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## POETRY

Haiku by Harrisham Minhas, Cayco, 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

24 CREATIONS MAGAZINE june/july 2010

(In Memory of my dad Gerard Fischetti)
by Susan Marie Davniero, 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

I'm a 33yr old father to the sweetest little byr 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."

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 Jahn Guarino 631-368-4800 JahnGuarino.com

www.creationsmagazine.com

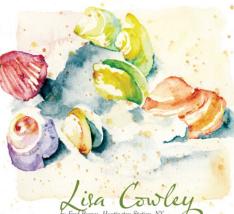
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In Brooklyn by Gloria g. Murray, Deer Park, N.

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



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 vet, 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

Scaled Treasures

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 1 Woke Up and Splashed My- Face With God by James Berkweitz, Loo Angolos, 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.

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