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Come in...and be captivated...

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powered by 

"Shelter Island" by C. Michelle Olson; www.cmichelleolson.com

Home

by Michelle Kennedy

We sit on the rooftop
peeling oranges
watching the painted skyline
blend, then fade away
into silver-coated dust
on ebony silkscreen

All the memories
fit neatly into our pockets
You take my hands, lift me
up into your arms
We stir like honey and milk

Citronella candles
line our dance floor
You hum softly, we create
a natural rhythm borne from time
The fireflies recklessly dance
above our heads, close to the flame

It's always nice to go back
to the home that built us

Ripples Creep Over Our Feet

by Joan Mc Nerney

Should we stand shivering or
dive in? Lose our footprints?

The sun is a giant beach ball.
See it splashing through

waves all red violet blue.

Weaving around this ocean

my legs encircle your waist.

You are so massive and wonderful.

Perhaps we can discover some

great canyons where stars

fell one billion years ago.

I see beams of light in

your hands touching their

cool luminosity now.

Rendezvous

by Joan McNeerney

Rendezvous was the name of a paint can
from Main Street Hardware.

With sweat lingering on her
face, she colored her room.

Tinted now like insides of
ripe plums, like perfect grapes.

When the sizzling lemon sun
dropped from heaven... night
became moist and black.

Her fan whirled thick air

stained with cigarettes
coffee, turpentine, white wine.

She sank into her wicker couch
as fog horns trail the horizon.

Lotus screech relentlessly for water
always wanting more more more water.

Closing her eyes, remembering him
now tasting the feast of his smile.

Sequoias

by Gary Beck

I walk a lonely path past dying trees,
their limbs outstretched in supplicating pleas.

Their tale of woe I do not know
of desolate years alone.

They stalwartly stand, in vigilance grand,
embracing the wind with a groan.

The path unfolds, in awe I catch my breath,
all splendor gone in such majestic death.

Their prime has passed, I view the last
impressive monarchs made
and now I attend their tragical end
and watch nature's handiwork fade.

Seasonscape

by Changming Yuan

Spring: like a raindrop
on a small lotus leaf
unable to find the spot
to settle itself down
in an early autumn shower
my little canoe drifts around
near the horizon
beyond the bare bay

Summer: in her beehive-like room
so small that a yawning stretch
would readily awaken
the whole apartment building
she draws a picture on the wall
of a tremendous tree
that keeps growing
until it shoots up
from the cemented roof

Autumn: not unlike a giddy goat
wandering among the ruins
of a long lost civilization
you keep searching
in the central park
a way out of the tall weeds
as nature makes new york
into a mummy blue

Winter: after the storm
all dust hung up

in the crowded air
with his human face
frozen into a dot of dust
and a rising speckle of dust
melted into his face
to avoid this cold climate
of his antarctic dream
he relocated his naked soul
at the dawn of summer

Tsunami Stone

by Anne Whitehouse

*High dwellings ensure the peace and happiness of our descendants-
inscription, tsunami stone, Aneyoshi, Iwate Prefecture as reported by Martin
Fackler, Tsunami Warnings Written in Stone, The New York Times, April 20,
2011.*

The four-foot high stone
stands beside the only road
of the small village
lying in a narrow, cedar-filled valley
leading to the ocean.
Downhill from the stone,
a blue line newly painted on the road
marks the edge of the tsunami's advance,
127.6 feet high.
Below the painted line,
the valley's a scene of total destruction,
its walls shorn of trees and soil,
leaving only naked rock.
Nothing is left of the fishing harbor
except huge blocks of the shattered wave walls
strewn across the small bay.

The tsunami stone was a way
to warn descendants of the next century
that another tsunami will definitely come
but the nation believed in new tsunami walls
and other modern concrete barriers,
which the waves easily overwhelmed.

As time passes, people inevitably forget,
until the next tsunami.

Dancing in Water

by Anne Whitehouse

for Eiko and Koma

A frame of driftwood
in the current's ebb and flow—
clinging to the frame,
the dancers, stiff as driftwood,
curve slowly into stones
while water runs over
their stilled forms.

In time they come alive,
are rippling reeds,
swaying stem and buried root,
variously wind, tree,
flower, naked breath
that swells behind
the push to give birth.

The dancers are in the river,

the dance is in the river,
the dance is the river.

From outside in I found this story:
she almost died,
and he brought her back to life.

Dried leaves, discarded and scattered—
let them go; new ones will grow.
A cricket perched on a twig,
graceful and humorous
at the close.

Cold Gray

by Michael Lee Johnson

Below the clouds
forming in my eyes,
your soft eyes,
delicate as silk warm words,
used to support the love I held for you.

Cold, now gray, the sea tide
inside turns to poignant foam
upside down, separates-
only ghosts now live between us.

Yet, dream like, fortune-teller,
bearing no relation to reality-
my heart is beyond the sea now.
A relaxing breeze sweeps
across the flat surface of me.
I write this poem to you
neglectfully sacrificing our love.
I leave big impressions
with a terrible hush inside.
Gray bones now bleach with memories,
I'm a solitary figure standing
here, alone, along the shoreline.

Leaves in December

by Michael Lee Johnson

Leaves, a few stragglers in
December, just before Christmas,
some nailed down crabby
to ground frost,

some cracked by the bite
of nasty wind tones.

Some saved from the matchstick
that failed to light.

Some saved from the rake
by a forgetful gardener.

For these few freedom dancers
left to struggle with the bitterness:
wind dancers
wind dancers
move your frigid
bodies shaking like icicles
hovering but a jiffy in sky,
kind of sympathetic to the seasons,
reluctant to permanently go,
rustic, not much time more to play.

I Feel Lightening in Your Wind

by Michael Lee Johnson

I feel light in a thunderstorm

I electrify the touch of you through my veins
I'm the greenery around your life
that breaths your earth into your lungs
I challenge all your false decisions
with the glory of my godliness
I'm your syntax, your stoic,
your ears, your glory.
I walk daylight into your morning breath
allow you to breath.
I let the technique of me into your brain cells;
from the top tip to the bottom
of small baby feet extensions.
I'm the banquet hall of all
your joys, damnations;
your curses, your emotions
and your breathing with the wind.

Perfect Getaway

by C. Michelle Olson

Visions of a perfect getaway
Sweet charm to disarm
Surrendering to an ocean view
Sweet ocean's melody to hear
Starting anew
A beaming full moon casting a giant light
Drawing one near
Blankets of thick sand
To sparkle in the night
A picture perfect haven
Sighs of a carefree existence
Melting to this charming Victorian beach getaway
Worries, fears, and regrets dissipate
Never feeling resistant
For happy times take control of the mind
Bursting with excitement in this grandiose place
Bustling activity surrounding her everywhere

Many choices to make
A mood surely elevates
My, one may have the time of their life
Guests flocking to the beach
Bars filling the seats to take a break from the record heat
Chatter heard as everyone rallies to speak
Aromas escaping eateries tempt your nose
Passion is in the air
Like a butterfly captivated by his favorite flower
Drawn by her sweet scent and dazzling beauty
He invites
Does she dare
Within this haven, happiness takes over
A perfect dream retreat
One never wants to leave

Losing Eli

by Vince corvaia

Eli grew a tumor behind his left ear
when I was ten.

My parents didn't want
the vet bills.

"Take him out and lose him,"
my mother said one Saturday.

So there we were,
I on my ten-speed, Eli

running to keep up
through new developments

that reeked of tar and sawdust.
I heard the flap-flap-flap

of playing cards against spokes,
a cacophony of innocence,

and I knew no matter
how hard I pedaled,

I would keep growing older
and Eli would not.

Now, sure enough, I am older,
and every blank page I confront

reminds me of a vast landscape
broken by a boy on a bicycle

and, ten feet behind,
a dog running for its life

past the pastel houses.

The Peels

by Valentina Cano

You've acquired a sticky lacquer
to your skin
that traps dust and panicked flies
as they roam by.

I don't know if it's a new thing,
an appendage that has
overgrown its sheath,
or if it was always there
and I was too convoluted
like oily water to see it.
When I touch you,
my fingers jerk back
ragged, ripped like torn notebook paper,
bleeding in silence.

You carry my skin on
your flytrap covering.
You carry it as you shower
and tie your shoes,
always swirling around you,
trying to catch your
misguided attention.
One day you'll glance
down at the flap of suffocating skin
and realize I've probably
bled to death.

The Dust Bowl

by Michael Ceraolo

"I think I'll miss you most of all, [Scarecrow]..." - The Wizard of Oz (1939)

"I do not hesitate in giving the opinion
that it is almost wholly uninhabitable
by a people depending upon agriculture
for their subsistence"
the on-target original opinion
that was all-too-soon subsumed
by a public/private partnership in greed
that connived to populate this area
far in excess of its carrying capacity:

"The High Plains continues to be the most alluring body
of unoccupied land in the United States"

"No purer water ever came out of the ground"
"The supply is inexhaustible"
"the best damned country God's sun ever shone upon"

"The soil is the one indestructible, immutable asset"
"the one resource that cannot be exhausted,

that cannot be used up"

September 14, 1930

A dry summer had killed the farm crops,
and
the hundreds of species of prairie grass
that had held the fragile topsoil in place
since before humans peopled the continent
(said topsoil having taken
thousands and thousands of years
of runoff from the mountains
for it to be created)

having

been dug up in order to farm the land,
there was nothing to hold the topsoil down
when the wind began to blow

And

the wind continued to blow and blow
for the next several years of drought,
the storms increasing in number each year,
black blizzards three seasons of the year,
snow-crusted dust storms called snusters
happening in the winter,

until

April 14, 1935

Black Sunday

The mother of all storms,

looking

like the end of the world in photographs
of a wall of dust a mile high
that blew,

like some of the earlier storms,

a thousand and more miles across the country,
depositing

enough dust in the nation's capital this time
to penetrate even a politician's consciousness,
and

blowing out even past that
to land on ships three hundred mile out
on the Atlantic Ocean

850,000,000 tons of topsoil
all told,
 more than dug up in many canals
and none of it under human control,
was gone from an area of
at least a hundred million acres
over parts of six states,
 gone due to
"a mistaken homesteading policy,
the stimulation of war time demands
which led to over cropping and over grazing,
and
encouragement of a system of agriculture
which could not be both permanent and prosperous"

"In no other instance
was there greater
 or more sustained
damage to the American land"
though
out of the huge dark dust clouds
came the silver lining of realization
that ecosystems transcended,
were no respecters of,
man-made boundaries of any size,
and
legislation creating new entities
called soil conservation districts
that acknowledged this fact was enacted,
and spread all across the country,
a small step away from cancerous individualism-----

Morning Meals

by Cheryl Sommese

Assorted beaks pecked beneath the see-through cylinder
feasting on the morning fare
with dignified diligence.
Seeds soon scattered about
the porch
decorating random slats
with vibrant colors,
while furry forms scurried over
munching
on the spillage
with apparent glee.

I gazed in wonder at it all—
the different creatures cordially sharing
a simple meal.

And
as the air resounded
like a hundred playgrounds filled
with happy children,
everything
became quite grand.

Death of The Past

by Carl Scharwath

Enlightened moon an abortion of nighttime creation,

cries energy in summer's final luminance.

Grave yard headstones manifest elongated shadows.

Cement souls embedded in the humid grass,

the distant, lonely house exhales the past.

History impregnates the air through tiny stucco cracks.

Curb adorned in one broken old television set,

the future anchored in its rusted satellite dish

No one ever dies here anymore, where have they gone?

Displaced suburbia manifests abandoned dreams,

a neighborhood raped in shuttered factories.

Polluted smoke replaced with the whiteness of lonely clouds.

Missouri Spring

by Mary Earls

Cold, rainy,
not good for gardeners.
Too soon to hoe.
Tomato seedlings sit sadly
in too-damp pots.
We sit stolid
frowning at dank skies.
Before we can hoe
we must plant.

Changes

by April Avalon

I'm looking around and searching you there,
The bright prospect lights only frown as I stare,
My heart's getting lost in the shatters.
I know you'll pick them all up when you come,
And I'll never mind if you steal at least some,
Just keep them, and nothing else matters.

Those white and green lights got my secret revealed,
I'll write it all down and cherish it sealed,
One day it will find destination.
Whoever discovers the mystery penned,
They won't guess a word, I have got it all planned,
This madness becomes my salvation.

The eyes of the suburbs will warm and appease
My heart, ever-aching, with evident ease.
Your look in the window still shows.
It's fixed in the soul, it's fixed in the glass,
This moment can linger for good either pass,
It's changing. Well, destiny knows.

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