

April 2022 | ISSUE 08

# movement

union county library literary magazine



Cover Art by Amber Tarlton

let your library card  
take you on an  
adventure with

  
  
kanopy



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#### ON THE COVER

This month's front and back cover was provided by Amber Tarlton. The front is titled "Mother Earth" and the back cover is "Transcend." See more of this artist's work on Instagram @amberltarlton.

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 316 E. WINDSOR ST.  
MONROE, NC 28112  
+1-704-283-8184

 [WWW.UNIONCOUNTYNC.GOV/LIBRARY](http://WWW.UNIONCOUNTYNC.GOV/LIBRARY)



# editor's note

Ah, poetry. I'll be honest, it's not my favorite part of past English classes. However, the one thing I could always appreciate about poetry is its infinite languages, styles, and meanings. I've always adored how you could say so much with so little. Three sentences were all it would take to pack an emotional punch. As a wordy person, it was always mind-boggling. And the pictures it could paint you, the feelings it evokes, and how it seems timeless are all that make poetry so special.

This issue of the Movement Literary Magazine is not only celebrating the 26th annual celebration of poets and poetry, but is also spotlighting National Library Week. In this issue, we have submitted poems, an interview with a poet, book recommendations, and even current Union County Library workers telling you why they love working for a library. I hope you enjoy it.

*Tesla Rush*  
Editorial Manager

Join us for National  
Poetry Month in April.

# poetry slam

Be the star!  
Share your  
poems!

Thursday, April 7th  
6 p.m. - 8 p.m.

209 E Franklin St, Monroe





# BAKING OUT POEMS

## AN INTERVIEW WITH LINDA E. GOODLIFFE

by Linda E. Goodliffe  
Interviewed by Jakeem Royal

I had the pleasure of interviewing Linda E. Goodliffe, a poet with a Bachelor's degree in English from Queens University of Charlotte, and a Master's of Fine Arts degree in Creative Writing, specifically Poetry, from Queens. Linda is a disabled veteran who grew up in New Jersey and moved to Charlotte from San Diego in 2006. Before going back to school for English and creative writing in 2013 at Queens University, she had been a volunteer Chaplain at the Mecklenburg County Jail for about five years. Before that, she had a variety of jobs in the corporate world that she didn't like after being medically, honorably, discharged from the US Navy. Looking back, she says, "I started to write poetry as a child, and I've enjoyed reading poetry for as long as I could read, but I didn't make the connection that I am a poet and writer until much later in life."

From her time at Queens University, Linda says, "I loved every minute spent there, even the many times I cried in the library. I love to read, but I'm not a fast reader because of my ADHD. So, getting a degree in English, and I'm proud to say I graduated Cum Laude, was extra hard for me, hence all the crying in the library. It was a safe place to cry, and I call Queens my cocoon. I can't say enough good things about Queens. I was able to do so much healing there."

Linda has also owned a bakery with her mother for little over a year now. The bakery, Mommom's Bakery, is the, "Lemonade mom and I made out of the pandemic lemons."

**JR: Describe your working day. Is it hard to start off writing something new?**

**LG:** No one pays poets a living wage for our poetry, so we all have to do something else, or marry well or have an inheritance. So, the writing life for most of us is always a battle with our work day and life's obligations, because our work day usually does not involve us writing our own poetry. I hope this changes someday, and I have some ideas about this, but this has always been the case for poets. No one pays thousands of dollars for a poem, like they do for a painting.

Right now, I'm obsessed with making my bakery a success, but I still have my white board up with my list of writing projects, and my first collection of poetry, or my MFA thesis, on my writing desk that has become my desk for everything because my computer desk is piled with papers and books. My days are chaotic, but I think I like it that way. The trick is to wrangle the chaos, and some days I do that better than others. I try to pick my priorities for the day, and that helps.

I'm planning to take a train ride to anywhere and back that takes up a whole day. I'm going to turn my phones off, and use that time to finish the few final edits I have left to get my first full collection of poems ready to send to publishers. No one knows me on a train and I'll be out of town so I can't do any baking or supply runs, so no one will interrupt me as long as I turn my phones off and don't use the internet when I enter edits on my computer. If someone would please tell Apple that I don't want to know who's calling, texting, and emailing me while I'm in the middle of working on a writing project on my computer, I'd really appreciate that (if you have an Apple computer and an iPhone, you know). I'll give the bakery's cell phone to my mom that day. I'm interrupted so frequently, like minute by minute, that I have to get away get my writing done. I think I've been interrupted at least eleven times in the last half hour.

Make that thirteen.

As for writing something new, I usually don't have a problem with that. Once in a while a prompt for a class project wasn't something that worked for me so it was a struggle to get something handed in, but other than that my ADHD helps me with this. You don't have to have ADHD to flex creative muscles like this, but it helps me. If I'm really really struggling to start a poem and my usual tricks aren't working, I'll just look around the room and start to write about something I pick out in the room. It's okay to write badly. That's part of process, and if I'm picking something out in the room, then I'm probably writing something that will never see the light of day, and that's perfectly fine.

It's the finishing of grand projects that I struggle with. Also, I get distracted easily, so I have to prioritize. I have to set specific goals, and find ways to stick to them. Otherwise, nothing would ever get done. For example, I have some prose fiction I want to write and a collection of found poems (my next poetry project), but I have other projects I must finish first. Sometimes, I'll drift over to those other projects and start to work on them, even in the midst of working on the writing projects I have set as a priority. You might say that maybe those other projects are calling to me for a reason, but that's not the case for me. That's my ADHD. Again, it's about wrangling the chaos, which includes the beautiful chaos in my mind.

**JR: What kind of poetry do you like to read? Do you even like to read poetry?**

**LG:** I LOVE to read poetry!! I loved most of my classes at Queens, but probably my favorite class EVER was the Emily Dickinson class I took with Dr. Emily Seelbinder. I love to read Emily Dickinson's poetry, and I still read her poetry often. One can spend a lifetime reading Emily Dickinson's poetry and only scratch the surface of her brilliance. I love that her poetry is a constant act of discovery. I also loved the Chaucer class I took with Dr. Goode, but I don't pick that book up anymore. I should, though. I'd like to read that in the original English it was written in, which is very different from what English looks like today. It has to be translated, but, it's still English.

I read everything, really. I'm even revisiting poetry that I didn't take to as a student, and finding the beauty in it. Plus, there are so many brilliant poets publishing poetry today, and I love to read their poetry. I think Yusef Komunyakaa is one of my favorite living and still publishing poets.

I love to give new books of poetry as gifts. Everyone should give books of poetry as a gift, I think, and so many are published every year.

**JR: What is a good writing exercise that you would like to share?**

**LG:** Pick a noisy word out of the dictionary, and this is why we should all have a giant, heavy dictionary on hand when we write at our desks, and pick a form, like a triolet or a minute, you find on the internet or in a book of forms.

The word should sound jarring, or musical, or both. It can be one syllable, or five. That doesn't matter, as long as it really stands out to you.

Then, write the first line of the poem in the form you picked. It doesn't matter what the poem is about, in fact, don't think about that at all. Just put words on that first line that adhere to the form and make sure the word you picked is in that line somewhere.

The poem should write itself from there. Just keep putting words on the page that adhere to the form. You'll be amazed by what happens when you do this. You should tap into something deep within you, but you can't think about that. Just put words on the page.

**JR: What has been your greatest writing achievement?**

**LG:** Definitely, my MFA thesis. I didn't want to write what I did, but my first MFA professor talked me into writing about my personal experiences, and she pushed me to dig deeper when I wrote. I cried my way through those poems, and I look at how many I wrote, and how well I wrote them in the end, and it's still hard to believe I did that. I went from terrified to take an undergrad Writing of Poetry class to an MFA thesis in poetry. I'm proud of what I've done, but I didn't do any of it alone. They say writing is a solitary act, but if you think about it, it isn't. We need support to do what we do because it's so hard, and we bring the world with us to our writing desks. You don't have to get an MFA to find that support, by the way. Support for poets and writers is all over the place. It's in books, friends, writers' groups, and the library.



“

I ADMIRE ALL WRITERS BECAUSE WHAT  
WE DO IS AN ACT OF COURAGE...

”

**JR: How is your poetry similar or different from when you first started?**

**LG:** Queens made me a poet, in particular, some very special professors I had at Queens.

I showed a poem I had written to a creative writing professor I had in a community college in New Jersey back in the mid '90's, and her critique of my poem was so harsh that I thought I was unable to write poetry. Yes, I was crushed at the time, but I really didn't see myself as a poet back then in the first place. This is why I think it's so important to always find something a student did well and point that out first. We need to encourage the light, not accidentally dampen it. She was a professor who I still respect a great deal and cherish the time I spent in her classes, she was the first to transform my writing in a radical way (back then I was working on my creative nonfiction writing), so I took what she said to heart. So, when I had to sign up for Morri Creech's Writing of Poetry class my first semester at Queens, I was terrified. I was worried I would flunk that class because I thought I couldn't write poetry. But, Morri Creech is not just a brilliant poet, he's a brilliant and compassionate professor who found the poet in me and coaxed her out.

Though my current writing of poetry is unrecognizable from when I started, because I spent some intense years studying the craft, I think my poetry has always been about the pain of the human condition, and the injustices we suffer that I hope one day humans will no longer have to endure.

I've never forget the first time Morri told us to write a sonnet. I had a panic attack (I'm chuckling right now). But, I did it, and in doing that assignment I discovered that using form is actually freeing. Now I use form, including forms I invent myself, to become a better poet.

**JR: What was the most interesting thing that has ever inspired you to write?**

**LG:** The answer to this question is kind of a macro answer, but I'll also give you a micro answer.

The macro answer is a PBS show about Uncle Tom's Cabin. At the time, I was acquiring PTSD over about 9 months in the US Navy back in 1993-1994. I was being physically abused, harassed, and threatened by my commanding officer while stationed in Pensacola. She, yes, she, was destroying my career and my health because she was corrupt, and that PBS show inspired me write a book about my experience, because I knew I wasn't alone. I was experiencing more severe abuse because I was fighting back, with the help of an amazing support system that started with my brilliant Mom, and you get destroyed for fighting back in the military. But, I knew many others at that command who were victims of her corruption and medical malpractice at that place. I have stories that would make your skin crawl.

Anyway, that PBS show about what Uncle Tom's Cabin did inspired me. It showed me that I could use my pain to help others, and maybe even fight for some justice for those of us who serve our country. I didn't know it would take me so damned long, but that's what inspired me to start writing, and to learn to write creatively.

On the micro level, my inspiration comes from everywhere. This is where having ADHD is a blessing. Because I don't have a filter, I take in my surroundings and the world all the time. I can't stop it, unless I'm hyper focusing when I'm doing something like writing. So, I could get a paper cut and be inspired to write a poem about the contradiction of blood leaking out onto protective skin. I could hear someone say one poignant sentence on NPR, and write a long poem inspired by that sentence. Or, and this is my favorite, I will often force inspiration by picking a word I like the sound of out of in the dictionary, then a form like a sonnet or a villanelle, then write a poem from that. On the micro level, I can't pick just one answer to this question. I think it's all interesting, including words themselves.

**JR: Who is a writer that you deeply admire? Why them?**

**LG:** I admire all writers because what we do is an act of courage, but I think I'll pick Maya Angelou. She had so much pain in her life, and she used her pain to connect with women through her poetry. She was a black woman whose poetry connected deeply with this white woman. Even her poem "Still I Rise" that explores the specific experience of racism and sexism that black women endure connected with me. Her irreverence and her ability to defy the abuse and oppression is something I admire deeply, and try to aspire to. Maybe, if I had never experienced the abuse I had to endure in the Navy I wouldn't admire her the way I do, but I'm so glad I do. She was truly a gift to this world, and her poetry is beautiful, like she was.

**JR: What would you say to writers that are afraid to call themselves poets?**

**LG:** Have you written a poem? If the answer is yes, then you're a poet! Humanity needs you and your poetry, so keep writing, even if you're the only one who ever sees your poems. But, I hope you'll at least show your poetry to someone you trust.



FRIENDS OF THE  
UNION COUNTY LIBRARY

# Spring Tea

WITH

# Kimberly Martin

BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF



APRIL 27, 2022

2:00 - 4:00 P.M.

ROLLING HILLS COUNTRY CLUB

TICKETS ARE \$30 EACH

TO PURCHASE, SCAN THE QR CODE,  
EMAIL [UNIONCOUNTYFOL@GMAIL.COM](mailto:UNIONCOUNTYFOL@GMAIL.COM),  
OR CALL CALL 704-907-9190

SALES BEGIN MARCH 1ST AND END APRIL 19



# CELEBRATE NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

People may be surprised to learn that libraries provide the community with more than just books. Yes, libraries have many amazing books (and DVDs, magazines, and books on CD) for you to take home. And yes, they also provide Wi-Fi, printing, copying, faxing, and proctoring services. And let's not forget about the online resources libraries provide, from eBooks and eAudiobooks, to movies, music, TV shows, and more. But if you dig a little deeper, you'll find that libraries serve an even greater purpose.

Libraries allow us to connect with people in our communities we may not otherwise get to know. People of all ages and backgrounds use library resources, which makes libraries, especially public libraries, true community centers worth celebrating. Writer Caitlin Moran says it best: "A library in the middle of a community is a cross between an emergency exit, a life-raft and a festival. They are cathedrals of the mind; hospitals of the soul; theme parks of the imagination. On a cold, rainy island, they are the only sheltered public spaces where you are not a consumer, but a citizen instead."

BETSY Z.  
Library Associate

“  
More than anything else, I love the relationships I am able to build with our patrons. I've only worked at the library for a few months, but I've already come to know and deeply appreciate our patrons. Signing someone up for their very first library card is such an amazing feeling, too!

”



“

National Library Week recognizes the enormous value we receive from our libraries every day. The theme for 2022, “Connect with Your Library,” promotes the idea that libraries are places to get connected to technology and other resources. Libraries also offer opportunities to connect, but most importantly, libraries also connect communities to each other.

Below are just some testimonials from Union County Library Librarians on why they connect with working at the library and each other.

don't take out word for it...

TAKE THEIRS!

”

“

Libraries have always been welcoming and safe spaces for me. Since I've started working in a library, I've always enjoyed helping others learn to appreciate the vast opportunities they have when in the library.

LIZBETH O.  
CIRCULATION MANAGER

”

“

For me, libraries have always been a wonderful and magical place that offered whatever I needed at that time, whether that was an adventure, to feel an emotion, to learn something new, or just to have a place to sit and hang out. Working in the library, my biggest joy is getting to help people find those same things that I still come to the library to find.

JOSEPH B.  
LIBRARY ASSOCIATE

”

“

I love my job cataloging! It's like Christmas every day, I'm one of the first ones who gets to look at all the new materials!

CAROLINE C.  
ACQUISITIONS AND COLLECTIONS  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

I love working at the library because I love being surrounded by so much knowledge. I can find almost anything I need or want to know through our books and other resources.

LAURA K.  
ADULT SERVICES  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

I enjoy working at the library and being able to help patrons. I love the interactions I have with them and the friendships I have made through the years.

PAM S.  
ACQUISITIONS AND COLLECTIONS  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

One of my favorite things about working in the library is sharing my love of reading with others. I enjoy interacting with members of the community at events, and I love when people ask me what I am currently reading or what my favorite book is this year.

DANIELLE C.  
COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT LIBRARIAN

”

“  
Helping to empower  
people feeds my soul.  
Also, first in line to  
borrow new materials.

TIM S.  
TRAINING & TECHNOLOGY  
COORDINATOR

“  
Benchmarking against corporate  
America, it is the human touch, instant  
gratification for my efforts, and the  
immediate or later feedback for a job  
well done that satisfies me the most of  
working in the library. As a close  
runner-up: the charisma, humor, and  
warmth of my co-workers.

OSCAR O.  
ADULT SERVICES  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

“  
I like working at the library  
because I can use my widely  
varied experiences (social  
studies teacher; history, art  
history, English professor; ballet  
teacher; artist; etc.) in  
meaningful ways. And it's fun!

AMY H.  
CHILDREN'S LIBRARY SPECIALIST

“  
The most rewarding aspect of my  
job is delivering books to  
homebound patrons! I am  
honored to visit with them and  
many have become my cherished  
friends. You can learn a lot from  
the older generation; you just need  
to slow down and listen.

DEBBIE P.  
FACILITIES COORDINATOR

“  
Some of my first memories with  
my mom involve the library and  
books. We would visit our local  
library regularly, and I loved  
picking out books and reading  
them inside the library. I never  
intended to work in library  
service, but looking back I  
couldn't have picked a more  
perfect career. Being able to  
create services and programs to  
instill the same love of books and  
libraries I had growing up is such  
a joy. We truly have a wonderful  
library system filled with  
fantastic patrons and staff, and I  
am so thankful to be a part of it.

NINA C. LIBRARY DIRECTOR

“  
My best memories of being a  
teenager was visiting the Monroe  
library. Everyone was so kind  
and helpful, and they always  
made me feel welcomed. Now I  
get to pass that on!

TESLA R.  
CIRCULATION LIBRARY SPECIALIST

“  
Beginning in childhood the  
library has always been  
such a happy place for me.  
Now it's my dream job  
(how lucky am I?!)

CHRIS MCH.  
CIRCULATION LIBRARY SPECIALIST

“  
Becoming a librarian has been one  
of my lifelong aspirations.  
Stumbling across this career  
opportunity at a time when I  
needed a change has been a blessing  
and I hope to spend many more  
years in the field.

HOLLIE H.  
ADULT SERVICES  
LIBRARY ASSOCIATE

“  
I love all the connections I get to  
make with both the regular  
patrons that come into the  
library and my co-workers.  
Each day brings a different  
experience. Plus, all the books.

JAKEEM R.  
ADULT SERVICES  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

“  
My library experience as a  
child, lead me to this path. I  
enjoy engaging with children  
and offering memorable  
experiences, which  
encourages a love of reading.

KIM C.  
CHILDREN'S SENIOR  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

“  
The library has been constant in my  
life. When I was young my parents  
took me; as a teen it was one of the  
only places I felt understood; and  
now, as an adult, I work among the  
community I grew up in  
surrounded by the librarians who  
first inspired me.

TAYLOR B.  
CHILDREN'S LIBRARY ASSISTANT

“

As a child, the library was such a special and important place for me. I love coming to work and seeing how special this place is for others as well.

CATHERINE D.  
CIRCULATION LIBRARY ASSOCIATE

”

“

I have had many memorable interactions with library patrons ranging from seniors to the youngest among us. I think one that stands out most is when my job assist appointment became a personal shopping experience. You never know what requests you'll get, but we are always here to help.

YOLANDA E.  
ADULT SERVICES  
SENIOR LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

One of my fondest memories was going to the Intimate Bookshop in Eastland Mall with my mother. So, I always knew I wanted to work surrounded by books.

ROBIN W.  
CIRCULATION LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

I love working for the library because I get to provide my community with access to helpful resources and exciting programs. Plus, helping others is just my thing, and what better place to do that than at a public library!

ULAYAH I.  
ADULT SERVICES  
LIBRARY ASSISTANT

”

“

I love working in a public library because I get to connect people to needed resources! Whether it's finding a great book to read aloud in their child's classroom as the "mystery reader" or learning how to build a chicken coop or helping to print a relative's obituary, our community comes to us in times of need and we have the privilege of providing access to resources and information for all.

ELAINA W.  
WAXHAW LIBRARY  
BRANCH MANAGER

”

“

As a book lover, getting to help other people connect with books that move and help them will always make this job worth it.

ETHAN H.  
ADULT SERVICES  
LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

I chose this path because, especially as a teen, books were my way of connecting with people. Having a job where I get to make those connections every day is why I love what I do.

ALY J.  
CIRCULATION LIBRARY ASSOCIATE

”

“

When I was young I remember the Union County library's blue bookmobile visiting Pinedell. My grandmother and I would choose a few books -- it was absolutely magical! I knew later on in life that I wanted to help others find their magic.

CHRISTIE S.  
UNION WEST  
BRANCH MANAGER

”

“

I love being able to connect with people from my community at the library, seeing familiar faces through the years as well as meeting new people every day is a really enjoyable part of working here.

MEREDITH F.  
CIRCULATION LIBRARY SPECIALIST

”

“

Libraries have been in my life from the time I was a child in story time. I chose to be a Librarian because of all those moments I spent in libraries and all the helpful and caring staff who led me to the correct answers to all my questions.

RACHEL W.  
ACQUISITIONS AND COLLECTIONS  
SENIOR LIBRARIAN

”

“

I love working at the library because I get the privilege of meeting children and their families from the community and helping grow their love of reading. Nothing is as exciting as helping a child explore their imagination and the world around them through books.

CHELSEA G.  
CHILDREN'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATE

”

# CONNECT WITH YOUR LIBRARY

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK IS APRIL 3-9, 2022

"Libraries are places where communities connect—to things like broadband, computers, programs and classes, books, movies, video games, and more. But most importantly, libraries connect us to each other."

**Molly Shannon**

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK  
HONORARY CHAIR



Visit your library or  
[ilovelibraries.org](https://ilovelibraries.org) to celebrate!

# celebrate national poetry month



Poetry was probably never the most popular form of creative writing when I was in school. How can something be considered a freedom to write when it comes with so many rules? I, however, found an overwhelming comfort in all those rules. Counting out the syllables of each line was like counting sheep right before you drifted off into a dream.

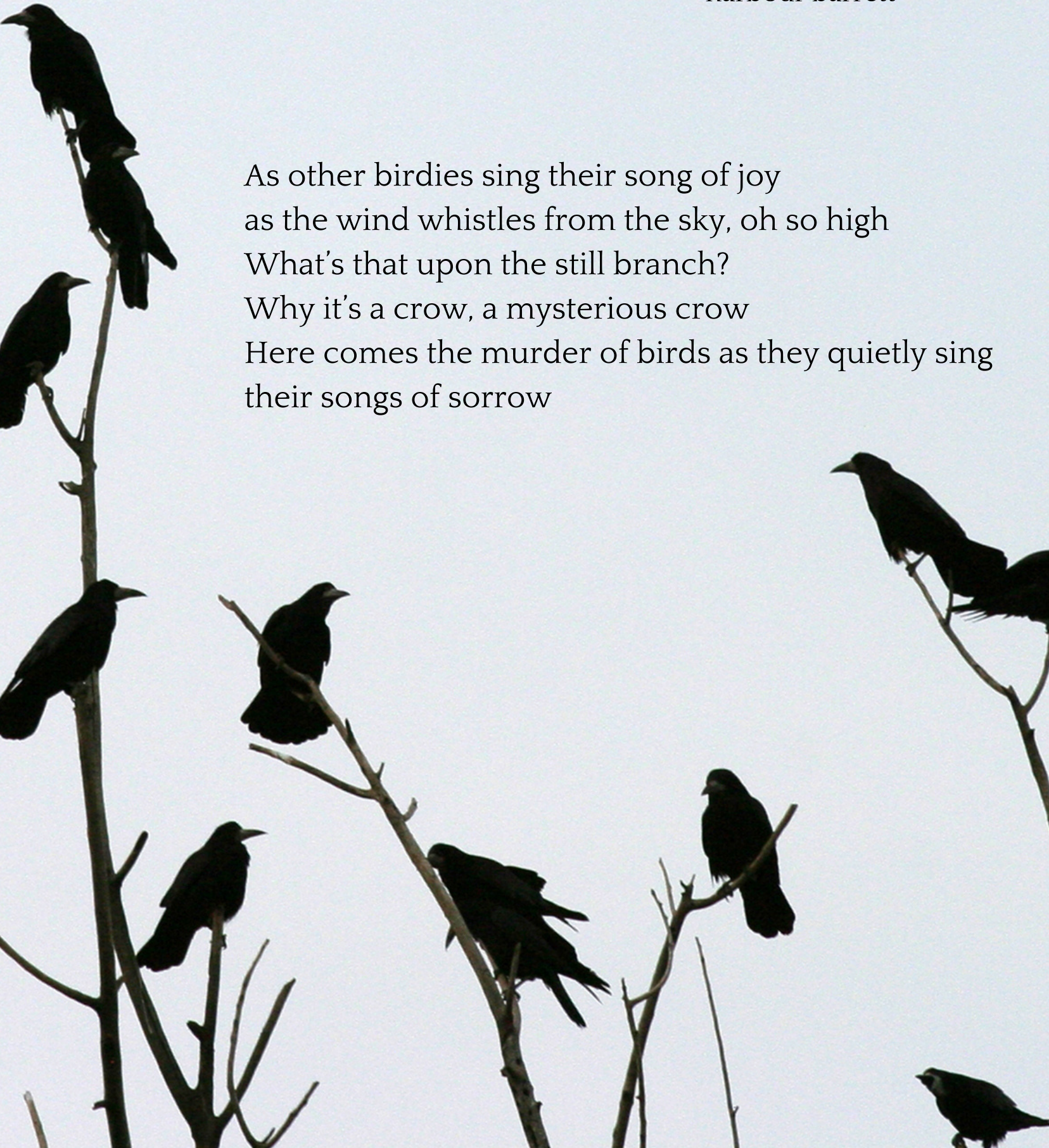
When you write fiction or even nonfiction, you have the space of the form to go into vivid details, and really build a scene in the mind of a reader. When you write poetry though, you have to deliver images like K.O. punches to your reader. It isn't enough to describe a situation, they need to be able to smell, taste, and feel that moment with only the help of a stanza or two. This drive to create something so corporeal within such limiting confines helped to give my writing wings, and cocoon my anxieties and emotions in a safety blanket. Whether it was counting out the syllabic trend in an ode, or perfecting the rhyming scheme of a villanelle, finding poetry helped save me as a teenager. It allowed me to exercise my emotional demons, and gain a handle on how I communicate my happiness as well as my disappointment. I will forever be grateful to the confines of freedom that I have found in poetry.

*Kris Hill*


# Birdsong

harbour barrett

As other birdies sing their song of joy  
as the wind whistles from the sky, oh so high  
What's that upon the still branch?  
Why it's a crow, a mysterious crow  
Here comes the murder of birds as they quietly sing  
their songs of sorrow







My mailbox is a Facebook page  
The light pole is a link  
My lawn is separate pages that may  
cause one to rethink... It may just  
take a moment or  
It may take quite a while  
Depends a lot on interest level and if  
it makes you smile.  
What is it that attracts you?  
What does the scent reveal?  
I wonder what you're thinking when  
you raise your doggie heel...  
We humans have our Facebook page  
We scatter them with links  
Our viewers travel with us and  
discover how we think.  
It may just take a moment or  
it may take quite a while,  
depends on if the goal's to give a  
chuckle or defile.  
The messages we send and see  
(and sniff, in doggy cases)  
Are viewed – and smelled – both far  
and wide by unseen friends or faces.  
A comment can be innocent  
A passing point of view  
But twisted by your readers and your  
point has gone askew. I wonder if  
humanity's  
too different from dog parks...  
We surf and smile, we scowl and  
cry, and then we leave our marks.  
Your thought's intent so clear to you  
To most, a mystery.  
It all becomes a study in mailbox  
psychology...

# Canine Confusion

leslee blessing mabee

# Remembering the Reef

aimee eddy

Blue and clear,  
Water from here  
To the brink of all things.  
Trickling, roaring.  
It sings, it sings!  
Bird and song, branch and leaf  
Casting shadows over reef.  
Splash and bubble,  
Stay out of trouble  
Little fish, swim along.

# Boat and Shore

aimee eddy

Waves meet the mind's shore  
Crashing, falling, sinking.  
Rocking above the fray,  
Winds and worries toss about  
the words that pray.

Solid ground to icy depths,  
Take first steps.  
What is safety now and then?  
Somewhere between the boat  
and shore.

Perception can be a great  
deception. Perspective a highly  
prized elective. Forms the  
ground and stirs the sea, He is  
and was, always will be.

Naively knowing all we can,  
We stand in danger on the sand.  
Eyes on Him, 'tis best to be  
On neither boat nor shore,  
but standing hopeless in the sea.

# Family Fire Pit Night

aela spink

Fire pieces fly, Smoke Flies

Everyone sits by the fire and has love for everyone

Ha Ha Ha

They all laugh and when they laugh love flies in the air



# Mar Sea

valeria hernandez

**Mar que vines del mar Y me buscas.**

Sea that comes from the sea looking for me.

**Mar que vienes del mar Y me liberas.**

Sea that comes from the sea and frees me.

**Crio del horizonte, Renaces en primavera. Mar de lagrimas,**

Child from the horizon, reborn in spring. Sea of tears.


**De mis lagrimas.**

My tears.

**Mar de barcazas ocres, Te exploro y te navego.**

Sea of ochre barges, I explore you sailing through you.





Our grandson wakes before the birds,  
With the loudest screech you've ever heard.  
The bedside clock says half past four.  
We've been through all of this before.

I'm tired, so tired, in need of rest.  
Not sure I can endure this test,  
I slowly stagger down the hall,  
Step on a toy, and nearly fall.

His face is twisted in a knot,  
He fights to get his blanket off.  
His smell would wilt the stoutest weed,  
Or knock a buzzard from a tree.

I sigh, and get a diaper out.  
A pacifier calms his shout,  
And in a while, he's cleaned and fed.  
In my elbow's crook he rests his head.

He looks at me with trusting eyes,  
As I stumble through a lullaby.  
My singing's bad. He doesn't care.  
He seems content to have me there.

His little hand clings to my own,  
And in a trice, my pique has flown.  
His eyes drift slowly into sleep,  
His breath implies a slumber deep.

I lay him in his bed, and smile,  
And stare at him a little while.  
He lies in absolute repose,  
Oblivious to worldly woes.

He's small, so small, yet he inspires,  
Within my breast a boundless fire,  
An endless love so vast and great,  
My heart is nearly wont to break.  
My irk has been with love replaced,  
By the angel in our grandson's face.

# Our Grandson

john thomasson

# Dreams

kamille crawford

Sometimes good or bad  
When you are asleep I come  
Magic comes alive





# High School Reunion

marcia d. mayfield

He knows my middle name.  
I know his.

I saw him at our high school reunion.  
I won't tell you that it was my thirtieth,  
I hadn't seen any of them since graduation day.

I saw him when he walked into the school cafeteria.  
I was the first person he saw.  
Our eyes lit up.  
I've never forgotten him.  
He remembers me.

I'm not so sure I even saw him in high school,  
though we were there at the same time.

Oh no, I did.  
First and second in the class,  
we must have run into each other.  
I've known him since first grade,  
it's hard to remember just when

[Third graders on the phone,  
hours on end,  
Planning, our lives ahead.]  
He knows my middle name.  
I know his.

After thirty years, he says,  
I'm not going to lose you again.  
Is your wife coming tomorrow, I asked.

We've known each other since first grade  
A childhood romance, that would have been  
Could have been  
Had not things been different  
Boyfriends, girlfriends, wives, husbands, divorce  
A chance to rekindle that puppy love,  
Now a grown-up dog?

How could he know that the bitter experiences  
between then and now  
That have left me cold and hard  
Guarantee no chance of romance.

He knows my middle name  
I know his.

And we'll always be friends.



# He Died Alone

marcia d. mayfield

Who mourned him, at his death

this man we knew all our lives as Daddy,  
though we were ashamed of the fact

who cared about him  
wife beater, child abuser  
coming home drunk and starting fights  
what happened to the love they must have had,  
to make them marry in the first place?  
Do I really need to ask?

meticulously combin' that NuNile conk, with scalding hot water  
I could see him scrunch up his face as he did it, hot water burning his scalp and hands  
but not going to work, he got tired of the white man calling him to come in  
to wait tables, serve other white people food,  
in a place he couldn't enter by the front door,  
a place  
he could never hope to belong to.  
Even if he had the money

What dreams of his were destroyed, to make him what he was?  
Was the man he turned out to be, the boy that he was?  
Who could tell me, no one that I know.  
There's nobody left who could possibly tell,  
and I don't think they knew anyway.

Who knew what dreams he brought with him, when he came from his momma and  
daddy's farm, in Georgia?

My father, Daddy, a man who died alone  
What dreams destroyed  
before they ever had a chance.





# Barnacles<sup>\*</sup>

tyrone drawdy

Now I drift around like a ship lost at sea with  
Barnacles covering every inch of me.  
They've coated my outside leaving not one place thin  
and found a small opening and forced their way in.  
They came in through my nose, my mouth and my  
throat, it's so hard to breathe, I feel I might choke.  
My eyes have grown dim, my ears lost the sounds, but  
the Barnacles stay, cause in tears they don't drown.  
They've filled up my lungs, covered my heart and  
spine, the rest of my body just fell right in line.  
Pretty soon I was covered both inside and out, but I  
guess in the end that's what age is about.  
These Barnacles entrap me, I'm bound, can't get loose,  
wish I could break free, but it's so hard to move.  
Pain fills my thoughts, every creak, crack and shock, so  
these thoughts of today, I don't keep, I just toss.  
I think back to an age when there wasn't a care, a  
place where no Barnacles lay everywhere.  
If I forget you, I'm sorry, I'm back in a time, when you  
weren't yet around in the depths of my mind.  
See I'm out on a playground, excuse me if I sing,  
because I can kick up my legs again and just swing,  
swing, swing, swing.

\*Written in the middle of the night after waking  
from a dream with the first line in my head.

# The Wrong Question

Anonymous

What's wrong with you? Yelling, "Conform! Conform!"

Have you lived in my world? Do you know my storm?

What's wrong with you? Saying, "You know better than that!"

Not a moment sitting in the seat that I sat.

What's wrong with you? Hollering, "How can you be so blind?"

Not knowing what I've seen and its effect over time.

What's wrong with you? Screaming, "Sit down and be still."

All while my stomach is growling from missed meals.

What's wrong with you? Shouting, "Why are you fighting again?"

Just mirroring what I witnessed among family and friends.

What's wrong with you? Whispering, "Can't you pass a math test?"

Home filled with confusion, can't study, too stressed.

If you want to know what's wrong and why I act like I do,

Can someone please ask, "What happened to you?"



# Foremothers

megan tucker

I am grateful

For the gracious women who came before me  
And made it possible for me to exist.

I thank them each time I look in the mirror.

I also acknowledge the trauma  
The suffering that took place in private  
The silent, seething discontent  
The endless battles that were fought.

I acknowledge the unconscious fear  
Anger, prejudice, grief, and unhappiness  
That seeped through each generation  
That trickled down through our DNA  
Through our stories and tired eyes.

Each unfulfilled prayer  
Each dream left unrealized  
Forms a square in our ancestral quilt.

But when I look in the mirror  
I am still brimming with optimism  
Because I hold the power to choose.

I affirm to my reflection,  
“This is where I draw the line.  
The suffering ends with me.”  
Dedicating myself to healing  
Is restoring the hopes of my lineage.

Shedding archaic beliefs  
Untangling my mess  
Blooming to my highest potential  
Are all acts of love.

For each step I take toward peace, I take my foremothers with me.

Sun rises another day starts  
Birds singing among the treetops  
An eagle soaring in the wind up above  
It's gonna be a good day cause Lord You've filled  
me with Your love

I'm gonna see sun shining breaking up the rain  
Feel Your healing touch take away my pain  
There's gonna be joy in the morning that lasts  
throughout the day  
I'm holding on to You Lord show me the way


Moon rises another day ends  
Deer grazing just around the bend  
Fireflies lighting in the sky up above  
It's gonna be a good night cause Lord You've filled  
me with Your love

I'm gonna see stars shining breaking up the rain  
Feel Your healing touch take away my pain  
There's gonna be joy in the morning that lasts  
throughout the day  
I'm holding on to You Lord show me the way

I know You'll lead me on the right road  
Never forsake me wherever I go

When I am rising and eternity begins  
Saints are singing laughing without end  
And angels soaring in heaven up above  
It's gonna be a good life cause Lord You've filled  
me with Your love

I'm gonna see the Son shining breaking up the  
rain  
Feel Your healing touch take away my pain  
There's gonna be joy in the morning that lasts  
throughout the day  
I'm holding on to You Lord show me the way



# Holding On to You Lord

julie stroup

Said goodbye and got on the train  
Moving on and leaving the pain

Senior lady sat next to me  
Asked me if I was breaking free  
Told me freedom comes from the Lord  
Did I know what He has in store  
Was I walking inside His will  
Promises that He will fulfill

Ma'am I know that you sure mean well  
Why can't I just run from my hell

Have you ever met Jesus Christ  
Let me give you this good advice  
Surrender all to Him my friend  
He will be with you till the end  
Set your new life into motion  
He wants to give you salvation

I need saving this is so true  
Tell me lady what must I do

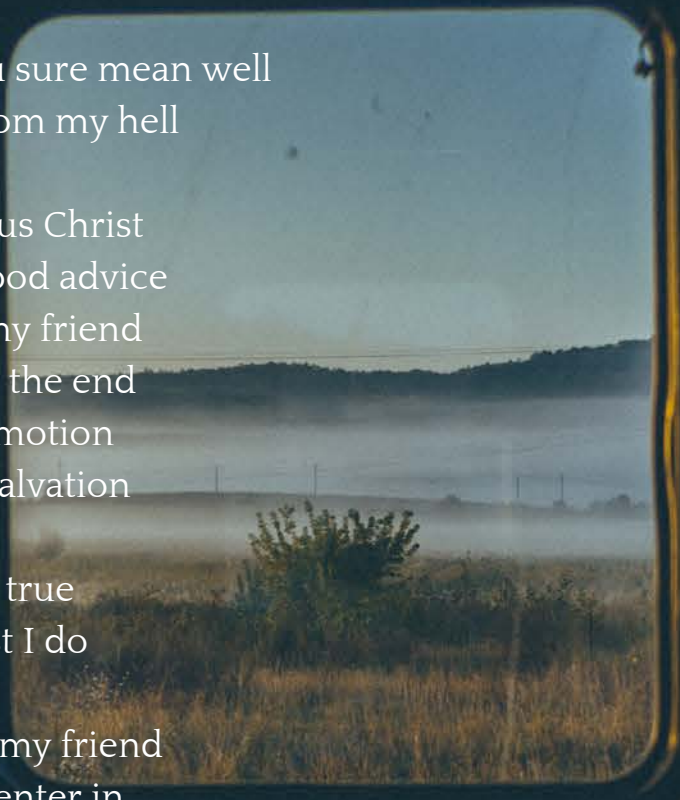
Oh call upon the Lord my friend  
To your heart let Him enter in  
Ask for forgiveness of your sins  
And He will help you to repent  
Read the Bible for direction  
Give others love and devotion

I give my heart to You oh Lord  
Yes be with me forevermore  
Oh I'm a child of God today  
I'll follow Him and His good way

Said goodbye and got off the train  
Moving on and leaving the pain

# The Train

julie stroup




You've marked your presence on this earth.  
Planting down the seeds for me before my birth.  
And from these roots stretched out to me.  
All the strength and wisdom you've instilled to be.  
To be passed on from generation to generation that blossoms faithfully within each season.  
From the gentle breezes of the spring til the whispering winds of winter's den.  
But as your soul comes to rest,  
Your purpose you left still has great richness and it reflects upon each individual you have come into contact with.  
No one wants to accept the time of a loved one's death, but it is the legacy that lives on from sunrise to sunset.  
I am thankful for the times that we have spent.  
Sometimes I wonder if you know how much you have meant.  
To me and all of the amazing others that you have been with.  
Thank you for leading the way.  
Needless to say you won't be disappointed with the outcome of your seed.  
It is the watering and your care that we truly need.  
Until we meet again, this is not the end.  
However the foundation of your legacy will be constantly growin'.

# Legacy

cina williams





A perfect picture  
A perfect land  
A place with magic, destiny and hope  
I hope to find this place alas,  
Somewhere within my broken glass

Someday I know, my dream will come true  
I'll wake up to a place where skies are blue  
Where all the people have a say  
I know I'll find this place  
Someday

A perfect picture  
A perfect road  
The trees are tall  
And the mountains  
Are broad

A place with destiny, magic and hope  
It's perfection that I seek  
Alas I hope to find  
Within my rotten ruined spoiled glass

I'll search for years  
If it may take  
But you'll see

# Perfection


sarah r.

I know  
I'll find  
A land  
With perfection  
Of this kind



# Lighthouse Night

everleigh collier

A lighthouse on a rocky cliff at night, with a bright beam of light shining across the sky. The lighthouse is white with a dark top section. The beam of light is very bright and extends across the sky. The background is a dark blue night sky. The foreground shows the rocky cliff and the ocean waves crashing against the rocks.

Lighthouse light so very bright,  
Shining in my eyes all night.  
The waves were splashing together -  
Oh this horrible weather!  
I could not sleep, neither could my dog, Little Peep.  
Then when it was all over, it was time to play Red Rover.

A serene winter scene with a snow-covered ground and trees. A large, dark tree trunk stands prominently on the right side, its branches reaching out. The background is filled with a dense forest of bare trees, their branches dusted with snow. The overall atmosphere is quiet and peaceful.

# Snow Day

everleigh collier

Winter is here, so get ready for snow.

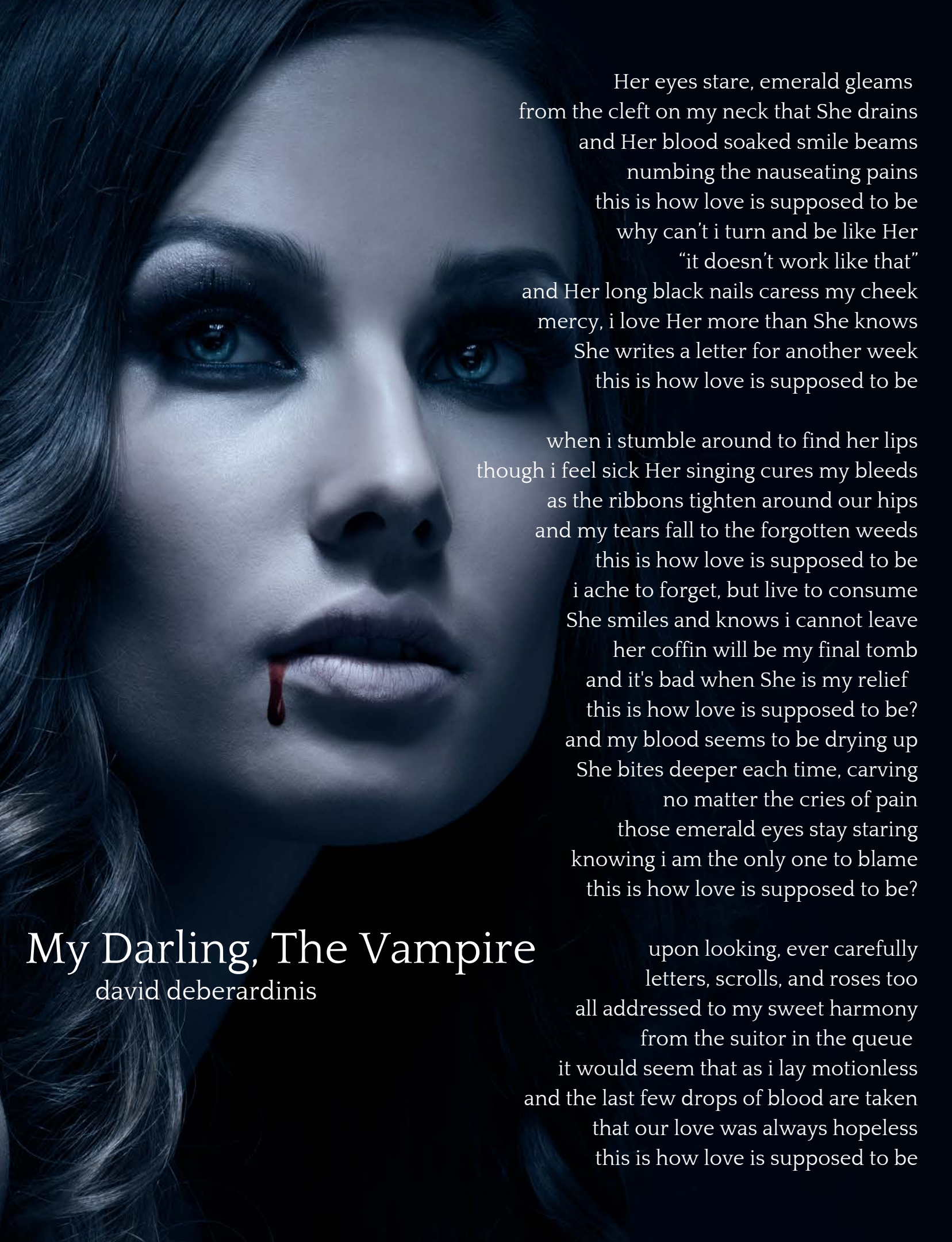
Now it is time to go, go, go!

Now, back inside. Be quick. Don't be slow.

Back inside, now go, go, go!

Time for hot cocoa!

Now we know that we do not like snow.



Her eyes stare, emerald gleams  
from the cleft on my neck that She drains  
and Her blood soaked smile beams  
numbing the nauseating pains  
this is how love is supposed to be  
why can't i turn and be like Her  
"it doesn't work like that"  
and Her long black nails caress my cheek  
mercy, i love Her more than She knows  
She writes a letter for another week  
this is how love is supposed to be

when i stumble around to find her lips  
though i feel sick Her singing cures my bleeds  
as the ribbons tighten around our hips  
and my tears fall to the forgotten weeds  
this is how love is supposed to be  
i ache to forget, but live to consume  
She smiles and knows i cannot leave  
her coffin will be my final tomb  
and it's bad when She is my relief  
this is how love is supposed to be?  
and my blood seems to be drying up  
She bites deeper each time, carving  
no matter the cries of pain  
those emerald eyes stay staring  
knowing i am the only one to blame  
this is how love is supposed to be?

# My Darling, The Vampire

david deberardinis

upon looking, ever carefully  
letters, scrolls, and roses too  
all addressed to my sweet harmony  
from the suitor in the queue  
it would seem that as i lay motionless  
and the last few drops of blood are taken  
that our love was always hopeless  
this is how love is supposed to be

# I'm Absolutely Freaking Fabulous, How About You?

J.P.

When he does your eyeshadow a shade of purple that takes a few weeks to come off and the lipstick to match that might plump your lips a little too much

remember there's a reason you don't let him do your makeup

When he replaces your necklaces with his hands, gives you sleeves of leopard print in a variety of different shades and adds glitter to your veins

remember there's a reason you don't let him dress you

When he wants to change your hair because maybe you have too much or it's too long so he decides to cut it with his fingers

remember there's a reason he's not your hairdresser

When you brush your teeth and your tooth brush turns red and the water you rinse your mouth with stains the sink

remember there's a reason he's not your dentist

When the walls in the hotel are a little too plain and the sheets a little too white and he wants to use what's inside you to paint the walls and dye the sheets

just remember there's a reason you don't let him decorate

When he lets you go home after this night remember it's because he knows this is the last straw.

Remember he knows there's no excuse he can give you for his actions on this night.

Remember he knows he's not man enough to face your father after he sees what this boy has done to you.

But my love you are a survivor, you are a thriver, and you don't know the meaning of quit.

When this happens on Saturday night and you have an incredible job interview on Monday, you call and reschedule for Tuesday so you can handle your business and come in and present your best self.

Girl you are a force!

God didn't let the devil win that night! Or any of the other nights.  
Remember your purpose on this earth has not been completed yet.  
Your time is not finished.

On days when it's hard to get out of bed

When it's hard to look at yourself in the mirror and see the wounds

When your jaw hurts and you can barely speak or eat just

remember your trauma might've made you but it damn sure doesn't define  
you!

You are absolutely freaking fabulous

I know it's hard to walk down the street with 2 black eyes, busted nose  
busted jaw, and handprints all over your throat,

but don't be ashamed of your battle scars

They show that the fire inside you burns a hell of a lot hotter than the fire  
around you and you can walk through anything and come out ALIVE

You're not responsible for your trauma but you are responsible for your  
healing and damn it looks good on you!

I know it might not feel like it sometimes but damn that freedom looks good  
on you

But that strength

That strength is beautiful and unbreakable just like you!

People call you survivor but I prefer victor

To be called survivor means you have to accept you were a victim and we  
don't live there.

We live in the victory that we live. That we are alive!

As much as I hate him for what he has done to me I want to thank him.

I knew I was strong before but he broke me down and I was forced to build  
myself all the way back up

And I came back 100 times stronger, louder, prouder

You don't mess with a woman that realizes who she is and what she is worth

Now I know I'm a phoenix a lotus flower who rose from her ashes and grew  
through the mud

But most importantly I am ABSOLUTELY FREAKING FABULOUS how are you



# Jerry & The Hurricane

kierianne mcquown

On the land of Jerry,  
Oh, and he was very merry,  
There were thousands of giant apple trees,  
That had buzzing bees.  
One day a hurricane blew,  
The bees, Jerrys trees, and his land all flew,  
When the hurricane was done there was a total mess,  
Jerry wasn't merry, his bees weren't buzzing and his  
giant apple trees weren't giant.

# The Mothers' Land

gregory staton

Mothers of Africa standing firmly in Africa's sands.  
With their arms raised high and holding each other's hands.  
Far away their African children were taken.  
Stolen away to an unknown land not of their making.  
Across the great river is where they are.  
In the night mothers pray and hope they follow the same star.  
Taken from their mother's breast.  
Where the children's heads used to rest.  
All the mothers call them by their names.  
Why don't they come, are they held by different chains?  
In the hearts of the mothers their souls they keep.  
It's dark now, my children, it's time to lay down and sleep.



# When the Butterflies Fall

jaymee carpenter



When I stand next to you, the butterflies start to rain  
They come pouring down as if they are in pain  
Their wings shine in the darkness of the night  
Wondering when they will ever take flight  
But I don't mind  
Cause when the butterflies start to fall,  
You're the one who shines the brightest of them all



# A Poem

anthony sawyer

They would like for me  
to sound pretty and to tell a story.  
But I'm some word on a paper.  
Just read me. And enjoy me.  
You might even like me. It's not hard.  
You feel me!

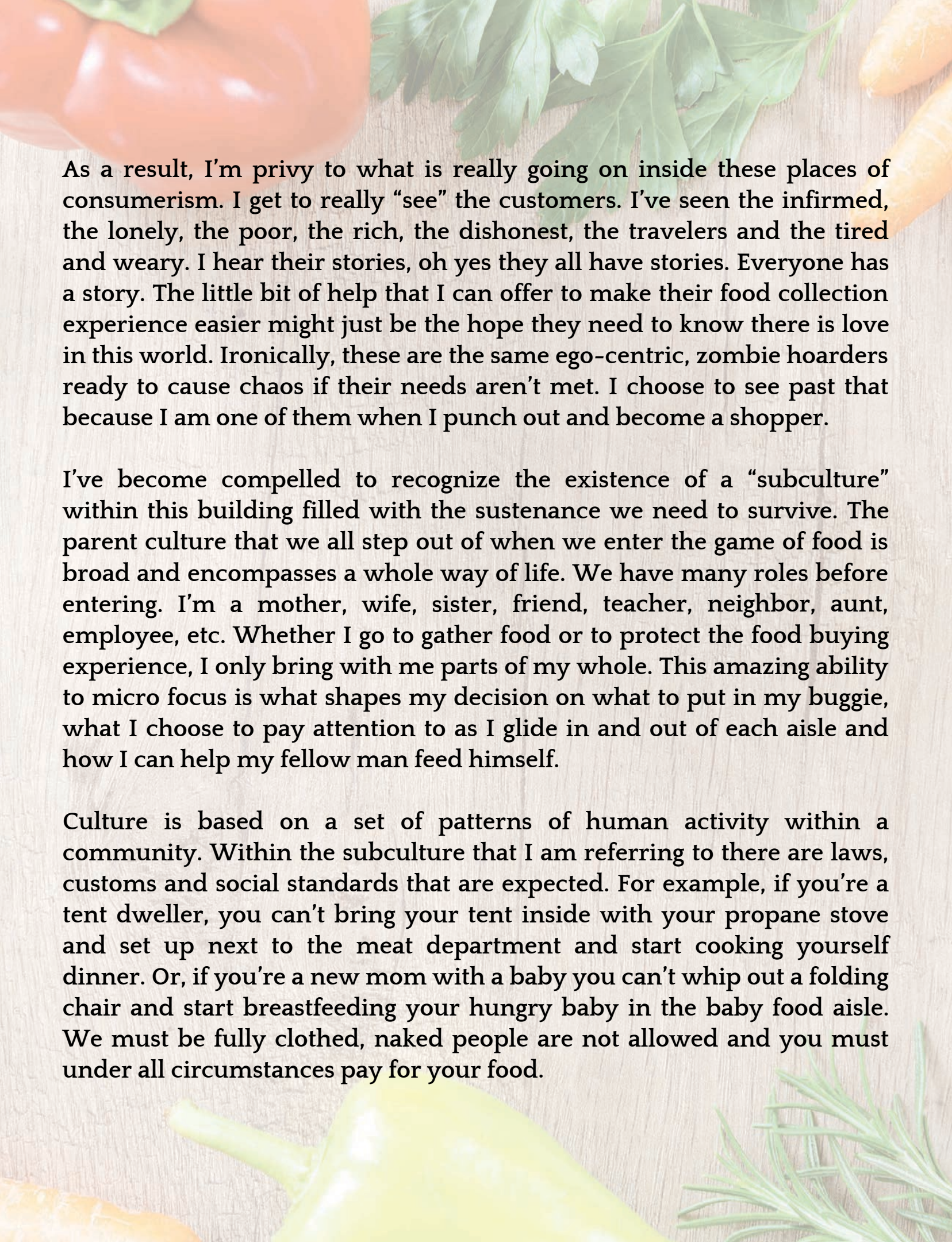
# Beyond the Groceries

kim laughlin

“Clean-up on aisle three.” Voices coming out over the loudspeakers only occur for extreme circumstances. Our main mode of communication is done using an earpiece and wireless microphone. Through my earpiece the store manager says, “Jake I hate to ask you this, please bring me the big machine. I can’t leave this mess” A few minutes go by and zooming out of aisle three is one of the store's handicap scooters being led by one of the front-end supervisors. He’s not sitting on it, he’s leading it to the back of the store. I later found out that a disabled person using the scooter got sick and vomited all over it. What spilled over was then stepped in by shoppers and tracked all over the place.

When I’m part of the mob of zombies combing the inside and outside of the building that holds my daily bread, I am the customer who is always right. I enter with my ego-centric needs and sense of entitlement. My invisible blinders are activated and my focus is solely on my list, the prices, choices to be made from the way too many brands, and getting through the checkout without any charged mistakes. I am committed to offering up my hard-earned money for this food and I expect no mistakes. I only see the people who keep this food secure when I need something. Like a special forces soldier, I seek one out with my night heat-seeking goggles. My need is urgent and will take precedence over anyone else's. Whether or not they are cleaning up vomit or even if I am stepping in it and making it unhealthy for everyone else who inhabits this place with me; I AM the customer.

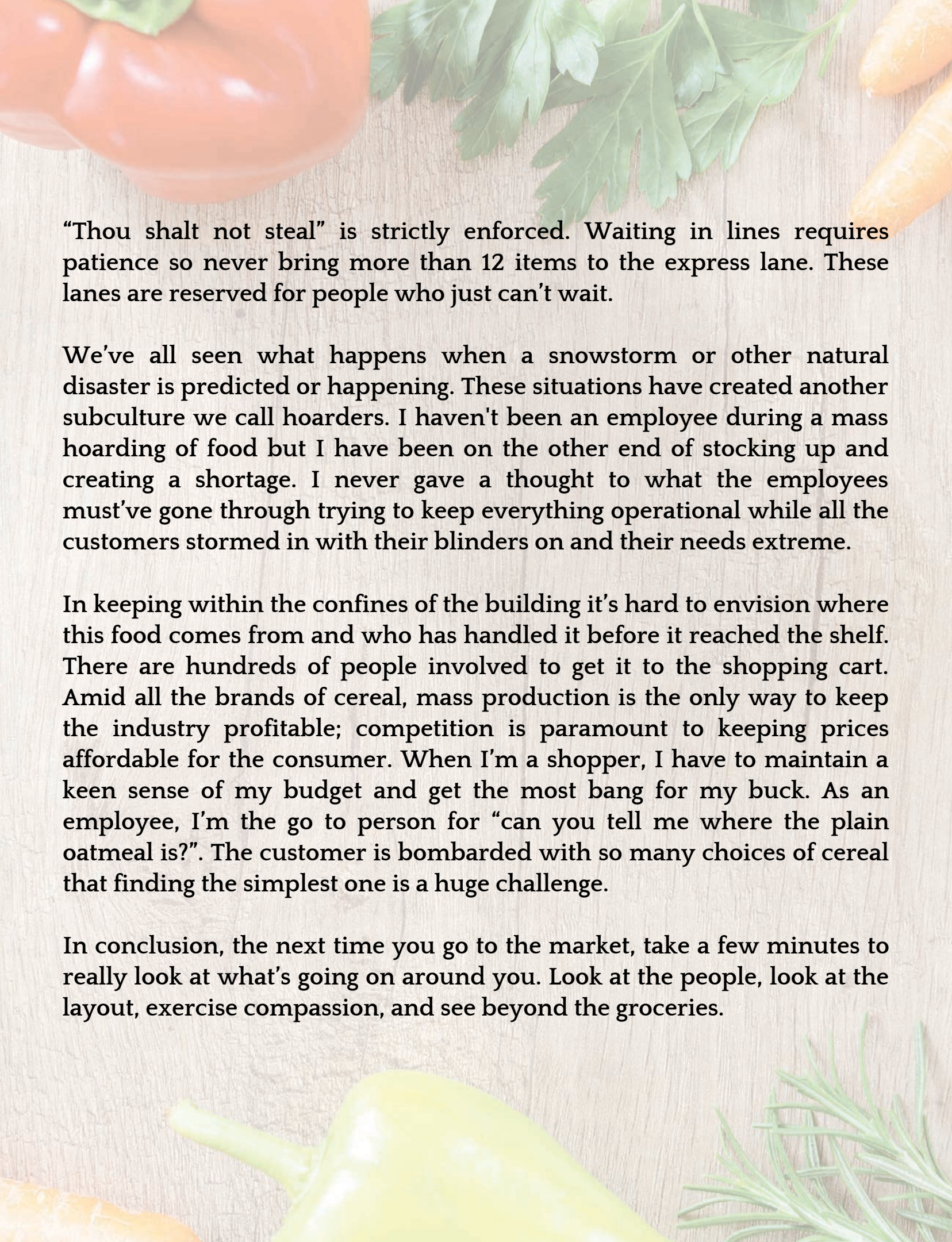
I recently took a job at a large food retailer. This job places me on the other side of the hunting and gathering game. I’m responsible for knowing what the customer needs and making sure those needs are met.



As a result, I'm privy to what is really going on inside these places of consumerism. I get to really "see" the customers. I've seen the infirmed, the lonely, the poor, the rich, the dishonest, the travelers and the tired and weary. I hear their stories, oh yes they all have stories. Everyone has a story. The little bit of help that I can offer to make their food collection experience easier might just be the hope they need to know there is love in this world. Ironically, these are the same ego-centric, zombie hoarders ready to cause chaos if their needs aren't met. I choose to see past that because I am one of them when I punch out and become a shopper.

I've become compelled to recognize the existence of a "subculture" within this building filled with the sustenance we need to survive. The parent culture that we all step out of when we enter the game of food is broad and encompasses a whole way of life. We have many roles before entering. I'm a mother, wife, sister, friend, teacher, neighbor, aunt, employee, etc. Whether I go to gather food or to protect the food buying experience, I only bring with me parts of my whole. This amazing ability to micro focus is what shapes my decision on what to put in my buggie, what I choose to pay attention to as I glide in and out of each aisle and how I can help my fellow man feed himself.

Culture is based on a set of patterns of human activity within a community. Within the subculture that I am referring to there are laws, customs and social standards that are expected. For example, if you're a tent dweller, you can't bring your tent inside with your propane stove and set up next to the meat department and start cooking yourself dinner. Or, if you're a new mom with a baby you can't whip out a folding chair and start breastfeeding your hungry baby in the baby food aisle. We must be fully clothed, naked people are not allowed and you must under all circumstances pay for your food.



**“Thou shalt not steal” is strictly enforced. Waiting in lines requires patience so never bring more than 12 items to the express lane. These lanes are reserved for people who just can’t wait.**

**We’ve all seen what happens when a snowstorm or other natural disaster is predicted or happening. These situations have created another subculture we call hoarders. I haven't been an employee during a mass hoarding of food but I have been on the other end of stocking up and creating a shortage. I never gave a thought to what the employees must’ve gone through trying to keep everything operational while all the customers stormed in with their blinders on and their needs extreme.**

**In keeping within the confines of the building it’s hard to envision where this food comes from and who has handled it before it reached the shelf. There are hundreds of people involved to get it to the shopping cart. Amid all the brands of cereal, mass production is the only way to keep the industry profitable; competition is paramount to keeping prices affordable for the consumer. When I’m a shopper, I have to maintain a keen sense of my budget and get the most bang for my buck. As an employee, I’m the go to person for “can you tell me where the plain oatmeal is?”. The customer is bombarded with so many choices of cereal that finding the simplest one is a huge challenge.**

**In conclusion, the next time you go to the market, take a few minutes to really look at what’s going on around you. Look at the people, look at the layout, exercise compassion, and see beyond the groceries.**

# Eschew of the Shrew: A Tale of Long- Plotted Revenge

amy helms

If you eschew the tiny shrew,  
Then what is he supposed to do?  
Weep and whine and throw a fit?  
Don't hold your breath, for that's not it.  
He might descend into a daze  
An existential crisis maze.

Beware the pow'r that you might hold  
Over creatures and their souls.

You don't deserve their winsome grins.  
You should peruse their trembling chins,  
As they attempt to suck it up,  
Pretending they still hold their pluck.

But they will not forget your slight;  
Although you might hide from sight.

Tiny shrews do not forget.  
They bide their time and let you set  
And wait and wonder and regret.

They know that you will want to know  
When they will strike the fell-swoop blow.  
You know they know they know you know.

Perhaps you think that you could move  
And so escape the wrath of shrews.  
But—  
You have no chance of living through.

They will exact their own revenge  
And watch and wait and drink it in  
As you become a shadowed shade  
And so regret your former ways.

Then when you've gone 'round the bend,  
And severed ties with kith and kin,  
They'll sneak inside so late at night  
But never give you any fright.  
They'll simply climb inside your brain  
And settle in to watch it drain.

They'll lick up all the drops and then  
They'll wander out and cross the Thames  
To toddle home with happy grins,  
Besotted, fattened, sated e'en,  
They will not be eschewed again.



# Woodcraft<sup>\*</sup>

c. mark tyson

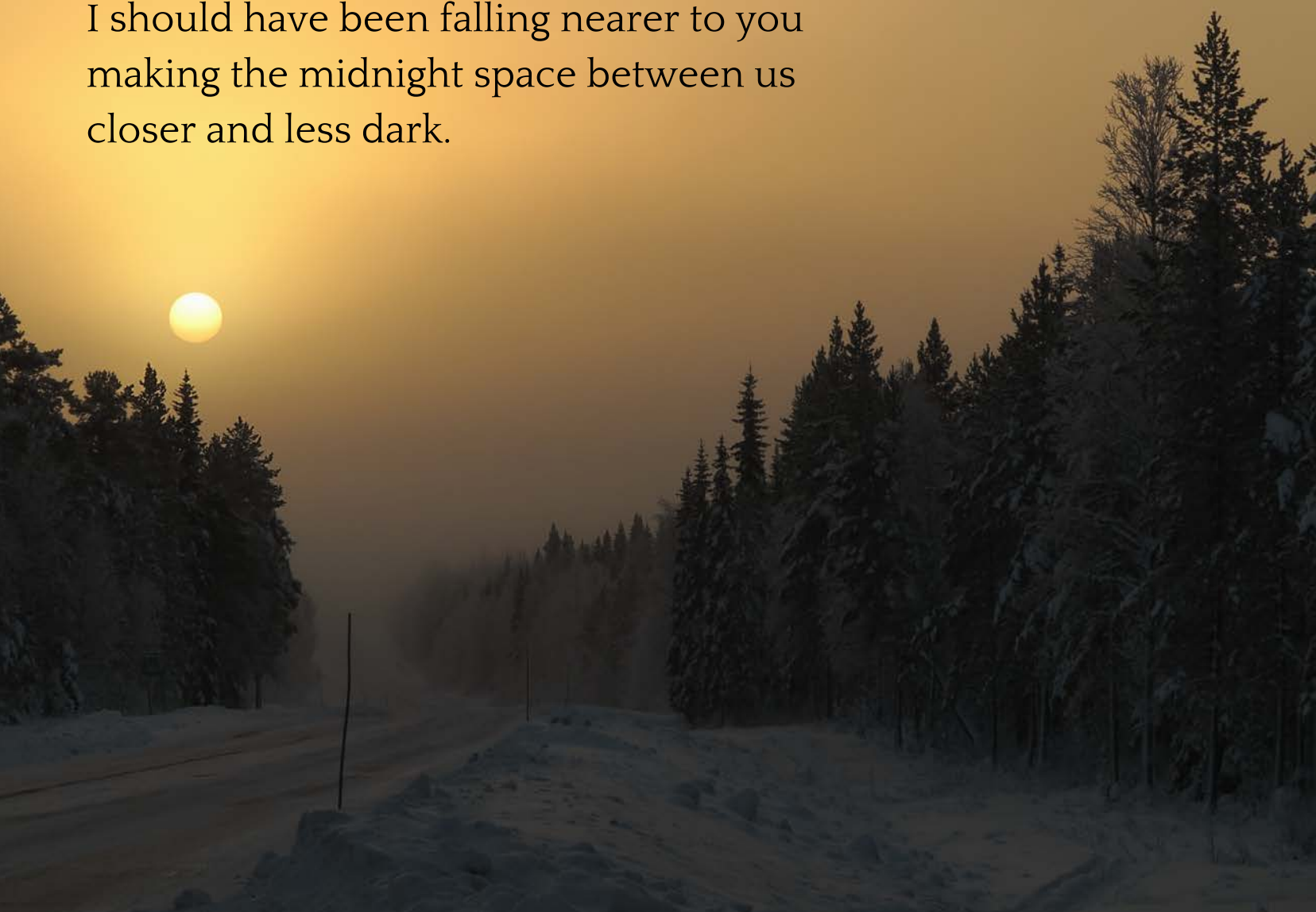
It's not that I think the dust is you  
that somehow what you touched  
mist in the spray of the garage  
But your hands have touched this cedar  
And now my hands  
laid against the grain  
from waves over the time I knew you  
For my sake  
I've trapped you in these boards  
The bird house out the west window  
The chest at the foot of the bed

\*In Memory of Carlton "Mac" McWhorter

# The Daydream of Your Last

c. mark tyson

I thought you into a bubble  
back to the moment when I saw  
your shadow breath shallow  
behind the curtain  
the pastor leaned in  
I am sorry I stood by the door  
an animal frozen in the road.  
If I were the light of a star  
I should have been falling nearer to you  
making the midnight space between us  
closer and less dark.



# Spring

ryan mothershed

Marvelous  
Amazing  
Royal  
Clovers  
Happiness





# Foraging

richard greene

warm water with scented steam  
rising like wild dreams above the fire...  
raw roots and nuts – all ready:

Now is the winter of our dish cloths, scents;  
of steaks, beer; and of dill and tomatoes.

Dilatory kitchen work,  
like cats at play – a child's treehouse entailed...  
memories, like bright quail's eggs,

and other things that have been forgotten,  
but will be foraged over mint ice cream.



# UNLIKE

richard greene

Unlike other people,  
he won't get old – just –  
like he was born that way.

Youth was his favorite  
untold story.

Unlike  
other people,  
he won't miss it – just –  
never felt need that way,

caught up in flavored  
unfolding moments.

Unlike  
other people,  
he wafted in – just –  
with a steep hill of sleigh rides,  
with a deep well of dreams –

taught to savor  
unmolded potency.

Uncouth,  
no doubt, like a  
derelict or just –  
like an old brown work horse

unshod

# What the Sun Knows

elle

As if somehow the deep emotion of the poet could ever represent what we have, even for an instant. I allow my brain to be comforted by these lies.

We are madly in love and nothing else matters. The end will never come, and we will move forward each day feverishly devoted.

In the morning, when the sun awakens the truth, I remember we are merely two strangers hurt by circumstance, spending each night clinging to one another in a futile effort to quiet the pain.

# Acceptance

elle

After we ended I found solace in my writing. I wrote about us, about him, about what we could have had and about the ending that I wished had never come. After writing for months, I came to a bittersweet understanding of our relationship. It was manipulation. It was power. It was control. It was anything but love. Turns out, he was just a boy too wrapped up in himself to truly love me.

# The Humble Livermush

rachel s. donahue

Haughty Liverwurst,  
enthroned with the Italian sausages,  
looks down on her scrappy younger cousin  
in the bottom of the refrigerator case.

Born in desperation and poverty  
to resourceful people  
Livermush has a storied past  
and a humble beginning.

She may be lowly,  
but she is dearly beloved.

Many come to seek her out-  
tired souls who just need a little comfort-  
and she, generous in nature,  
blesses their grits with her grace.

# In Church on Easter Sunday

rachel s. donahue  
(after Micah 2:12-13)

We are gathered in this sheepfold,  
a noisy multitude—  
ninety-nine plus one  
all jostled,  
some rubbed the wrong way,  
still smelly  
in the dust of our sojourn,  
waiting, together  
for the return of the one who  
opened up the breach,  
that we might also break through  
and pass the gate  
and follow our head  
into freedom.

# Deja Vu

joline moore

My heart was drawn to you –  
In an instant, I knew you.  
Like souls passing on the wind  
We'd been here before.  
In this moment we were infinite and familiar.  
Shadows and vibrations left of lives long past  
Vivid, but fleeting – Like a mirage.  
Insubstantial, like smoke,  
I reach right through you.  
Turning towards a shadow  
Dancing in the corner of my eye.  
I can still smell you there  
Haunting me still  
Dredging up memories.  
Despite all I know,  
I still turn towards it –  
Hopeful.  
Met by no one again...  
I sigh.



# January

joline moore

The stark, barren trees of January stand tall, bare naked

Like sentries of the wood

As if to say, "You shall not pass".

They remind me of myself.

Unable to hide anything, you can see straight through

To their gnarled hearts.

We are not our leaves – our pretty ornaments

Fluttering around.

We are sturdy branches,

Supporting life, providing comfort and shade

To those around us.

Do not trivialize me based on what you see, alone –

I am more than my leaves.

I have a heartwood made of iron.

I am my family's sentry.

"You shall not pass".





# Pollution

theodore dailey

There's a fast and furious world out there,  
But I don't care,  
I'm gonna sing it anyway.

But hey,  
I'm not OK.

ABOUT POLLUTION!

Cuz the time is wrong,  
Factories burnin' chemicals,  
The world keeps turnin'.  
Burnin' gasoline.

It's so mean.

TO THE WORLD!

Which is why,  
We need to stop polluting the sky,  
If we don't,  
We'll die.

# When the Dust Settles

alexandra hall miles

Will you forget this?

Will you regret this?

I will rise as you crumble

When the dust settles

I will be the ash in your mouth

Cloying, Coughing, crying

You will choke

When the veil lifts from your eyes

I will be but a ruin

Spitting, screaming, spiraling

You will fall

You can never remove my remains

Will you forget me?

Will you regret me?



# Better for the Crown

sharon kauffman

The Baron was dominant over his entire dominion  
But now that rule lies with another  
For that rule is now for his brother

The Baron fought until the war was done  
To find his mother had another son

After some years, he finally cried  
For after all this time his father had died

He was ruler for a while you see  
But a King? Well it was just not meant to be

Being a warrior was in his heart  
And well he knew his brother was much more smart

And so he took the crown off his head  
And gave it to his little brother instead.



# All Grown Up

erika kauffman

Is God watching us?  
He did once, but has escaped  
WE own our future



# Mothers

mike casper

Mothers are calm and soothing when you're in pain  
Reassuring and positive that it won't always rain  
Mothers are selfless and always put you first  
There to put a smile on your face when you're feeling your worst


Mothers most often know what to do  
To handle the big jobs and the small ones too  
Mothers are strong and will fight to the end  
For you are their child whom they will always defend

Mothers are a blessing in this world,  
Truly a gift for every boy and girl  
Mothers are what we all need more often than not  
I'm thankful for my Mother and I love her an awful lot!



# Son

marie cruz



It's the smile for me  
And the dimples appear, as cute as can be  
His wide open eyes  
Living like everyday is a new surprise  
A little laugh  
A face I love to capture on photograph  
Look at that hair  
So curly, bouncing everywhere  
His arms so strong  
Moving things around all day long  
Legs running fast  
How has so much time passed?  
Just a baby in a swaddle  
Now a toddler, doesn't want to be coddled  
Truly Mr. Independent  
My tiny but mighty descendent  
Is it ok to cry?  
He's growing up before my eyes  
Next a teenager  
Then a college student declaring a major  
An adult with a beard  
(Am I the only one who finds that crazy weird?)  
Let me just slow...  
Breath in each moment, enjoy it as he grows  
To be his mother  
What a beautiful life, wouldn't trade it for another

# The Sea

rebekah olstad

The sea is like a book of secrets,  
that it will never tell  
It's anger vents through cruel waves,  
That cast a dark'ning spell

I wish that I the sea could save,  
And go down to the uncovered!  
Where many a secret lay a'waiting,  
Still to be discovered

Many have tried, and yet have failed,  
To pry open this book  
And yet, the sea has crinkled up,  
And rebelled like a mean old crook!

# There Was a Kid I Knew

rachel kauffman

The snow isn't appealing anymore  
It's cold and wet and you're freezing  
You'd much rather be inside

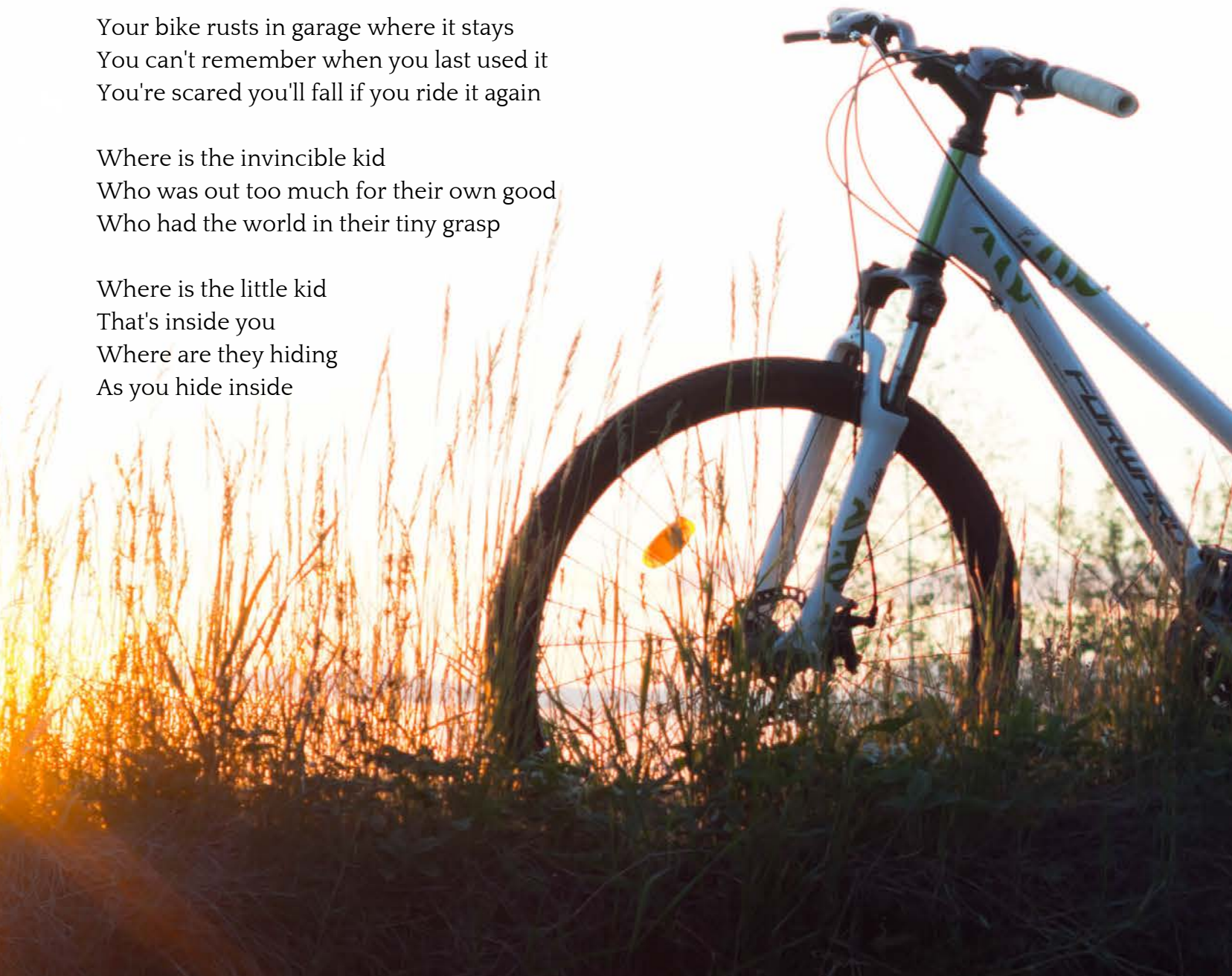
Summer isn't the same fun from before  
Sunburns hurt a lot more now  
You'd much rather be inside

You're always inside nowadays  
Your knees don't get scraped up  
Your friends don't yell "bye" when you go in

Your bike rusts in garage where it stays  
You can't remember when you last used it  
You're scared you'll fall if you ride it again

Where is the invincible kid  
Who was out too much for their own good  
Who had the world in their tiny grasp

Where is the little kid  
That's inside you  
Where are they hiding  
As you hide inside





# twenty-eight degrees

douglas robert ecker

once upon the ocean atlantic  
one april night, ill-fated and tragic,  
came a tale of fearful symmetry  
of melancholy and infamy;  
the star-filled heavens overhead  
belied a sense of impending dread,  
while the flat calm stillness of the sea  
echoed in silent symphony;  
from the kingdom across the pond  
the mighty vessel from beyond,  
the stately titan of the sea  
the proud, majestic epiphany—  
and none aboard could have dared afford  
to think a thought of such discord as  
how long do you suppose one can survive in  
twenty-eight degrees?

parting the sea with effortless ease  
though perilous waters surely were these,  
the titan charged, full steam ahead boldly  
unaware of the jeopardy beckoning coldly;  
eleven-forty pm, and all is not well  
woeful is the resounding knell,  
the end is nigh as inevitability holds sway  
this maiden will sail not one more day;  
two-twenty am, the final beat of the drum  
the fortunate wait for a savior to come,  
and those in the sea ever so cruelly do freeze  
in the frigid water of twenty-eight degrees—  
it would have been such illogic  
it would have been most absurd  
for any aboard to have dared afford  
to think a thought of such discord as  
how long do you suppose one can survive in  
twenty-eight degrees?



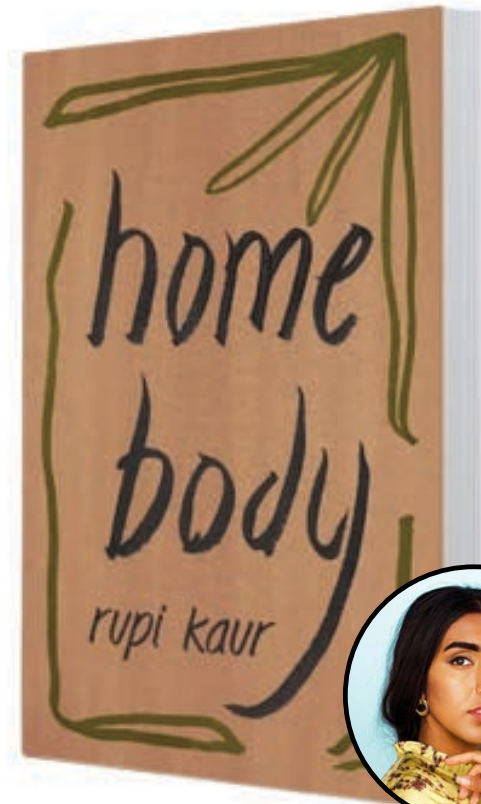
UPCYCLE A CANDLE VOTIVE  
WITH VINTAGE BOOK PAGES

# BOOK PAGE CANDLE HOLDER

*Saturday, April 9, 2022*  
*Monroe Library*  
*Drop-In between 10 - 12 p.m.*  
*While supplies last*

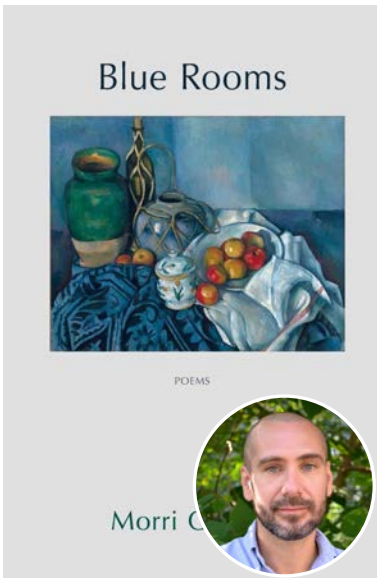
# BOOK TALKS

Check the library catalog for these titles.



**Home Body**  
*Rupi Kaur*

Home body is a collection of raw, honest conversations with oneself – reminding readers to fill up on love, acceptance, community, family, and embrace change. Illustrated by the author, themes of nature and nurture, light and dark, rest here.



**Blue Rooms**  
*Morri Creech*

His fourth collection, BLUE ROOMS, explores the uncertain terrain between conscious perception and the objective world.

**Some Things I Still Can't Tell You: Poems**  
*Misha Collins*

Trademark wit and subtle vulnerability converge in each poem; this book is both a celebration of and aspiration for a life well lived.

**Somebody Give This Heart a Pen**  
*Sophia Thakur*

A stirring collection of coming-of-age poems exploring issues of identity, difference, perseverance, relationships, fear, loss, and joy.

**100 Poems to Break Your Heart**  
*Edward Hirsch*

100 of the most moving and inspiring poems of the last 200 years from around the world, a collection that will comfort and enthrall anyone trapped by grief or loneliness.





**How to Love a Country: Poems**  
*Richard Blanco*

A new collection from the renowned inaugural poet exploring immigration, gun violence, racism, LGBTQ issues, and more, in accessible and emotive verses



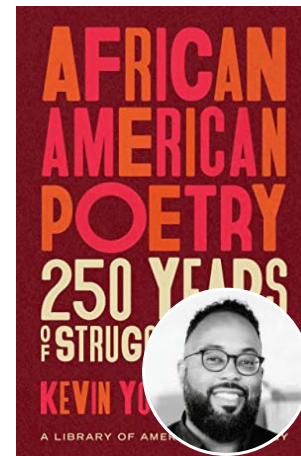
**I Would Leave Me If I Could: A Collection of Poetry**  
*Halsey*

Bringing the same artistry found in her lyrics, Halsey's poems delve into the highs and lows of doomed relationships, family ties, sexuality, and mental illness.



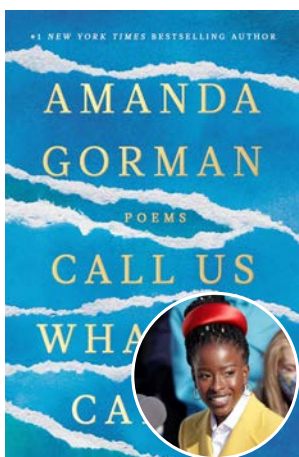
**Feel Your Way Through**  
*Kelsea Ballerini*

The personal and poignant debut poetry collection from the award-winning singer, songwriter, and producer revolves around the emotions, struggles, and experiences of finding your voice and confidence as a woman.



**African American Poetry: 250 Years of Struggle and Song**  
*Kevin Young*

The biggest, most ambitious anthology of black poetry ever published, gathering 250 poets from the colonial period to the present.



**Call Us What We Carry**  
*Amanda Gorman*

Bursting with musical language and exploring themes of identity, grief, and memory, this lyric of hope and healing captures an important moment in our country's consciousness while being utterly timeless.



**Break Your Glass Slippers**  
*Amanda Lovelace*

About overcoming those who don't see your worth, even if that person is sometimes yourself. In the epic tale of your life, you are the most important character while everyone is but a forgotten footnote.



**Black Girl, Call Home**  
*Jasmine Mans*

From spoken word poet Jasmine Mans comes an unforgettable poetry collection about race, feminism, and queer identity.



**Ain't Burned All the Bright**  
*Jason Reynolds*

Prepare yourself for something unlike anything: A smash-up of art and text for teens that viscerally captures what it is to be Black. In America. Right Now.

# CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

**Movement Magazine will be accepting submissions of written and artwork for the May issue.**

**These should be based on the theme of "Show Us Your Strength" in appreciation of Mental Health Awareness Month.**

**Deadline April 25th**

**For all questions, please contact us at [unionwest@unioncountync.gov](mailto:unionwest@unioncountync.gov)**

