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The Poet's Art

Volume 1, 2020

**Senior Editor: David Fox; Production Editor: Joel Evans.
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Brief Bios

David Fox (Senior Editor) has been in *Creative Inspirations*, *FFP Poetry Forum*, *Full Moon Poetry 2019 Haiku Calendar.*, *Northern Stars*, *Nuthouse*, *Pancakes in Heaven* and *Westward Quarterly*.

Joel Evans (Production Editor) is a distinguished professor emeritus at Hofstra University and a widely published author.

Linda Amos, Susan Marie Davniero, Jane Hutto, M.T. Jamieson, Barbara Briggs Luczkowiak, John C. Mastor, Lydia Moccero, Michael Crayton Powell, Carrie Quick, Sylvia Roberts, Betty Streeter, Vernon Waring, John W. (Bill) Williams, and editor Cory Meyer have poems in *Pancakes in Heaven*. Susan has essays in them. Susan and Barbara have artwork in them. And Jane, M.T., Carrie and John have had letters in them.

Linda Amos, M.T. Jamieson, Barbara Briggs Luczkowiak, Robert E.L. Nesbitt (submitted by his wife, Ellen M. Nesbitt), Michel Crayton Powell, Carrie Quick, Betty Streeter, and editor Beverly Kleikamp all have poems in *Northern Stars*.

Michael Crayton Powell and editor Joanne Tolson have had poems in issues of *Full Moon Poetry*.

Ginny Cope has a children's poetry book called *Animal Names*, 12 pages with cartoons. It is published by Atlantic Pacific Press Magazine/Journal, in South Dartmouth, MA. It is edited by Christine Leimbach Walen. She has appeared in recent issues of *Full Moon Poetry*, *Pancakes in Heaven*, and *Northern Stars*.

Jane Hutto, John C. Mastor, Vernon Waring, Sheila B. Roark, and editor Shirley Anne Leonard have poems in *Westward Quarterly*.

Jane Hutto, M.T. Jamieson, Barbara Briggs Luczkowiak, Lydia Moccero, Carrie Quick, Vicky Salazar, Betty Streeter, Robert E.L. Nesbitt (submitted by his wife Ellen), Sylvia Roberts, and editor

Arthur C. Ford, Sr., have recent poems in *The Poetry Explosion Newsletter (The PEN)*.

John C. Mastor, Eleanor Michael, Michael Crayton Powell Crayton Powell, Betty Streeter, and editor M.J. Reynolds have poems in issues of *Creative Inspirations*.

Finally, I want to mention one of my poet mentors and my friend Barb Reiher Meyers. She has passed away. I don't know how old she was, or the cause of death. I do know she led a group, Live Poets Society, which did workshops, edited a weekly poetry newsletter (which mentioned people's accomplishments, and reviews of local magazines -- including mine, and events in Nassau, Suffolk County, Queens and some in Manhattan). She also was the poetry coordinator for "Northport Arts in the Park," a yearly function. She will be greatly missed by many.

**Excerpted from *NEVER POSTPONE JOY,*
A Free Verse Poetry Anthology by Linda Amos.**

There's Just Something Wonderful About Christmas

Perhaps, it is all the fault of those slick ad-people at Hallmark Cards Company in St. Louis, MO., who create and produce those cheesy TV ads about Christmas that make one want to believe that this Christmas will be different

Perhaps, it is all about hope and how it springs eternal in the human heart after the first of December.

However, as a widow, these past eight Christmases; have been hard on my heart. It appears to me that while everyone around me, in the malls and downtown, is shopping and bright and cheery, emphasizing our differences, me, I am alone and lonely.

That does not mean I don't partake of shopping for Christmas presents for those I love. I do enjoy shopping all year long, searching out values, and bargains that fit into my meager shopping allowance. Plus I do send about 100 cards to those who are shut-in and who also have lost those they love while traveling down life's path to where we are now.

It is just that I don't know anyone, in my circle of friends and remaining family members, who celebrate a Hallmark Christmas, even though we do try. Me, I put up a large artificial Christmas tree, which I named "Herbert" after my late brother. And I spend hours decorating it each year with a different theme. This year it will be silver and my favorite shade of royal blue, with sentimental touches and 1,000 tiny clear lights to shine bright.

When I get home from a long day of volunteering or church, I can walk in the front door, hit the switch and shout, "Hi Herbert, I am home!". And it will greet me. Making me smile.



***Think Positively* by Michael Crayton Powell**

Try and see the bright side...

To any of your trials and tribulations...

Thinking positively; or just have faith!

In other words, look for the best in every situation...

Refusing to give Up! Find a way around,

Or through every obstacle...

For “if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed,

Nothing shall be impossible unto you” (Mat. 17:20}.

And “all things are possible to him that believeth” {Mark 9:23}.

And “faith is the substance of things hoped for,

The evidence of things not seen” (Hebrews 11.1 }.

For I’m a firm believer that people, all people,

Become what they think!

May this poem inspire you! Comfort you...

And give you direction! Straighten on up babe...

Think positively!

Inspired by Norman Vincent Peale’s *My Favorite Quotations*.

And dedicated to Lee Portano.

Lost and Found as One
by Robert E.L. Nesbitt, Jr.

If I'm lost in lonely rejection,

A vital link that articulates God and man

Is lost, when there's universal subjection

To one piece missing in His mosaic plan.

I'm only a common piece, yet, I'm part of a great celebration

Of creative energy release that gives to life its percolation.

When you leave me rejected, No part of the whole escapes

what's neglected.

The question is, "Will our soul's vitality restore each other, or

will all desiccate?"

Only when we flock within one holy fold

Can there be showers of embers to identify and spark every soul.

Submitted Ellen M. Nesbitt.

Shoreline of Faith
by Robert E.L. Nesbitt, Jr.

Life can grind at the shoreline
in the ebb and flow of sand,
The grit within our materiality
holds course by the tide's command.
There's ever flow in sequences of time,
leaving ripples etched by hands in flight,
Drawn by a Puppeteer's lunar strings,
marking, then banishing, human plight.
A cleansing soul rides the frothy tides
keeping dreams afloat when hope resides,
Ever appearing, ever returning, till
faith quiets our inner churning.

Submitted Ellen M. Nesbitt.

I Have Not Forgotten
by Julie Spencer

**I think of you
Every moment of the day
Cause I have
Not forgotten.**

**I have not forgotten
The levity of your
Smile, nor the
Depth of love.**

**The safety I feel
In your arms.
The closeness
Of your touch.**

**I cannot forget the sweetness
Of this moment
Nor of any other moment
I have held you.**

**I will not
Ever forget
The treasure
Of knowing you.**

Watching Football

By Ginny Cope. ©



WATCHING FOOTBALL

Football to me is lots of fun,
Seeing the fans sitting in the sun,
Fall season is here for a reason
Temperatures drop at night in nearby regions
Watching Football on Sunday is fine,
But the next morning we all dine,
Caught up with each of our players
Showing victory to everyone for our prayers
No matter what the score is for sure,
Working hard to win for our school,
College teams gets me going strong
Building character to last all year long

Got My New Car
by M. T. Jamieson

Got my new car, a Roswell, by name.
With one big door and two seats it came.

The warranty is ten million miles,
Except for replacement heat-shield tiles.

Tuned the radio, took me all day.
Picks up stations from way far away.

Call the color aluminum green,
The oddest shade you have ever seen.

Don't know the fuel, it's surely not gassed.
The trunk is small, the engine room vast.

Tiny steer wheel, and stop or go stick,
And all the windows are really thick.

Strange dials and numbers, can't read the dash.
Acceleration causes whiplash.

Got my new car, a Roswell, by name,
Made in New Mexico is the claim.

Dakota Wind
by M. T. Jamieson

The Dakota wind blows in my mind.
Hot, and dusty dry, leather boot kind.

Wide open spaces. Badlands, trails west,
Coyotes, Lakota, vision quest.

Here, no locks to lock, or keys to turn,
Travelling light, plenty sunshine to burn.

Eat when you're hungry, rest when you're tired.
No talking, or listening, required.

Dirt roads, don't need much such passing lane.
Sunny, so bright, as to melt your brain.

Best, is good enough. No time for fears.
Hours are minutes, days become years.

Eye on horizon, feet on the ground.
Simple, a pleasure, easily found.

Surrounded, neither, by bought nor sold.
Journey realized, before too old.

I follow along, the wind just right,
Past miles, beyond time, almost, not quite.

The Dakota wind blows in my mind.
Soon, to return, daydream outlined.

Love Unexpected
by Vicky Salazar

With all the turmoil in the world, love came softly into my life.

The sweetness of your presence in the room,
my heart skips quickly to its tune.

The attraction came suddenly unexpected when I met you.

Now I love you in a secret place because to each other we
don't belong. Still loves, stirrings come so strong.

We've fought the sense of alarm, yet I still feel the sweetness
of your charm.

Starlight
by Vicky Salazar

The golden leaves – red, orange, and yellow hues –
shelter the quaint old red barn and white picket fence below.

The trees sheltering arms grace the lake in their forest scene.

Its beauty tells of the age old story in the evening breeze,
the dreams and aspirations of time.

When night comes, its softening glow highlights the stars in the
ebony sky as starlight sprinkles the earth below.

His Presence
by Vicky Salazar

The night is softly singing as dusk comes softly.

The rhythmic hum of insects and the mating call of pigeons
are silver sweet despite the willow trees downward droop.

I swing back and forth in Grandma's old wooden porch
swing.

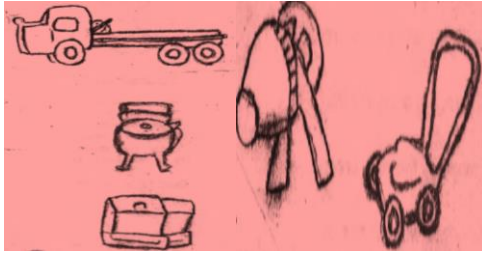
Soon, bright stars twinkle and dance in the ebony sky.

I have looked for him all day. Sought him in my heart.
Longed for him in my urgent need. Wondering if he will hear
my cry "Lord I pray!"

Silence hangs in the air, but I slowly feel-a calming presence
overtake me.

I know. I know now he has been with me along!

Spring Cleaning, Country Style **By Eleanor Michael**



“Scrap metal pays good now,” the head junkman said. “I’ve got a flat-bed truck with a winch that can load and haul it all.” He chuckled. “I’ll take more than one trip to the yard, and I’d better send an extra man.”

They took away: White Mercury station wagon filled with car parts – lug nuts to carburetors. A Dodge parked pickup truck with a cut-up windmill and a 318 engine block in the box. Woody wagon, cement mixer, metal clothes line poles the elm tree fell on. One non-running riding mower, three junked push-types, old wheelbarrow sans wheel, two rusty hog feeders, one water-well jack pump, and one wringer-type clothes washer. But not my nephew’s dune buggy.

A Conclusion: In time, one must part with things that have become old friends. Still it seems one cannot sell one’s dreams. Even after word got around. And he had several serious offers.



The Dance of the Trees
by Susan Marie Davniero



**Suddenly I notice all the trees,
With rocking and rolling leaves.
Swinging in the windy breeze,
In harmony with nature's jazz.
Rhythm of the birds and bees.
Tempo beat flowed with ease.
The dance of the trees.**

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