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POETRY

Haiku

by Harrieham Minhas, Gause, SC

crow watches
the colorful hammock
of a spider

Admiration

by Christine Santos, North Babylon, NY

I admire
A man that is not a liar
A man who has desires
A man who has a fire
A fire that cannot be put out
A fire for life and me, no doubt

I admire
A man that sees life's trials and tribulations
As invitations
Not as limitations
But
As realizations
That in order to succeed in this nation
You need to have motivation, determination
and an education

I admire
A man that can do it all
But if he sees that he may fall
He is not afraid to call

I admire
A man who has honesty
Because to me
Unless his credibility
Is virtuously
Unmistakably
And undoubtedly flawless then he is not for me

Most importantly
I admire
A man that admires me
For the person I choose to be

Admiration
Gives inspiration
The inspiration to begin the transformation
The association
The combination
Of two of God's greatest creations

I Can See Dad There

(In Memory of my dad Gerard Fischetti)

by Susan Marie Davniens, Lindenhurst, NY

I can see Dad there
Handsome with dark wavy hair
He sings the tunes
Ballads and romances he croons
Always the gentlemen
I can remember when
He dressed quite the man
A stylish Dapper Dan

Three daughters had he
Susan, the name he gave me
Caring and giving
He loved living
Poker – deal him in
He played to win
Proud veteran of WWII
Salutes the red, white and blue

With finesse he toils
Gardening in the soil
At his workbench he stands
A master craftsman in demand
Whistles as he skillfully labors
Always ready to help the neighbors
Not a man to roam
A showplace is his home

I always believed it to be
Dad would watch over me
Yet for a man so nice
He had but one deadly vice
The cigarettes he craved
Put him in an early grave
No more was I serenaded
The songs have faded

I can see Dad there
Handsome with dark wavy hair
His photo frame on my night stand
He sits posed with a cigarette in his hand

In Your Eyes

by Christopher Camera, Centereach, NY

I'm a 33yr old father to the sweetest little 6yr old girl named Michelle. She is my reason for smiling & breathing. My eyes well up as I type this because I have been separated from her for almost 7 months due to differences with her mother. I always tried to make sure that she was loved and protected. I miss tucking her in

at night. I miss her genuine love and innocence, and I miss her letting me be who I really am. Every night my heart bleeds and I pray for her thoughts of me to remain strong and that we will be together soon.

Close your blue eyes my little girl,
Daddy's coming home today.
Hold my hand my sweet, tiny baby,
Daddy will show you the way.
Lay nestled in my arms my pretty Angel,
Dream of love all through the night.
If you shall wake feeling lonely or sad,
Daddy will embrace you so tight.
Show me your smile my miracle child,
You are a star from high up above.
If you shall ever shed a single tear,
Daddy will blanket you with love.
Take your first step my little girl,
Innocent and forever true.
For if you shall ever stumble or fall,
Daddy will be there to catch you.
Go to sleep my tiny lady,
By your side, I shall eternally stay.
As I close my eyes, I can feel you say,
"Thank you Daddy, for coming home today."



The Wounded Boy

by Seena Russell Axel, Plainville, NY

You loved the wild Russian Gypsy in me,
strong willed peasant who loves to travel,
and then misplaced the compass.

You chose the fiery, dramatic woman I'd become,
who craves the art of verbal exchange,
and then became reluctant to speak.

You lusted after the sensuous, sexy soul-of-me,
who experiences life through passionate senses,
and then withdrew your touch.

You valued the wise, independent Crone Goddess
I grew into, who speaks the truth
and shares her feelings,
and then retreated into your fears of loss and need.

You above all, knew the soft, tender,
vulnerable sides to me,
the places and spaces of old wounding
needing deep healing,
and then forgot to remember.

You chose me for all the ways I like me best,
the one I most love sharing,
and then the wounded boy took over
and believing himself undeserving . . . ran away.

Original Watercolors by John Guarino
631-308-4800 JohnGuarino.com
www creationsmagazine.com

In Brooklyn

by Gloria g. Murray, Deer Park, NY

on summer nights we'd sleep
on fire-escapes
men in undershirts gathered together
cheering the Dodgers on
while in the heat of day
women dragged kitchen chairs
from steamy apartments
to huddle around
the old oak on the corner

buck-toothed giggly kids
with straggly arms and legs
embraced boredom
mothers, aunts, grandmothers
oyed and o-veyed
yanking the hair
of little ones
to wipe purple iced mouths
rub calamine
on nickel-size mosquito bites

told stories, over horns
screeches of traffic
of other days
in Poland, Germany, Romania
where nothing
was as plentiful as this—
home-made lemonade
passed around in tall glasses
honey dew and pitted watermelon
— a daily feast
for the black swarm of flies



Lisa Cowley

by Fred Byrnes, Huntington Station, NY

Vanilla ice cream and shooting stars
bring to mind
a butterfly spirit poetess
curled on a lawn
in late Spring warm afternoon
wearing faded jeans, t-shirt,
jotting lines of observation in notebook
while her bare feet
caress tickling blades of grass
She glides from galaxy to galaxy
her world knowing no limits
yet, she sees the miracle
in an ant crawling across her feet
She, woman of the universe
respects the life of the tiny creature
as if it were a friend
come just to whisper hello
Soundlessly the ant proceeds over her feet
into a front lawn eternity of the unknown
She rises seeking soil beneath her soles,
arms outstretched to blue sky,
yearning to draw all into the safety
of her being one knowing the pattern of peace
found in the wonder of life

Seabed Treasures

by Robert Sacino, West Islip, NY

imagine the wastebasket bottom of the sea,
chunks of brickstone randomly sunk to form
a reef for salt water denizens of the deep

a lost and found lottery of water-soaked
dreams, a key chain with house keys
and a locket of two daughters when they
were young, when they would see more of me.

up close at the shore today,
if not for an occasional rocket fish of hope,
empty coffee cups, a rusty jib and sparse
clumps of weeds clutter the tired breathing tide,

moving away steadily.
fathoms of dreary darkness, as far as I
can see, between me and clearer seas.

This Morning I Woke Up and Splashed My Face With God

by James Berkowitz, Los Angeles, CA

This morning I woke up
and splashed my face with God.
Birds chirped joyously as beads of love descended
from my cheeks.
Lost amidst a razor stubble forest, I was swept away
and cleaned by the soft beautiful sunlight that
entered a nearby window;
revealing the shapes and curves of a face which have
traveled a great distance
along the many roads of life.

An elongated mirror
continued to answer my reflection
with comforting words; "I am here."
My pupils were reaching full aperture
then sharply opened to their fullest extent.
I stood motionless,
watching my slowly moving lips
form into an eternal smile.