitcher of iced tea that turned gold
in the afternoon sunlight. I was the only
child that day, the center of attention,
my sister's birth two months away.
Aunt Mildred set the tray on the wood
picnic table, the other grownups
making room for her on the bench.
I chose the red cup because I still could.

Autobiography

by Vince Corvaia

My life has been like
the cave opening
the coyote painted
and the road runner
sped through.

I was going to write
a poem about Plato,
but the coyote smashing
into the wall
seems more appropriate.

Couplets

by Vince Corvaia

“Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch’s wife.
He would have written sonnets all his life?”
—Lord Byron, Don Juan

If I had to write the perfect couplet,
that would be the one,

except it has already been done.
I learned in school

that Joyce Kilmer’s couplet
about trees is an awful couplet

and never to imitate it.
But Byron’s couplet

about Petrarch and Laura
is a thing of beauty,

witty and true.
Think what Byron

could have done with trees.
Think what Kilmer would have done

to our unrequited lovers.
No, it’s best this way,

each to his own chosen subject.
Me, I write about other poets,

except for the rare epithalamium
about lovers climbing trees

to watch their brides-to-be
under a conspiratorial new moon.

Lodi

by Vince Corvaia
I used to walk home
from the factory, stopping
at the bar for a cold one.

In those days,
when I was twenty four,
I wanted a blue collar life

unlike the white one
my parents had.
I wanted headaches

from the paint fumes
and a beer buzz
to carry with me

back to my aunt's apartment
where I was
getting on my feet

after leaving Miami for good.
At eight-thirty every morning,
the mournful whistle

sent the workers out
to the chrome breakfast truck
for our paper cup of coffee,

our plastic-wrapped pastry.
I sat on the curb,
oblivious to my degree,

the poems I hid,
and savored the start
of my anonymous day.

**Told To Me At Abington Memorial Hospital Emergency Room,
PA**

by Hal Sirowitz

They call me foxy lady,
she said, because I was
bitten by a fox. It was
all my cat's fault. She'd
go out the cat door early
each morning and hunt
animals. This red fox
decided it wasn't going
to be hunted anymore.
Instead, it was going
to do what foxes
and wolves did from the time
of 'Little Red Riding Hood,'
hunt humans. It sneaked
through the cat door
and waited for me
to fall asleep. My cat
wasn't there to protect me.
She was on an overnight hunt.
At about three in the morning
something jumped on my back
while I was sleeping. At first
I thought it was my husband,
making up for all the thrills
we've missed. He's a reader.
He gets his thrills vicariously.
But it couldn't have been him,
because he doesn't bite
or stink like high heaven.
I called the animal control foundation
who caught the fox
and told me he had rabies.
This is my fourth shot.
The fox made me famous.
My husband and cat
still make me sore. They're
either reading or hunting.
But I have the story.
All they have are books and dead animals.

For Those Who Walk Onward When the Trail Ends

by Nicole M. Bouchard

The famed golden city of El Dorado... the tall pillars, complex geometric roadways and spiritual waters where men became kings once the gold dust covered their bodies...

The many-towered Camelot so beautiful and splendid in virtue that the lone Lady of Shallot fell to the curse of her own demise simply to be a part of it and feel loved by one knight's eyes...

Blue towering crystals sheltering the sacred haven of healers amongst the waves in Atlantis, all destroyed in a day...

The violent crusades for the Holy Grail...

Even the burning of the library of Alexandria where the most ancient wisdom was held...

What are these fruitless quests meant to tell us? That such divinity is not ours to claim upon earth? To not let our reach exceed our grasp or waste a lifetime searching for what never existed? That humans cannot know their greatest happiness else it will destroy them? Or do the wisest amongst us, cloaked in shadowy history know the answers, possess the treasures, but in trying to protect those weaker than they, never make us aware of our real capacity?

What if someone were to approach the horizon and keep going?

What if I said I had touched the thick leathery green leaves of the Tree of Life, bathed head to toe in gold dust to be reborn in the rivers of El Dorado, stepped out in slippered foot amongst the crowds of Camelot witnessing its valiant glory whilst rescued by one of Arthur's great knights... That I'd tasted the cerulean waters from the crystal chalices of Atlantis in a day under the sky of healing perfection... smelled the scent of the fruits in Eden, knelt before the Holy Grail, holding to my chest the wisdom of the ancients the day before Alexandria fell... If I were to tell you all this, would you be surprised further still that I had seen and done was accomplished by looking into the eyes of one man?

It is a practice of faith,

I'd answer to your quizzical brow that asked the question before it touched down on your lips.

What is mythical, extraordinary, spiritual, religious, sacred

But that which seems impossible, higher than ourselves, exceeding our grasp

That which is good, transcending what we thought was possible, defying the inevitable

It is the incredible perfection of moments

Going a step further when the road ends

Manifesting a dream through heart, belief and action

Loving someone beyond ego, reason, life and death

Noticing miracles, causing them

True greatness, true kindness...

Heroic measures for a stranger

Unconditional devotion despite turbulent times

Adoring words traded across a round table when the swords are lain down

Bravery utilized to break apart from the wolves and

Embrace the perceived prey who is master in disguise

The Enchantress posing as a beggar by the well- the reward of roses and diamonds belongs to the pure

Those great treasures of lore that we seek out are within

We are made to believe that we are unworthy, that they come at great risk

Buyers beware

Of these unattainable graces

Have courage great hearts of man

You are invited to defy the odds

"Over the mountains of the Moon, down the Valley of Shadow, ride boldly ride," the shade replied, "...If you seek for Eldorado!" - from the poem entitled, "Eldorado", by Edgar Allan Poe

© 2010 *The Write Place At the Write Time*

This on-line magazine and all the content contained therein is copyrighted.