



POETRY

Autumn

by Paula Curci, Long Beach, NY
Nassau County Poet Laureate Emerita (2022-2024)

In the awakening of the Equinox
the Autumn spirit embraces us –
from the fresh scent of newness found in the September air
to the last swish heard, from the swing of falling maple tree leaves.
We are touched each morning
by everything that is moving –
from the extra cars on the road,
the children giggling at the school bus stop,
to the coffee brewed at 6am.
All on the go –
ready for Autumn's new beginnings.
Ready for life to embrace us,
to the awakening of our Autumn spirit.

Watercolors by
Jan Guarino
JanGuarinoFineArt.com

Autumn Reflection

by Patricia Soper, Patchogue, NY

As I close the blinds to early darkness
falling leaves mirror this season of my life
remind me it is time for letting go.
As chill coaxes branch to loosen her grip
on what she birthed in Spring
my gathering years sculpt my future.
As time and energy diminish
I deepen in Silence, Stillness, Simplicity
release negativity, noise, nonsense
low-vibration people, places, events
that do not embody Life, Light, or Love.
Crone, her name meaning Crown,
is Goddess archetype of Autumn, aging, and waning Moon.
She is keeper of Wisdom, holds the secrets of life and death
stirs her cauldron, divines what to keep and what to toss to fire.
She is freedom, surrender, discernment
doorway to intuition and highest realm of Truth.

SPIRITUAL ARCHEOLOGIST

by Elaine P. Morgan, Warrenton, VA

I dug into the soil
and searched for years,
a seeker digging deeper
and deeper
searching for God in silence.
Suddenly, a bright light
surrounded a treasure:
Genesis in an excavation.
Did I find You
or did You find me?

Until Next Year

by James White, Long Beach, NY

The sun begins to run
Past our usual meeting place
In blue skies above searing sand,
Where gulls come before they go.

The calendar's regret brightens
And cools my tawny brown skin while
The sun begins to run
Past our usual meeting place.

Tilted, turning and revolving
Autumn's colorful approach,
A windy hum of soft footsteps
Packs up bags and folds beach chairs as
The sun begins to run.

When You Become Love

by David Frieman, Huntington Station, NY

When you become love you will
understand the connections
between the stars, the truth
and the falling of the leaves.
Life is blessed with growth by the life-
touching wind, the life-warming sun
and the life-sustaining rain.

Peace is the absence of dominance.
As an apple tree does not eat its own
hanging fruit,
All life exists to support and
strengthen community.
We are the Universe; a mixture of
stardust, water, heavy metals and
consciousness.
We are never truly lost on our journey,
Only navigating life's many detours.

Only your heart can hear the poetry of
The Universe – Open it up and listen ...

What is it about a poem

by R.J. Andres, Queens, NY

that stepping into it
so often unmask a self
we had forgotten,
that prods us to touch the insides
of a place
we thought was not there,
or with metaphoric sleight-of-hand
allows us to hear what cannot be said?

What is it about a poem
where each verbal scheme
impressed upon the page and read into the mind
is like a stretch of greening forests, open fields and
rolling hills
suggesting there are places
needing to be explored,
and that we ought to succumb
to the lure of whatever roads lead there?

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history. – Plato