

The Muses' Gallery

Spring Into Summer with Highland Park Poetry's Muses' Gallery.

Enjoy!

And to everyone - keep on
writing!

The Day She Went

By

Wendy Anderson

The birds sang of turbulent water --
rivers, creeks, and brooks
teeming with melody.

And the lake, of course,
offering its own rhythms
and haunting harmony.

The birds put sunset,
and sorrow, into song.

But also mornings in spring,

when a canvas
from one end of shore to the other
becomes brilliant with pink
and red and orange
and teases unsprung buds
along the land --
the shy, reluctant buds
that burst suddenly
into yellow-green bands.

As when the world wakes
and commences to stretch
and run and dance,
opening itself to everything --

to everything --
the way a sister and a grandma and a mom
sprays kisses as she paddles out,
sending a soft essence of herself
heavenward
and a hopeful grace
showers her children,
still busy building castles
and digging toes
into the mysterious sand



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

Water Lilies

By

Susan B. Auld

Shapeless mounds filled
with shadows
float motionless on silent ponds,
until morning drinks the darkness
and water lilies raise hopeful faces
toward sunlight.

Each morning at the pond
I watch the day begin,
the lilies open.

I've seen variations of this scene

by oceans, streams, lakes.
I've seen variations of this scene
in my garden:

morning always arrives
morning always brings clarity,

And, I always
raise my face
toward the sun.



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

1 Haiku and 3 Senryu

By

Charlotte Digregorio

my old school...
stillness of the
merry-go-round

my school chum...
still smiling ingenuously
at fifty-nine

weeding again...
the garter snake
the new neighbor

postman arrives...
in my palm
i weigh the reply



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

Bright

By

William Vollrath

The little flower
reached up
through the dirt
only to be burned
by the brilliance
of the sun



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

the driver

by

j a laporte

bus driver guides us
through a 3-D panoramic movie
the characters inside
take their seats
there are no scripts and yet...
characters develop
connections are made
real people emerge
until their destination in life
appears to be ending
the bus stops
the transfer point
where...
the real
the real story
begins where it ends
the bus seems to float
old friends appear
and the movie on the bus
is one we haven't seen before
and connections are made
connections are made



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

Patience Is Coldness

By

Jason Shimberg

Leveled out in the distance
As smart as dumb
Quiets the mind begun in melody
Onward and upward
The beat hear it in the center lane
The quiet market juts out into the prism there is no cross traffic
The barricades leave this lane adjunct with people,
farmers
the tip toes all around
good food today
we pray
the divider is lines of the mind going even with streaks
make noise like a mouse
the turning and yearning this day is almost eve
time is running down the cheek of one of the merry
and we sell ripe apricots
we sell cherry sun block
I make my powerful surge of attrition
I make long strides
As the moon lets in a little path of exhilaration
The dust settles
Fingers go through pockets with folds
Finding silver is a game
Lacking a marker
The only noise making waves are the splashes of sea that beckon
swim with me

Boom boom in the afternoon
A loon, a gull watching leering out into a stone's throw away from
freedom.
Patience is coldness



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

The Senior

By

S. Sandra Phillips

I feel like a ghost
I used to run this place.
I still could;
Better than all these strangers do now.
I feel like a ghost.

Most of the time I am not seen
When someone is aware of my presence,
They try to ignore me
As they would a ghost.
I am an interloper from the past.

They sit around and talk
Too much
About inconsequentials and such
While I work
Like a ghost.
But I am not a ghost
I have not faded away
It is they who have grown brighter
And made me a shadow
In this brittle, fickle world.

I feel like a ghost
I must leave this old workplace
There must be some other space
Which I can haunt
And not feel haunted.



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

Paysage

By

Stella Radulescu

Take me to the beach where the air is music
the place for our bodies
to be at large
nights

and days then more
a minute
a second the full range
of things

Keep me as I am
dozing on warm sand mouth open

you can call me

eternal

*

The lobster keeps up with his hunger
digging the sea

Dali in the air

Me too

I found the word for *sadness* and the word for *joy*
they are right as I said
happy
in their flesh

More or less

Let me start again



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

That's Life

By

Kenny Sommer

He was born for greatness
But his youth is another life
Bruce could do anything
But no one saw the weakness inside
Got the lot
So many friends
Was in newspapers and on tv
Now an aging artist
Who doesn't get many checks
Still praised with talent
Mr. Cohen
Even meets lots of girls
Still can make it
Give off lots of light
Send him down some space based power
He needs to fight, be strong
Lucky to be a cat
9 lives
Family of love
He has no wife, no kids
Many old loves
Bruce drives with shame in his eyes
Looks forward at the open road



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

**Fancy On The
Kingdom Come**

By

Robert Klein Engler

First, is to be worthy. That, I suppose, means purity in love. Then, Benny Goodman plays "Memories of You." Suddenly, we stand together in the unity we shared before we were soiled by the world.

The "I love you," said when I was a fool, I repeat, but in harmony with the angels. We could be alive in a Russian dacha. The summer garden is replete with greenery, just like in a novel by Turgenev.

A rider comes from Moscow. Michael with his cello joins us for the weekend. The days have new axles I touch light in your hair. Hunger finds the Eucharist. Meanwhile, in Rome, the Lord appears. Cardinals

pester the Pope, "What to do? It makes us dizzy." He replies with his paternal love, "Just look busy."



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

My Tears

By

Bruce E. McNutt

I spoke my mind to the Lord Almighty
He shant forget our talk
He thought he had me just where he wanted
But I got in the last word

When the interrogation was over
His Lordship, His Son looked beaten
There were tears in their eyes

When they looked into me

They invited me to an empty room without color
With two doors leading to who knows where
They must think me dumb
Or without common sense

This is obviously a test of my judgment, mettle and will
Pick one and your fate will be sealed
I must wait them out

The two doors, identical in every way, solid oak with a
fine veneer
My choice would be a guess, not good odds
But I could not let them have the last say
So I assumed the yogi position and did not move

Determined to stay there forever to thwart my fate
My soul ultimately perished from starvation or so I think
By doing nothing, I had confirmed their prediction
They knew all along I could not be saved

Their tears
Their tears were for me



Miranda Dotson, Photographer

Just Saying

By

Miranda Dotson

*With a generous nod to
William Carlos Williams*

I have eaten
The cupcakes
That were in your
Special box

And you
Were probably going
To save them for
Your poetry event

My apologies
They were delectable
So moist
And so sweet...