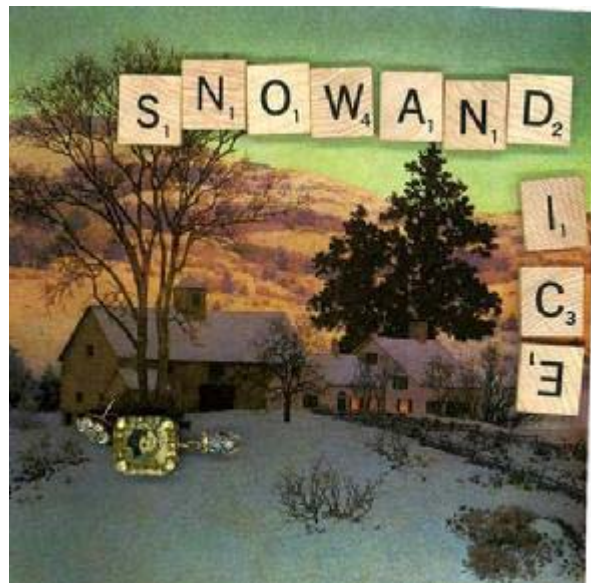


Welcome to Highland Park Poetry's Winter Gallery for 2010. Participating poets were invited to submit poems of their choosing. While some dwell on the art of poetry as well as the season, there are several surprises. This gallery will be posted through the end of March 2010.

Enjoy!

And to everyone - keep on writing!



Collage with Maxfield Parrish

Two Untitled

By

Cynthia Hahn

Poem grinding;
Black brew,
Smoothly rich.
It paints like liquid pepper
And chocolate
And gifts its aroma
To the page.

Sudden winds blow
terribly small words
concealed worlds



Poetry by Alphonse Mucha

The Poet

By

Dana Schwartz

I often imagine the place from which poetry emerges
The clean and homespun world
During the type of yellow sunrise
That bypasses suburbia
And instead lavishes on the dewy
Neatly trimmed grass of a rural farm.

When the window is still foggy
From the breath of last night's rain
And the poet sits content
At a small table early in the morning
With a quivering cup of tea and a pen
Alone in the still of his breathing
And picks his words carefully.

And when the light begins to flood the tiny room
Pressing patterns on the chintz wallpaper into life
And he no longer feels the early morning silence
Perhaps the poet will rise
And begin to walk the streets
Wearing crooked glasses
And a dirty raincoat
With a notebook tucked in its pocket.

And he will until dusk
Fills the tiny town
And the gas-light lamps
Become cat eyes in the dark.

His Legacy

By

Bruce E. McNutt

When this all began
Expectations were low

He wanted to leave behind
A part of himself
So his children would know

The kind of man he was
What was in his heart and soul

Without understanding
His expectations grew
He began to believe
A poet was born
But it was not true

Each word, each phrase
Carefully selected
But the flow was gone
The sudden joy

Now he has found himself
His poetry again his
Bursting to escape from deep inside
Legacy to all he loves
To those who love him



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

As Seen From Above

By

Cynthia Atkins

While your mind is singing
the only song you know,
I'm folding the sun into drapes,
the drapes foreclose
on the lawn. You make a tent
of your hands,
protect me from the elements.
In your palm, something along
the lines of a future tense.
I was the girl in the paragraph
of a simpler time -- where words
were considered monuments.
Your face is marked
as a roadmap, but your fingers
tell a different story. When I can't think
sitting down, you whistle to lighten
the load -- a bird's song emerging
after heavy rain.
All our belongings unloaded
like luggage thrown off a ship.
The pillars of shadow tendered
on thighs and elbows.
Now, our mouths are housed
under one roof. We're wayward
pilgrims looking for the one
light-house that calls us home.

How To Become A Ghost

By

Michael H. Brownstein

One moment you feel the weight of gravity,
A blanket, the first light through the window.
Then the entire experience of living dissolves
And you find yourself weightless, out of focus
And then you understand the confusion of ghosts.

Then you know everything. There you are
Asleep on the bed, gravity, blankets, light,
And here you are with none of those things.
When they come to take you, you are not ready.

In those minutes, in those days, in that first week,
Can you hear the thunder? The watcher?
The making of the pyre? The embrace of light?
Sorry, there is nothing here -- just a darkening,
A wind you now control, a wall no longer in the way.

Let the thunder roar so we know where you are in death.
Let the sitter sit with you so you will have company.
Let your lack of weight make it that much easier.
Somewhere there must be a home for you.
Somewhere there must be a light to grow into.



David Dotson, Photographer

four haiku

by

charlotte digregorio

frigid air
on new year's day...
one shade of white

quitting my job to write...
paper piled before me
snowdrifts beyond

four-leaf clover half brown

walking by sun
along the frozen lake
i melt into winter

Snowstorm

By

Herb Berman

snow sings
at my window
I know
it wants to embrace
my silence
my longing

and I want to burrow into
its soft white song
inhale its fragile sigh

from the clotted sky
ice floats down
into my waiting
white tomorrows

what can it tell me?
that down is down
that time is flowing and endless
that blizzards are fated
now and then?

I'm safe and warm
in my solid brick home
fire blazes at my hearth
telling me not to worry

tempted
I glance out the window again
but remain at ease in my easy chair
a gust of wind rattles the windowpane

do wolves still howl in this tame old village?



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

Snowscape

By

Lois Barr

snow covers the mistakes
softens the contours
of barren gardens
frozen lakes

slows down the pace
makes us cling to home
sharpens shadows
on a moon lit trail

ice crystals pelt us
melt on tongues with
mortality's taste

when God created snowflakes
it was no mistake

Winterspeak

By

Gail Goepfert

The ruse is up!
Your powdered sugar branches,
windowpanes etched with tatted lace
and rooftops frosted in winter white
cannot seduce me.

Begone your story of dying and rebirth,
I am no longer amused.
Winter's tale, mostly a heartless story
of twisted fenders and shattered patience.
Your garb of gray must go!

You have been given your walking papers.

Depart and do not forget your garment bag.
No more winterspeak.
Haven't you heard?
Silence is golden.



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

A Stretch of Shadows on the Snow

By

Robert Klein Engler

Check out Robert Klein Engler's website and download a free chapbook at www.RobertKleinEngler.com. Other publications are available at www.lulu.com or www.amazon.com

Now, let me tell you something seen from smoke lifting into light, moving up into branches of the nearby wood, without halt, without cloak, effortless as a snow fall, slim as a ribbon's dance.

There is solitude in winter, refuge in the storm, and though you dig and scrape for scraps below, the moss of comfort is green -- memory transforms. In smoke we see how homeward souls may go.



Self Portrait by Miranda Dotson

Ode to Monday's Child

By

Jo Stewart

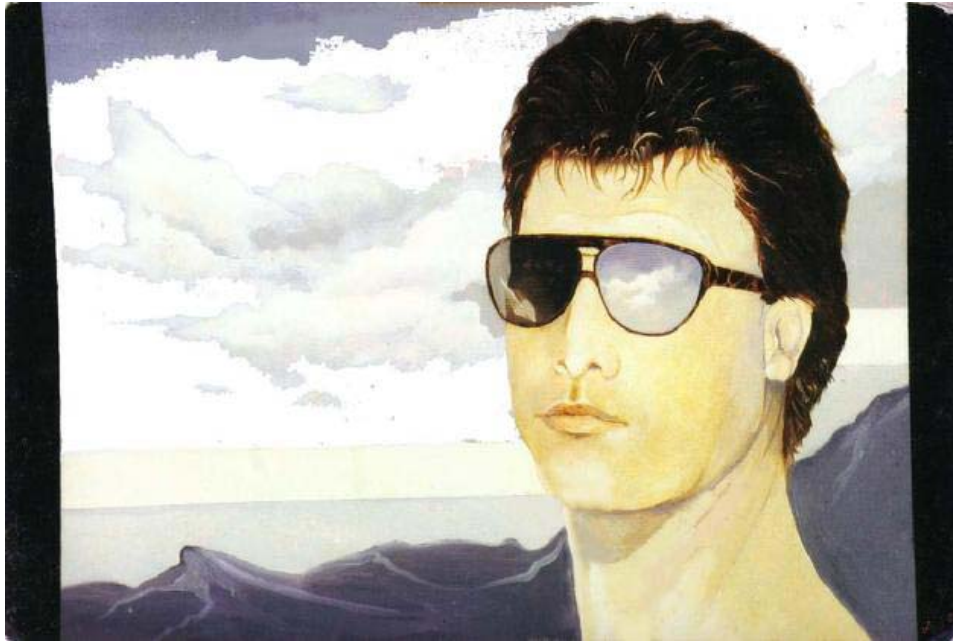
Monday's child is fair of face
You were Monday's child
So what was fair?
Your hair, like silken thread
your smile
your eyes, your chin
your tiny ears
Fair, like fairy
ephemeral
fair, not false
a cut flower
dew glimmering in the sunlight
a passing firefly
a summer breeze.

You had a way of marking
disappointments --
arms folded across your chest, lips pursed
a bulwark against injustice.
You were fragile, but a mighty warrior,
you didn't fool me with that act of defiance
when pain was too great to bear
You curled your lip, your eyes asked, why?

Disappointment, a frequent visitor
as I remember.
You were not like the other children
You knew no fears
 only barriers to your desires.

One day
we watched the kitten
scamper up the tree
while the mutt in hot pursuit
could only bark jumping up
and down on the ground below
pounding with desire. I laughed
at the all too familiar scene
but you
you hugged the mutt
to comfort him.

Nature designed you
one chromosome above the rest
I used to quarrel with that random choice
until I heard you sob
at the end of Peter Pan
 when Tinker Bell died.



Joy LaCalamita, Artist

Lucky to Be on the Bus

By

Kenny Sommer

Lucky to be on the bus
Off to school to see my girl
Lucky to be on the bus
Relaxing, looking at the sites
Lucky to be on the bus
Going to work
So I can buy a car
Lucky to be on the bus
Rosa Parks sat down for us
Lucky to be on the bus
Talking as usual with Joe and Jane
Lucky to be on the bus
Winter driving is really yuck
Lucky to be on the bus
Thankful to be alive
Lucky to be on the bus
Dreaming about life
Lucky to be on the bus
The driver is so cool
Lucky to be on the bus
By myself at peace
Lucky to be on the bus
Can get my homework done
Lucky to be on the bus
In a year I will be 16
Lucky to be on the bus
Rocking out to my tunes
Thankful to be on the bus,
go green, red, white and blue.