

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...



"Angel with Stand #54" by Denise Morris Curt; www.ctlimner.com

Denise Morris Curt, The Connecticut Limner

The Christmas Angel singing carols wears a gown of lapis lazuli blue, with red sealing wax for

the holly berries. 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.

Fall From Grace

by Michelle Kennedy

Too much, too soon
.....we fall from grace,
innocence surrendered
in the intoxication
heat of your lips, the exotic sway of my hips
to the rhythm and blues
we find ourselves
honey coated in, sticky, like glue
so ripe, full of promise
and danger
for me more than you
I can be crushed and destroyed here

I turn to hold your gaze
blue eyes soaking in my brown
I wonder, where will this take me
burnished colors everywhere, golden red
staining the memory of the moment
so tangled, my heartstrings are

Can I survive this journey
or will I fall over the edge,
my body floating, crashing,
to the rocks on the shore below?

Will I crack open upon impact

a half-shell, spiraled out of control
left with fragments of my former self
strewn upon the sand?

This was not my intent,
I simply stumbled upon it,
choose not to break free
So I stand here, knowing
I am on the brink
but I refuse to move, to leave
I am a fool, playing with my
own mortal soul

~...a feather~

by Michelle Kennedy

I am a feather
separated from
my body, an exotic plume
of blue, red, yellow and green
wind-tossed, out of place
landing here, on your
polished oak floors,
not hidden from view
but lost: brilliant colors
subdued by the warm brown
You lift me in your capable hands
hands that have dug deep in
the earth of Costa Rica, risen
in triumph or glory or anger
against the blue sky in Cape Town
these hands, who have seen so much
experienced so much, touched and

held so many things dearly for
decades, your knuckles bear witness
to their intense and passionate journey
And here I am in those hands
being admired, turned, stroked
from every angle, I feel you,
sense your eyes upon me
But I am just a feather
no more belonging here
in this house of brick and sturdy walls
than the rest of me, scared, lost, seeking
my way back home
In those hands you carry me
outside and let me go
or set me free, depending
on whose perspective is told
Whatever the case may be
I am airborne again, at the mercy
of fate, time and weather

Untitled 1

by Simon Perchik

It's been rain and rain covered
with cinder block -against my cellar wall
I trace its nest till the moon
at last remembers where I was born
-there were two and snowing and the wall

is warmed by moonlight when I turn on my
side
following, nearer to the sun
-they keep watch, a pond must be near
and a small hill.

It's impossible in the dark

in these blocks holding each other
by thread-like streams
-all their tears weighed down
and never enough light to find
my birthday scratched with a fingernail
-there's blood inside this wall.

Someone is being born and the cry
that goes around from mouth to mouth
wants to be called by the name
for cinders held together
-that first cry has two names, one
sounds like rain
the other must be near.

Untitled 2

by Simon Perchik

Again this snow, its cry
seems to come from a bird
from a simple sip at the headwind
and melting cramp --I have forgotten

plant empty jars, opened boxes
--it's useless! a branch from nowhere
and the sun's cut through :a scalding rain
half feathers, half ashes, half gravestones

--I forget, rinsed cans and plates
still buried, filling with snow
and the Earth each Spring heavier
--I water and from my other hand
an underground stream somehow
wandering away --I water the lost

and under the snow
this raging hillside tightening
--I still collect cardboard flaps
stuffing lids and bottle tops
wait at the holes the way I once called out
sifting each damp shadow.
You were always thirsty.

Untitled 3

by Simon Perchik

And in the dark my pillow, abandoned
shimmering --you've heard its cry before
tell me Try, get some sleep

take something from the night
even if it's only the continuous rails
or the train that is invisible
against the black, drenched mountainside

washing out its sweat or from under my cheek
the river wider, wider
--what I think is my arm
you say is only the window holding on.
There's room for a real arm.

You say I need more leverage, to sleep
on my side, that just this simple posture
props up the Earth till it sees itself
in front the careening headbeams :each train
as if all the stars are late
from everywhere, from nowhere

--rejoice! all this darkness, you say
from just one shadow :the sky

black all those years --even today
no one can count and I am older
than the sun, you say --that's why
the night is so familiar
so heavy on the windowpane, on the sun
and turning --I can stand in front of a star

certain it will come so far and no further
--I am the waters, the strongman :the night
and all those ruthless years
fill into me and I --you say this

--are you sure? I still cringe
gathering my bedside lamp
into the darkness that never moves
that lives forever, close to the divine
light
rising toward the sun, close to those stars
whose light is still invisible
all its own and dying.

Along the Unsaid in Flames

by Cheryl Sommese

I shouted, but you did not hear.
You, who even heard things I
never said
sat silent, deaf
to sounds that blared like sirens during mock fires.

Hoping to be rescued
but from whom
or what
was a mystery
produced for children by the
family channel.

Could my tresses long and petite frame
render me mute
to masked men on brainy Sundays?
Wondering when the heartburn will
be extinguished
so we might resume our lives again.

Hospital Basements?

by Cheryl Sommese

Shivering—
the little girl lies flat.
White pipes race by on the ceiling
while apathetic walls show little mercy

as the stretcher rushes into
their outstretched arms.

The steel machine room
cold with indifference
presents an even gloomier greeting.

The child thinks about making a run for it
but isn't sure how,

so she remains frozen on the bed
as doctors' voices amplify through her head
and tears zigzag down her flattened cheeks.

With all her might, she utters the word,
"Mommy."

She wonders if other little children
have ever felt this way,
and as perplexed as she is as to why,
she admits that it makes her feel slightly better
to think they have.

A perfunctory woman

with hollow eyes and frigid hands

places gooey bands

around her chest and limbs.

The figure

attempts to explain the purpose of an EKG

but the diminutive figure blocks the sound,

the only discernible noise

is her pounding heart.

She wants to be brave

but isn't.

The woman,

sensing the child's trepidation,

declares the test will not hurt

and it doesn't.

That is

until the bands are yanked off and the sticky substance

adheres to the little girl's skin.

Small hairs then pull out at the root

becoming one with rubber:

the scene mocking swaying trees in a forest,

then it hurts.

Technology is kinder today,
children are no longer
dragged to dungeon-like basements for EKG's
and gooey suction cups
waned with corporal punishment:
progress removed the chill.
And although it's too late for the little girl
her inner child must admit—
this pleases her.

Beautiful

by Cheryl Sommese

He walked toward me
with the purity of a child
and eyes an elder.
Bracing himself in a backwards walker,
seemingly unaware
that he was truly any different.

We spoke about the sunshine
and the small school bus he would ride
and how he began each day
with much anticipation.

But our conversation sidetracked
almost immediately to Angel.
She limped about the yard
I was only outside for her.

She must have seemed perplexing,
a mutt with two hind wheels.
Her limbs stoutly labored
to move herself around.

The contraption that she towed
at least allowed her freedom.
Her front end still had strength
so she dragged herself about.

He asked about her troubles,
I explained she had an illness
something eating at her muscles
but she tried hard just the same.

He looked at her with care
as he stroked her ear so gently
and serenely professed
he was glad he stopped to chat.

As he backed away in silence
he sort of looked right though me,
then pointed to my Angel
and said, "Me and your dog, Ma'am,
you know we're just the same."

Capital Worth

by Cheryl Sommese

I know the prodigal, she lived here once.
The surrounding world was obscure to her:

poverty,
an odor that stunk elsewhere,
and war:
an unfortunate but only casual smell.

She left a while back,
and mostly I am pleased.
Her scent became increasingly stale
as the morning sun bared its radiance
expecting depth to shine
on.

Occasionally she stops to visit
but I confine her to the doorstep.
And except for momentary chatter
about this neckpiece
or that purse,
I bid her farewell.

The Chill of Discernment

by Cheryl Sommese

I drive by
pretending not to see
the shivering man perched upon a stoop.
“I’m hungry and cold” the placard reads,
“Out of work and out of luck.”

I stopped once to ask what he needed,
at least it was some variation of him—
same hat, similar sign
perhaps he was slightly older.

But the gent seemed less interested in sustenance than
what I had anticipated.

Still eager to help
I anxiously bought food
believing I was doing a good thing.

It was after that I considered I had been
hoodwinked,
feeling somewhat like the skeptics who shout
“bleeding heart!”

And now reflecting
it was kind of interesting
to wear a cynic's coat:
although the incident passed
like a hot flash
at which time I immediately tore it off.

But the quandary remains,
as uncertainty navigates the car
and my senses short circuit:
earnestly pondering
which way now?

Water's Wine

by Allison Whittenberg

The balance of bliss is pain
The balance of pain is enlightenment
The balance of enlightenment is more enlightenment
The balance of more enlightenment is transcendence
The balance of transcendence is alienation
The balance of alienation is bliss

Fragments

by Allison Whittenberg

I tell myself
Don't
remind Me
you are gone

Lies are good

But then I want to see you as
If
You are
But you're not

Truth is bad

Life Slips

by Allison Whittenberg

like two weeks like five years like coupon clippings
From a thick Sunday pull out
Shiny, vivid
Promising bargains in primary colors
Coupons expire
And expire and expire

Narrative

by Allison Whittenberg

Though they are numerous
I will grant your wishes
I am your angel
Though my wings are heavy

Brain Research on Wisdom

by Richard Krawiec

the words are all abstract
social decision-making
control of emotions
balance of short
and long term rewards

a putative network of wisdom
mapped by neuroscientists
at UC San Diego

almost unnoticed
like a caught breath
the quick reference to guilt
a brief mumble

admittance

then move on

how many faithless lovers

mothers sons proclaim

they don't want to spend

their lives feeling guilty

better to move forward

sitting in the arena

of the anterior cingulated cortex

Socrates and Plato shake

their bald heads in dismay

why not say you don't want to feel

wisdom, don't want to think

harmony, desire, decisions

want only to creep closer

to the dark forest pool

and gaze lovingly

at the singular image

reflected on the surface

The Garage on Owosso Street

by Steve De France

We were living in grandmother's house in
Hermosa Beach. One Sunday morning in
1946 my father went to the corner
market for a pack of cigarettes and
never came back.

Mystery.

Police were called. Missing person's
bureau. The army. Everybody and
anybody, still nobody found him.

My grandmother said he was no account.

"A bum. A son of a bitch."

She wished him dead.

Mother and I moved into the garage
behind grandmother's place. Inside,

we had two roll-away beds and an old pot-bellied black kerosene stove for heating and cooking. Attached to the back of the garage was a giant chicken coop with a couple of dozen chickens. My favorite was Henny Penny, a fat Rhode Island Red, I refused to eat for dinner one Sunday afternoon.

Anyway, the garage, the yard, the whole place reeked of chicken crap. And after only two days, we were infected with a rampaging case of scabies from the chickens. Both of us itching, scratching, and breaking out in heavy rashes.

So each night we made a paste of water mixed with sulfur, and with this coated our bodies. The good thing was it reeked so strongly, you couldn't smell the

chickens at all. Anyway, we'd curl-up
each on a roll-away bed, encrusted in a
green and yellow shell, and mother would
proceed to read aloud as we waited for
the bugs to die.

She read *The Crater* by James Fennimore
Cooper. An account of survival on a
remote island. It seemed exotic and most
wonderful to me. After our story, she'd
turn the kerosene lamp down, tuck the
end of the patchwork quilt under my
mattress, and then together, we
whispered prayers.

In a half an hour or so,
she'd step over,
check my eyelids, and in quiet
voice ask if I were awake.

I'd lay dormant as death.

until

From her suitcase she'd take out letters

my father wrote her from Germany.

She'd turn his pages over and over.

Read and reread in a whispering voice.

I'd listen to those letters, and watch

the shadowed calligraphy of the

kerosene lamp write fearsome shapes on

the white washed wooden walls. And

then, after blowing out the lamp, she'd

sigh, breathe heavily, and with quiet

resolute sobbing she would weep me

to sleep.

High Drifting Alarm

by Steve De France

The train sways unsteadily, and

rolls over yet another high-stilted trestle.

Couplings clang,whistles blow as
my nervous stomach does a swan dive
splashing into a silver string of boiling water.
a mile or so below.

Out my iron-windowed compartment
Northern landscape. Trees & water.
Water everywhere.
Not like the desert of L.A. at all.
Not like the harbor freeway.
Not full of frightened eyes rushing from work.
No, just trees. So many trees I feel dwarfed,
drowning in these encroaching trees.

Above the trees, hunched clouds
full of rain scrape their sexual bellies
across the green canopy of treetops.
Then
a patch of sunlight. a sudden furrowed
field ---a man in coveralls, a jaunty
straw hat & a bright orange

bandanna tied round his neck,
as he sits on a yellow tractor.

Wiping his brow, he stops to watch the
train. We see each other. He tips his
hat, By reflex, I open my hand in salute.
We connect.

We watch each other out of sight
until he's just a distant color
pressed into the impression of a landscape.

And in this moment, I wish to be him.

To fade away, fade faraway
atop his tractor, plowing
this field. I need to take up his life.
Snake-like I want to shuffle
off my dead skin, leave my dry life,
and discard my city dirt.

I could see in his eyes
or maybe I imagined it---he wished
he was the haunted one---sitting on the
train---unshaved & speeding South.

Watching his dot of color
fade & disappear, I think of
the many people staring
right now at someone else,
wishing it were possible
to become them.

Needing---
needing to leave everything--all of it
behind. To just check out.
To go forever missing---
to give up on the harshness
give up on the pain
give up on the incertitude of breath
give up on the fear of eternal night
give up on a world grinding off its own flesh.

yes and again yes. . .

To live a new life as someone else,
someone without these damn darkling thoughts.

Unexpectedly, the train whistle
shrills-----calling me back to myself
from far across Seattle Sound
and my train rushes forward---windows
on fire with the reflected sun.

October Confessional

by Kat Farrin

deeper pressed into darkness
the shift. light loss
my god/ess is the sun
i paint on the beach paying homage

in late september
my neighbor offers me \$10 to submerge
i take it, yet i've already submerged that morning
baptism by ocean

yesterday before waking

a downeast i don't recognize
struggling up a steep slippery hill
my older daughter driving behind me
an eagle crouched in a tree flies out
then another
the dreams so real i wake feeling healed

vision

the men i meet on dating sites
one consumed by grief
the love he never expected to meet at this age
leaving him for her x husband . . . his girlfriend has died
another man with four women in his life, none sexual at this point
but he considers proposing to the one on an island
the third man his x wife is his forever best friend
since they split, he's been with an ex-prostitute, a manic depressive from
alabama,
and a woman who needed help feeling beautiful again

spare me

my own fantasy a native american man from washington state
seems to live in a renaissance faire
his other self, sir rennifer, an elaborate life sized rabbit
i'll never be part of his tribe

in the city i take a dollar from my pocket for the homeless man
as i approach, he jerks
to the narrow alleyway between buildings
a weak stream of piss crossing the gap
the dollar goes back to my pocket

space

where oh where that pure love my nineteen year old daughter feels for her
boyfriend and him for her
no thought
as the old tune, ' i only have eyes for you' ... plays on
i've always been naive, innocent in a way that can be dangerous

now?
the dregs of old kelp, clanking chains before halloween
baggage they call it. overweight, sixty one, my dreadlocks turn silvery white

are you still in love? living upstairs while 'she' lives downstairs? heard that
one, too.

in the city the homeopath honors me with the remedy of eagle as i dreamed
it.
her own nineteen year old daughter is off to study with a shaman
over one hundred years old in columbia

in the dream from long ago i was in the body of an eagle. flying low, close to
the ground
along a deep ridged woods path

i crave the island where i lived for seven years
deer circling me while i slept in a field
walking through the fire road in an ice storm
tall firs cracking off with the sound of gun shots
the smell of fir so strong penetrating my every cell

i felt so alive

i can't go back
but i'll retrieve the eagle feather from where i've stored it
found over the body of a dead deer

the vision
in now
synthesis/intention.

Dawn

by Kat Farrin

three crows wait on the wire
i toss down cracked corn, bread, catfood
the ocean is silver
loud roaring all night through my window

ocean's heart

yesterday's snow turns to rain
a layer of skim ice covers everything

these dark times to solstice
inner. outer.
a wave that could carry me away
into nothingness

woundings in the inner and outer family
emotional, physical
erupting anger
watch it tire itself out

pema chodron, the buddhist nun
reminds. there is not always resolution
gregg brayden, linking physics to spirit
1% of the square root of a population
is all it takes to initiate change
we must feel peace, not think it

ride the wave of darkness
light candles
honor earth
be a living prayer
willing to change

risk forgiveness
of your self first

In Stillness

by Denise Bouchard

On a drive through Vermont
In the twilight of night
A beautiful scene is captured

On taking a left instead of a right
A lake under a starry navy sky
A large yellow moon
Renders us enraptured

As the snow begins to fall,
On the edge of the frozen lake
We spy a peaceful deer

He seems to be watching us
As we are watching him
His eyes enormous without fear

This sacred vision of winter's beauty and
Stillness fills our souls

It seems a scene within a dream of us
Crossing over into the northern pole

Gone was the frantic holiday pace
As we had dinner by the fire on this peaceful night

We realized that in trusting the journey
And slowing down
We find the way which is right

1544

by Denise Bouchard

Don't put me in a gilded cage
I will only fly away

Don't cloak me in deceitful lies
For I'd n'er stay

Cloak me in velvet
Do not cover me in jewels

Cloak me in your warm embrace
Glitter is for fools

Cover my head with your fortress
Keep me from the onslaught of wind and gale
Strong and able

Be the hunter, the gatherer
The bringer of food
And I will bring those in need
And those of kind spirit to gather round our table

Keep me safe from intrigues, rumors and guile
No longer to feel like a motherless child

And I shall match your passions and humor
And fill your manor with children and song

For you have loved me well, my love

And you have loved me long

The Apothecarist's Daughter

For "Pete"

by Denise Bouchard

Potions, creams and pills lined the shelves
As the smoke swirled around my head

Take fifteen cc's of this cream
And with this flat knife, blend the powder well
You said.

You were the teacher I was the apprentice
I took it all in and learned my lessons well

This was the ancient secret wisdom of healing
The highest form of alchemy
And as the gray smoke circled
I was under its spell

Drawers filled with jars
White porcelain with tight-fitting lids
A worried mother stands before me
Waiting
With three sick kids

I'm not worried for her
I know they will heal

They watch me mix the contents
At first suspended

I add a pink liquid from a refrigerator
With a different powder and shake it well
It becomes a different chemical once blended

I know all of the Latin abbreviations
My favorite is HS, it means to be taken at bedtime
But I know the derivative is taken from the Latin, 'hypnos'
And its meaning goes deeper than this

It means they will heal while sleeping
As though by Juliet's kiss

A distraught wife stands before me
Her sick husband out of work
And just to get by she must work two jobs

Again I do not worry
My father, a true alchemist creates
A special magic seldom seen today
He hands her the pills and secretly whispers
The divine words 'no charge'.

I explain things all through my day
This expectorant will loosen the phlegm
This ointment for a sty in the eye

Codeine to soothe the cough
A cream used
t.i.d for hives

I learn all of this and add skin care and
Naturopathy to my repertoire
This cream with hyaluronic acid will keep your skin young and firm
This mascara with polypeptides will make your lashes longer
And thicker than they now are
A lot for a seventeen year old to learn

Now you stand beside me no more
Smoke from your pipe no longer swirls
One thing I did not learn was how to live without you
For without your special brand of alchemy,
it will always be a lesser world

On Finding an Old Picture of You

by Mark Barkawitz

wouldn't it be nice
to be together again?
as knowing as we are now,
as attractive as we were then.

Anticipating Waves

by Mark Barkawitz

we sit on our surfboards,

out past the breakers,
awaiting the next big set.

Playing the Straight Man

by Mark Barkawitz

so i'm painting the interior
of this single mom's new home,
when her twelve-year-old son,
who's playing "super mario" on
the television across the room,
tells me in all earnestness:
"i'm gonna be a marine biologist
when i grow up."

"really?" i continue my brushwork,
somewhat surprised and impressed
by his particular ambition.
the kid has a learning disability—
attention deficit disorder—
or some other politically correct term.
his ritalin prescriptions stand like

sentries on the bathroom counter,
so i guess i expected less
of his expectations for himself.

“yeah,” he says,
pressing the controls in his hands,
which dictate the animated character’s
movements in the videogame.
“all my teachers say my grades are
below c level.”

my brush stops on the doorframe
and i stare over at him.
sitting cross-legged on the floor,
too busy to look back at me,
his round face smirks like a buddha’s,
as little mario in his cape
flies across the screen,
alive with calamity.

Routine, 1964

by Vince Corvaia

The scrape of wooden clothespins
at the bottom of a metal pail
as I followed my mother
down the line, sheets
pregnant with Florida wind
billowing away from us
as she reached out to me
for the next pin without looking.

Forty-five years later, gaunt
in Southern California,
she waited in her wheelchair as
my sister and I changed
the linens of her hospice bed,
pulling the bottom sheet taut
so it wouldn't come loose.

"This damn wind," she said
as we walked back to the house,
pushing her hair out of her face

as I trailed behind her, proud
of the clothespins I handed her
to keep the sheets from blowing away.

The Lost Hotel

by Vince Corvaia

We were scared
to be so completely together
for the first time
in the room reserved
for employees only.
She worked the switchboard
part-time and went to my
high school, where
her voice in the chorus
was like a child's pleading.

It didn't work out.
I left her on the rumpled covers
and walked to the lifeguard stand
on the beach beside the pool area.

The moon dripped its borrowed light
onto the Atlantic as it rose.
MiMo, the hotel's design was called,
Miami Modern, doomed
thirty years later to be razed
for a deluxe establishment promising
everything but nostalgia.

Just before catching my bus home,
I saw her standing by the pool,
looking out at the glittering lights
of a ship on the black horizon,
heading for countries
that would always be new to me.

How Not Like a Poem

by Vince Corvaia

How not like a poem
this poem is.

How rather like a bulb
whose cord still swings

casting a crazy shadow
against the brick basement wall

it is.
How instead like a lover

pulling up the blue sheet
across her glistening body

it is.
How like anything

but a poem
this poem is, this poem

that would rather be
a light bulb

or a naked lover
than these words

that mean nothing
until somebody turns them on.

Keeper of Secrets

by Nicole M. Bouchard

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, such an intrepid master of discretion
and a guarded noble heart worthy of trust are you...

A gem in dark worlds, a well-spring of comfort... no one, no one, my love is
as lovely as thou art true

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, with you I feel so safe... I'll let loose my lips
and tell you everything-

All my mind's unwindings, my most deceitful will's findings
discover a most gentle, undisturbed place in your ears and memories...
landing softly light on wing

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, you've hidden my secrets away... tucked them
into bed behind that sturdy, moral stone wall

Within the protective circle of your virtue, your innocence, your youth, your
voice and sweet manners, I'm certain I'll never fall.

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, you've been most loyal throughout the long
years

Possessing a dignity refined, almost royal, erasing my fears

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, did you really ask something of me in return?..

Oh, come now, naïve one... no matter how small the favor, you know I'd let you burn

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, I grow so very tired of you now... you trusting, sweet, sweet little thing

Didn't you guess that I'm the scorpion, dropping you as I please, relishing in the pain I've caused you with my sting?

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, how dull it is to know you'd actually expect any equal goodness from me.

You must think the world just and fair but I'd sooner take and take before I'd even consider giving back to thee.

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, for all of your generosity I owe you nothing and now I'm going to turn my back and ignore

Whatever bond we had is in the past and I'll make it clear right this moment that I will never give to you as you gave to me before

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, I don't mind betraying your gentleness and watching you bleed... What's truth anyway? I'll say it was all your fault and I shan't lose a second of sleep over that which is through...

But Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, you'll still be there for me, keeping my secrets, fulfilling my needs, keeping me from the judgment of others, making certain I look good to the outside eyes... won't you?

There Will be Peace

by Nicole M. Bouchard

The wind has spun herself out of control and she
Won't be spoken down to anymore
Won't be commanded
Won't settle down
Won't be quiet
Can't be called to go to the fore

There will be peace when I'm done
I promise there will be peace
When heart and freedom are won
But not until...

Affections will come again,
I'll buckle down and remember you well
My friend
But not until...

Not until I press you hard
into the fine sharp corners you pressed me

Not until you feel the pain of what
Your absence caused the months to be

Not until you're pushed down by words
And heavy tears waking you
To the waking of your innermost anguish
And fears

There will be peace when the false fabric
Is torn away, discarded from us
And unsewn
When the thread is broken and
Secrets I hold, the secrets I've told
My life, is my own

Though it seems destructive,
Very strange and out of turn
We will learn
To smooth this crease
and
When my neat hands are done
I swear
There will be peace

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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...



"Angel with Stand #54" by Denise Morris Curt; www.ctlimner.com

Denise Morris Curt, The Connecticut Limner

The Christmas Angel singing carols wears a gown of lapis lazuli blue, with red sealing wax for

the holly berries. 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.

Fall From Grace

by Michelle Kennedy

Too much, too soon
.....we fall from grace,
innocence surrendered
in the intoxication
heat of your lips, the exotic sway of my hips
to the rhythm and blues
we find ourselves
honey coated in, sticky, like glue
so ripe, full of promise
and danger
for me more than you
I can be crushed and destroyed here

I turn to hold your gaze
blue eyes soaking in my brown
I wonder, where will this take me
burnished colors everywhere, golden red
staining the memory of the moment
so tangled, my heartstrings are

Can I survive this journey
or will I fall over the edge,
my body floating, crashing,
to the rocks on the shore below?

Will I crack open upon impact

a half-shell, spiraled out of control
left with fragments of my former self
strewn upon the sand?

This was not my intent,
I simply stumbled upon it,
choose not to break free
So I stand here, knowing
I am on the brink
but I refuse to move, to leave
I am a fool, playing with my
own mortal soul

~...a feather~

by Michelle Kennedy

I am a feather
separated from
my body, an exotic plume
of blue, red, yellow and green
wind-tossed, out of place
landing here, on your
polished oak floors,
not hidden from view
but lost: brilliant colors
subdued by the warm brown
You lift me in your capable hands
hands that have dug deep in
the earth of Costa Rica, risen
in triumph or glory or anger
against the blue sky in Cape Town
these hands, who have seen so much
experienced so much, touched and

held so many things dearly for
decades, your knuckles bear witness
to their intense and passionate journey
And here I am in those hands
being admired, turned, stroked
from every angle, I feel you,
sense your eyes upon me
But I am just a feather
no more belonging here
in this house of brick and sturdy walls
than the rest of me, scared, lost, seeking
my way back home
In those hands you carry me
outside and let me go
or set me free, depending
on whose perspective is told
Whatever the case may be
I am airborne again, at the mercy
of fate, time and weather

Untitled 1

by Simon Perchik

It's been rain and rain covered
with cinder block -against my cellar wall
I trace its nest till the moon
at last remembers where I was born
-there were two and snowing and the wall

is warmed by moonlight when I turn on my
side
following, nearer to the sun
-they keep watch, a pond must be near
and a small hill.

It's impossible in the dark

in these blocks holding each other
by thread-like streams
-all their tears weighed down
and never enough light to find
my birthday scratched with a fingernail
-there's blood inside this wall.

Someone is being born and the cry
that goes around from mouth to mouth
wants to be called by the name
for cinders held together
-that first cry has two names, one
sounds like rain
the other must be near.

Untitled 2

by Simon Perchik

Again this snow, its cry
seems to come from a bird
from a simple sip at the headwind
and melting cramp --I have forgotten

plant empty jars, opened boxes
--it's useless! a branch from nowhere
and the sun's cut through :a scalding rain
half feathers, half ashes, half gravestones

--I forget, rinsed cans and plates
still buried, filling with snow
and the Earth each Spring heavier
--I water and from my other hand
an underground stream somehow
wandering away --I water the lost

and under the snow
this raging hillside tightening
--I still collect cardboard flaps
stuffing lids and bottle tops
wait at the holes the way I once called out
sifting each damp shadow.
You were always thirsty.

Untitled 3

by Simon Perchik

And in the dark my pillow, abandoned
shimmering --you've heard its cry before
tell me Try, get some sleep

take something from the night
even if it's only the continuous rails
or the train that is invisible
against the black, drenched mountainside

washing out its sweat or from under my cheek
the river wider, wider
--what I think is my arm
you say is only the window holding on.
There's room for a real arm.

You say I need more leverage, to sleep
on my side, that just this simple posture
props up the Earth till it sees itself
in front the careening headbeams :each train
as if all the stars are late
from everywhere, from nowhere

--rejoice! all this darkness, you say
from just one shadow :the sky

black all those years --even today
no one can count and I am older
than the sun, you say --that's why
the night is so familiar
so heavy on the windowpane, on the sun
and turning --I can stand in front of a star

certain it will come so far and no further
--I am the waters, the strongman :the night
and all those ruthless years
fill into me and I --you say this

--are you sure? I still cringe
gathering my bedside lamp
into the darkness that never moves
that lives forever, close to the divine
light
rising toward the sun, close to those stars
whose light is still invisible
all its own and dying.

Along the Unsaid in Flames

by Cheryl Sommese

I shouted, but you did not hear.
You, who even heard things I
never said
sat silent, deaf
to sounds that blared like sirens during mock fires.

Hoping to be rescued
but from whom
or what
was a mystery
produced for children by the
family channel.

Could my tresses long and petite frame
render me mute
to masked men on brainy Sundays?
Wondering when the heartburn will
be extinguished
so we might resume our lives again.

Hospital Basements?

by Cheryl Sommese

Shivering—
the little girl lies flat.
White pipes race by on the ceiling
while apathetic walls show little mercy

as the stretcher rushes into
their outstretched arms.

The steel machine room
cold with indifference
presents an even gloomier greeting.

The child thinks about making a run for it
but isn't sure how,

so she remains frozen on the bed
as doctors' voices amplify through her head
and tears zigzag down her flattened cheeks.

With all her might, she utters the word,
"Mommy."

She wonders if other little children
have ever felt this way,
and as perplexed as she is as to why,
she admits that it makes her feel slightly better
to think they have.

A perfunctory woman

with hollow eyes and frigid hands

places gooey bands

around her chest and limbs.

The figure

attempts to explain the purpose of an EKG

but the diminutive figure blocks the sound,

the only discernible noise

is her pounding heart.

She wants to be brave

but isn't.

The woman,

sensing the child's trepidation,

declares the test will not hurt

and it doesn't.

That is

until the bands are yanked off and the sticky substance

adheres to the little girl's skin.

Small hairs then pull out at the root

becoming one with rubber:

the scene mocking swaying trees in a forest,

then it hurts.

Technology is kinder today,
children are no longer
dragged to dungeon-like basements for EKG's
and gooey suction cups
waned with corporal punishment:
progress removed the chill.
And although it's too late for the little girl
her inner child must admit—
this pleases her.

Beautiful

by Cheryl Sommese

He walked toward me
with the purity of a child
and eyes an elder.
Bracing himself in a backwards walker,
seemingly unaware
that he was truly any different.

We spoke about the sunshine
and the small school bus he would ride
and how he began each day
with much anticipation.

But our conversation sidetracked
almost immediately to Angel.
She limped about the yard
I was only outside for her.

She must have seemed perplexing,
a mutt with two hind wheels.
Her limbs stoutly labored
to move herself around.

The contraption that she towed
at least allowed her freedom.
Her front end still had strength
so she dragged herself about.

He asked about her troubles,
I explained she had an illness
something eating at her muscles
but she tried hard just the same.

He looked at her with care
as he stroked her ear so gently
and serenely professed
he was glad he stopped to chat.

As he backed away in silence
he sort of looked right though me,
then pointed to my Angel
and said, "Me and your dog, Ma'am,
you know we're just the same."

Capital Worth

by Cheryl Sommese

I know the prodigal, she lived here once.
The surrounding world was obscure to her:

poverty,
an odor that stunk elsewhere,
and war:
an unfortunate but only casual smell.

She left a while back,
and mostly I am pleased.
Her scent became increasingly stale
as the morning sun bared its radiance
expecting depth to shine
on.

Occasionally she stops to visit
but I confine her to the doorstep.
And except for momentary chatter
about this neckpiece
or that purse,
I bid her farewell.

The Chill of Discernment

by Cheryl Sommese

I drive by
pretending not to see
the shivering man perched upon a stoop.
“I’m hungry and cold” the placard reads,
“Out of work and out of luck.”

I stopped once to ask what he needed,
at least it was some variation of him—
same hat, similar sign
perhaps he was slightly older.

But the gent seemed less interested in sustenance than
what I had anticipated.

Still eager to help
I anxiously bought food
believing I was doing a good thing.

It was after that I considered I had been
hoodwinked,
feeling somewhat like the skeptics who shout
“bleeding heart!”

And now reflecting
it was kind of interesting
to wear a cynic's coat:
although the incident passed
like a hot flash
at which time I immediately tore it off.

But the quandary remains,
as uncertainty navigates the car
and my senses short circuit:
earnestly pondering
which way now?

Water's Wine

by Allison Whittenberg

The balance of bliss is pain
The balance of pain is enlightenment
The balance of enlightenment is more enlightenment
The balance of more enlightenment is transcendence
The balance of transcendence is alienation
The balance of alienation is bliss

Fragments

by Allison Whittenberg

I tell myself
Don't
remind Me
you are gone

Lies are good

But then I want to see you as
If
You are
But you're not

Truth is bad

Life Slips

by Allison Whittenberg

like two weeks like five years like coupon clippings
From a thick Sunday pull out
Shiny, vivid
Promising bargains in primary colors
Coupons expire
And expire and expire

Narrative

by Allison Whittenberg

Though they are numerous
I will grant your wishes
I am your angel
Though my wings are heavy

Brain Research on Wisdom

by Richard Krawiec

the words are all abstract
social decision-making
control of emotions
balance of short
and long term rewards

a putative network of wisdom
mapped by neuroscientists
at UC San Diego

almost unnoticed
like a caught breath
the quick reference to guilt
a brief mumble

admittance

then move on

how many faithless lovers

mothers sons proclaim

they don't want to spend

their lives feeling guilty

better to move forward

sitting in the arena

of the anterior cingulated cortex

Socrates and Plato shake

their bald heads in dismay

why not say you don't want to feel

wisdom, don't want to think

harmony, desire, decisions

want only to creep closer

to the dark forest pool

and gaze lovingly

at the singular image

reflected on the surface

The Garage on Owosso Street

by Steve De France

We were living in grandmother's house in
Hermosa Beach. One Sunday morning in
1946 my father went to the corner
market for a pack of cigarettes and
never came back.

Mystery.

Police were called. Missing person's
bureau. The army. Everybody and
anybody, still nobody found him.
My grandmother said he was no account.

"A bum. A son of a bitch."

She wished him dead.

Mother and I moved into the garage
behind grandmother's place. Inside,

we had two roll-away beds and an old pot-bellied black kerosene stove for heating and cooking. Attached to the back of the garage was a giant chicken coop with a couple of dozen chickens. My favorite was Henny Penny, a fat Rhode Island Red, I refused to eat for dinner one Sunday afternoon.

Anyway, the garage, the yard, the whole place reeked of chicken crap. And after only two days, we were infected with a rampaging case of scabies from the chickens. Both of us itching, scratching, and breaking out in heavy rashes.

So each night we made a paste of water mixed with sulfur, and with this coated our bodies. The good thing was it reeked so strongly, you couldn't smell the

chickens at all. Anyway, we'd curl-up
each on a roll-away bed, encrusted in a
green and yellow shell, and mother would
proceed to read aloud as we waited for
the bugs to die.

She read *The Crater* by James Fennimore
Cooper. An account of survival on a
remote island. It seemed exotic and most
wonderful to me. After our story, she'd
turn the kerosene lamp down, tuck the
end of the patchwork quilt under my
mattress, and then together, we
whispered prayers.

In a half an hour or so,
she'd step over,
check my eyelids, and in quiet
voice ask if I were awake.

I'd lay dormant as death.

until

From her suitcase she'd take out letters

my father wrote her from Germany.

She'd turn his pages over and over.

Read and reread in a whispering voice.

I'd listen to those letters, and watch

the shadowed calligraphy of the

kerosene lamp write fearsome shapes on

the white washed wooden walls. And

then, after blowing out the lamp, she'd

sigh, breathe heavily, and with quiet

resolute sobbing she would weep me

to sleep.

High Drifting Alarm

by Steve De France

The train sways unsteadily, and

rolls over yet another high-stilted trestle.

Couplings clang,whistles blow as
my nervous stomach does a swan dive
splashing into a silver string of boiling water.
a mile or so below.

Out my iron-windowed compartment
Northern landscape. Trees & water.
Water everywhere.
Not like the desert of L.A. at all.
Not like the harbor freeway.
Not full of frightened eyes rushing from work.
No, just trees. So many trees I feel dwarfed,
drowning in these encroaching trees.

Above the trees, hunched clouds
full of rain scrape their sexual bellies
across the green canopy of treetops.
Then
a patch of sunlight. a sudden furrowed
field ---a man in coveralls, a jaunty
straw hat & a bright orange

bandanna tied round his neck,
as he sits on a yellow tractor.

Wiping his brow, he stops to watch the
train. We see each other. He tips his
hat, By reflex, I open my hand in salute.
We connect.

We watch each other out of sight
until he's just a distant color
pressed into the impression of a landscape.

And in this moment, I wish to be him.

To fade away, fade faraway
atop his tractor, plowing
this field. I need to take up his life.
Snake-like I want to shuffle
off my dead skin, leave my dry life,
and discard my city dirt.

I could see in his eyes
or maybe I imagined it---he wished
he was the haunted one---sitting on the
train---unshaved & speeding South.

Watching his dot of color
fade & disappear, I think of
the many people staring
right now at someone else,
wishing it were possible
to become them.

Needing---
needing to leave everything--all of it
behind. To just check out.
To go forever missing---
to give up on the harshness
give up on the pain
give up on the incertitude of breath
give up on the fear of eternal night
give up on a world grinding off its own flesh.

yes and again yes. . .

To live a new life as someone else,
someone without these damn darkling thoughts.

Unexpectedly, the train whistle
shrills-----calling me back to myself
from far across Seattle Sound
and my train rushes forward---windows
on fire with the reflected sun.

October Confessional

by Kat Farrin

deeper pressed into darkness
the shift. light loss
my god/ess is the sun
i paint on the beach paying homage

in late september
my neighbor offers me \$10 to submerge
i take it, yet i've already submerged that morning
baptism by ocean

yesterday before waking

a downeast i don't recognize
struggling up a steep slippery hill
my older daughter driving behind me
an eagle crouched in a tree flies out
then another
the dreams so real i wake feeling healed

vision

the men i meet on dating sites
one consumed by grief
the love he never expected to meet at this age
leaving him for her x husband . . . his girlfriend has died
another man with four women in his life, none sexual at this point
but he considers proposing to the one on an island
the third man his x wife is his forever best friend
since they split, he's been with an ex-prostitute, a manic depressive from
alabama,
and a woman who needed help feeling beautiful again

spare me

my own fantasy a native american man from washington state
seems to live in a renaissance faire
his other self, sir rennifer, an elaborate life sized rabbit
i'll never be part of his tribe

in the city i take a dollar from my pocket for the homeless man
as i approach, he jerks
to the narrow alleyway between buildings
a weak stream of piss crossing the gap
the dollar goes back to my pocket

space

where oh where that pure love my nineteen year old daughter feels for her
boyfriend and him for her
no thought
as the old tune, ' i only have eyes for you' ... plays on
i've always been naive, innocent in a way that can be dangerous

now?
the dregs of old kelp, clanking chains before halloween
baggage they call it. overweight, sixty one, my dreadlocks turn silvery white

are you still in love? living upstairs while 'she' lives downstairs? heard that
one, too.

in the city the homeopath honors me with the remedy of eagle as i dreamed
it.
her own nineteen year old daughter is off to study with a shaman
over one hundred years old in columbia

in the dream from long ago i was in the body of an eagle. flying low, close to
the ground
along a deep ridged woods path

i crave the island where i lived for seven years
deer circling me while i slept in a field
walking through the fire road in an ice storm
tall firs cracking off with the sound of gun shots
the smell of fir so strong penetrating my every cell

i felt so alive

i can't go back
but i'll retrieve the eagle feather from where i've stored it
found over the body of a dead deer

the vision
in now
synthesis/intention.

Dawn

by Kat Farrin

three crows wait on the wire
i toss down cracked corn, bread, catfood
the ocean is silver
loud roaring all night through my window

ocean's heart

yesterday's snow turns to rain
a layer of skim ice covers everything

these dark times to solstice
inner. outer.
a wave that could carry me away
into nothingness

woundings in the inner and outer family
emotional, physical
erupting anger
watch it tire itself out

pema chodron, the buddhist nun
reminds. there is not always resolution
gregg brayden, linking physics to spirit
1% of the square root of a population
is all it takes to initiate change
we must feel peace, not think it

ride the wave of darkness
light candles
honor earth
be a living prayer
willing to change

risk forgiveness
of your self first

In Stillness

by Denise Bouchard

On a drive through Vermont
In the twilight of night
A beautiful scene is captured

On taking a left instead of a right
A lake under a starry navy sky
A large yellow moon
Renders us enraptured

As the snow begins to fall,
On the edge of the frozen lake
We spy a peaceful deer

He seems to be watching us
As we are watching him
His eyes enormous without fear

This sacred vision of winter's beauty and
Stillness fills our souls

It seems a scene within a dream of us
Crossing over into the northern pole

Gone was the frantic holiday pace
As we had dinner by the fire on this peaceful night

We realized that in trusting the journey
And slowing down
We find the way which is right

1544

by Denise Bouchard

Don't put me in a gilded cage
I will only fly away

Don't cloak me in deceitful lies
For I'd n'er stay

Cloak me in velvet
Do not cover me in jewels

Cloak me in your warm embrace
Glitter is for fools

Cover my head with your fortress
Keep me from the onslaught of wind and gale
Strong and able

Be the hunter, the gatherer
The bringer of food
And I will bring those in need
And those of kind spirit to gather round our table

Keep me safe from intrigues, rumors and guile
No longer to feel like a motherless child

And I shall match your passions and humor
And fill your manor with children and song

For you have loved me well, my love

And you have loved me long

The Apothecarist's Daughter

For "Pete"

by Denise Bouchard

Potions, creams and pills lined the shelves
As the smoke swirled around my head

Take fifteen cc's of this cream
And with this flat knife, blend the powder well
You said.

You were the teacher I was the apprentice
I took it all in and learned my lessons well

This was the ancient secret wisdom of healing
The highest form of alchemy
And as the gray smoke circled
I was under its spell

Drawers filled with jars
White porcelain with tight-fitting lids
A worried mother stands before me
Waiting
With three sick kids

I'm not worried for her
I know they will heal

They watch me mix the contents
At first suspended

I add a pink liquid from a refrigerator
With a different powder and shake it well
It becomes a different chemical once blended

I know all of the Latin abbreviations
My favorite is HS, it means to be taken at bedtime
But I know the derivative is taken from the Latin, 'hypnos'
And its meaning goes deeper than this

It means they will heal while sleeping
As though by Juliet's kiss

A distraught wife stands before me
Her sick husband out of work
And just to get by she must work two jobs

Again I do not worry
My father, a true alchemist creates
A special magic seldom seen today
He hands her the pills and secretly whispers
The divine words 'no charge'.

I explain things all through my day
This expectorant will loosen the phlegm
This ointment for a sty in the eye

Codeine to soothe the cough
A cream used
t.i.d for hives

I learn all of this and add skin care and
Naturopathy to my repertoire
This cream with hyaluronic acid will keep your skin young and firm
This mascara with polypeptides will make your lashes longer
And thicker than they now are
A lot for a seventeen year old to learn

Now you stand beside me no more
Smoke from your pipe no longer swirls
One thing I did not learn was how to live without you
For without your special brand of alchemy,
it will always be a lesser world

On Finding an Old Picture of You

by Mark Barkawitz

wouldn't it be nice
to be together again?
as knowing as we are now,
as attractive as we were then.

Anticipating Waves

by Mark Barkawitz

we sit on our surfboards,

out past the breakers,
awaiting the next big set.

Playing the Straight Man

by Mark Barkawitz

so i'm painting the interior
of this single mom's new home,
when her twelve-year-old son,
who's playing "super mario" on
the television across the room,
tells me in all earnestness:
"i'm gonna be a marine biologist
when i grow up."

"really?" i continue my brushwork,
somewhat surprised and impressed
by his particular ambition.
the kid has a learning disability—
attention deficit disorder—
or some other politically correct term.
his ritalin prescriptions stand like

sentries on the bathroom counter,
so i guess i expected less
of his expectations for himself.

“yeah,” he says,
pressing the controls in his hands,
which dictate the animated character’s
movements in the videogame.
“all my teachers say my grades are
below c level.”

my brush stops on the doorframe
and i stare over at him.
sitting cross-legged on the floor,
too busy to look back at me,
his round face smirks like a buddha’s,
as little mario in his cape
flies across the screen,
alive with calamity.

Routine, 1964

by Vince Corvaia

The scrape of wooden clothespins
at the bottom of a metal pail
as I followed my mother
down the line, sheets
pregnant with Florida wind
billowing away from us
as she reached out to me
for the next pin without looking.

Forty-five years later, gaunt
in Southern California,
she waited in her wheelchair as
my sister and I changed
the linens of her hospice bed,
pulling the bottom sheet taut
so it wouldn't come loose.

"This damn wind," she said
as we walked back to the house,
pushing her hair out of her face

as I trailed behind her, proud
of the clothespins I handed her
to keep the sheets from blowing away.

The Lost Hotel

by Vince Corvaia

We were scared
to be so completely together
for the first time
in the room reserved
for employees only.
She worked the switchboard
part-time and went to my
high school, where
her voice in the chorus
was like a child's pleading.

It didn't work out.
I left her on the rumpled covers
and walked to the lifeguard stand
on the beach beside the pool area.

The moon dripped its borrowed light
onto the Atlantic as it rose.

MiMo, the hotel's design was called,
Miami Modern, doomed
thirty years later to be razed
for a deluxe establishment promising
everything but nostalgia.

Just before catching my bus home,
I saw her standing by the pool,
looking out at the glittering lights
of a ship on the black horizon,
heading for countries
that would always be new to me.

How Not Like a Poem

by Vince Corvaia

How not like a poem
this poem is.

How rather like a bulb
whose cord still swings

casting a crazy shadow
against the brick basement wall

it is.
How instead like a lover

pulling up the blue sheet
across her glistening body

it is.
How like anything

but a poem
this poem is, this poem

that would rather be
a light bulb

or a naked lover
than these words

that mean nothing
until somebody turns them on.

Keeper of Secrets

by Nicole M. Bouchard

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, such an intrepid master of discretion
and a guarded noble heart worthy of trust are you...

A gem in dark worlds, a well-spring of comfort... no one, no one, my love is
as lovely as thou art true

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, with you I feel so safe... I'll let loose my lips
and tell you everything-

All my mind's unwindings, my most deceitful will's findings
discover a most gentle, undisturbed place in your ears and memories...
landing softly light on wing

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, you've hidden my secrets away... tucked them
into bed behind that sturdy, moral stone wall

Within the protective circle of your virtue, your innocence, your youth, your
voice and sweet manners, I'm certain I'll never fall.

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, you've been most loyal throughout the long
years

Possessing a dignity refined, almost royal, erasing my fears

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, did you really ask something of me in return?..

Oh, come now, naïve one... no matter how small the favor, you know I'd let you burn

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, I grow so very tired of you now... you trusting, sweet, sweet little thing

Didn't you guess that I'm the scorpion, dropping you as I please, relishing in the pain I've caused you with my sting?

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, how dull it is to know you'd actually expect any equal goodness from me.

You must think the world just and fair but I'd sooner take and take before I'd even consider giving back to thee.

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, for all of your generosity I owe you nothing and now I'm going to turn my back and ignore

Whatever bond we had is in the past and I'll make it clear right this moment that I will never give to you as you gave to me before

Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, I don't mind betraying your gentleness and watching you bleed... What's truth anyway? I'll say it was all your fault and I shan't lose a second of sleep over that which is through...

But Secret Keeper, Secret Keeper, you'll still be there for me, keeping my secrets, fulfilling my needs, keeping me from the judgment of others, making certain I look good to the outside eyes... won't you?

There Will be Peace

by Nicole M. Bouchard

The wind has spun herself out of control and she
Won't be spoken down to anymore
Won't be commanded
Won't settle down
Won't be quiet
Can't be called to go to the fore

There will be peace when I'm done
I promise there will be peace
When heart and freedom are won
But not until...

Affections will come again,
I'll buckle down and remember you well
My friend
But not until...

Not until I press you hard
into the fine sharp corners you pressed me

Not until you feel the pain of what
Your absence caused the months to be

Not until you're pushed down by words
And heavy tears waking you
To the waking of your innermost anguish
And fears

There will be peace when the false fabric
Is torn away, discarded from us
And unsewn
When the thread is broken and
Secrets I hold, the secrets I've told
My life, is my own

Though it seems destructive,
Very strange and out of turn
We will learn
To smooth this crease
and
When my neat hands are done
I swear
There will be peace

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