

The Write Place At the Write Time

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Come in...and be captivated...

 x

"Blended" by Ed Hughes; <http://rhodeshots.com/>

One Step Ahead

by Anne Whitehouse

All my life I've stayed
one step ahead

so as not to fall behind
and be overtaken
by the living nightmares
that pursue me.
If they caught me,
they would drag
me down, down,
down to a dark place
where I couldn't escape.

So I keep ahead of myself,
out of sync.
Always planning the next phase
before the current one's complete,
trying to dodge the traps ahead
while fleeing the terrors behind.

Meteor Shower

by Anne Whitehouse

We lie on blankets in the grass
grateful for the scratchy wool
in the sudden chill of night
deep within the virgin forest
at a family reunion far from our homes.

Scanning the sky for falling stars—
there goes one! and there another!
Persistent trains, bright fireballs—
in the great immensity
a crescent moon crosses to Jupiter,

and snatches of conversation fly up
more intimate now
we are hidden in darkness
and can express what
we might not say otherwise.

At every instant we are
what we have been and will be,
our forebears who live on in us
we remember, we resemble.

Everything in the world is mysterious
formed of tenuous substances
evanescence and oblivion
the equivocal element of time.

With a stone I dug up a clod of dirt
a little farther away I laid it down silently
and under my breath I whispered
“I have changed the earth.”

The deed was minimal, the words exact,
and I needed a lifetime to say them.

Fires of Youth

by Anne Whitehouse

First we are children, experiencing life
unfolding from within,
events superseding one another,
blotting out much of what went before,
save for those eternal moments
that remain in the adult mind years later,
suspended like insects in amber,
fixed outside the flow of time.

When we have our own children,
we are given a chance to live childhood over
achingly aware of how transient it is—
mysterious life with its pangs and pleasures
coming from us, flowing out of us.

And when the raising of our children is over,
and they set out on their own lives,
we are aware of life passed as if in a dream—
our mortality, our lost vitality.

Then how much more beautiful
to see from the aspect of age
the fires of youth brightly glowing
in the five teenaged violinists
in glittering gowns the colors of roses,
their dark, silken hair pulled back in ponytails,
playing out their hearts like virtuosos—

Debussy, like the siren's piercing song,
winding its tentacles through the hearts
of the old people in the audience,
who then listen intently, with fading senses,
to Mozart's crystalline joys
and Bach's bracing sonorities
breaking into Amazing Grace.

Bio- Anne Whitehouse was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama, and graduated from Harvard College and Columbia University. She is the author of the poetry collections—*The Surveyor's Hand*, *Blessings and Curses*, *Bear in Mind* and *One Sunday Morning*. Anne Whitehouse's most recent poetry collection is *The Refrain* (Dos Madres Press, 2012). Her novel, *Fall Love*, is available in ebook format from Feedbooks, Smashwords, Amazon Kindle, and iTunes.

www.annewhitehouse.com

1952 PLUS

by John Grey

Thanks to the tranquilizer,
invented in 1952, medicine
gave meaning to the words
that had buzzed around her
head from 1990 through
to the new millennium.

It slowed them down
to the point where
they refused to move.
The "I" took hold of
the cerebral cortex.

"Am" stood resolute
between cerebellum
and medulla.
"Not" withstood all
the thalamus could
throw at it and more.
And there was
"Responsible"
more frontal than
the frontal lobe itself.

The doctor asks,
"Do you know what year this is?"
If she gets it right,
the prize is living in it.

Bio- John Grey is an Australian born poet, works as financial systems analyst. Recently published in *Bryant Poetry Review*, *Tribeca Poetry Review* and the horror anthology, *What Fears Become* with work upcoming in *Potomac Review*, *Hurricane Review* and *Osiris*.

Bat Totems

by Lynda Bahr

The waters of my life have grown choppy
the sameness I planned has grown weary
business left unfinished from lives I've left behind summons my attention
with an ache
lifted from the dark recesses of my memory.

Inadequacies huddle together for strength in the remembering
challenged by direction
going forward, going back
tossed about by the winds of unknown.

Tearing apart and building with remnants of yesterday's dreams
finding that one true light in the fog, listening for the bells marking the way
saying yes to the mysteries of what is and what is to become.

Grieve. Grieve, grieve the skin I shed
grown just for this day, this day of shedding.

Spaces growing tighter, squeezing out the unneeded
purging, releasing, pruning, weeding, molting, shedding

Pulling in gifts from attics and beyond, to navigate the darkness
sonar clicking like bumpers in the night.

I feel my slowed down path for blocks and openings
which is more fearful? Blocks just mean keep feeling along the brail wall of
life

openings mean.....dive

Bio- Lynda Toney-Bahr is the Project Coordinator for the Metropolitan Library System's Outreach program, "Come Read with Me". She is responsible for a staff of Project Specialists that take reading and creative activities out into the community and into the prisons of Oklahoma County. She is a certified Creative Journal Expressive Arts Intensive Workshop Leader.

Lynda studied Fine Art at the University of Oklahoma and advance studies in Sculpture at the University of Missouri. She is also a graduate of the American Academy of Childbirth Educators. She is owner of Art of E~Motion Therapeutic Arts Studio in Oklahoma City. She brings more than 25 years experience in the recovery fields of alcohol & drug abuse, eating disorders and sexual abuse.

Lynda is the Associate Producer of the award-winning documentary film *Twelve*, as well as a trainer for Compassionate Communication, Oklahoma's Nonviolent Communications practice. She is on the Board of Directors for YRD Film Productions and on the Board for Redeeming The Family Prison Messages Project. She specializes in women's issues and she is available as a workshop leader and public speaker or for spiritual retreats.

Squall

by Peter Franklin

Abruptly, as if embarrassed for having shown his head in winter,
The sun dashes into cloud mist.
Darkened sky howls forth wind, sending scraps
Of Sunday skittering along, underfoot.
Pedestrians turn a'lee to guard hats and clothing,

Preservation of baggage and modesty. And turning back,
 The squall is upon them...sending
 Quarter-sized flakes dancing upon the sidewalk...
 Swirling, Cavorting, sticking for but a brief breath before
 Becoming liquefied, memories of but a moment before.
 Little children giggle and run with mouths and hands open.
 Moms and Dads shield their eyes and cinch their coats tighter...
 The elderly man simply stops, turns his face skyward...
 This is such a nice, pleasant pause.
 Turn around again and it's over...now but a few vagabond
 Wanderers landing irreverently upon the reappearing shadows.
 The sun, feigning bravado,
 Slips back into day...and clears the slate for
 Another attempt at Spring.

Bio- Peter Franklin teaches English and Creative Writing at Swampscott High School (Swampscott, MA). Peter received a BA in English & Creative Writing from the University of California, Davis, and a Juris Doctor degree from Concord Law School. Peter has been published in *The Write Place At The Write Time*, *The Camel Saloon*, and *A Long Story Short*. He has penned one anthology of poetry, *Quiet River*, available as a chapbook, and is working on a food-related collection of ekphrastic poetry, *Eating With Your Eyes*. Peter resides in Marblehead with his wife, two children, and Zorro, a dog of many talents.

Daughters smile on a Saturday sunrise,

by Philip Jackey

streaks of light escape through windowsills
 like walls of this black room crumbling.

O my baby Sophia I will never forget,
 will never remember me

observing objects
 closer than they appear.
 Not at this juncture.

I should've read the speed limit,

my skeleton is starting to show--

skin shrinking like a vacuum seal
sucking fat down to my breath
my throat to dust

Pills replace protein and
now only bennies entice my appetite;

they help to fight the boredom
acting belligerent and I can't stop
scratching this beard like a tic--wait,
a thousand ticks thick
tearing the heart from Saint Agnes,
leaving nothing but the old sinner.

And may I be beaten,
buried alive in the streets of Rome
these drugs piling more and more and
I sink deeper than sorrow,

deeper

than the core
of your mother's womb.

You are not a daddy's girl,
I am not your gladiator
I cannot fight,

and I will not die well.

Bio- Philip Jackey's work has appeared in *Torrid Literature* and *The Write Place At the Write Time*. He lives in Elkhart, Indiana with wife Stephanie, two stepchildren and a baby girl on the way.

Severed Connexion

by Euphrates Moss

So I'm here on the grid
 And I wonder if I'll meet someone
 Someone worth knowing, worth seeing, worthy
 I can see someone distant on the horizon

"How now, Young Buck," she'd say. Right.
 "I don't understand you. I appreciate you, but someday
 You'll find someone who will treasure your quirkiness.
 I won't read you because I hate poetry
 And I can't be your penpal now or soon
 That's just not what I am here for
 But I enjoyed our brief conversation."

Maybe so but I didn't enjoy it
 I feel disheartened and uncomfortable
 And I like human beings less now

Bio- Euphrates has been writing since age 3. He has published various illegitimate sketches in the Jibsheet, a weekly newspaper published at Bellevue Community College. He graduated BCC with an AA Degree in Spring 2007 and Seattle University with a BA in English/Creative Writing in 2011. Don't hold that against him, though.

He's been published in *Always Looking*, *Love's Chance*, *Poet's Espresso*, *The Stray Branch*, *Straylight*, *Soul Fountain*, *Languageandculture.net*, *Litsnack*, *Expressions*, *Eskimo Pie*, *Blink Ink*, *Conceit Magazine*, *Amulet*, *Open Minds Quarterly*, *Pale Horse Review*, *The Neglected Ratio*, *Ink Monkey*, *Vintage Poetry*, Poetic Matrix Press, *The Weekenders*, and *Northern Stars* magazines, The Issaquah Press newspaper, Nickle Beer Night, The Sheltered Poet, The Private Acre, Clutching at Straws, Calliope Nerve, and (A) Record Magazine blogs. He has self-published two collections of poetry, *24 Poems* (2008) and *Pomes Fivedoloursadozen* (2010).

Deceptive Reflections

by Cheryl Sommese

My once-committed companion steadily morphed
 into a fair-weather acquaintance:
 visiting only now and again,
 when the late autumn sun captures
 almost every object in a gentle way
 or the blue moon shines like a habitually absent father,

believing even fleeting appearances
can enchant an abandoned heart.

I mock her when she arrives because I know she will not stay.
And, as time hurriedly envelops the space around me,
I've even become remorseful hoping she would.

How dare she peer her image by my mirror
knowing tomorrow she will depart
and tattletale signs will reappear like an annoying neighbor
spewing the latest gossip.
Might I be too bold if I declare,
"Be gone my transient pal, at one time I valued your friendship
but now I've learned to go about my days
without you"?

Dan'l Webster Room

by Cheryl Sommese

Her brownish-green eyes coyly stared
as a somber look fashioned a gentle
but distant smile.
Mounds of yellowy locks framed the trancelike face,
while smallish fingers with immaculately-groomed nails
grasped an ancient text bordered in gold,
the object resembling
a prophetic tome unearthed by the
Dead Sea.

Everywhere I went her gaze followed.
Near the stately fireplace with perfectly-spaced sconces
hanging above,
by the mahogany desk with an out-of-sort, one-cup coffee machine
residing on top,
even next to the mini French doors leading to a tiny
lattice closet.

Did she know me?

Could she see beneath the carefully-constructed resolve
into spaces that were vulnerable
and frightened
and unsure?

I wanted to carry her home to serve as a reminder
that I am strong even when
I'm weak,
courageous when I'm
scared.

Glimpsing at the side-swept sheers peeking out
to emasculated trees,
weary branches succumbing to winter's brawn,
nature frozen but even
it revives
when renewal calls.

Peering tenderly into my soul she whispered
she must stay,
it seems there were other guests
she was destined
to inspire.

Bio- Cheryl Sommese is a freelance writer specializing in ghost blogs, newsletter pieces, and multi-topic articles. Her creative endeavors include short stories, essays, and poetry. Several of her literary works have been included in print periodicals and online publications. She considers poetry to be a particular passion and opened for the emerging poet, Muad Saleh, in two spoken word events in Manchester, NH, and New York City. She has a BA in Communications and an MA in Liberal Studies with a focus on political studies and writing from the University of New Hampshire. Ms. Sommese lives in Londonderry, NH, with her husband and two dogs.

Music of the Wood (*Prose poem*)

by Denise Morris Curt

Her sultry voice low and loving,
fills the forest with the music of



"Mermaid with Flute" by Denise Morris Curt;
<http://www.meettheartistsandartisans.com/index.html>

the trees, as the
 night winds sweep through her
 limbs and entangled tresses.
 Soon she will be
 taken away remolded and
 carved, made into instruments
 which make spirits soar
 with passion, longing,
 melancholy, desire, joyful
 exuberance, and hopefulness.
 She will sing her wondrous
 songs with magic strings and
 bow, and profound
 knowledge of the grand
 musician who uses them. Halls,
 fields, rooms illuminated
 by candles, oil lamps, and
 fireplaces will hold their breath
 while she entrances
 audiences of many or one.

Alas- she is carelessly left
 behind one night and a horse,
 sleigh, clumsy foot, or vehicle
 smashes her back plate, and
 ruins her neck,
 her carefully carved f's are no
 longer recognizable;
 she is destined for warming a
 room, or being tossed upon the
 wood pile.

A limner receives her from a
 thoughtful and generous
 conductor, a music school, an
 attic,
 or a music lover that knows
 there is little hope for its
 survival,
 and because of the joy it's given,

hopes it will again attain a new kind of visual pleasure and live again. The female shape becomes a goddess, musician, family portrait, or heavenly messenger. A new visual voice, again to be a part of life, laughter, and for someone to find her lovely.

Bio- Known as a "Renaissance Woman", Denise has directed "Meet The Artists and Artisans" since 1962. She presents her 51st season of successful shows with all original works presented by their creators. In 2011, Denise's Milford show was again rated one of the top 100 Best Fine Art Shows in the U.S. and one of the top 100 fine art shows in the Northeast by *Sunshine Artist*.

A former commissioner of The Connecticut Commission on the Arts, gallery director, Corporate Art Consultant and investor, commercial interior designer, art juror and consultant to statewide civic organizations, fashion designer, art and antique restorer, historian and lecturer, she is frequently interviewed on television as the only American Limner using the jewel dust technique.

Her works are in collections throughout Europe, South America, and nearly every state in the U.S. Noted collectors of her work are Leonard Bernstein, J. Paul Getty, Paul Mellon, Blanca Ossorio Patino, Vincent Price, Billy Rose, J. D. Salinger, and Pamela J. Hoiles. Her studio, Angel Bower, is an eighteenth century carriage house used as the first cobbler shop in Southern Connecticut.

Inside Voices

by John Harper

please, please see how it seems absurd—
there are things inside
and i'm not one of them;
if i glare or mew
at their insatiably-tilting watchfulness,
division will be all i see;

it's taken years
just to sort it through
to get a little breathing room;
but now, i'll no longer inhume
the blame for myself
for taking too long to come in
from a cold night's wandering
under a distant blue moon;

now i rise and bow,
sincerely rise and bow,
to what's really deep inside
their jolting voices,
littering the grounds with fear—
it's an answer to what it is about shadows
i'm so into—it's me—

Bio- John Harper's poems have been published in journals including *Diagram*, *Mid-American Poetry Review*, *Cutbank*, *Spinning Jenny* and *Zoland Poetry*. He was a book finalist with Four Way Books, and has a chapbook called *Peek-A-Boo Terrain*.

Starlings

by Sean Lause

At dawn, they punctuate the snow
with their message of betrayal,
these coarse-looking birds, abandoned by Fall.

Not one wind weaves them a shawl
of comfort. The sun brings no reprieve.

At noon, they sit in pairs,
too heavy with cold for flight.
They plummet like discarded angels
to snatch the tossed bread
with their quick and icy beaks.

Sometimes, if hungry enough,
they will tear at each other's blood
over a disputed shred,
rolling round and over each other
like drunken cowboys.

And yet they endure, these dark scars
on the landscape, contemptuous of the
prudish redbird, the raucous jay,
as they huddle for warmth on a factory chimney,
as bristled and stubborn as old shop brooms.

At night, they turn the gaunt elm
to a score of music that enchants the silence,
a sweetness that comes from nowhere
in their lives, as the moon's blistered eye
lengthens their shadows into darkness.

Oh light inscrutable

by Sean Lause

The splendor of my isolate city
that I scoop from ice and snow
this relentless Winter of 1963?
I delve deep beneath the woeful tombs
of older Winters, those pale kings.
I listen for emanations from below,
seeking the icicle's captured priest,
and my own enraptured heart.

Scrawling fables on the wounded winds,
 molding solstices into spheres of diamond,
 I dig deep, deeper still,
 The snow humped high, higher,
 to hide my secrets sure.
 Then lower yet, into the ground
 of things, where the dark worm
 keeps cold vigil for the Spring's blood return.

My cave is just wide enough for wonder,
 with a hole sliced in the top
 to watch the wandering planets
 snake eye through the night.
 Outside howl the white wolves of war,
 but here no hunger or rage can find me,
 not the storm's last shattered grand piano,
 nor blundering giant batter down my door.

Oh light inscrutable,
 with your snow's swift sleight of hand,
 accept an old man's incantation
 to this sacrament of dream.

Bio- Sean Lause teaches courses in Shakespeare, Literature and the Holocaust and Medical Ethics at Rhodes State College in Lima, Ohio. His poems have appeared in *The Minnesota Review*, *The Alaska Quarterly*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *The Saranac Review* and *Poetry International*.

Waking in Wakefield

by Robert Wexelblatt

A Parisian morning, brioche, café
 au lait, sunlight good for artists' bleary
 eyes, descent of Montmartre, comme-il-faut,
 at ten stopped for tea in a crowded
 room, lacquered walls, imperial aromas

faint as attar from old perfume bottles,
Shanghai boiled over with Asian life,
at forenoon the high sun in Omsk dazzled,
glinting off ice and the girls' apple cheeks,
at 11:30 in palm shadows the torrid
Congo just suited me, deep green on a green
darker than the soybean shoots sprouting in
Nebraska where I squeezed my fist
around a bolus of rich prairie dirt,
sipping sweet date wine I drizzled
through my fingers fine sand in a suburb
of Samarkand—sharp shadows, muezzin—
will I ever forget the, ah, sixteen-
year-old hetaera in Manila who rolled my
stiff neck, met the rising anguish of my knots
with hands smooth and promising as inner
thighs—I think soft female giggling must
be earth's bravest sound for I heard it
still as I sank into a deep Vera Cruz siesta,
in Tralee I chose a heather-colored
cable-stitch, in Bond Street a pair of wing-tips,
the Jerusalem papers lay smartly

folded beside my glass of sweet tea in
fragrant Oran, an apéritif drunk
in old Karlsruhe set me up for the
three-course Attic banquet in a bistro
strung with Bacchus' grapes, Apollo's laurel,
not far from the Delphic Oracle, then
afterwards I strolled the Piazza Navona
refreshed by the whispering fountains and
surrounded by sussurrant Roman gossip,
smoking half a postprandial Havana,
one Soho pale ale too many and something
unpleasant bawled in a dive near the Loop
lent the night a dizzy piquancy of peril
though by twelve the Southern Cross lit
my lonesome way down the blank boulevards
and pungent alleys of Montevideo . . .
that must be how I found my way here and
fell asleep in this square room, this narrow bed.

Bio- Robert Wexelblatt is professor of humanities at Boston University's College of General Studies. He has published essays, stories, and poems in a wide variety of journals, two story collections, *Life in the Temperate Zone* and *The Decline of Our Neighborhood*, a book of essays, *Professors at Play*; his novel, *Zublinka Among Women*, won the Indie Book Awards First Prize for Fiction. His most recent book is a short novel, *Losses*.

Double-Triolet: But Father Jose Told Me Not to Tell

by Kenny Fame

He asked if I was feeling weak.
 Thin ruffly shaped ribbons of, peeled
 up potato-skins, at his feet.
 He asked if I was feeling weak.

Red and white like a stop sign. He
 saw me painted in fear. Hands kill.
 He, asked if I, was feeling weak
 Thin, ruffly shaped, ribbons, of peeled

flesh. Afternoons. Everyday. See
 day after day we'd meet. Book's shut.
 pants down. Door's locked. Tea-kettle, seeped
 flesh. Afternoons. Everyday. See

Picasso faces -- Blue Peri-
 od, set in Cubism form. Crushed
 flesh. Afternoon's. Everyday. See
 day after day we'd meet. Book's shut.

Bio- Kenny Fame is a African-American poet who was born in Paterson, New Jersey; but he currently calls the village of Harlem in NYC his home. He was a recent graduate of Cave Canem's 2011 & 2012 Poetry Conversations Workshop classes. He was the winner of "The Tenth National Black Writers Conference Award for Poetry." He has been a featured "Poet of the Week" on the Poetry Super Highway during the week of January 2-8, 2012. His work has appeared in numerous journals both nationally & internationally: *Steel Toe Review* # 7& 10, *River Lit* #5, *The Fine Line*, *Emerge Literary Journal* # 1, *Rufous Salon* (Sweden), *Milk Sugar*, *Prompt Literary Magazine*, *De La Mancha*, *Anastomoo*, *ken*again*, *Assisi Journal*, *African-American Review*, *Gloom Cupboard*, *Black Magnolias Literary Journal* # 6.2 & *The New Verse News* on December 18th, 2011.

A Second Excerpt from Euclid Creek Book Two

by Michael Ceraolo

Sappho,
 in Fragment 16,

asks what is most beautiful;

throws out
a few possible answers only to reject them,
then
(in my favorite translation) answers with:

"whatever one loves most is beautiful"

and
goes on to describe the qualities of her beloved

But
the beloved can be a place in addition to a person,
and
for me this place is just that;
specifically,
the Euclid Creek watershed,
and more generally,
the entire Cleveland area

I was here originally because my parents were,
but
I had a chance to go away to college,
and didn't;
and then in the early 1980s
I had a chance to leave again,
this time
in a kind of Kerouackian road trip/job search,
and again stayed put
I couldn't really have explained why at the time;
some may put it down to laziness,
or the lack of an adventurous spirit,
but
I have gradually come to understand
it's because of my love of this place
(I answer an emphatic
NO!
when people ask if I'll leave the area
when I retire)

I love
most (though not all) of the things
that civic boosters would cite
as the best reasons to live here;
and
I would also cite other reasons,
ones that others would ignore
or cite as reasons to leave,
such as the weather,
which
sometimes even seems to be changing for the better
(will this be the place to be
in the coming years of climate change?)
I embrace the spectacular failures in our history
as well as the documented successes,
and
explore the obscurities in both categories
with the aim of making many of them better known

I reject
 cynicism
 defeatism
 etc.
in favor of a congenital cautious optimism
having at least some basis in reality,
which
has the potential to sound,
at times
and to some ears,
defeatist or cynical,
especially
when pointing out some persistent inequity or iniquity

But
I will continue to conduct investigative poetry
on any and all aspects of this area
that catch my interest and attention,
the good as well as the bad,
adapting
Lincoln's definition of patriotism to the local level:

my city, right or wrong;
when right,
to be kept right;
when wrong,
to be made right

and
to do so for as long as I am able-----

Bio- Michael Ceraolo is a 54-year old civil servant/poet who has had one full-length book (*Euclid Creek*, from Deep Cleveland Press) and a few shorter-length books published, plus numerous magazine publications.

Paint a Portrait

by Ben Harvey

The world is
a thought
of living sculptures in placid fields
that move and pose
and move, and pose.
Then fall to portray anguish
with stone sorrow.

Delicate brushstrokes on a canvas of sand;
I would paint every beach,
every mountain,
if I could only find the right colors.
I take the silhouettes of trees
in the dark
and try to shape them into words
but they never capture the air, or the smell.
Inimitable syllables of cloud
laugh
smile like a father
patting the naïve child's head

Speak words of comfort
that lull me to unconsciousness
and let the world come alive.

Hand in hand
on a winter's eve

everything
alights.

Warmth spreads, starting at my fingertips
and twists around me like ivy.
I close my eyes.

Sometimes words fail me.

Bio- Ben Harvey is a student from Melbourne, Australia. Having always had an appreciation for literature and poetry, he has only recently started writing as a means of self-expression and as a new creative outlet. He is also involved in a number of musical projects locally.

Self Sown

by Tim Reed

I feel a darkness upon me,
having no desire left,
nor wishing for its return.
The days of bitter frolic
in the barren meadows
of our past...are passed.

The peaceful pools,
which once held the sacred Lotus,
long since wept away.
Wind swept...away
the withered bloom.
Too bare, the naked bottom,
crazed from drought.
Cracked and parched

from the blazing brilliance
of the scorn-filled, scorching sun.

But for the winds of time,
whose not so gentle wisps of breath,
have carried chance for fragrant birth
to bloom within the earth
I've now found, Self...sown.

There Exists Choice

by Tim Reed

When considering baptism...
to be bathed and anointed within
by the pools of the soul,
there...exists...choice.

#1

To gaze only upon the surface...
where lies of shallow sight
merely float in the air
of truth. Hollow
in their empty, absence
of reflection. Surface tension...
remaining impermeable.

#2

To gaze intently, beyond the surface
where vision's depth, divine in source
envelopes seamless passage
as light through air. All substance
unified, bathed as One...
liquid in truth, gentle as breath.
There...exists choice...
silent as whispers unspoken.

Bio- Tim Reed started exploring his poetic gift in 1990. This journey of discovery led him to take a long and hard look at himself, his life and his goals and aspirations for life. While looking at these things, he embraced the gift of poetry within him as an outlet for

expression, explosion and healing. Mr. Reed draws on the vast education he earned as a “student” of life experience. In his words, “When things touch me or move me in some way...I write. My writing and life are like a path unfolding before me that’s not mine to question, only to follow. I have found that life is all about perception and often write about my interpretation of ordinary situations that we all experience.” He regularly attends several of the poetry venues along the North and South Shores of Massachusetts and feels he has grown substantially as a poet by doing so.

Ripples Under Ice

Inspired by a walk around Powerscourt gardens and lake with my daughter.

by Máire Morrissey-Cummins

Draped in a veil of ivory lace
she circles the frozen lake.
Her pearl studded hair
ashen with grief
flies with the icy wind
under a star-lit night.

She stands a while
staring into the deep,
watching white lilies bloom.
A gold ring burns
her frozen finger
as she whispers the words
“I do”.

Beneath the glaze
in the depths of the lake,
she watches her dreams ripple.
They stand by the church door,
hearts glowing,
confetti scatters the air.
She looks into his eyes,
their lips touch
as snow tumbles her face.
Her porcelain skin
numbed by crystal spears,

stinging the cool night air,
piercing her yearning heart.

For fifty-two years
she awaits his return,
circling the loch by night.
In her silk purse,
wrapped in scarlet tissue,
she guards a golden locket,
a token of their love.
She holds it to her lips,
to her beating heart
then clicks it open.
Gazing at the photographs,
her true love stands in uniform
and she is smiling seventeen.

Warmed by her locket,
wrapped in her memories,
her dreams continue to bloom.
Her lily bouquet
flows in the ripples.
Love's reflections
held forever,
solid as ice.

Morning Wonder

by Máire Morrissey-Cummins

In the stillness of the morning
I open my window.
I wonder is it you
who calls me?
through the trembling leaves
warbling birdsong,
cool breeze embrace
gently touching my face.

I scan the sky,
clouds drift to the east.

I search for your face,
a sign, a trace.
An apricot sunrise lifts the dawn,
shadows streak the fields,
a path of light gilds the sea.

I close my eyes
basking in newborn rays.
I wonder could it be your glow?
I hear soft whispers
circling the maple tree.
I sense your aura
as pink rosebuds bloom.

House martins skim the trees
clipping in and out of nests.
Dewdrops drip from their beaks
to nourish their young.
I wonder can they see you?
I watch in silence
in wonder.

Rusty Clippings

by Máire Morrissey-Cummins

The old lady who lives
in the house on the seafront,
stands with rusty shears
trimming her hedge of purple Hebe.
Elbows bent, she clips salty air,
hoping for visits from passers-by.

A sprawling house
collapsing from years of disrepair,
her world exists in a solitary room.
Loneliness seeps from
faded rose patterned wallpaper.
Curtains sag, stale with senility.
A tired burgundy carpet
threads the stairs

to a forgotten world.
Framed photographs
stare from the mantelpiece,
their faces buried in her memory.

Her eyes look to the sea,
absorbed by the swish of the waves.
Her life, held in the flow
of an ever changing tide
and the rusty shears by the hedge.

Bio- Máire is Irish but has lived throughout Europe for many years in Holland and Germany mainly and presently lives between Ireland and Germany. After years of working in the Financial Sector, she found the joy of art and poetry and loves getting lost in words and paint. She is a published haiku writer and has had a number of poems published in *Every Day Poets*, *Your Daily Poem*, Poetry Anthologies and other e-zines. She has been married 32 years and has two adult children.

Filmed Poetry Reading Series I

We are proud to present our very first Filmed Poetry Reading series. I was inspired to develop this project by a poetry night I attended in October featuring regional poets. The intensity of the performances lingered with me. I'd never experienced readings on such a powerful level. I wanted to mix the performance art (body language, enunciation) with the kinds of poems and pieces of artwork signature to our publication.

We planned out every detail so that the poetry could be absorbed at an optimum level; the poets were carefully chosen, each having performed/read their work before. The diverse collection of poems was carefully hand-picked as well. Poets were told to choose their movements based on the passages they wanted to emphasize. It wasn't only that these poets had to know how to write a great poem, they had to be able to possess facets of acting talent as well. I'm delighted to say that each showed great prowess in knowing just how to manipulate their tone, moments of eye contact and gestures. Each had their poems pasted into a singular black book, but they had their works memorized. The process of filming was watching pure magic come together to communicate what we'd envisioned in our minds. It was an education to learn about the amount of detail work that goes into film. I'm deeply grateful to F.R. Perro Productions (Chip Perro) for the artistry, creativity and professionalism put into this project to make it just as I had dreamed it. I'm also deeply grateful to our own Ken Steinkamp (for being a gracious, enthusiastic host and lending his masterful works to add to the visual element), Cheryl Sommese, Tim Reed and Alice Kociemba (for being willing to try something completely new, their individual, remarkable personalities and for giving such incredible performances- your talent makes my job fun).

You will see below on this page our traditional written word format and it's just as potent as ever with voices we cherish; this is just an addition of a multi-media component to add to the overall poetry section. Since this is new, it's largely a glorious experiment- and we want to know what you think! This entire project was all about being 'at the write place at the write time'!

Visit: <http://www.youtube.com/writeplacewritetime>

Credits

Poets and their works in order of appearance:

"Nonna's Blanket" by Cheryl Sommese

"The Unforgivable" by Cheryl Sommese

"Beebe Woods" by Alice Kociemba

"This Skin" by Tim Reed

"The Silence" by Tim Reed

Artwork by Ken Steinkamp in order of appearance:

Amongst the Shadows of Being- Mixed Media on Plexiglass

Timed Exposure I- Mixed Media on Plexiglass

Timed Exposure VI- Mixed Media on Plexiglass

(<http://kensteinkamp.com/>)

Compilation of poetry and artwork organized and coordinated by *The Write Place At the Write Time*

(<http://www.thewriteplaceatthewritetime.org/>)

Videography by F.R. Perro Productions (<http://www.frperro.com/>)

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Poet Bios and Poems:

Cheryl Sommese is a freelance writer specializing in ghost blogs, newsletter pieces, and multi-topic articles. Her creative endeavors include short stories, essays, and poetry. Several of her literary works have been included in print periodicals and online publications. She considers poetry to be a particular passion and opened for the emerging poet, Muad Saleh, in two spoken word events in Manchester, NH, and New York City. She has a BA in Communications and an MA in Liberal Studies with a focus on political studies and writing from the University of New Hampshire. Ms. Sommese lives in Londonderry, NH, with her husband and two dogs.

Nonna's Blanket

I lie here
surrounded by the fibers so vibrantly alive,
resting in the shadow of a woman
I barely knew.
Her manner was sometimes cold
but her eyes were warm,
a stoic immigrant in a foreign place
with only hope to guide her way.

I peer out from the corner
a frightened child desperately trying to comprehend her
broken English.
It is then I see her,
flesh slightly dangling from her lower chin—
graying curls peeking out from a spider web net,
sitting in her knitting chair.
Leaving behind everything she knew
for the dream of something better,
she tirelessly toiled
to weave her space
in this new land.

It was not with ease that I could like her
but this tapestry was perfect,
grass greens—
chocolate browns,
the blanket of love she bestowed
to each of us.
Through hours of dedication
and in every intricate loop
I saw her struggles.
And now,
through the eyes of a child who has lived more years,
could recognize her triumphs
and the hungering
in her heart.

She is no longer with us
and I can only hope while immersed in prayer
to get a glimpse of where she might be.
Now a grown soldier with armor of my own,
I battle to find my place
in this land that is
my home.

As the half-circle moon peers through my pain
in the void of this sleepless night
I believe I know her.
In confronting the my own fears
and lost dreams,
I understand hers.

Woven together—
it is this coverlet which connects us,
for it is warm
and strong
and gentle.
Through all the washings
and moves
and broken promises
it still is beautiful.
So I drape myself in its memory,
and rest in Grandma's embrace.

The Unforgivable

Orange heat oozed from its depths,
but the half-inch flame no longer
warmed my soul.
Creamy figurines seemed dazed atop
the platform window,
while two sets of Wise Men grew lost,
the guiding star they followed
eclipsed by despair.

I sat quivering in silence,
attempting to grasp something that could never be tidily
tucked away.
So my head bowed praying it was all a nightmare,
but the idealistic notions could not transform the horror
into anything
less real.

Did liquid trickle from His eyes when He welcomed

them home?
 Does He know wickedness before
 it strikes?
 Will His heart absolve the unforgivable?

Last night the house wore gloom to dinner,
 even the flickering lights surrounding
 the decorated tree
 failed to fill it with life.
 I had hoped to celebrate the evening,
 but many things died
 when the children did.

Alice Kociemba is the director of *Calliope - Poetry Series* which sponsors monthly readings and craft workshops at the West Falmouth Library. She is the author of the chapbook *Death of Teaticket Hardware*, the title poem of which won the International Merit Award from the *Atlanta Review*. Her recent poems have appeared in *Salamander*, *Main Street Rag*, *Avocet*, and *Off the Coast* as well as other journals. Ms. Kociemba is on the Advisory Board of the Massachusetts Poetry Festival and is a member of the Jamaica Pond Poets. She is a psychotherapist and lives in Falmouth, MA.
www.calliopepoetryseries.com

Beebe Woods

First you notice the absence
 of civilized sounds,
 time seems shut off,
 beneath your haste,
 a quiet holy—
 each step, an amen.
 Pine and oak, intertwined,
 birds back early.
 Suddenly a chill,
 both sinister and sacred.
 There is no Here.
 You're in a long ago lost—
in summer, a lake, tall pines,
twisted paths,
thick with needles.
This way? That? Hours pass
walking, crying, walking, getting dark...
 Is there no way out of Beebe Woods?

Tim Reed started exploring his poetic gift in 1990. This journey of discovery led him to take a long and hard look at himself, his life and his goals and aspirations for life. While looking at these things, he embraced the gift of poetry within him as an outlet for expression, explosion and healing. Mr. Reed draws on the vast education he earned as a

“student” of life experience! In his words, “When things touch me or move me in some way...I write. My writing and life are like a path unfolding before me that’s not mine to question, only to follow. I have found that life is all about perception and often write about my interpretation of ordinary situations that we all experience.” He regularly attends several of the poetry venues along the North and South Shores of Massachusetts and feels he has grown substantially as a poet by doing so.

This Skin

Just as I started getting “comfortable”
in this skin...having grown “enough”
to fill its well taught security.
I learned that it was...too taut.

No longer suited...for protection of that within.
Now, seemingly designed,
to smother and stunt its growth instead.
This skin...no longer fits.

Regardless of comfort,
it is still, indeed a tattered gown.
Just a hand me down, a hold me down,
of the past.

It is time...for a new skin! My own skin.
Not one worn pretending like it fits.
Rather one that does fit, and stretches
and grows with me, as I continue becoming.

This old one has...served me well.
Having brought me to this place,
where there is enough space,
to craft the cocoon
of my changing room.
In it...there is abundant room for change.

The glorious metamorphosis has begun.
The wings of this new skin...have filled.
And I am NOW learning to take flight
upon my newly realized
limitless journey in...this skin.

The Silence

Do you hear it...the silence?
The silence between...the rain drops

Between the deafening crescendos...of the thunder
Between the chatter and clutter...of the day

Do you hear it...the silence?
The silence between...your thoughts
Between the inevitable scrutiny...of your choices
Between the beginnings, at birth...and at death

Do you hear it...the silence?
Between the evolutions of Now...as one begins next
Do you hear it?

I do...I hear the silence
And I listen to it!
Because...in the between...in the silence,
there is peace and solitude, reassurance and truth,
there is wholeness...within.
In the silence there is amazing abundance,
absence of need,
there is...Universal Oneness

Do you hear it...the silence?
Do you hear it...between the words?
Do you hear it...in me?
Do you hear it...in...YOU?
Listen for it...listen to it
Listen, to the silence...

Artist Statement:

Ken Steinkamp

My works are vigorous, calligraphic expressions of my search for and journey through life's forces. They are created using a variety of materials: canvas, oil, thread, panel, Plexiglas, plaster, wire, graphite, canvas and paper. Each material is explored keenly, to engage the viewer. The character of this attacking exploration of lines, colors and layered surfaces evokes the exploration of the many lines and layers of one's life journey.

I have been producing images and exhibiting for nearly thirty years. It is my purpose as an artist. It has been enhanced by education, travel and experience. I graduated from the University of Northern Iowa with a BA in Art Education then worked at the White House Photo Lab in Washington DC to complete my military service. I completed a Masters Degree in Studio Art/ Printmaking from the University of Wisconsin, Madison in 1974. After a brief teaching career, I worked on a CETA grant at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. Since then, for 28 years I worked as an International crewmember for American Airlines. There I experienced a wide array of arts and culture throughout the world. This position also afforded me the opportunity to pursue my art career on a part-time basis.

Having recently retired from the Airlines, I can now devote my time exclusively to my art career and other artistic endeavors from my studio.

I've had several one-man and group exhibitions at small independent galleries. Collectors of my work are from many cities in the USA and Europe.

Filmed Poetry Readings - Series One



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