

Poetry for Winter 2012

America

bridge
out rain

By

lake mud
berm back

James Reiss

Wilmette

up bump
bump hit

brakes crack
door see

leg crushed
skull hit

gas fight
skid whip

wheel pop
clutch stall

out



James Paradiso, Photographer

The Turning

By

Herb Berman
Deerfield

The freezing just begun,
there will be grimmer days,

but the long blind fall
to night has ended:

turn on the lights,
burn candles,

sing to your lonely gods -
night won't last forever.

Bonfires lit the mountaintops
and myths were born in the

turning toward light. Now praise
your gods, whisper hallelujah,

begin your long slow climb.



James Paradiso, Photographer

Cart Wars

By

Lois Barr
Riverwoods

John puts lettuce in the basket
Heloise says "wilted" puts it back

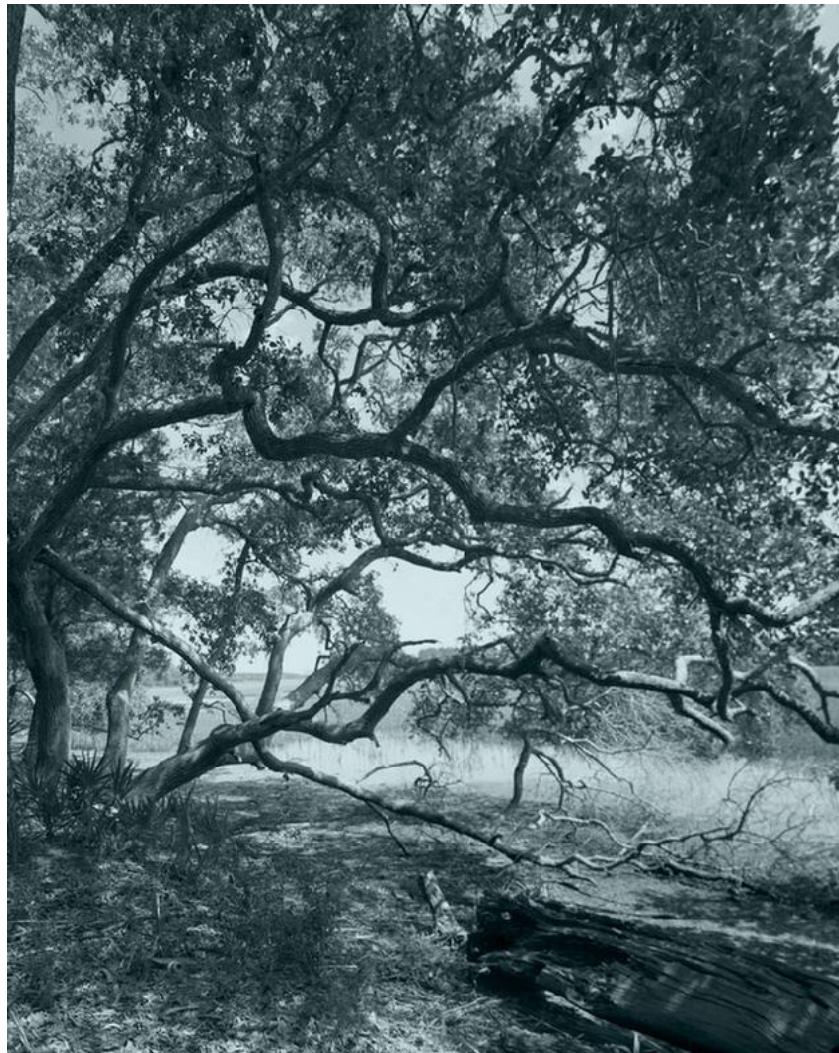
John buys a dozen eggs and Heloise
opens the box to check for cracks.

"Hellie, these cookies have no trans fats."
Heloise whispers, "Wheat gives us gas."

"The ground beef is on sale!"
"Yes, but it's not free range."

John throws his hands in the air,
"I should have stayed at home."

"No, darling," says Heloise,
"I need you in my poem."



Laurence Segil, Photographer

Mother Nature's HRT

By

William Vollrath
Downers Grove

Christmas Eve arrives
strangely bright and warm
45 degrees
no sleet to cause alarm

Squirrels play in the sun
grass turns back to green
winter's solstice done
but no snowmen can be seen

Spring seems in the air
the dog barks for a walk
Santa's loaded sled
sadly must be parked

Purple flowers sprout
an unnatural surprise
hormone replacement therapy
for Mother Nature isn't wise



Robert Klein Engler, Photographer

By

Cynthia Hahn
Lake Forest

Along the bough
Identical twin
Plums hungs with snow

Inspired by A.E. Housman



James Paradiso, Photographer

Loneliness
a haiku sequence

By

Charlotte Digregorio
Winnetka

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

drifts on the porch. . .
far from here
she has my name

buried in the yard
his red wagon
with rust

branches laden
with ice. . .
bedridden mother

shoveling again
the weight of
their words

winter deepens
grounding
the gate



Robert Klein Engler, Photographer

Estate Sale

By

Carol L. Gloor
Chicago

Piled handwork sleeps in dusty sun:
pillowcases bordered in cream and violet waves,
dishtowels embroidered in roses, twisted vines,
three for \$2.50, a buck twenty-five a piece.

We finger her life, hunt her treasures so easily,
mill through her kitchen, heedless a woman
worked in these mustard colored walls,
these tiny Victorian bedrooms, a woman

scrubbed this stained ceramic sink
ten thousand times, whispered to herself
by this glowing gas heater, a woman waited
while slow soup simmered on this blackened stove,

while bread dough bubbled, rose; a woman bent
in failing light, her patient automatic fingers
threading, stitching, cutting; looping, catching
time.



Laurence Segil, Photographer

Etude

By

Jenene Ravesloot
Chicago

Winter sheep move through fog,
fog drifts over the old Roth farm.
Crows fly above the frozen pond,
are reflected in it - crows, skaters,
fog. Hunters stir in their stands,

steal through trees, through snow
the color of winter wool, past the
old Roth house where snowdrops,
paper-whites, white delphiniums
are only names on old farm lips.



Robert Klein Engler, Photographer

Health Reasons

by

Michael H. Brownstein
Missouri

You allow yourself to fall apart
one ailment one scratch one blood feud at a time.
You need to straighten your shoulders,
let your breath out, walk that much quicker.
Did you not know time moves in decades
your bones strong, your skin thick,
your heart beating its own concerto?
Stand as tall as you can. Reach over your head.
Sometimes all that is needed is a strength in muscles
you no longer have reason to need.



James Paradiso, Photographer

Family Album

by

Sharon F. Warner

Dressed-up people with familiar faces,
Earlier selves in far-away places,
Moments of merit, or simply of play,
Sometimes forgotten, but not gone away.

A place where lost loved ones can still be seen,
The closest we'll get to a time machine.
Bright days or somber, they pass in review,
Historic images, constantly new.

Some outfits tell us exactly when,
And pictures take us right back again.
Now large cameras, small cameras, hand-helds and phones
Are creating millions of life-moment clones.

But there should be a place where we can collect,
To love, grieve, or chuckle, to show some respect.
It's something my mother has always known:
A family album is a world of its own.



James Paradiso, Photographer

Winter in Chicago

by

Kenny Sommer

Chicago winters sure are long.
Rushes in the October air
Ending just before May
Layers are survival
Slipping on ice just happens
Staying inside for day does too
The snowy streets walking into the wind chill
Character growth for some
A SAD experience for others
K wants me in health all year
Wind chill cuts like a knife
Snow men laughing as the flecks fall

The game of life
People who hurt themselves
Respect others ways
People without heat or homes
Outdoor skating rink
Serendipity, luck, fate
Play those blues
Cross country skiing escape
Wintoeer photos with less light
Summer in Australia, Brazil, Cape Town
Winter in Chicago, the Windy City, suburbs
Game on, deal your cards, face the ways



Laurence Segil, Photographer