

POETRY

Peacefully

by Helen Nagel, Glen Cove, NY

Sparrows, finches, blue jays, robins,
Hidden so perfectly,
Behind the huge trees.
Eager to express their happiness.
Feeling such joy
From the warmth of the sun.
They chirp their own patterns
Soothing me.
They are a symphony
To my ears.
I sit silently, as I close my eyes
And dream,
Peacefully.



Sally Lightfoot Dancer by Jan Guarino

Haiku

by David Frieman, Huntington Station, NY

The channeled whelk lives
A prisoner on the beach
Never making waves

The Half Moon Pie

by Gina Florentino-James, Huntington, NY

There appeared an orange slice in the gray blue sky
A half moon pie with whipped cream clouds passing by.
A moving still-life A spoonful of summer light
Food for thought, eye-candy delight
In full view, in full sight
An after-dinner dessert way up high
Bringing wonder, bringing a sigh.
Oh, what would it be like to taste the sky?

Seagull in Flight

by Patricia Soper, Patchogue, NY

She soars
wings outstretched toward both horizons
no baggage
no ties
no asking permission
nor second thoughts
a vision of powerful Freedom

Someday, You Might Need This

by Rhonda Weiss, Leeds, NY

It finally happened
One day
In Catskill NY
Two freight trains
Going in opposite directions
Came toward each other
I didn't remember how to set-up the equation
I didn't have a calculator
My math teacher's instructions
were irretrievable
Now that I needed them most
So I stood in horror
As the trains passed each other
Without any assistance from me
And I failed the test again



Bathing Beauties by Jan Guarino

Does Size Matter?

by Connie Prestianni, Valley Stream, NY

I'm a speck.
No, less than a speck
In this vast universe
I last a nanosecond
Not even,
I'm completely insignificant
I hardly matter.
The earth I live on
Is just a rock,
No, a pebble
When I think about the cosmos
My head aches
I get filled with anxiety
It's too much to consider
But yet,
I'm a universe unto myself
I am enormous,
A galaxy made up of
Atoms, cells, bacteria,
Plus all the flotsam and jetsam of life
Just consider that,
My significance in the universe can shrink to
almost nothing,
Or it can expand to hold a universe within me.
Does size matter?
It's all relative!!!

Wellsprings Within

by Mario Starace, Bayside, NY

Waking up to a life baked into conformity,
makes for a dry dreary existence!
Faking excitement vicariously through
entertaining distractions
can only keep an insipid reality at bay for so long.
Dreams of undiscovered worlds within
manifest in the twilight
between deep sleep and almost awake;
as if to rewind reality back unto its Source;
Beckoning a soul
to seek its origins submerged deep,
in a dark well that existed before birth.
Out of the depths
of a seemingly dark abyss appear
the regenerative waters of self-renewal
again gushing inside;
flowing to fuel the juices of creativity
through rivers of enthusiasm,
while allowing refreshing springs
of inspiration to emerge.
Then is the moment to plumb the depths,
to follow a heart's dreams;
To fulfill a destiny that calls from afar,
is to listen to a quiet Voice
that speaks in stillness, yet is ever new
as from a Wellspring Within.

Service is a fundamental expression of our true essence and mission – Steve Farrell