

## [The Write Place At the Write Time](#)

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### Come in...and be captivated...

#### **Interlude in the East**

By: Denise Bouchard

You wanted to be the one who would cure me... No one else had ever gotten through  
You said I needed to believe in something... You wondered, "What have they done to you?"

Speaking my name so exotically as though it had different letters...  
Massaging my back, you crying out to my unrelenting blockages of pain,  
"Let me in..."

You helped me to relax in the golden light of your Asian scented rooms,  
leaving me feeling free and unfettered  
But letting anyone in was to forgive- where would I begin?

The pain in my life and body grew worse  
My energy leaked through your powerful hands like a sieve  
I should've told you...you cannot cure anyone who has a curse...  
Besides, I had nothing left to give

#### **Astronomy Lesson**

By: Vince Corvaia

Cloud-shadows slide  
over the flat motels.

Vacancy signs are burning  
all over the universe

all over the universe.

Pluto, astronomers tell us,  
doesn't count anymore.

It sits alone on the edge  
of a rented twin bed

and watches the solar system  
passing between the parted drapes.

### **Gated Community**

By: Vince Corvaia

I used to live on a cul-de-sac,  
another word for dead end.

Neighbors greeted each other  
or else were never greeted.

No cars up on blocks, no painted mailboxes.  
Rules were rules.

When a neighbor posted  
a campaign sign on his lawn,

the resident committee  
gave him an ultimatum.

I broke out one night  
while the guards were distracted

by the wrong wattage  
on a porch light.

Map on my lap and a cool juice  
in its cup holder,

I've been running ever since.



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### **Mother Nature's Supreme Display**

By: Matthew Harris

A strand of pearls clung to slender tree limbs  
 bejeweled woody flora prismatic orbs  
 tell tale sign recent cloudburst  
 cleft darkened heavens  
 rained watery life source liquid  
 downpour laced branched canopy  
 awash with molecular droplets  
 requisite to feed burlesque Vaudeville bluster  
 exquisite gala performance unrehearsed  
 unscripted ubiquitous theatrical performance  
 received limitless encores  
 toward Gaia screenwriter  
 whose infinite scope  
 (wrought upon the natural landscape palette)  
 exceeds the finite abilities of those bipedal  
 dominatrix  
 human organisms imbued  
 whose dilettante debut  
 (dawned these last seconds on the clock face of  
 geologic history)  
 might witness the curtain call on their final act!



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### **Untitled**

By: Laura Paquette

starving artists maintain their 2000 on wine and  
 cheap carbs  
 lacking sleep and love deprived we falsify an  
 existence that  
 miller, kerouac, bukowski - can relate to

and I'm at the point, where if you can't  
comprehend, you might as well stop.  
for only those the passion to create can relate to  
the next few incomprehensible lines  
spending dough on booze and cigarettes and  
books we can't afford - wondering where our  
next  
meal  
rent  
bill  
whore - flow is going to originate from  
feeling in our guts, as we shell out the last bill  
that resides in our pocket or otherwise,  
that the current choice could very well be our last  
and we are in the red  
on the merlot - the cabernet sovereign  
but NEVER the white  
and we do  
not care!  
for tonight may as well be our last  
and if - perhaps - we might wake up tomorrow  
the change shoved dramatically between the  
couch cushions will get us through another 10,  
fifteen, maybe half a page  
the passion is all we have -

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**Four-legged Legacy**

By: Cheryl Sommese

I know what love looks like; it has a face and body.  
It is overweight at forty pounds and cocks its head  
when it wants a kiss.  
Sometimes,  
mostly when you are unaware,  
it turns on its back  
and stares at you with the utmost of intensity.

It revels in your happiness and jumps to find joy  
when your day is taxing.  
It makes waking significant and sleeping serene;  
often,  
it is all you need.  
And if love gets sick,  
it remarkably bequeaths its character onto you.  
And then you—look like love.

### **The Supernatural Natural**

By: Cheryl Sommese

Her portly figure confused the scene,  
arm extended,  
servitude evident.  
She was not meant to be  
where the formal congregated--  
my sister cut her out.

Mom and Dad looked gorgeous,  
never imagining  
they could possess passion  
in such a grand measure.  
As generations processed  
the decades came to mock  
the black and white  
antiquity.

But she was a woman  
in every town  
in every place.  
Struggling to exist  
resilience her force,  
invisible  
to the world,  
until an impromptu shot  
captures her worth.

**The Vanity Window**

By: Trina McKinney

It's at the mall on every floor.  
It's leading outside to my patio.  
It's all over the building where I work.  
I can't escape this window that tempts me  
To look into it every chance I get!  
Some make me look fat;  
Some make me look skinny,  
But it never shows my inner beauty.  
It never shows the hurt that I carry  
Or the things that I celebrate.  
It never gives me the answers to my questions  
Or the cash for my debts.  
I just wonder if I should even bother  
Turning it's way.  
Okay, for the fun of it I'll glance one last time.

**Coming Home After Katrina**

By: Trina McKinney

Change is perplexing when  
your spirit is wounded  
and the scars can hold you back.  
The regrets of your past  
make you wonder  
if you're worthy of happiness.  
Change can make the wounded  
afraid of failure and  
disappointment, but  
good change can promise  
nothing but goodness  
if you believe.  
Have faith in your heart

and everything else will follow.

**Untitled**

By: Adam Bright

They laid us to rest in graves so shallow  
The dying none so easy  
as the living vying for light above the grass and gravel

Soaked in the sun and caked with the dew of early morn  
A song in deepest azure  
of desire and longing both beautiful and forlorn  
goes up into the day neither embraced nor forsaken

It sounds the happy call to order  
A vibrant symphony of scent and of color  
most indifferent to ambient insect activities  
befitting only this field in which we live of  
overgrown grass and clover

And we rise again and again  
As quickly picked by the hands of men  
extended out like tomes of power:  
The leaves,  
The petals,  
The stems  
of us wildflowers

**To the Muse of History**

By: Nicole M. Bouchard

Don me, Great Clio, in history threadbare  
worn down through the centuries  
like garments of memories  
spun with great care

Lend to me your tablets, your parchment,  
your quill...  
entice me to own of the past  
what I will...

Teach me what is great of all  
that has come before  
Wrap me in their voices, their poetry,  
their lore

And when I am dressed in the very best  
of the ancient way  
May I remember that I am not  
alone to face the day

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