

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

[Home](#)

[About Us](#)

[Announcements](#)

[First Annual Contest](#)

[Interviews](#)

[Fiction](#)

[Poetry](#)

["Our Stories" non-fiction](#)

[Writers' Craft Box](#)

[Writers' Challenge!](#)

[Submission Guidelines](#)

[Indie Bookstores](#)

[Artists' Gallery](#)

[Feedback & Questions](#)

[Scrapbook of Four Years](#)

[Archives](#)

[Inscribing Industry Blog](#)

Come in...and be captivated...

 x

"Urban Garden" by Linda Bigness; <http://www.bignessart.com/index.html>

Filmed Poetry Reading Series I

We are proud to present our very first Filmed Poetry Reading series. I was inspired to develop this project by a poetry night I attended in October featuring regional poets. The intensity of the performances lingered with me. I'd never experienced readings on such a powerful level. I wanted to mix the performance art (body language, enunciation) with the kinds of poems and pieces of artwork signature to our publication.

We planned out every detail so that the poetry could be absorbed at an optimum level; the poets were carefully chosen, each having performed/read their work before. The diverse collection of poems was carefully hand-picked as well. Poets were told to choose their movements based on the passages they wanted to emphasize. It wasn't only that these poets had to know how to write a great poem, they had to be able to possess facets of acting talent as well. I'm delighted to say that each showed great prowess in knowing just how to manipulate their tone, moments of eye contact and gestures. Each had their poems pasted into a singular black book, but they had their works memorized. The process of filming was watching pure magic come together to communicate what we'd envisioned in our minds. It was an education to learn about the amount of detail work that goes into film. I'm deeply grateful to F.R. Perro Productions (Chip Perro) for the artistry, creativity and professionalism put into this project to make it just as I had dreamed it. I'm also deeply grateful to our own Ken Steinkamp (for being a gracious, enthusiastic host and lending his masterful works to add to the visual element), Cheryl Sommese, Tim Reed and Alice Kociemba (for being willing to try something completely new, their individual, remarkable personalities and for giving such incredible performances- your talent makes my job fun).

You will see below on this page our traditional written word format and it's just as potent as ever with voices we cherish; this is just an addition of a multi-media component to add to the overall poetry section. Since this is new, it's largely a glorious experiment- and we want to know what you think! This entire project was all about being 'at the write place at the write time'!

Visit: <http://www.youtube.com/writeplacewritetime>

Credits

Poets and their works in order of appearance:

"Nonna's Blanket" by Cheryl Sommese
"The Unforgivable" by Cheryl Sommese

"Beebe Woods" by Alice Kociemba

"This Skin" by Tim Reed
"The Silence" by Tim Reed

Artwork by Ken Steinkamp in order of appearance:

Amongst the Shadows of Being- Mixed Media on Plexiglass
Timed Exposure I- Mixed Media on Plexiglass
Timed Exposure VI- Mixed Media on Plexiglass

(<http://kensteinkamp.com/>)

Compilation of poetry and artwork organized and coordinated by *The Write Place At the Write Time*

(<http://www.thewriteplaceatthewritetime.org/>)

Videography by F.R. Perro Productions (<http://www.frperro.com/>)

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Poet Bios and Poems:

Cheryl Sommese is a freelance writer specializing in ghost blogs, newsletter pieces, and multi-topic articles. Her creative endeavors include short stories, essays, and poetry. Several of her literary works have been included in print periodicals and online publications. She considers poetry to be a particular passion and opened for the emerging poet, Muad Saleh, in two spoken word events in Manchester, NH, and New York City. She has a BA in Communications and an MA in Liberal Studies with a focus on political studies and writing from the University of New Hampshire. Ms. Sommese lives in Londonderry, NH, with her husband and two dogs.

Nonna's Blanket

I lie here
surrounded by the fibers so vibrantly alive,
resting in the shadow of a woman
I barely knew.
Her manner was sometimes cold
but her eyes were warm,
a stoic immigrant in a foreign place
with only hope to guide her way.

I peer out from the corner
a frightened child desperately trying to comprehend her
broken English.

It is then I see her,
flesh slightly dangling from her lower chin—
graying curls peeking out from a spider web net,
sitting in her knitting chair.
Leaving behind everything she knew
for the dream of something better,
she tirelessly toiled
to weave her space
in this new land.

It was not with ease that I could like her
but this tapestry was perfect,
grass greens—
chocolate browns,
the blanket of love she bestowed
to each of us.
Through hours of dedication
and in every intricate loop
I saw her struggles.
And now,
through the eyes of a child who has lived more years,
could recognize her triumphs
and the hungering
in her heart.

She is no longer with us
and I can only hope while immersed in prayer
to get a glimpse of where she might be.
Now a grown soldier with armor of my own,
I battle to find my place
in this land that is
my home.

As the half-circle moon peers through my pain
in the void of this sleepless night
I believe I know her.
In confronting the my own fears
and lost dreams,
I understand hers.

Woven together—
it is this coverlet which connects us,
for it is warm
and strong
and gentle.
Through all the washings
and moves
and broken promises

it still is beautiful.
So I drape myself in its memory,
and rest in Grandma's embrace.

The Unforgivable

Orange heat oozed from its depths,
but the half-inch flame no longer
warmed my soul.
Creamy figurines seemed dazed atop
the platform window,
while two sets of Wise Men grew lost,
the guiding star they followed
eclipsed by despair.

I sat quivering in silence,
attempting to grasp something that could never be tidily
tucked away.
So my head bowed praying it was all a nightmare,
but the idealistic notions could not transform the horror
into anything
less real.

Did liquid trickle from His eyes when He welcomed
them home?
Does He know wickedness before
it strikes?
Will His heart absolve the unforgivable?

Last night the house wore gloom to dinner,
even the flickering lights surrounding
the decorated tree
failed to fill it with life.
I had hoped to celebrate the evening,
but many things died
when the children did.

[Alice Kociemba](#) is the director of *Calliope - Poetry Series* which sponsors monthly readings and craft workshops at the West Falmouth Library. She is the author of the chapbook *Death of Teaticket Hardware*, the title poem of which won the International Merit Award from the *Atlanta Review*. Her recent poems have appeared in *Salamander*, *Main Street Rag*, *Avocet*, and *Off the Coast* as well as other journals. Ms. Kociemba is on the Advisory Board of the Massachusetts Poetry Festival and is a member of the Jamaica Pond Poets. She is a psychotherapist and lives in Falmouth, MA.
www.calliopepoetryseries.com

Beebe Woods

First you notice the absence
 of civilized sounds,
 time seems shut off,
 beneath your haste,
 a quiet holy—
 each step, an amen.
 Pine and oak, intertwined,
 birds back early.
 Suddenly a chill,
 both sinister and sacred.
 There is no Here.
 You're in a long ago lost—
in summer, a lake, tall pines,
twisted paths,
thick with needles.
This way? That? Hours pass
walking, crying, walking, getting dark...
 Is there no way out of Beebe Woods?

Tim Reed started exploring his poetic gift in 1990. This journey of discovery led him to take a long and hard look at himself, his life and his goals and aspirations for life. While looking at these things, he embraced the gift of poetry within him as an outlet for expression, explosion and healing. Mr. Reed draws on the vast education he earned as a “student” of life experience! In his words, “When things touch me or move me in some way...I write. My writing and life are like a path unfolding before me that’s not mine to question, only to follow. I have found that life is all about perception and often write about my interpretation of ordinary situations that we all experience.” He regularly attends several of the poetry venues along the North and South Shores of Massachusetts and feels he has grown substantially as a poet by doing so.

This Skin

Just as I started getting “comfortable”
 in this skin...having grown “enough”
 to fill its well taught security.
 I learned that it was...too taut.

No longer suited...for protection of that within.
 Now, seemingly designed,
 to smother and stunt its growth instead.
 This skin...no longer fits.

Regardless of comfort,
 it is still, indeed a tattered gown.
 Just a hand me down, a hold me down,
 of the past.

It is time...for a new skin! My own skin.
Not one worn pretending like it fits.
Rather one that does fit, and stretches
and grows with me, as I continue becoming.

This old one has...served me well.
Having brought me to this place,
where there is enough space,
to craft the cocoon
of my changing room.
In it...there is abundant room for change.

The glorious metamorphosis has begun.
The wings of this new skin...have filled.
And I am NOW learning to take flight
upon my newly realized
limitless journey in...this skin.

The Silence

Do you hear it...the silence?
The silence between...the rain drops
Between the deafening crescendos...of the thunder
Between the chatter and clutter...of the day

Do you hear it...the silence?
The silence between...your thoughts
Between the inevitable scrutiny...of your choices
Between the beginnings, at birth...and at death

Do you hear it...the silence?
Between the evolutions of Now...as one begins next
Do you hear it?

I do...I hear the silence
And I listen to it!
Because...in the between...in the silence,
there is peace and solitude, reassurance and truth,
there is wholeness...within.
In the silence there is amazing abundance,
absence of need,
there is...Universal Oneness

Do you hear it...the silence?
Do you hear it...between the words?
Do you hear it...in me?
Do you hear it...in...YOU?

Listen for it...listen to it
Listen, to the silence...

Artist Statement:

Ken Steinkamp

My works are vigorous, calligraphic expressions of my search for and journey through life's forces. They are created using a variety of materials: canvas, oil, thread, panel, Plexiglas, plaster, wire, graphite, canvas and paper. Each material is explored keenly, to engage the viewer. The character of this attacking exploration of lines, colors and layered surfaces evokes the exploration of the many lines and layers of one's life journey.

I have been producing images and exhibiting for nearly thirty years. It is my purpose as an artist. It has been enhanced by education, travel and experience. I graduated from the University of Northern Iowa with a BA in Art Education then worked at the White House Photo Lab in Washington DC to complete my military service. I completed a Masters Degree in Studio Art/ Printmaking from the University of Wisconsin, Madison in 1974. After a brief teaching career, I worked on a CETA grant at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. Since then, for 28 years I worked as an International crewmember for American Airlines. There I experienced a wide array of arts and culture throughout the world. This position also afforded me the opportunity to pursue my art career on a part-time basis. Having recently retired from the Airlines, I can now devote my time exclusively to my art career and other artistic endeavors from my studio.

I've had several one-man and group exhibitions at small independent galleries. Collectors of my work are from many cities in the USA and Europe.



Poetry

Il Ponte *(The Bridge)*

by Jo Motta Going

Hunched into itself,
black and still,
an eagle alone
on the minus tide mud,
shapeshifting now into
Old Woman watching,

watching me arch
up and over
these arctic mountains,
reaching and stretching
once more to touch
the stones of Venezia.

In the bell bright piazza
before San Marco,
a thousand doves
conjure the wind
and floating islands
of pastel illusion.

I am lace of frost
I am golden light,
a whiteness of snow
and gondola black,
now eagle, now dove,
and Old Woman watching.

Sunflowers in Italia

by Jo Motta Going

Full up in a field
of endless yellow,
row upon row
upon row,
a choreography
bright in the sun.

Have you seen them,
one foot fixed in earth,
the other, invisible,
padding round
and round--
a preening tarantella.

Girasole,
we call them,
which means,
such poetry,
turn sun,
so you wonder:

does the sun
turn the flowers,
or the flowers
turn the sun?

Mozia

by Jo Motta Going

The hooded boatman
silently skulls
the darkened waters,
a road subterranean,
an island of distance.

Gray olive groves
hold soft-eyed children
chanting Latin,
hushed, insistent, (laughing)
calling your name,

leading you barefoot
to where He shines
bright in the sun,
his tunic of white
a sheer revealing.

Arms of marble seduce
your flesh, melding your bones
in an ancient of days,
plaiting your hair
with leaves of gold.

Deep in the temple
where dim light shifts
the columned walls,
you wait in shadow,
and incense burns.

Fearsome, hidden,
cunning...
and splendid:
this island claims
all who come.

The creak of an oar
and the boatman returns
to ferry you back--
finding only your shoes
and a lingering mist.

Vermilion

by Jo Motta Going

Elephant and dragon
in mortal combat,

matched equally
in strength and wisdom.

Their dying blood
fused burning sulfur

and slippery quicksilver
to a red so brilliant

it painted statues
of gods and emperors,

the Pompeian baths
of Titus and Pliny,

Herculaneum walls
and fine-spun togas,

the lips of women
seduced by death.

Bio- Jo Motta Going was raised in a bilingual family in an Italian -American neighborhood in Providence, Rhode Island. She has lived in Alaska for 26 years, but frequently returns to Italia, as the iconographies of both places are mutually inspiring for her creativity.

Edge of a Fishscale

by Denise Bergman

After I die, she said, I want to come back as the edge of a fish scale.
Modest, I thought, given the possibilities.

Now I imagine the glorious sensation on the tip of a shingle of torso,
a kernel of water invisibly displaced—who will notice

yet they say
a single flutter of a butterfly wing on a plain in Africa....

Perhaps she considered that small realm of influence

knew what she was talking about, deliberated
water rolling off her conceptual being

her next life doused
in pure idea.

But she said want to, not will
certain, and uncertain, to the end.

He Dreams of Snakes

by Denise Bergman

He dreams two rattlesnakes bit his ankles in a room with walls.
That is, a room. The path through a forest
a dream far outside his dream, far from the punctured skin.

A man afraid of snakes, in a room, a living room,
looking down at his feet.

If we knew, we could censor our lovers' phantoms,
edit their recesses
and we would, I would,
driving two parallel common senses at once.

He smells snakes upon awakening
and pigeon feathers scattered like trays of cafeteria litter.
Unrehearsed, this mess. He says time to move on

but I fill a barrow with his night and wheel it away
as mine.

Still, all day scales scrape his skin.
Diamond mosaics, a stinging red ring, nothing shed.

Only more—coils, bites, stings—will ever make this less

will make less of ankles wrapped in venom.
I wasn't in his dream.
Elsewhere, feet bare, I rode a spotted horse.
Steel stirrups against my arch.

Bio- Denise Bergman was poetry editor of *Sojourner: A Women's Forum* and hosted a cable TV series called *Women in the Arts*. She has received several grants from the Puffin Foundation and the Massachusetts Cultural Council. Her poetry, widely published, appears in *American Letters and Commentary*, *Nimrod*, *Solstice*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Chautauqua Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Worcester Review*, *Monthly Review*, *PoetLore*, *Patterson Literary Review*, *New Delta Review*, *Texas Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Many Mountains Moving*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Comstock Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *PoetryMagazine.com*, and others.

Her poem "Across the Street" was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. The first stanza of her poem Red, about a neighborhood near a slaughterhouse, permanently installed in a public park in Cambridge, MA. Her series of poems called *Keyholes*, which combined the history of specific urban places with the present, resulted in an award-winning widely circulated photo/poetry installation.

Seeing Annie Sullivan, poems based on the early life of Annie Sullivan, Helen Keller's teacher, was published in 2005 (Cedar Hill Books). It was translated into Braille and into a

Talking Book in 2006. *The Telling* is forthcoming in 2013 (poetry, Cervena Barva Press). She edited the anthology of urban poetry *City River of Voices* (West End Press, 1992).

You can see her work at www.denisebergman.com.

Time Out of Joint 1

by Steve De France

The winds change direction as birds lose
the ability to fly in the following vacuum.
You see, there is no consequential providence
in the fall of any sparrow
or any pleasure left in day or night.
Things seem wrong.
Time out of joint! But there is no
Hamlet here to set the universe right!
He was---after all---only a fiction
with a penchant for being a day late
and a dollar short.
Who here can show
dreams that come after death?
Is any dream more oppressive
than this morning's reality of
a broken stove, a flat tire,
a thickness of the blood,
or the knowing---that death is already here.
Who can say this thing we call reality
is not but one of death's dreams?
Are we not already dead?
Alive or dead? What traveler
has returned to say it isn't so?
Ophelia was too weak for disprized' love
or any kind of love---only a need for love.
A wild ache for love where there was no love.
Our readiness to bear time's decay is all.
to watch in disgust
as we come apart a piece at a time
a crumbling tooth here,

an arthritic bone there,
 a cancer on a frightened face,
 a tightness in the chest,
 a mind shattered like shards of glass.
 It must be a dream---a nightmare
 and we put up with this dream
 because what if what follows
 these dreams is worse? So we put
 up with all kinds of bizarre shit
 because we are afraid.
 The winds change direction as birds lose
 the ability to fly in the following vacuum.
 You see, there is no consequential providence
 in the fall of any sparrow
 or any pleasure left in day or night.

Bio- Steve De France is a widely published poet, playwright and essayist both in America and in Great Britain. His work has appeared in literary publications in America, England, Canada, France, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, India, Australia, and New Zealand. He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry in 2002, 2003 & 2006. Recently, his work has appeared in *The Wallace Stevens Journal*, *The Mid-American Poetry Review*, *Ambit*, *Atlantic*, *Clean Sheets*, *Poetry Bay*, *The Yellow Medicine Review* and *The Sun*. In England he won a Reader's Award in *Orbis Magazine* for his poem "Hawks." In the United States he won the Josh Samuels' Annual Poetry Competition (2003) for his poem: "The Man Who Loved Mermaids". His play *The Killer* had its world premier at the Garage theater in Long Beach, California (Sept-October 2006). He has received the Distinguished Alumnus Award from Chapman University for his writing. Most recently his poem "Gregor's Wings" has been nominated for The Best of The Net by *Poetic Diversity*.

anything to stop him from crying that way

by Holly Day

we can run, i tell him, we can
 pack up our things, load the kids
 in the car and just go. we can drive
 until we get somewhere warm enough
 that sleeping in the car won't kill us
 some side road through farmland
 some road nobody else drives on. we can park the car

and if anyone comes along
we'll just pretend that we're lost.

we can go now, just pack up our things
not tell anyone we're leaving
not let anyone try to talk us into staying
by offering help. we don't have to
stay here, bogged down by the weight of these bills
watch our futures evaporate with each new heating bill,
new plumbing bill, new medical bill. we can just go
drive until we hit some bright coastal beach, or the mexican border
drive until the car won't go anymore
or until our gas money is gone. we'll

set up shop on venice beach, sell
t-shirts with clever hand-drawn slogans on them
make jewelry out of paper clips and colored wire
knit sweaters out of plastic grocery bags. we don't have to
pretend we can make it as adults anymore
we don't have to pretend
that we've got our act together, that we're
good role models for our children,
that we have anything but love.

Bio- Holly Day is a housewife and mother of two living in Minneapolis, Minnesota who teaches needlepoint classes in the Minneapolis school district. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *The Oxford American* and *Slipstream*, and she is a recent recipient of the Sam Ragan Poetry Prize from Barton College. Her book publications include *Music Composition for Dummies*, *Guitar-All-in-One for Dummies*, and *Music Theory for Dummies*, which has recently been translated into French, Dutch, German, Spanish, Russian, and Portuguese.

July 27th

by E.M. McPherson

I entered the car.

She was irritated,
With a smile

That was as fake as mine.
(The car I entered.
I felt the darkness creep in
Through the window rear view
I think back. Too late to close the flood gates.)

“Do you still feel suicidal?”, she asked
(With the eyes that held the inlets
Of the ocean blue shattered like glass
With the rock of my Depression.)
She was married last week.
(She spoke of a baby shower.
Could she be pregnant?
A life that my sister could bring
To this world
I killed the thought.)

I see my “mother”.
A hand that felt on my forehead
The last genuine caress of a woman
That I have felt.

I feel cold.

(Green scrubs to the dimmed room.
I am insane.
They asked if I wanted to kill myself.
"I don't know," I said.
I show the slits on my wrist.
I lay back down.)

A guy with a clipboard comes in.
He used to see the world as me.
He broke away.
He knows a bit of my story.
But he does not know my pain.
(I take a breath. The flood gates flicker open.
The waters roll in.)
My mom comes in.
She starts a war.
I yell.

The man with a clipboard came in.
The darkness recedes,
I survived the rush.

A car ride home with my mom.
I entered the hospital with an illness,
I left without a family.
(Water reaches the shores of my eyelids
And recedes...)

Bio- E.M. McPherson is an 18 year old slacker who hopes to become a High School English teacher in Chicago. With a predilection with Whoppers, Nirvana, and pop culture, he hopes to inspire the world.

An Excerpt from Euclid Creek Book Two

by Michael Ceraolo

Someone created a Facebook page
as a place to share your memories
of growing up in the area,
and
a few thousand people were sharing
within a week or so
(the number increasing every day),
creating
an interesting montage of both
accurate and misremembered memories,
mostly
of the various commercial establishments
that themselves changed often enough
(sometimes in the same buildings,
sometimes in different buildings)
to make a palimpsest

but
the saddest statuses were in response
to the question, Where do you live now?
and seeing
that many,

too many,
no longer lived in the area,
and they had not been replaced by a comparable number
moving into the area-----

Bio- Michael Ceraolo is a 54-year old civil servant/poet who has had one full-length book (*Euclid Creek*, from Deep Cleveland Press) and a few shorter-length books published, plus numerous magazine publications.

Greer Garson's Necklace (Prose poem)

by Sue Mayfield Geiger

It was really not that attractive. One of three-strands that had several silver pointy teeth protruding downward. Clinging to my neck like a shark attack. But it was one strand (just one puny strand) that had belonged to three-strands owned by Greer Garson, the red-headed 1940s Hollywood actress. She has a star on the Walk of Fame and won an Academy Award in 1942 for her starring role in "Mrs. Miniver," of which she once said: "I seem eternally to be Mrs. Miniver."

How did I come by getting just one of three strands? Garson attended a wedding in Santa Fe where my brother-in-law priest was officiating. He liked the necklace she was wearing, commented on it, so she gave it to him. The priest took the necklace apart, giving a strand to his mother, a strand to me and one to someone unknown (I never asked). I wore my strand from time to time where I could say: "This belonged to Greer Garson" (never telling anyone that I was not important enough to have the whole necklace). "Oh," people would reply. "How nice." What more could you say about silver shark teeth?

But I kept the necklace in a dresser drawer with other jewelry and often wondered about the other two strands and if they were lonely. The priest's mother died as did the priest. My strand got washed away when a hurricane took my house in 2008. So somewhere out there are three strands proclaiming:

"I seem eternally to be one strand."

Bio- Sue Mayfield Geiger writes for several regional and national publications and has interviewed celebrities such as Shirley MacLaine, Steve Martin, Willie Nelson and Ted Turner, among others. She has poetry forthcoming in *The Binnacle*, and a book featuring the paintings of artist Virginia Dehn being published spring of 2013 by Grayson Books. Her own book of prose and verse, *Gibbons Street*, is available on her website www.smgwriter.com. She has a B.A. in English and lives on the Texas Gulf Coast.

Granny and Papa's House

by Philip Jackey

And for sure this house is haunted;
it moans at night like papa did,
when he wasn't papa anymore,
rather a sad story of children and their children
and pestilent cancer cells, his sunken cheeks
pale and white,
white as the ghosts who live here.
His eldest son is now a ghost,
drove into a tree and was killed instantly-
smashed like a shoe on a roach but
Timothy still comes to visit and
stand over his sister Deborah in her deep sleep.
Both of them are transparent.
And anyone of us could of seen
right thru this house, right thru
my granny who smoked cigarettes before
you could die from smoking cigarettes,
the walls are dirt, stained dull yellow
like nicotine on papa's teeth.
And granny's the kind of gal papa read poems about
and papa didn't read poems, he was more
a hands-on kind of man
who preferred using fists when he's pissed off,
and scared,
and even in love because granny swears that
one of the holes papa punched through the closet door
was in the perfect shape of a heart. And you could see
right through, skeletons stacked on skeletons.

Bio- Philip Jackey has been reading and writing poetry since age 13. This is his second piece in *The Write Place At the Write Time*. He currently lives in Elkhart, Indiana with his wife and step children.

Shiraz Positive

by Amy Juneau

Sharp shouldas couldas wouldas,
Cutting why didn't you and why don't yous,
Jagged-edged, dizzying spinning circles of paths to take.
So hard to choose and pick the best, listen to which, or whom.

I swallow it down and savor a flavor of all things that can be.
Softening the edges of all the afore and
winnowing all out to one, or two peaceful inspired ideas.
Suddenly, all is crystal clear.
Amid hazy eyes and tinted liquid staining, dissolving the negatives to none.

Bio- Amy Juneau is a freelance/contract writer for business to consumer (B2C) projects that span online content - inclusive of the video game industry, websites, blogs, and ads; printed material - outdoor and magazine ads; as well as press releases that apply to both online and print uses.

When she is not writing for the above purposes, she enjoys writing poetry, designing jewelry (www.aclairedesigns.com), reading, seeking live music acts, appreciating art/artists, gathering with old and new friends and traveling with her husband and family.

Encounter with a Hawk

by Danny P. Barbare

A hawk in the grass, did spread its
Wings and flap, landed on the
Lower branch of a sycamore, too big
To bend, a hawk just as curious
As I was. It lifted its head, looked
Up to a higher bough, but did not

Take the option, as though I didn't
Seem a threat. Then as if just to
Amuse, this hawk,
I made a mourning dove call,
Quite clear I thought,
And it turned its head as if it
Sought to see its prey,
Instead
It saw me, stayed perched and
Stared, as venture no closer did we
Dare,
How he summed of me,
How dumb
I must be,
And silly...
To act so childishly.

Bio- Daniel Barbare enjoys going on long walks and fitting words together as walking clears his mind of all distractions. He sometimes writes of his immediate environment, sometimes writes of the past or writes within the fiction genre, but the material is always true to the heart.

Progress (Prose poem)

by John Dennehy

In other parts of the world there is no five day forecast, and living in South America for four years, I had gotten used to that. Now I live in the U.S. again, and it seems like since I last checked, the weatherman has gotten pretty good. With surprising accuracy we talk about weather in future tense and can decide in advance when to go to the beach and when to go to the movies; and there's something about that that I don't like.

Sure, it's convenient and intelligent, but so is Tivo and GPS and Facebook, and I don't like any of those either. In the end these are all just opinions, but life should be simple and natural and focused. There are a lot of remarkable things happening right now, but it seems a lot of these innovations just over-saturate the surface and drown everything else out in white noise. There is something I really like about waking up each

morning, and without knowing what that day's high temperature will be, going outside and getting on with my life.

Most of these new advances seem designed to either better control our time or to facilitate easier communication, and taken singularly it's hard to see how that can be anything but positive, but this has quickly become a drug we have overdosed on. Our laptop or our iPhone or so many other things can now tell us when it will be nice outside, but the ironic reality is that these new innovations are keeping us inside more and more.

Life is what happens when you're updating your status message.

Maybe it's time we take a step back and turn everything off long enough to hear ourselves think.

Bio- John Dennehy grew up in New York but moved out of the country when Bush was re-elected. For five years he lived in the developing world, mostly in Latin America, and returned to the United States in 2010. He is writing a book titled *Illegal* about his deportation from Ecuador during a nationalist revolution and works at the press office of the United Nations.

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