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Come in...and be captivated...

Interlude in the East

By: Denise Bouchard

You wanted to be the one who would cure me... No one else had ever gotten through
You said I needed to believe in something... You wondered, "What have they done to you?"

Speaking my name so exotically as though it had different letters...
Massaging my back, you crying out to my unrelenting blockages of pain,
"Let me in..."

You helped me to relax in the golden light of your Asian scented rooms,
leaving me feeling free and unfettered
But letting anyone in was to forgive- where would I begin?

The pain in my life and body grew worse
My energy leaked through your powerful hands like a sieve
I should've told you...you cannot cure anyone who has a curse...
Besides, I had nothing left to give

Astronomy Lesson

By: Vince Corvaia

Cloud-shadows slide
over the flat motels.

Vacancy signs are burning
all over the universe

all over the universe.

Pluto, astronomers tell us,
doesn't count anymore.

It sits alone on the edge
of a rented twin bed

and watches the solar system
passing between the parted drapes.

Gated Community

By: Vince Corvaia

I used to live on a cul-de-sac,
another word for dead end.

Neighbors greeted each other
or else were never greeted.

No cars up on blocks, no painted mailboxes.
Rules were rules.

When a neighbor posted
a campaign sign on his lawn,

the resident committee
gave him an ultimatum.

I broke out one night
while the guards were distracted

by the wrong wattage
on a porch light.

Map on my lap and a cool juice
in its cup holder,

I've been running ever since.



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Mother Nature's Supreme Display

By: Matthew Harris

A strand of pearls clung to slender tree limbs
 bejeweled woody flora prismatic orbs
 tell tale sign recent cloudburst
 cleft darkened heavens
 rained watery life source liquid
 downpour laced branched canopy
 awash with molecular droplets
 requisite to feed burlesque Vaudeville bluster
 exquisite gala performance unrehearsed
 unscripted ubiquitous theatrical performance
 received limitless encores
 toward Gaia screenwriter
 whose infinite scope
 (wrought upon the natural landscape palette)
 exceeds the finite abilities of those bipedal
 dominatrix
 human organisms imbued
 whose dilettante debut
 (dawned these last seconds on the clock face of
 geologic history)
 might witness the curtain call on their final act!



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Untitled

By: Laura Paquette

starving artists maintain their 2000 on wine and
 cheap carbs
 lacking sleep and love deprived we falsify an
 existence that
 miller, kerouac, bukowski - can relate to

and I'm at the point, where if you can't
comprehend, you might as well stop.
for only those the passion to create can relate to
the next few incomprehensible lines
spending dough on booze and cigarettes and
books we can't afford - wondering where our
next
meal
rent
bill
whore - flow is going to originate from
feeling in our guts, as we shell out the last bill
that resides in our pocket or otherwise,
that the current choice could very well be our last
and we are in the red
on the merlot - the cabernet sovereign
but NEVER the white
and we do
not care!
for tonight may as well be our last
and if - perhaps - we might wake up tomorrow
the change shoved dramatically between the
couch cushions will get us through another 10,
fifteen, maybe half a page
the passion is all we have -

Four-legged Legacy

By: Cheryl Sommese

I know what love looks like; it has a face and body.
It is overweight at forty pounds and cocks its head
when it wants a kiss.
Sometimes,
mostly when you are unaware,
it turns on its back
and stares at you with the utmost of intensity.

It revels in your happiness and jumps to find joy
when your day is taxing.
It makes waking significant and sleeping serene;
often,
it is all you need.
And if love gets sick,
it remarkably bequeaths its character onto you.
And then you—look like love.

The Supernatural Natural

By: Cheryl Sommese

Her portly figure confused the scene,
arm extended,
servitude evident.
She was not meant to be
where the formal congregated--
my sister cut her out.

Mom and Dad looked gorgeous,
never imagining
they could possess passion
in such a grand measure.
As generations processed
the decades came to mock
the black and white
antiquity.

But she was a woman
in every town
in every place.
Struggling to exist
resilience her force,
invisible
to the world,
until an impromptu shot
captures her worth.

The Vanity Window

By: Trina McKinney

It's at the mall on every floor.
It's leading outside to my patio.
It's all over the building where I work.
I can't escape this window that tempts me
To look into it every chance I get!
Some make me look fat;
Some make me look skinny,
But it never shows my inner beauty.
It never shows the hurt that I carry
Or the things that I celebrate.
It never gives me the answers to my questions
Or the cash for my debts.
I just wonder if I should even bother
Turning it's way.
Okay, for the fun of it I'll glance one last time.

Coming Home After Katrina

By: Trina McKinney

Change is perplexing when
your spirit is wounded
and the scars can hold you back.
The regrets of your past
make you wonder
if you're worthy of happiness.
Change can make the wounded
afraid of failure and
disappointment, but
good change can promise
nothing but goodness
if you believe.
Have faith in your heart

and everything else will follow.

Untitled

By: Adam Bright

They laid us to rest in graves so shallow
The dying none so easy
as the living vying for light above the grass and gravel

Soaked in the sun and caked with the dew of early morn
A song in deepest azure
of desire and longing both beautiful and forlorn
goes up into the day neither embraced nor forsaken

It sounds the happy call to order
A vibrant symphony of scent and of color
most indifferent to ambient insect activities
befitting only this field in which we live of
overgrown grass and clover

And we rise again and again
As quickly picked by the hands of men
extended out like tomes of power:
The leaves,
The petals,
The stems
of us wildflowers

To the Muse of History

By: Nicole M. Bouchard

Don me, Great Clio, in history threadbare
worn down through the centuries
like garments of memories
spun with great care

Lend to me your tablets, your parchment,
your quill...
entice me to own of the past
what I will...

Teach me what is great of all
that has come before
Wrap me in their voices, their poetry,
their lore

And when I am dressed in the very best
of the ancient way
May I remember that I am not
alone to face the day

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