

Welcome to Highland Park Poetry's Fall 2010 Gallery. No particular theme this time - just poet and artist's choice. Still many acknowledged the transition of the seasons - Summer's end and the arrival of Autumn, a time of harvest and gathering. Thanks to all who submitted their poems and photography.



Enjoy!

And to everyone - keep on writing & creating!



Edward Kaufman, Photographer

## The Orchard

By

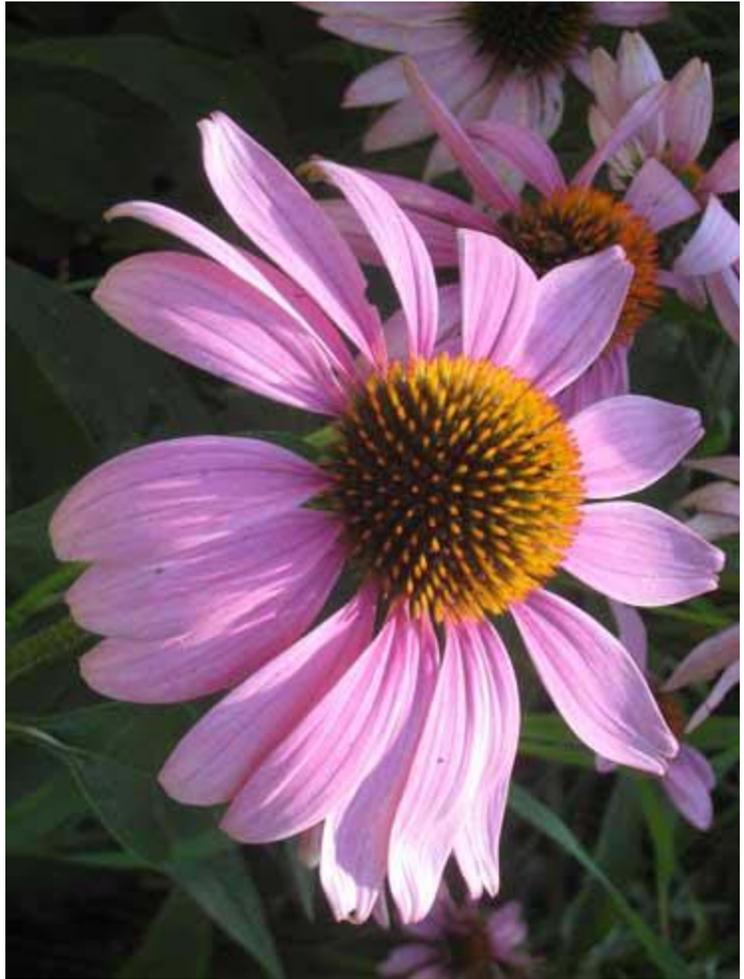
Gail Goepfert

The roadside sign reads  
*passion fruit -- free to passing poets*  
curious  
I wander into  
the perfumed orchard  
where fallen fruits  
spill abundance.

I choose one  
halve it  
and the nectar sprays  
droplets that wet  
my lips with  
the tang of inspiration.

*Plenty*, I whisper-  
others  
thirsting  
may pass by.

I scatter the seeds  
cradled in the ripe pulp  
knowing that some day  
I will return  
for their ambrosia  
when my mind  
muddled by intrusions  
fruitless  
hungers for  
more.



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

## Taffy Apples

By

**Michael Brownstein**

The first time we made taffy apples it was not a first kiss  
nor was it our daughter walking down the beaver littered beach with her first real boyfriend  
and so I thought: sugar, butter and heavy cream is not enough.  
(There is never enough sugar in sugar.)  
You must add dark corn syrup and Bailey's to make the surface brown-skinned smooth  
and when it is warm enough and your finger eases into its flesh,  
it's not like the first time you lay naked with someone you thought you loved,  
their teeth tasting the fat at your neck,  
and, no, daughter, it's not the romantic notion of sand between your toes --  
it's just a caramel apple, sweet enough, nothing more.

## Harvest Moon

By

MJ Gabrielson

*With acknowledgments to Ted Hughes' The Harvest Moon*

tasseled yellow corn  
passed green built  
miles, sprouted warm

rich soil below sunned  
cooled night above  
muddied riverbeds

tired wheels  
ground four-lane  
acres

destined flat  
planed broad  
ruddy barns burnt

on blue grayed  
clouds  
trod small along

August tanned fields  
low beans laid  
thick beside hot

treads speeding  
past fenced, long  
bushels

acres torn open  
tilled green  
ripened

silk, yellowed  
kernels sped  
past a flame-red

moon



## The Dead of Autumn

By

Charlotte Digregorio

Daylight overtakes her.  
She rises and drifts outside  
in a vapor of languor  
vanishing into morning mist,  
a hapless bird in fog  
floating beneath  
scraps of clouds.

She finds herself  
in a garden  
of motionless air  
wilted daisies  
faded cherry blossoms  
and dewy ferns  
beside pavement.

Remnants of life in  
grayness of time.



Laurence Segil, Photographer



William Hicks, Photographer

## My Mind

By

William Hicks

my mind can't adjust  
to late-night darkness  
deep inside corners  
of muddy books  
that puddle in  
my head



Edward Kaufman, Photographer

## The Arch of Titus

By

Robert Klein Engler

*To read more of Robert's writing, you may purchase his books of poetry from [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com).*

They took the menorah and table for showbread  
then melted them down to build the Coliseum.  
Don't dwell on it. The dead must bury the dead.  
The Temple's just a wall. No lapis super lapidum.

He takes his Sunday Times to the front room.  
Coffee and orange juice wait upon a tray.  
The dawn is still, the day is poised to bloom.  
He taps his cigarette into an antique ashtray.

A blue bowl holds peaches, plums and pears.  
The scent of ripeness passes from the face of it.  
He knows his lover's sound asleep upstairs.  
They spend desire, while we spend counterfeit.

More pens and books, that's all our money buys.



Laurence Segil, Photographer

# Seagull

By

Donna L. Ritter

The seagull,  
The helpless one,  
Crying out in pain and agony.

Yet,  
Able to fly,  
Above the powerful waves of the ocean.

God's power,  
His awesome power is in the waves.  
His strong and might arms direct the waves toward the shoreline.

The seagull knows this.  
That is why it continues on its journey,  
Soaring majestically higher and higher out of sight.

But God knows of its existence,  
And the power it has to fly to the greatest heights.

For God gave this power to the seagull.  
The seagull and God are one.  
For the seagull listens to the Father for guidance;  
And believes the power comes from Him.

And it draws on this almighty power,  
To proclaim His Glory,  
IN his cries of pain and agony.



William Hicks, Photographer

## Breathing

By

William Hicks

A cold front complicated love today  
as lack of simple fresh oxygen,  
cool, clean and necessary,  
couldn't blow from Mid to West  
but instead created snow in the South.



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

## Vacation Blues

By

Kenny Sommer

The workers want to work.  
Enough planting seeds, scare crows  
The Harvest Moon, bringing lots of weeds  
Endless summer has lost its flow?  
In the key of X, why so to dry  
Peaceful fall in an intense dream  
Lusting sweet, paying Sam, a day off for prayer  
Break a chair, volunteer, a coming back.  
Street wise, inside jokes, rusted roots  
Couldn't join the force?  
FDA, tests went wrong  
Wounded, begging with a stem, a cross.  
Suicide seemed the light?  
The slaves figured out they were home  
Never again, remember, we are not alone.

Laurence Segil, Photographer



## Bicycle Triolet

By

Jennifer Dotson

Morning is our favorite time to ride  
Being the freshest part of the day.  
Our hearts beat faster in the air outside.

Morning is our favorite time to ride  
Through sun dappled woods and over hillside  
Away from the drivers that hog the roadway.

Morning is our favorite time to ride  
Being the freshest part of the day.  
In the morning we ride.