

Anticipation

Issue 7: April 2021

OpenDoor magazine

YOUR WORDS MATTER.



IT'S POETRY
MONTH!
WHAT DOES
POETRY MEAN
TO US?

Theme Poetry

all about

ANTICIPATION

**WHEN LIFE GAVE
US A CORONIAL!**

AUTHOR

FEATURES

**THE CAPRICE OF
ANTICIPATION**

WELCOME TO THE --- OPENDOOR MAGAZINE APRIL ISSUE!



As we pass the year mark of Covid heavily impacting most of our lives – we wanted to take this month to look forward. Anticipation can take on quite a few meanings, but the main one is something that you are looking towards. For many of us, anticipation, has taken on new meaning in the last year. And we are all still in this together.

Another thing we would like to shout out with is that this is the Global Poetry Month!! So we want to take a moment in raising a glass and thanking each and every poet who has entered their words into our monthly magazine and trusted us with their soul. We all have our own view of what poetry means to us, but the thing to remember is that it is exactly what it needs to be to each poet and to each reader. Cheers to another year celebrating an artform that will continue to span lifetimes.

Also, thank you for continuing to share our magazine with your friends and family and allowing our audience to keep growing.

- Kassie & Mel

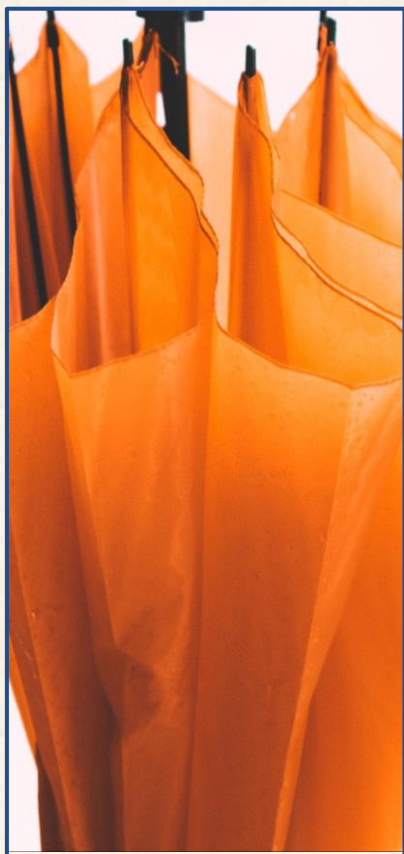
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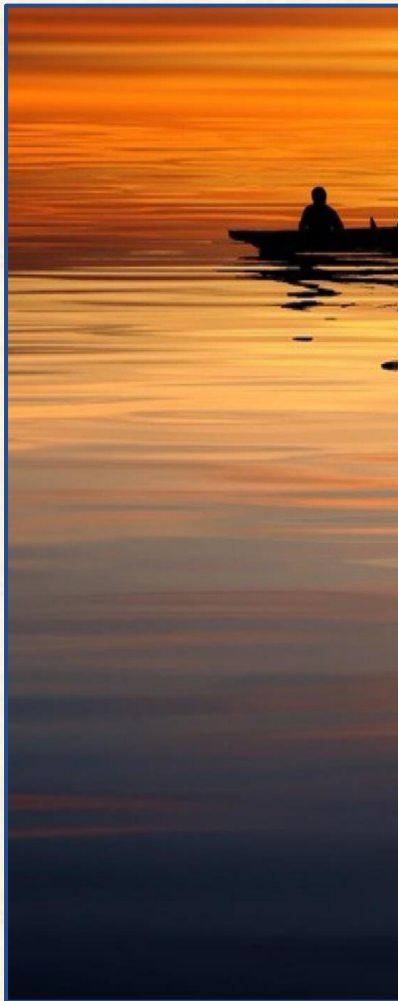
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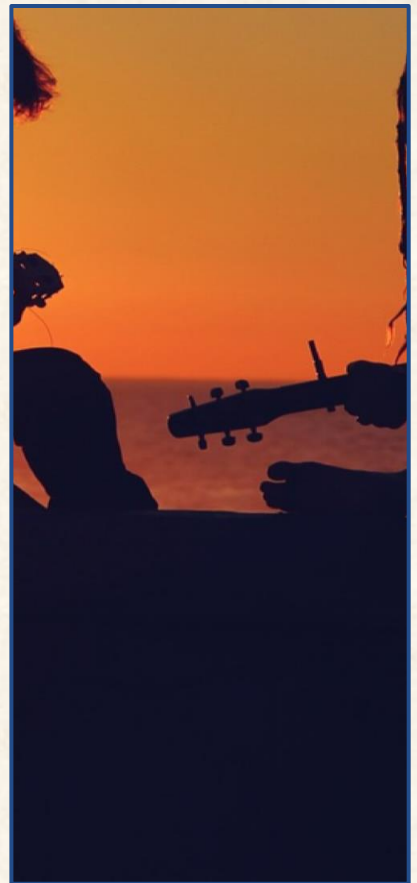
35 FEATURED
AUTHORS




49 FEATURED
BOOKS FOR YOU
TO READ



55 UPCOMING
EVENTS!



A hand is shown at the top left, gripping a black umbrella handle. Below the handle, several bright orange umbrella canopies are visible, fanning out. The background is a plain, light color.

*It's Global Poetry
Month! What does
poetry mean to us...*

KASSIE J RUNYAN

Co-Creator



<https://www.KassieJRunyan.com>

<https://www.Facebook.com/kassiejrunyan>

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https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLvSEcLEfE196OE_Ya2LNNN3kjFp82Ktt2

What does poetry mean to me...

Poetry is subjective.

It is music. It is all around us. It is in our bones and in our heads. If you are a poet – you know what I mean. You don't have to write word for word a lyrical anthology that vies with the mental acuity of the greats that are long gone. All you have to do is to feel – a motion, a lyric, a joy or sorrow – and put that on paper. If it rhymes – wonderful. If it doesn't – cool. If it has set stanza or not – it is all good. Why? Because to me – poetry is like art. It's in the eye of the beholder. I might see a painting or a poem and it might not speak to me. But did it speak to the artist? Does it speak to someone? Then that is what matters. I hate seeing bad reviews given when the reviewer doesn't like 'that type of poetry.' I've never understood that. It either spoke to you or it didn't. And if it didn't then move on to another work. I am constantly impressed by poetry that I read – paying little attention to what was said in a writing class years ago. Because I can read the emotion in the words and for the ones that speak to my soul – I find myself swimming in them, gulping up the art of others as I glide through. I'm astounded sometimes in what I write. I'm not a traditional poet – sure I've written a limerick in Ireland or tossed in a stanza or rhyme here and there – but usually what I write came from the moment and the song that was racing from my heart to my fingers in that precise moment.

WAVES

Division so thick I can taste it
like a stew
that my grandmother used to make

Our hope is betrayed
by bullets
working through flesh and bone

He made the waves
as he shouted
and spit hatred into the air

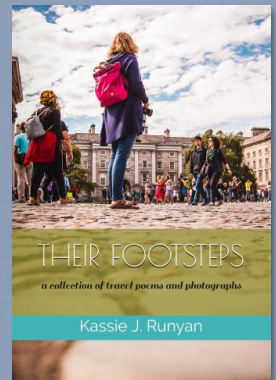
We're spiraling into a deep dark hole
with no option...
but to lift our heads and climb

Shake off those shoulders
from the weight of the world
letting it drop into the scorched earth

Raise those worn out arms
and stand ready to fight back the dark
with light



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your copy
of This is
2020 [HERE!](#)



Purchase your copy
of Their Footsteps
[HERE!](#)



PRE-ORDER your copy of
This is 2020 Part Two [HERE!](#)

WHAT BECAME OF HER

She slept in her car, they all knew.
But no one ever invited her in.

She cried herself to sleep most nights with her head
buried in the back seat of her worn out car
that smelled heavily of stale cigarettes and Everclear.

She couldn't go home, she knew.
She had burnt that bridge already
when her mother called her a stranger
and she couldn't admit that she was a stranger to herself.

She washed her hair in the sinks at the school before her
classmates came, happy and smiling.
What college kids should be.
She took her seat and smiled back hoping they didn't notice
her coming from the bathroom.

She learned they had always seen her when she heard
them laughing. The eyes darting towards her
as she ran to her car, tears burning streaks on her face.
She drove to a hidden stream to watch the water
flowing to match her tears and she imagined falling in
and sinking to the bottom of that cool water.

She didn't fall though, not yet.
Even as she dreamt of monsters in the night
and tears flowed even in her sleep.
Huddled in her little red car
that was parked blocks from her home
as strangers walked by and thought 'poor girl'
but no one invited her in.

Years later those same people would sit
at their table, coffee in hand.
and think of that girl huddled in her little red car.
They would tell their friends about her
whenever someone mentioned the plight of the homeless.
Becoming a story to show value
and ending it with a far away glance,
"I wonder what became of her."

I STAND HERE

I stand here
a testimony in stretch pants
that don't stretch quite so far.
I stand here
skin growing pale
with a lack of sunlight.
I stand here
a tiny person
in a tiny box
in a great big city
on a large piece of land
on a large planet.
I watch the world.
Moving.
Turning.
I stand here.
Fires burn on the other side
of the windowpane.
On the other side
of the world.
People die and I testify
with a pencil in hand.
I fight...
with words.
I stretch my slippered toes
and look out the window.
Tiny cars slowly sliding
through the narrow tunnel
that guides them underground.
Why do they wait?
I stand here
blood boiling
wanting to scream.
Wanting to laugh.
Wanting to find a voice
and lift my fist.
I stand here
wanting the fear to end
to go outside
and feel the sun on my face
and the MARCH in my step.
My toes wiggle
ready to move
fingers caressing the windowpane.
I stand here

MEL HAAGMAN

Co-Creator

What does poetry mean to me...

Poetry has always been an instinctive strategy that I have used to release my feelings. I wasn't aware of how much I was using poetry as self-therapy until recently. When faced with difficult times, I use poetry to make sense of the situation and through writing about it, I am able to funnel my anger, sadness or anxiety into an outlet that helps me to let go of the negative energy I'm holding. I always feel somewhat lighter afterwards and at times when I read it back, it can evoke an emotion I didn't realise I had, and I'm able to fully process whatever situation I am dealing with.

Deep poetry with sad themes certainly flows out of me more naturally but I do really enjoy writing humorous verse too. Usually about real experiences that have occurred. They offer a great reminder of something amusing that has happened, that perhaps you'd ordinarily end up forgetting about.

Both through writing and reading poetry, I feel a real sense of relief either through pouring out strong emotions or by hearing that others feel the same and experience the world in similar ways. Poetry can be so relatable and when it's not, it offers an education into the way in which others think and feel and that is always a good thing.

Overall, by incorporating poetry into my life I feel it's helped me to grow empathically and supported me through some of the toughest moments of my life. More recently poetry has had a whole new meaning with 'Open Door,' and through embarking on this new venture I am so grateful to be sharing the wonderful words of so many other writers and building such a strong community of like-minded people.

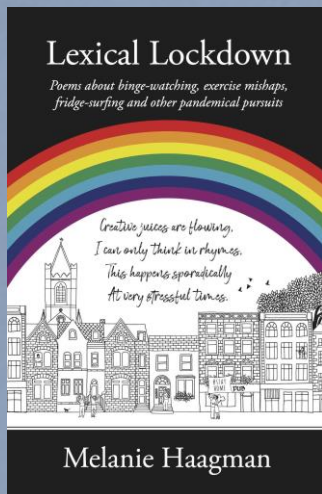


<https://www.Facebook.com/girlontheedge90>

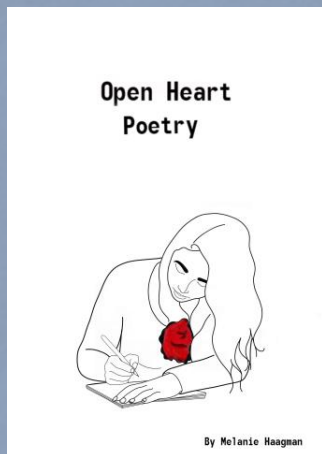
<https://www.Instagram.com/girlontheedge90>

<https://www.Twitter.com/girlontheedge1>

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCjh8b4Y7gSFGKewzPKZH8lw>



Purchase your copy of
Lexical Lockdown [HERE!](#)



Purchase your copy of Open
Heart Poetry [HERE!](#)

HOLD YOUR TONGUE...

Hold your tongue
It can't be undone...
Things slip out quick,
And the words, they stick.
You can't take it back,
Once things have been said,
They become entrenched
Stuck inside of your head.
Those true micro-thoughts,
That come from the id,
That are best to let pass
Should have kept on the lid.
Hold your tongue
It can't be undone
Now isn't the time to spout,
And let that anger slip out.
Those who shout the loudest
Aren't always struggling more,
And the words can cause damage
Shattering the recipients core.
Hold your tongue
It can't be undone
The anger will fade,
Don't release the shade.
Reflect for a second,
That, you won't regret
Because angry words
They are hard to forget .

THE DARK DAYS

Today I feel lonely, aloof and unheard,
Living in a world that can be so absurd
Today I feel mopey I don't want to be,
And I'm not liking much about me.
Today I feel angry, powerless and sad,
Focusing only on all that is bad.
Today I feel like just hiding away,
And I haven't much left I want to say.
Today I feel and I don't want to feel,
I want to block out all that's real.
Today I feel, I've lost my head,
And I just want to be in bed.
Today I feel this negative way,
But tomorrow, I know, I'll be okay.

CRÈME EGGS

The beloved Creme Egg,
Diminishing each year in size,
I picked one up the other day,
And couldn't believe my eyes!
Is it me that's getting bigger?
I pondered, as my hands grasped the treat,
Is this the hint to put it back,
And pick something healthier to eat?
But instead I bought two,
To make up for the injustice that I felt,
I put them in my pocket,
And prayed they wouldn't melt.
I got home and peeled the foil,
And I took a mighty bite,
Surely these can't be the cause,
Of my jeans being too tight?



April Theme = Anticipation

The Caprice of Anticipation

BILL CHATFIELD

I have, for most of my life, thought of the word “anticipation” in connection with things/events hoped for, like the anticipation of a vibrant Spring after a cold-to-the-core Winter. When I was about four and living in a tight old-house neighborhood in Quincy Point, Massachusetts, I rolled out of bed simultaneously with my Mom around 5:30 a.m., a habit developed when she grew up on a farm just outside Washington DC. On decent weather days, I gulped down breakfast (cereal, Wonder Bread toast, and o.j.) and shot out the front door to hop on my tricycle. Dad had added wooden blocks so I could reach the pedals, and boy could I pedal with single-minded focus and determination. Every day, I could barely wait to race up and down the narrow-crooked sidewalks. When I was school-age, I eagerly anticipated the new baseball season, to be followed soon by a carefree Summer.

Nearing college graduation with a degree in Philosophy, I had no anticipation of a ready-made career. Instead, I would see what pure happiness I could wring from my friendships and the wider beckoning world. A few years later, married with my first child on the way, I had no doubts that my charmed life would carry on. My wife and I mused in a harmony of pleasant expectations with my cousin and his wife (also pregnant with their first child) about the companionship that our two children would enjoy. The first reckoning that things could go awry without warning came when my cousin’s child died three days after birth. With a jolt, I learned not to be brightly and blindly optimistic. My wavering between optimism and cynicism continued throughout the years between early fatherhood and my senior years.

When I made my first appointment with a urologist at age 72, I overcame my typical “ignorance is bliss” method of dealing with medical and health-related issues and agreed to be blood-tested for prostate cancer given my symptoms. Now, about a year and a half after being diagnosed with stage 4 cancer, I am rethinking the abstract idea of “anticipation.” I hope I have sufficient latent optimism to develop the capacity to get beyond my dread of new news to enjoy the magic of anticipating joy again.

April Theme: Anticipation

MULTIPLE AUTHORS

I WAIT FOR MARLENA

Emalisa Rose
United States

The awning, the same; red and
white gingham, a bit worn through
the years. Under its giant umbrella,

a medley of God's greatest greens,
sharing the blue checkered tablecloth
with a rainbow of vegetables.

Sometimes, some samples of jams
that she's made. Last Spring, she
put out some pies and the white

wicker baskets for sale, that were
wove by the seniors in centers.

I wait for Marlena, after the long
northeast Winter. I'd drive down
route 9, by the few farms that remain

through the flatlines of February, save
for some remnants of old jack-o-lanterns,
unfit for the crows anymore.

It's June 21st, without sight of that
wood weathered table. And I worry. She's
getting on with the years. Same thing

occurred several Summers ago. I need
her to be here; her and that white sugar
corn that I love.

OLEANDER

Mohamed El Houssaini
Morocco

Never be devoured by the past
There will be nothing to last
Mournful or gleeful
When thinking about it
Nothing will change at all
Look at the future with a big smile
Like a small bird
Getting out of its nest to fly
Don't wait for people to give you flowers
Enjoy the bitterness of an oleander
And let them be surprised and wonder
How can you endure it with no hinderer
Sow your flowers wisely
Don't Think you gonna do it easily
The future is always near
Don't lie on your bed and snore
Do as much as you
To take yourself to the next floor
Difficulties will always impede your way
But your desire must be strong enough
To put them away

Claudette Martinez

Canada

<https://www.facebook.com/claudettemartinezdesign/>

<https://www.instagram.com/claquette.martinez.92/?hl=en>

[#claudettemartinezartist](#)

I lay your laughter in my memory vault,
I drape your smile like a silk veil across my brain,
soft to touch and paper thin.
I place them so that I can reach them easily.
And when the waves of grief threaten to drown me,
I reach for them.
and they pull me to the surface,
saving me over and over again.



I WANNA BE A WRITER

Robert Baker

United Kingdom

<https://www.instagram.com/TheRomanceBloke/>

<https://mobile.twitter.com/TheRomanceBloke>

<https://www.facebook.com/Robert.E.Baker.TRB>

<https://theromancebloke.com/>

Rejection letters gather like junk mail;
I add the latest “Hell No!” to the stack.
Progress is made when you refuse to fail.
Like Arnie always says, “I will be back!”
I’m gonna be an author, just you wait,
and not the kind who’s famous when he’s dead.
Before this year is done, I’ll celebrate
as critics see my books are getting read.
Someday my books will sell across the Earth.
How dare they claim my prose is nondescript?
They simply fail to comprehend the worth
concealed within my dazzling manuscript.
Right now, I have a huge rejection pile.
One day, I’ll write a book that’s more their style.

ON THE EVE OF AN EVENT

Dan Brook

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/vegnik36>

as I sit in thin-walled protection
against the dense fog that blankets
the island,
water in the freezer
slowly turns into cold cubes
in its never ending metamorphosis-

as I lay (and lie) naked to the world
in shorts and a shirt
playing solitaire
baby crying
All others sleeping,
I start up
not knowing if I was dreaming
or thinking or not-

as I rest on the sand
watching the waves
of the Great Puddle
seduce me,
closing my eyes
listening to the open Ocean
proudly singing
its thunderous song,
I sing
my own inaudible, laudable,
bubble song-

as I eat up the vegetable world
with its zucchini and carrots
and rainbow loom
with microcosmic music,
life grows
inside of me
like a picture portrait
of the fantastic photogenic Earth-

as I breathe in the clouds
surrounding the sun
and spit into the wind,
eat the pie in the sky,
and squint my eyes
to twinkle the little stars,
the jealous moon
brags of its beauty-

as I sleep on the ground,
in my self-designed cage,
with its screens for summer,
and its walls for winter,
I,
feel the fatal future,
of past people,
inside of Me,
setting up for the show-

as I'm living and dying,
all alone,
I think of you,
and I smile=

LOVERS' COMMUNIQUE IN THE PLAGUE YEAR

RC James

United States

Out on a limb where whispers grow
I'm twisted in pursuit of your shadow
the wind drives me from here and gone,
your memory feeds my delusions.

I sang every song in your litany,
walked every corridor of your escape,
there's nothing I can do, you're inside
that cave of promises I have no entry to.

The midnight train arrives with some relief,
a promise held high above the fray,
I've lost contact with every rumor of you,
down the last alleyway I go.

When you cradle a bouquet of solutions,
forget about me, follow through on wings
the dream provided you; in faded white gloves
hold onto escape, then make your way back to me.

NEW LIFE

Rosanna Wilbur

Canada

https://www.instagram.com/grit_and_roses/

Illuminating the night
you surpass the masses.
Your brilliance begins.
Dancing with wonder, dancing with fear, moving in
anticipation but not knowing why.
One day little spark you will glean
what makes your light so keen.
Spectrums of colour aflight,
shades of missed chances,
your radiant spirit wins.
Painting with wonder, painting with fear, turning
with anticipation and quite certain why.
For now little beam, forge ahead for that peek, at
the two who made you so unique.

WHEN THE REAPER KNOCKS

Ken Gosse

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/ken.gosse/>

Nihilistically begun, his knock-knock joke was not for fun. “Who’s there?” The bait caught one.

“Nothingness.” “Nothingness who?” A pause, expecting more.

“Who’s there? Who’s knocking at my door?”

The necromancer,

sans answer,

always

has

won.

I DREAMT OF US

David Dephy

United States

<https://artisticfreedominitiative.org/artists/david-dephy/>

I dreamt of us. I awoke this night and went to the door.

I was alone. I opened the door. The shadows were the fragments of hope, the shadows—as the words spoken in sleep.

I dreamt of us, and now, having lived a century apart from you, experienced the emptiness, or calmness of thoughts as the lights of streetlamps out there and our laugh, hands and breathe,

found they were fumbling at our fingers, and speech and time. Shuffling to the outdoor, I felt I had left myself here alone, in the twilight, where patiently we waited, and did not blame each other,

as if we saw a rainbow without rain, right there. I dreamt of us. As the sightless with fingers searches for rays and as worn fresco by prayer’s friction. Each word, the heart of silence.

I ANTICIPATE

James Dean Rivera

United States

<https://thedeanoofpoetry.com/>

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCtLMaild3yQB>

[Az77cySgzOQ](#)

I anticipate myself marrying you,
I'm in a black tux you in a white dress,
Walking down the aisle and saying our I do's,
We are finally getting married! Yes Yes Yes!

Eloping in Greece,
Just the two of us,
Being married will be a breeze,
Both of us so in love.

To build more of a life together and travel,
Spain, Mexico, Portugal, London,
Even go to Saudi Arabia and ride a camel,
And the adventures won't come undone.

We will have generational wealth extended to our
children,
They too will indulge in our adventures,
No matter where or when,
And they will have their own business ventures.

But the most important thing I anticipate,
Is us growing old together,
And that part will be great,
We will have a love that lasts forever!

TIME TO GO

Michael Ball

United States

<https://michaelball.com/opera/MBpoem.htm>

<https://www.facebook.com/harrumph>

I perched for years waiting
waiting for you to say I love you
back to me, just once (or hourly).
You did at last.

When I asked with a coy smile
Did I ever tell you I love you.
Then simply said, "I love you."
You at last stunned me
with "I love you."

... for the very first time.

I could die here and now
quite happily.

GOD RETIRES

Allan Lake
Australia

On the small Pacific island of Tanna,
where many believe Prince Philip
the only son of their mountain god –
such excitement!

Never mind 16,000 km to England or
that Philip was born in Greece, home
of many frisky gods. Fact: gods and
their kids are not bound by natural law
like us. Phil, who ‘retired’ at age 95,
is expected to reappear on Tanna
at any moment.

Tannese disciples have awaited his return
since 1974 when he flew in, with his woman,
for a brief stop. They believe when he returns
everything will be exceedingly good.
People won't get sick and the yam crop
won't ever fail. After all, paradise on Tanna
has been earned via prayer directed to Phil
and they even sent him a pig-killing club,
a symbol of their faith in his prowess.

Disclosure: While a member of a certain religion,
(aren't they all?) I was asked to go to Tanna
as a missionary but declined. Who knows,
I might have converted them to a humorless
muddle-eastern god or conversely become
a follower of the wise-cracking Duke/Prince.
In the end my long dead messiah and I fell
out and now I have a hunch that Phil,
that son of a god, may be too frail to return
or has lost sight of divine duty and the yams
of Tanna may have to grow all on their own.

ARCHIVES

Kevin Book-Satterlee
Spain

i meander among archives stacked along walls
stained of tobacco and saharan dust
my bicycle left to the corner in the quiet hall
i skip and shuffle the silent room open only
to the courtyard sounds of quietude

deep inhale of salt from dry breezes
and pages opening for the first time in decades
sand and grit flitter from parcels intoned in verse
unread and unspoken for generations

scripts as stiltedly translated lyrics in western
tongue
i could not pronounce such a calligraphy albeit
poetic
those dialects lost to the winds of fleeting nazarí

their whistle follows the wind in trembling pines
their whisper in autumn leaves on aging trees
songs in percussion of rain between portico arches
and my bicycle sheltered as I watch their words
dance

FIRST DATE

Rebecca Kenny

United Kingdom

<https://www.instagram.com/rebeccakennywrites/>

It's that moment, isn't it. When you
Edge in closer, your breath on mine,
Eyes locked and the air loaded - there is
Static, needles in my lower lip, chin
Numb to all but the touch of your thumb
As your lips part mine. A tilt of the head,
A perfect 30 degrees to match my own
Sway, we are still, yet dancing.
My body sings its own song of longing,
My skin ablaze with the gentle irritation of
Desire; there is an itch of a sort that I
Need you to satiate, deep within me,
And the anticipation
After the city air hits us in the face
Your fingers lost in the hair at the nape
Of my neck as you explore me further
And neither of us aware of the existence
Of anybody else -
Of walking down to your basement flat
Slightly drunk, hands gripping the banister
Knowing that in minutes you will be bare
And so will I
Is almost too much to take

TRAVELS THROUGH KNOWLEDGE

Julie A. Dickson

United States

A journey begins, mind opens
on a quest to collect information,
vast as a philosophical lecture
or a finite mathematical equation.

A lecture hall fills with brilliant
young faces, or zoom screen array
all prepared for a day of study.

Note taking, recipe for success,
like cake baking, measured milestones,
notes for exams or essays, instructor
travels through knowledge imparted,

ground yet uncharted, all will be clear
in plans for future, major decision,
later in position to deliver thesis,
path is forged, like blacksmith shapes
iron ore, artistic endeavors, college
student weathers in the rising sun.

WINTERS WISH

Kathleen Chamberlin

United States

Wrap me in the warmth of your smile
Shelter me beneath your loving eyes
Whisper my name into the restless wind
Hold me safe against the darkening skies.
Lift me up with your soulful song
Play your guitar and stroke the strings
Keep me hopeful when the night seems long
Caress my cheek as chill wintry blasts
Pierce the windows of my heart
Wrap me in love's strong embrace
Throughout this night
Throughout all time and space.

LIFE IS A GAME OF JENGA

Amanda Jane Bayliss

United Kingdom

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/moresuccessfulsubmissionsbyamandajane/>

Life is a game of Jenga

One right move

Could strengthen your structure
Make you stronger.

One wrong decision

Could make you wobble
Weaken your structure
CRASH! You down to the ground.

Will you, or another

Collect the bricks
Rebuild and
Start again?

Or

Pick up the gravel
Sling it in the box?

Never, to be played again.

Life is a game of Jenga.

SPOTLIGHT

Matt Cummings & Justine Nichole

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/JNicholePoetry>

<https://www.facebook.com/JNichole11>

<https://trappedpoet.wordpress.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/Trappedpoet/>

"Watching you, no one was near
All lonely, my Dear
Lights on you
My lovely darling
Dancing your heart out for anyone to see
The scene of the lonely queen
Dancing with her shadows
Shades of rainbow burst forth
As you dance, we locked eyes
My heart melted, letting me know
You need me now
I pranced to you
We linked together, people joined us
Magically proactive, combustible reaction
As our night fades away into sweetness

The spotlight was on us, fireworks
You melted away with me, they see us
Your body and mine, our loving eyes
No fight against time under intense light
We got lost in the moment, felt like hours
Swaying to the rhythm
Of the musical chimes
Whirled and twirled
To the rhythmic rhymes
No words between us, only emotions were
spoken
There was a beginning, an end
Thank You, my friend
For joining me in expression
We danced in perfect harmony
As if we were one, you and me
How beautiful, the impression

I started in deflection of introspection
But you, came along and saved me
A wonderful distraction from our demons inside
When you came to me, my thoughts did subside
Once a lonely night, now so full of life
And when it had ended
Such a colorful sight,
Rainbows in all directions
Your hand and mine
Wrapped up in time
What a magical scene
Just you and me, king and queen"

A SENSE OF READINESS

Alan Bedworth
United Kingdom

A sense of anticipation draws near.
The light is starting to shine.
With it a belief that things will
be just fine.

The beginning of a new dawn
is encroaching on us with hope
for the future for everyone.
Keeping us safe from any harm.

As things slowly open
and health is not an issue anymore.
Plans preparing for a holiday
Will give us a goal.

Smiling faces will appear the normal.
When meeting and being sociable.
Positivity is the message with
anticipation for a new life.

HER WORTH

Abdullahi Shaibu
Nigeria

They say to me what she is worth:
I say
She is a jewel
Who has power that amaze men
Like a necklace handcrafted with gold
Who seeks respect rather than luxury
Virtuous in her that can never fade
With a fertile womb which the earth relies on
But this are deemed to trash by others,
the society blames her for showing her pretty
wings
what an overpowering sorrow
with a heart made of gold
a woman valued far beyond the mountain of
doubts
with firm believer
I believe she is worthy

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

Annette Tarpley
United States

She walked along the beach, her feet sinking in the sand
Missing her lover, who had gone to another land

She had watched his ship, as it sailed into the sunset
Reminiscing of their last kiss, her lips still burning yet

With his fingers he had traced, the contours of her face
She was dressed in white, her wedding gown edged in lace

Their love was fresh and new, sealed with wedding rings
Signifying their love, looking forward to what the future brings

Although it seems like yesterday, it was a fortnight he'd gone
He had kissed her goodbye, and said, my darling I won't be long

She could almost feel his breath, in the cool fall Seabreeze
She walked along the shoreline, and sighed without care and ease

She wrapped her arms around her, to ward off the chill in the air
She stumbled upon an object, she found a bottle laying there

She saw a piece of paper within, the bottle it was curled
She thought of it as a treasure, like an oyster that contained a pearl

She opened up the bottle, and withdrew the paper within
She saw writing on the parchment, was intruding upon it a sin

My darling, we have been sailing for a week, the ship hit something hard
I'm writing you this letter, then into the ocean I will discard

A rescue is not eminent, for no other ships are around
Unlikely I'll swim to safety, we are far away from ground

I want you to know, death will not contain my love
I'll be watching over you, your angel sent from above

Do not shed tears and weep for me, for I will always be near
Please go on with your life, you will find another who is dear

I only ask, you never forget, the magic that we shared
The love, laughter and passion, most important how we cared

When you close your eyes at night, feel my arms around you tight
Leave your window open, for I am the star in the sky that's bright

I THOUGHT!

Sonia Pal

United Kingdom

I thought –I closed my pen

For no more writing poetry
Since your advent had snapped all
That pain , the separation pinched.
Ecstatic I felt,
Got relaxed of the stagnant state and
Felt resurrected as if in the pre-dawn lonely elate
The rippling smile on your lips
As if to dive deep in the depth of your eyes
So was the new sight
As a newborn child blinks its delight
Just like that kid
I tried to open the closed fist
As if to realize the lucky mist
Lo! The same spectacle reappeared
Of which I remained often-scared
And often prayed
With folded hands and covered head
To help me better my destiny instead

So has the fist unclasped again
And I have to write a poem again
Once again to realize and requite
The pangs of love-sickness
The pains of separation
How dolefully I invoke “SHIV” again
And feel bemoaned with my single self// soleself

I thought –I closed my pen

PRELUDE – THE MESSAGE IN THE MOVEMENT

Evie Groch

United States

A dance is a dance
but Flamenco is spirit in flame,
arched spine of strength
spreads shivers to stomping feet,
fingers caress castanets,
pulse out codes that hypnotize
with staccato rhythms
yet preserve a delicate beckoning
to engage in a rendezvous.

Petticoats of white foam
accent the illusive hem of a
dress sewn to entice the romance
out of the underground and into which
a body is poured ounce by ounce
to move to the wails and claps
of the *cante flamenco*.

A *pericón* behind which to hide her face,
a *peineta* to crown her head,
an unchained force that claims the stage.
A dance is a dance
but Flamenco is raw, unrobed romance.

ENGORGE YOURSELF

Brian Alvarado

United States

<https://www.brianalvarado.com/writing>

engorge yourself
in a narrow, hollowed,
harrowing harbinger
of the pebbled unknown:

where do your nerves taper away?
do they derail themselves
off into milky granite,
or do they find themselves
ingrained,
in the mossy, bristled, over-tow?

the creak grows wider beneath-
it goldens to beautiful again.

a silken, guided missile,
sent from depths
seemingly untrodden
necessitate your endurance.

how will your mere bones hold you up
in the enticing wake of calamitous fog?

anticipate better days
from the golden crag
will have emerged
in your will to
engorge.

BEING / NOT BEING THERE

Bill Chatfield

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/PeterboroughPoetryProject/>

Remember that time you fell
out of bed screaming and I only watched
like you were a bad movie I'd seen
too many times/
that's what I mean.

I wanted to capture
this morning's sun
in the periphery
of my right eye
and give it to you as penance
in anticipation of the next time
I'm there/not there.

ANTICIPATION RUNNING HIGH!

Kathy Jo Bryant
United States

Anticipation of that day...
Could never be compared...
To anything experienced...
Before love had been shared...

Anticipation held my heart
Within it's willing hands...
And I could not release my grip...
On all of its demands....

A feeling of pure helplessness...
Enclosed my heart and soul...
And I reached out embracing love..
As ecstasy made me whole....

Could anything but this pure bliss...
Repair my broken heart?
And restore the years of sadness deep...
I'd endured from my very start?

O, yes, the power of love holds sway...
It's stronger by far, than death....
And all our failings of humanness...
Fade away with each eager breath!

Anticipating our wedding day...
Has helped us reach our goals!
Our past we've used as steppingstones...
As our future.. before us... unrolls!

MIRAGE

Adrian David

True love is nothing but a mirage
one can pursue but never attain.
Your search may be eternal,
yet it always ends in vain.

The farther you seek,
the nearer it may seem.
But when the curtains go down,
it's all just a lucid dream.

True love is like an illusion.
It promises you ecstasy,
until you finally realize
it's an ephemeral fantasy.

Enchanted by perfection,
you crave happily-ever-after tales,
only to be let down miserably.
Alas, life's full of thorns and nails.

Despite all these obstacles,
I know you're still on a quest.
Dear dreamer in search of true love,
I can only wish you the best.

THE BIGGER WHITE DOOR

Genevieve Ray

United Kingdom

<https://www.facebook.com/GenevieveRayPoet/>

I have always been scared,

of a big white door.
Inside my head,
it kept things from me,
I shouldn't know.
I would anticipate,
One day, this one soul.
Would have to face,
whatever it has in store.

That quiet worry,
that little alone.
The big white door was coming,
it would swallow me whole.
The door has shrunk,
as I have grown.
Some of its secrets leaked,
some forever gone.
It still exists, of course,
tethered to my internal world.

I am no longer scared,
of a big white door.
As outside of myself,
into a bigger one,
I have walked.
Opening up life,
to have, to hold.
I live alone,
but no longer feel alone.
The first time I locked,
my big white door.
I felt the safest I have ever felt.
Anticipating a world about to unlock,
feeling proud, safe and at home.

THE STRIPPING YEAR

Kelly A Hegi

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/kellyhegidirectorpoet>

it's almost over and i am
daring to hope just
a little
caution pours into my ears urging
me to be careful to
not hope too strongly that
would be foolishness a set-up
for devastation it drips down
into my shoulders convincing me
to stay low to stay
measured funny how hope can be
both threatened and threatening
a hand reaching across the chasm
bridging the remnants of the
striping year restraint
seems silly now this is
the rainy day we've
been waiting for

DESERT MARCH

Carol Edwards

United States

<https://practicallypoetical.wordpress.com/>

<https://www.instagram.com/queenamazonia/>

The sun is finally out; it streams into my room, blinds me off the wall;
my cats and plants bask but my feet are still frozen. This house is an ice
box, like my old one. Every November to April I wonder if I'll ever be warm
again. Summer feels a distant memory, but the sun always turns murderous
before my birthday, makes streets into ovens. Spring is that time when the world
is tired of winter but can't yet put the extra blankets away. It'll be warm enough to
walk the dogs at 5 AM when the trees' new leaves grow stale and blooms tinge brown.

ANTICIPATION

Ellen Urowitz

Canada

I Can't Wait
Last week test
I honestly did my best.

I can't find out until Wednesday.
It's only Friday

I'm going to feel so stressed
I'm going to get some rest.

I'm watching movies
it's half price on Tuesday.

Writing my fears
In my pastel pink journal
well I'm starting to get
emotional tears.

REVOLUTIONS

DNathaniel Mulcahy

United States

spring arrives and the redwing blackbird's call
sets off the dawn chorus;
a ripple that precedes the sunrise
an avian musical race around the globe
a sonorous revolution
echoing our planet's own revolution
around the sun
rushing home
to welcome the spring peepers
and the warmth
of hope reawakened.

HEART BEATS

R.A. Whelan

United States

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1295270703870830>

Moments are so fragile in their passing
Each of them floats as a perfect sphere
A bubble incapable of lasting
Seeming real, but then no longer here
A heartbeat is a momentary tremor
Of muscle flexing to enable life
Its rhythm the body must remember
To forget will kill as certain as a knife
And so I float uncertain as a moment
Thanking the percussion of my heart
While coping with the syncopated torment
Of questioning will it stop or start
Heart beats allow all moments of awareness
And these moments are the entire universe

We think that love resides there like an ember

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

Sarah Wells

Canada

The Golden Goose was bitten.
Now, that goose is smitten.
With anticipation, of a journey.

The Golden Goose approaches with
motivation
strength
and courage
as she walks towards the unknown,
her existence
will tell.

she knows there is no looking back
for the Golden Goose has spread her wings
and opened her eyes.

Powerful and majestic
she flies.

ANTICIPATION

A. N. Keertana Rao

India

https://www.instagram.com/poetry_love-08

Most often amidst the chaos of life, we ANTICIPATE the sequels and ends,
completely unaware of the direction where our roads or paths might take bends,
We comprehend and ANTICIPATE the future events,
when they aren't aligned with our dreams, we often lament,

Most often, we ANTICIPATE the gestures and actions of our beloved,
expecting the same quantum of affection that we give, from the crowd,
Oh yes , anticipation is actually tincture of excitement mixed with positive expectations,
It is ~ looking forward for the best manifestations

But ANTICIPATION ceases our ability to live in the present,
let's have an idyllic life , by just relishing the aesthetics of the moment,
Its always good to plan, but NOT ANTICIPATE that things will go our way!
Its good to look forward , but not let it purloin the beauty of today!

Let life be a one-way path, just giving our best and not ANTICIPATING the rest,
Let's enjoy every second, be a pluviophile, or a nature lover or a happy soul, everyday is for sure, a fest!
Let us replace ANTICIPATE with OPTIMISTIC in the process of creating an amazing life,
nothing can hinder as long as we are IN the PRESENT while battling the strife!



ANTICIPATING CHANGE

Petronella Powell

United Kingdom

<https://www.instagram.com/petren33/>

I wish I could anticipate change
Then maybe it wouldn't make me go so deranged when it comes,
I can sometimes hear its tune humming in the background,
Spiraling around me,
But I'm never quite able to see when it will hit,
I could sit and wait for it,
Be in a perpetual state of fear every time I think it's near,
Just waiting for it to happen,
For the change to be actioned,
It has to happen at some point,
Things can't stay the same forever
However much I never want them to change,
When it happens, things feel strange
And I blame the world for it,
Even when things change just a bit,
I wish I could admit how much change scares me,
It's because I can't see what's going to happen,
It pulls me out of my comfort zone,
If only I could be shown my future
Then I'd be able to anticipate change
So, when it arrives it wouldn't make me go so deranged,
But change can be good,
I should try to just accept it
Instead of constantly trying to anticipate it,
Guess its next move,
Stop trying to remove it from my life,
It may sometimes cause so much strife
But other times be one of the best things to have happened in my life.

IMMIGRANT SPRING

Pankhuri Sinha

India

<https://www.facebook.com/pankhuri.sinha.56>

How is the spring
this year, My dear?
Has the oak flowered
in a million buds?
Does the maple tree
look green from a distance yet?
Do branches of the poplar
laden with leafy tips
pointed like painting brushes of Paul Cezanne
bend over the streets
and touch your shoulders
as you walk?
Dear friends and citizens
of my beloved country
do you think I can forget
the smell of your seasons?
The knocking of spring
at my own doorstep
was a joy most wonderful.
Do you think I can forget
the elation of standing there
listening to the bees buzz
and the birds chirp?
Was it a political battle
in which you gave me up?
My beloved country
as dear as motherland
was I just an alien to you?
My dear land of innocence and pride
I will be back to set
our story right
for you and I
walked hand in hand.
Kindly, stand by
as I prepare and pack.
Takes years and years
to undo the hack
they put in my life.
But dear all
and dear me
I will be back!

ANTICIPATING THE BLUSH OF SUNRISE

Bilkis Moola

South Africa

[https://www.facebook.com/Poetic-Shores-](https://www.facebook.com/Poetic-Shores-103759598212110/)

[103759598212110/](https://www.facebook.com/Poetic-Shores-103759598212110/)

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC78xK4tUFoITRG7APfkm9vw>

She scours the fiery sunset -
flames of wrath at the end of
a fierce day.

In anticipation, her heart ignites
a luminescent transformation
where hurt simmers to a dull ache
of drowned memories.

He was her sun -
in anticipation of a future beckoned
in prayer for days swathed
in love.

Hope swelled her heart's passion
in anticipation for dreary days
of loss and longing to end.

Anticipation greets her forlorn self -
lonely crumbs scattered on pavements
when her eyes sealed pain
in footsteps trudging through a bewildered mass
of people thirsty -
a thirst for the death and decay
to end.

Hope filters in her gaze -
the blazing sun settles in dark skies
of nightfall's oblivion with
the dream of anticipation nestled in a feathered pillow
of warmth
nurtured in the comfort that the anticipation of dawn
will ignite the blush of sunrise in a smile.

ANTICIPATION

Carl Papa Palmer

United States


She watches the officer's precise approach
in her rear view mirror,
grips the steering wheel tightly
keeping both hands in plain sight
at ten and two.

Not the first time in this situation,
she recalls emotions felt while relating
her same prior humiliating experience
to smug listeners.

He slowly circles her vehicle from the back,
around the passenger side
to stand directly in front
while writing on his notepad the whole time.

He moves methodically to the driver's door,
taps the window,
"Please turn off the engine
and get out of the car, Ma'am."

"Congratulations,
you parallel parked perfectly.
Here's your license."



When Life Gave Us A Coronial!

NAOMI NAIR @aevatharvam

My little girl was three years old when she made a very peculiar request. She wanted me to order for her a baby brother from Amazon! In her tiny mind, when Elsa had Anna in the Frozen series and Peppa Pig had George, it was only fair that she too have a sibling! While I was confounded at her ability to apply such reasoning skills while watching cartoons, and even more bewildered at her thinking that babies can be bought online, I was more than happy to oblige. The only question was if I would be able to fulfil her wish. For someone with few health issues, conceiving a second time was almost wishful thinking. But when my daughter expressed this desire, suddenly I found myself yearning to see her grow alongside a sibling. After a few months of trying and being lucked out, I was on the verge of giving up, when suddenly I received the good news I had been dying to hear for a long while. The only irony was, all of times, it happened during the infamous lockdown of March 2020!

When the whole world was mired in the general melancholy and hopelessness brought upon by a pandemic, here we were, preparing to welcome one more of life's little blessing to our family. My husband and daughter were thrilled beyond measure! And, while I myself was looking forward to embracing motherhood second time round, I was equally filled with fear and dread. To give birth during Covid 19 was nothing short of stressful. My mind was consumed with all sorts of negative possibilities. What if my baby's growth suffered? What if I was tested Covid positive, what then will happen to the baby? What if my health issues interfered with my pregnancy? While the whole family was adhering to the 'mask, sanitizer and social distancing' rule as strictly and diligently as possible, such thoughts kept me worried and awake late at night. My darling girl, on the other end, was waiting with bated breath, announcing to anyone and everyone she can get hold of that her mamma was giving her a baby! Her cheeriness was a respite to the dark thoughts pooling around in my head. As we moved ahead in the pregnancy journey, my fears began to ebb away and as the 35th week approached, we were soon lost in a sea of excitement as we made a list of pre-arrival items to be ordered from Amazon (everything except a baby!) before the delivery day. Three weeks later, our long wait was over and my daughter became a big sister to a little mister on 30th November 2020.

While life in general during Corona was like walking through a maze, pregnancy during pandemic was an adventure in itself! My biggest takeaway through all this is that, when something is meant to be, things will fall in place, one way or another. And while it's only natural to question the ebb and flow, some things are best left to the Providence. And now a family of four, so we go on, basking in anticipation of what is in store for us next, waiting to be surprised the same way when life gave us a coronial!



"OUR MERE ANTICIPATIONS
OF LIFE OUTFRAN ITS REALITIES."

- A.E. SÖP

Our April Features

RAVEN SINCLAIR

Author Feature



Raven Sinclair is a Boston-based blogger and independent author. She developed a love for writing through an ambitious personal development challenge—blogging everyday for one calendar year. Raven has a keen interest in sharing her stories online through her website [CuriousWordsBlog.com](https://curiouswordsblog.com/) and inspiring others to work up the courage to do the same. Blogging for happiness is the theme of Raven’s latest work, a book titled “Year of the Blog: How to Achieve Your Life’s Purpose in 5 Steps and 365 Blog Posts.” This guide takes the reader through a year-long blogging challenge, with the aim of cultivating happiness and meaning through a few simple steps – self-reflection, the discovery of your passion, reaching your personal a-ha moment, working toward your purpose, and, finally, living in harmony with it.

<https://curiouswordsblog.com/>

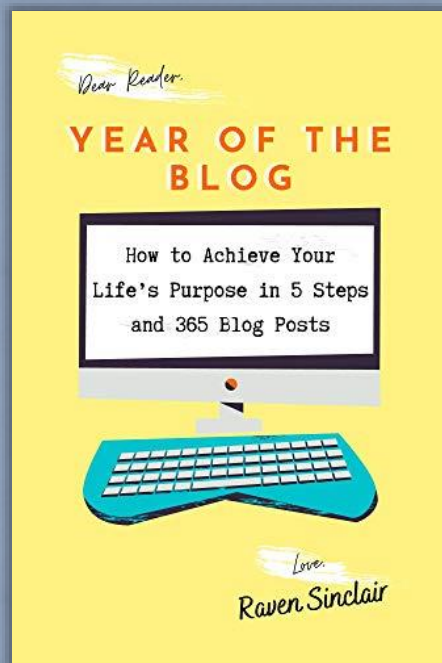
<https://twitter.com/RavenSunset19>

<https://www.instagram.com/ravensunset19/>

RAVEN SINCLAIR – AUTHOR FEATURE

By the end of your journey, I hope you will wake up every morning knowing your right path and how to move forward in life in accordance with your values. You will be able to make decisions that bring you satisfaction in both the short and long term. Sometimes sacrifices are necessary, however, toiling for the sake of toil is a self-sabotaging, if not masochistic, pursuit. Through your blogging journey and search for purpose, you will come to understand yourself in an illuminating way. Your light will turn on. You will experience your a-ha moment that will give your life context and therefore purpose. With this new understanding, you will be able to make meaningful decisions, sacrifices, and commitments to the things and people that matter most in your life. Your life will adopt a new hierarchy that will allow you to make meaningful progress in the direction you choose and will allow you to invest your energy proportionally on the things that matter most to you.

Some people find purpose in their work and service to others. Others discover that purpose lies in their commitments to family or loved ones. Others still hold purpose in their spiritual or religious beliefs. And some people even manage to find their life's purpose in an interconnected way through all of these elements. Our purpose is our own calling. As we grow and change, our purpose may shift too. It is important that our minds and hearts are always open and willing to listen to what we truly desire. For life is a grand proposition abound with opportunities and every single day we have the option to live well. By understanding our purpose and committing to live by it, we are choosing meaning, fulfillment, and ultimately joy.



Blogging is your vehicle to happiness. By accepting the “365-Day Blogging Challenge” and committing yourself to write a blog post every day, you can discover your “a-ha” moment and begin living your best life. “Year of the Blog” is an uncomplicated step-by-step guide to help you pursue the things that make you happy and live a purposeful life.

https://read.amazon.com/kp/embed?asin=Bo8S7QGR39&preview=newtab&linkCode=kpe&ref_cm_sw_r_kb_dp_ECB3QK89A6Z1DQ5D73YF

Abby Kay

Author Feature



<https://msabbykay.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/Kiona-Assing-Abby-Kay-104832508102629>

<https://www.instagram.com/msabbykay/>

Abby Kay is the nom de plume of Ms. Kiona Assing. Kiona is a certified project manager with a background in civil engineering. She is a business owner, tutor, and coach; however, she has always harboured a love for writing and the arts.

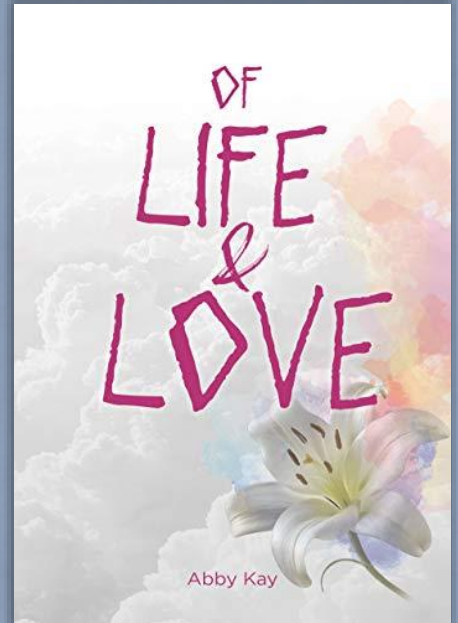
This debut collection was borne from years of poetic musing, starting on her blog at msabbykay.com, and being catalyzed by the abundance of emotions of being in the troughs of a pandemic. Her natural inner joy is always multiplied when mixed with good food, great music, dance and loving friends and family.

Scarlet Ibis Publishing House Limited is a newly formed micro publishing company which is based in the twin isle republic of Trinidad and Tobago. Its focus will be taking the works of Caribbean authors to an international audience while maintaining a strong Caribbean base and identity. Scarlet Ibis Publishing House aims to aid Caribbean authors in their pursuit of becoming published through, author services, hybrid and traditional publishing options.

ABBY KAY – AUTHOR FEATURE

LOVE NOTES

I'm in danger of losing myself in you
but it's the safest feeling that I've ever known.
All emotions are heightened when you're near.
Yet, the world is the calmest that I've ever felt.
It feels like a whirlwind that happened over centuries. The
feeling just came and swept me away
Yet my soul has known you for a hundred years.
One day we're just being,
Just enjoying each other's company,
The next I'm waking
Terrified from a nightmare where my world is in disarray
From a dream where you took your love away.
I've never known a more peaceful feeling
than sitting breathing the same air you're breathing.
When we touch, lightning strikes
and is instantly grounded.
And our love, I pray
Will be forever bonded.



Of Life and Love is the debut collection of poetic works by Ms. Abby Kay herself.

Touching on Life's good, bad, and everything in-between as well as delving into the heartaches, intimacies and lust-fueled moments of Love, this collection is everything a hopeless romantic at heart would crave to put words to emotions like never before. Whether it is joy or pain, the full spectrum of human emotion is cleverly and sweetly portrayed in this anthology.

https://read.amazon.com/kp/embed?asin=Bo8T85GDDQ&preview=newtab&linkCode=kpe&ref_cm_sw_r_kb_dp_4YoQJXMNC6FXE366K015

ABBY KAY – AUTHOR FEATURE

AGAIN

Left again
Stranded again
Abandoned again
Unloved again
Used again
Feeling stupid again

Tired of wasting time
and money again
Only to be left alone again
Don't want to be angry again
Or bitter again
Don't want a void where emotions were again
Don't want to feel empty again
So now, strong in my weakness, I stand again

Shoulders back,
Chin up,
Chest out,
AWESOME AGAIN

GLORIOUS

My heart quickens,
My skin tingles
as anticipation
shortens my breath
Pushing my chest out
so the feel of lace against my skin
Hardens my nipples.

All it took was a look.

Your look:
Intense,
Piercing.

It holds me captive.

You move closer,
Holding my eyes,
And I burn from yearning.

Then you smile,
And, oh, that smile,
Full of mischief,
Hinting at a joke known only by you
But I can feel it too.
It makes me smile.

My body relaxes
And I let out the breath I didn't realize I was
holding.

Your hand reaches out, touches my fingers.
A light touch.
You hold my hand
And captured my soul.

Your eyes never leave mine.
Your thumb traces soft circles on the back of my hand
And then caresses upward along my arm.

Every hair on my body stands on edge
by the time your hand comes
to rest on my shoulder.
You stroke my throat.
The smile is gone
But the passion in your eyes remains.

I'm breathless.

You lean in and nothing
else in the world exists.
My head tilts up,
Your forehead touches mine
And rests there briefly.

My eyes close.
The electricity between us, sparks to a full flame
As you close the gap and bring your lips to mine.

I feel the warmth,
The moisture.
I taste mint on your breath.
My soul becomes joined with yours.

When we move apart
Everything is different.
I've never felt anything like this.
That kiss

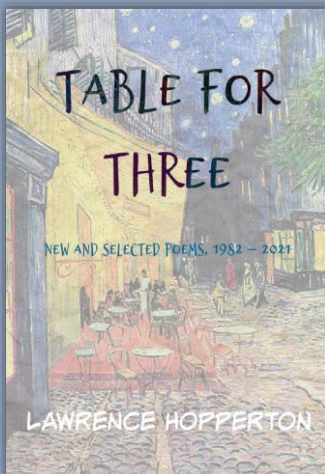
Glorious.

Larry Hopperton

Author Feature

Lawrence Hopperton lives in the town of Stouffville, Ontario. He is a former editor of the *University of Toronto Review* and one of the founding editors of Nimbus Press. His poetry has been published internationally, most recently in *Tamracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century*, the fifth *LummoX* anthology, *Sirsee, Sheila-na-gi. Smeuse and Pocket Change*. He has published two chapbooks, *Song of Orkney and Other Poems* in 1983, and *Ptolley Bay* in 2013.

In his non-poetry life, he has authored three college textbooks and, as the founding Director of the Center for Distributed Learning at Tyndale University and Seminary, many academic papers.



The spirit dwells among us in the people we love, in the things we do, and in the places we hold dear. There are numerous memorable poems in *Table for Three* such as "Twenty-four Line Loaf," "Ordinary Sunday," and "Barra." Hopperton proves that love endures in the face of loss and joy prevails against the challenges of sadness. In a voice that balances both the secular and the liturgical, this book presents a compendium of song, praise, celebration, and poetry where the poet comes to grips with grief and how the spirit triumphs. *Table for Three* is an inspiration.

<https://enroutebooksandmedia.com/tableforthree/>

TWENTY-FOUR LINE LOAF

Flour from shelf to table,
powder the bowl measured
by eye. Watered and warmed:
it is active. Sugar lightly now,
salt and sourdough a week-ago's
ingredients. I never guess.

Your palm-dust rolls.
It presses. Cover
with a towel. It rises.
You spend time with me –
rises – you knead it down again –
rises, and the baking stone

warms the rising to the kitchen,
a pan of water at the bottom
for the crunchy crust, you say,
because you like it that way.
Baking dishes I never scrub.
Mushroomed, brown over pan-rim,

It cools on the rack, soon done.
Your arms around me and
our knife slices the loaf
steams the flavor of love
golden with butter. Tomorrow
morning, toasted with honey.

MARTELLO TOWER

It sweated Princess Street to the lake
squatted on Wolfe Island
reflected off the Kingston limestone.
It idled the afternoon –
peeled clothes, burned shoulders, stalled
into evening blanketing tonight.

On dormitory steps every light
feels hot: headlights creep for a slow
breeze, round the corner, reflect
the haze on bushes, bare legs,
the Martello tower.
We become mysterious

responses, separated seeking
our element in the lake,
drop our clothes behind the concession.
Our hot skins finely stripped
approach surrender and wade
into welcome between our pores

and water combining shapes,
textures, temperatures in
concurrent centered circles,
cools our bodies into a drifting
past the harbor lights, the breakwater
between islands to the St. Lawrence.

PTOLLEY BAY

“... her eyes are far already.”

Stephen Spender

Cottage shadows define south, the time of day.
There are deer tracks down the path in. You see them
past the garden you create between the rocks.
Your stone skips seven times. A daring chipmunk
with a bald spot demands another peanut.
You hold one out, tap the deck, and it takes it
slowly, tugging your thumb and finger. You
caress its belly. It runs but comes back.

You swim the island and back – Olympic
pools, maybe three, deep. The bay is like that
one way, ninety seconds, hugging shoulders
“Did it! Didn’t I, Dad!” Your hair, arms, we
grin, something, paddle home
dipping Polaris, our glass lake lullaby.

GREENMAN

Trees with widow-makers shadow
the deck-top, the path to the bush.
You weed beans, plant annuals, perennial
paths in pots from the deck to the dock,
keep the buildings up. Always something to do –

change the water flow under the foundation,
insulate for two more months.
No one comes in February.
They don’t come at night either.
Roads run. Deer eyes reflect

and you might stop. Moose eyes don’t.
They happen like record high
Water. You moved the docks up
and there is no beach anymore.
My son helped drill anchor holes

for low water, your space,
this family place in treetops.
The earth will take you for forest
walks after coffee, soil found in gullies
brought back to bury plumbing

environmentally neutral, except
the wood stove in winter.
Spring stars tend ice holes,
a canoe for your love and leaves
in your hair. You set bugs free.

AGNES

1. Perhaps I do

Misting and shining cobble
tavern lights to sea, peat
smoke, something local. Scapa whisky.
You asked where I'm from. America?
Africa? All too far away too foreign

since you married the neighbor boy
made children, made them sweaters.
Now you stop by this pub each evening
waiting for the boats to come back.
Between the women laughing

smoke and drinks we trading tales:
mine a bit embellished and you
rolled the sea, rolled the sun
across the table lashing
trees you planted, a body

identified by your sweater.
Word came. The boats were close
They would be home soon.
You stood, said goodbye like tomorrow night.
The bar emptied out with you,

a film running down the glass.
But if I had climbed the harbor cliff,
seen your arms locked around your man,
happy the sea had given him back again,
perhaps I might have a better story tonight.

2. Lament

The sun is low wind high and cold.
Seas surge in strife with the sky.
My body in these days alone
drops to wretchedness.

Since my love was taken by the sea
long as a month is every day
long as a year is every month.
Hours lament. I am an old hag.

Before I lost my love to the sea
sweet was intimacy, sweet the days
my breasts full and firm, lips supple
and my thighs could caress a sailor.

It is not evil that I now wear
a veil of white and grey on my head.
It is evil that I never wore
a wedding veil for my love.

Hours with my love were times of colours:
every hue bedecked my head. My cheek
flushed soft to the touch of his hand,
fields waved golden sunshine to the sea.

Now fire provides me little warmth:
No arm cuddles my shoulder;
no lips welcome me to morning;
no warm breath on my cheek.

My strength has ebbed like the last tide
and I am idle in this harbour.
My cheek has yellowed, my arms are old
bony and thin, an old woman's arms.

Even sleep is no relief for me.
I dream motion to mountains, gushing
waves welling, storms careering and fierce
wind combing white the hair of the sea.

I see sailors awash on stormed decks
losing their grips, their breath in the night.
Their panic swells deeming all is lost
they stretch shipwrecked arms towards the coast.

The wind is high and cold. It pierces
me like a spear. The sea runs high
and the sun rides low in its short course.
My poor body totters, my hands shake.

I have been robbed by the siren sea.
Her song bedevilled my love to death.
I wail to the wind on the water
but these cries never disturb the deep.

MANJU S M

Author Feature



<https://www.facebook.com/Manjurm.LifeCoach.Author>

https://www.instagram.com/manjurm_lifecoach_author/

<https://twitter.com/MyMindVoice2>

Manju S M is a certified Life Coach and a Genetic Brain Profiling Counsellor. She is the Founder of Finestra and is working on a mission to bring smiles on a million people by helping them build their lives. She is an enthusiastic and fun-loving woman spreading happiness to everybody around her. 'Making a difference in people's life' and creativity are some of her top core values. Writing is her passion, and she believes her words can help her live up to her core values. She has published a good number of short stories at www.momspresso.com elucidating vital messages that could create a paradigm shift in the mindset of readers. She has also been blogging for over a year at www.mymindvoice.com where she posts short stories, poems and stuff related to personal wellbeing and parenting. She is also a published author of 'Love Uncontrolled', a collection of 50 soulful romantic poems. Love she believes is a universal healer; the real elixir of life. That's why she had chosen 'love' as the theme of her first poetry book. She also has a collection of short stories and a non-fiction titled 'Be Happy Again' in pipeline. Currently she is working on her debut novel, which she is planning to have it published by this year end. Her perseverance, creativity and sheer love for the work she does, are what she believes have got her to where she is today.

INEBRIATED WITH LOVE

I seem to be

Inebriated with love.

My perfumes

Have begun of smelling of you.

The blushes on my face

Have become my tattoo.

My shadows too

Seem to look like you.

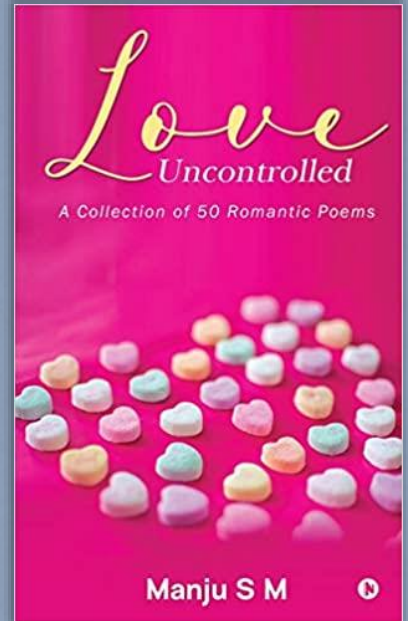
When I say my name,

I only hear you.

Because, you see,

I am totally inebriated with love,

All because of you.



‘Love Uncontrolled’ is Manju S M’s first poetry collection. The collection contains heart-melting poems based on several relatable life experiences. The poems ooze love and depict the beauty and the complexity of love using several scientific concepts like diffusion, latent heat, catalyst, etc., throwing a different light on both science and love.

https://read.amazon.com/kp/embed?asin=Bo8W26478Z&preview=newtab&linkCode=kpe&ref_cm_sw_r_kb_dp_PVHYA8Q5ZP3XS7ABQTP

AM NOT INERT

Yes, I haven't kept myself
Really insulated or fenced.
But how does that
Authorise you
To rob me of my heart
And leave me desperately wanting
More and more of you?
Like hydrogen, not helium,
I have realised I'm not inert too.
Look how effortlessly
You have got me reacting to you.
Help me.
I am
Reeling in love for you!

DIFFUSION

Spreading of molecules
Of one medium
Throughout another medium.
That's diffusion.
And diffusion
Doesn't occur in solids
Where there's no space
Between the particles of matter.
I wonder how then
You managed to diffuse through
My mind, body, heart and soul
And become
The only thing to me
That mattered?



HOW DO YOU

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AND GOODREADS**

(REVIEWS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU KNOW)

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SHARE SOCIAL MEDIA POSTS THAT YOU LIKE

RECOMMEND THEM

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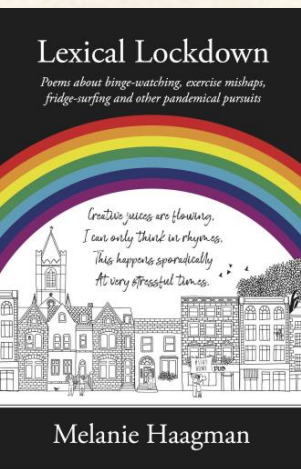
GOODREADS, AND TO FRIENDS

**POST A PHOTO AND LINK OF YOU AND THE BOOK
TO YOUR OWN SOCIAL MEDIA PAGES**

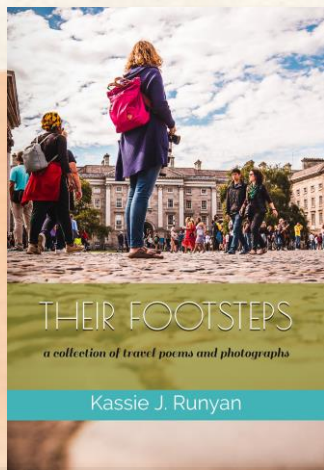
RECOMMENDED BOOKS

On the following pages – please find our recommended books by our featured writers for the current quarter. All previous book recommendations are available on our website. Join us in supporting these amazing authors!

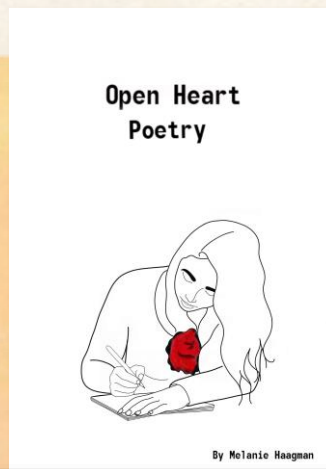
Below you can find the current books out by our co-creators, Mel & Kassie, with easy to find amazon links.



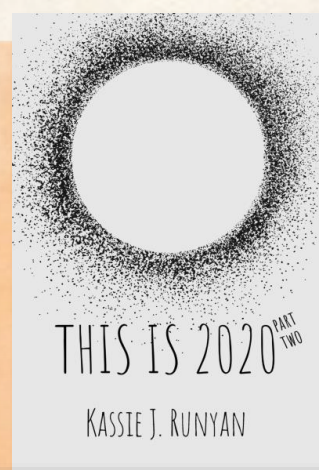
[Lexical Lockdown](#)



[In Their Footsteps](#)



[Open Heart Poetry](#)

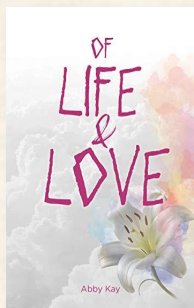


[This is 2020 Part Two](#)

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

Of Love & Life

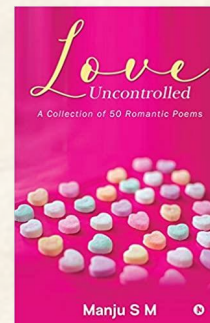
Of Life and Love is the debut collection of poetic works by Ms. Abby Kay herself. Touching on Life's good, bad, and everything in-between as well as delving into the heartaches, intimacies and lust-fueled moments of Love, this collection is everything a hopeless romantic at heart would crave to put words to emotions like never before.



https://read.amazon.com/kp/embed?asin=Bo8T85GDDQ&preview=newtab&linkCode=kpe&ref_=cm_sw_r_kb_dp_4YoQJXMNC6FXE366K015

Love Uncontrolled

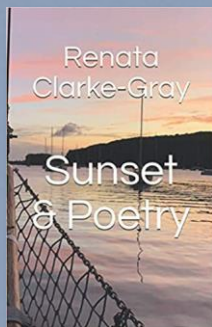
'Love Uncontrolled' is Manju S M's first poetry collection. The collection contains heart-melting poems based on several relatable life experiences. The poems ooze love and depict the beauty and the complexity of love using several scientific concepts like diffusion, latent heat, catalyst, etc., throwing a different light on both science and love.



https://read.amazon.com/kp/embed?asin=Bo8W26478Z&preview=newtab&linkCode=kpe&ref_=cm_sw_r_kb_dp_PVHYA8Q5ZZP3XS7ABQTP

Sunset & Poetry

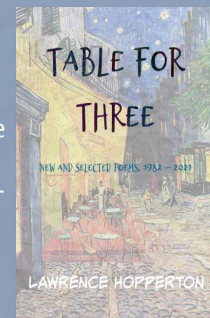
Sunset & Poetry is a book, where I share the collection of sunsets that I captured through photographs on my trips and combined it with my poetry.



https://www.amazon.com/Sunset-Poetry-Renata-Clarke-Gray/dp/Bo8PJPQLBW/ref=sr_1_1?dchild=1&keywords=renata+clarke-gray+sunset+and+poetry&qid=1617151250&sr=8-1

Table For Three

The spirit dwells among us in the people we love, in the things we do, and in the places we hold dear. There are numerous memorable poems in Table for Three such as "Twenty-four Line Loaf," "Ordinary Sunday," and "Barra." Hopperton proves that love endures in the face of loss and joy prevails against the challenges of sadness.



<https://enroutebooksandmedia.com/tableforthree/>

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

This is 2020

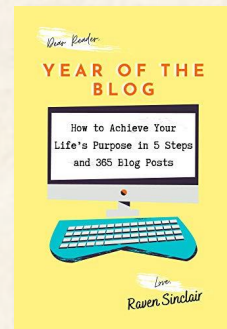
Explore the moments of 2020 as we pass through each month together. Kassie paints the world as it happens through poetry and provides a perfectly biased view into some of the impacts across America and beyond. The widespread effects of Covid-19 and the continued fight against racism are rhymed hand-in-hand with the SpaceX rocket launch and the passing of time in quarantine.



https://read.amazon.com/kp/embed?asin=Bo8D7TT2Y4&preview=newtab&linkCode=kpe&ref_=cm_sw_r_kb_dp_ETCGBBKE4SGDPFXEKAX7

Year of the Blog

Blogging is your vehicle to happiness. By accepting the “365-Day Blogging Challenge” and committing yourself to write a blog post every day, you can discover your “a-ha” moment and begin living your best life. “Year of the Blog” is an uncomplicated step-by-step guide to help you pursue the things that make you happy and live a purposeful life.



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TO – COFFEE MUGS, TOTE
BAGS, QUARTERLY ANTHOLOGIES,
LISTING AS A PATRON, ETC.**

THANK YOU TO OUR PATRONS!

We recently started a patreon page for additional support and we are so excited to be able to help cover some of our monthly expenses but also see light at the end of the tunnel to hopefully start to open up even more opportunities for artists, poets, and authors! We are so incredibly grateful for your support and can't wait to see what else we can start to do. Patrons get some exclusive gifts based on levels, access to a quarterly Q&A on publishing and poetry and open mic (starting late Q2), and a say in future themes and subjects! If we had a wall where we could put plaques or pour them a beer daily – we would do that too!

Our Wonderful Patrons

Genevieve Ray

<https://www.facebook.com/GenevieveRayPoe>
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Gabriel Angrand

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Mike Ball

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UPCOMING VIRTUAL EVENTS FOR APRIL!



PIER POETS

1ST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH – April 2nd

Pier Poetry gets together on the first Friday of every month. At present we're meeting on Zoom. You can find all the details of how to join us on our Facebook page. Our next open mic is November 6th.

Pier Poetry is an open mic night run in association with New Writing South. We offer five-minute slots for poets of all different styles and levels of experience, especially those getting behind the mic for the first time. We love seeing people trying out new stuff and taking risks. As the Pier Poetry community has grown over the two years we've been running, we've also loved hearing about regular attendees' pamphlets, publications, prizes and projects. Pier Poetry puts equality at the heart of what we do, and we strive to make the night a welcoming space for all.

<https://www.facebook.com/pierpoets>



PIER
POETS
~~~~~  
**1st FRIDAY OF THE MONTH**



# RUN YOUR TONGUE

## Watch for Upcoming Dates

We've been going since 2012 and were based in Kettering until lockdown; now we are running two regular open mic events via Zoom, where we are attracting performers from all over the world, including the USA, Morocco and Australia.

You can find a list of previous headliners here: <https://www.robreeves.co.uk/runyourtongue>

<https://www.Facebook.com/runyourtongue>  
<https://www.Instagram.com/runyourtongue>



# SOUNDBITES

## MONTHLY – THIS MONTH: APRIL 7th

Join Soundbites each month for a poetry open mic event that started live in Leeds in March 2019 and moved to Zoom in April this year following lockdown.

The format is simple – a different guest poet joins each month followed by 5-minute open mic slots. You can check out the guest poets' sets under Soundbites on our website [heartlines.uk](https://www.heartlines.uk).

This month, TERRY SIMPSON will be the featured guest!

<https://www.Facebook.com/SoundbitesPoetry>





# HUDSON VALLEY WRITERS GROUP

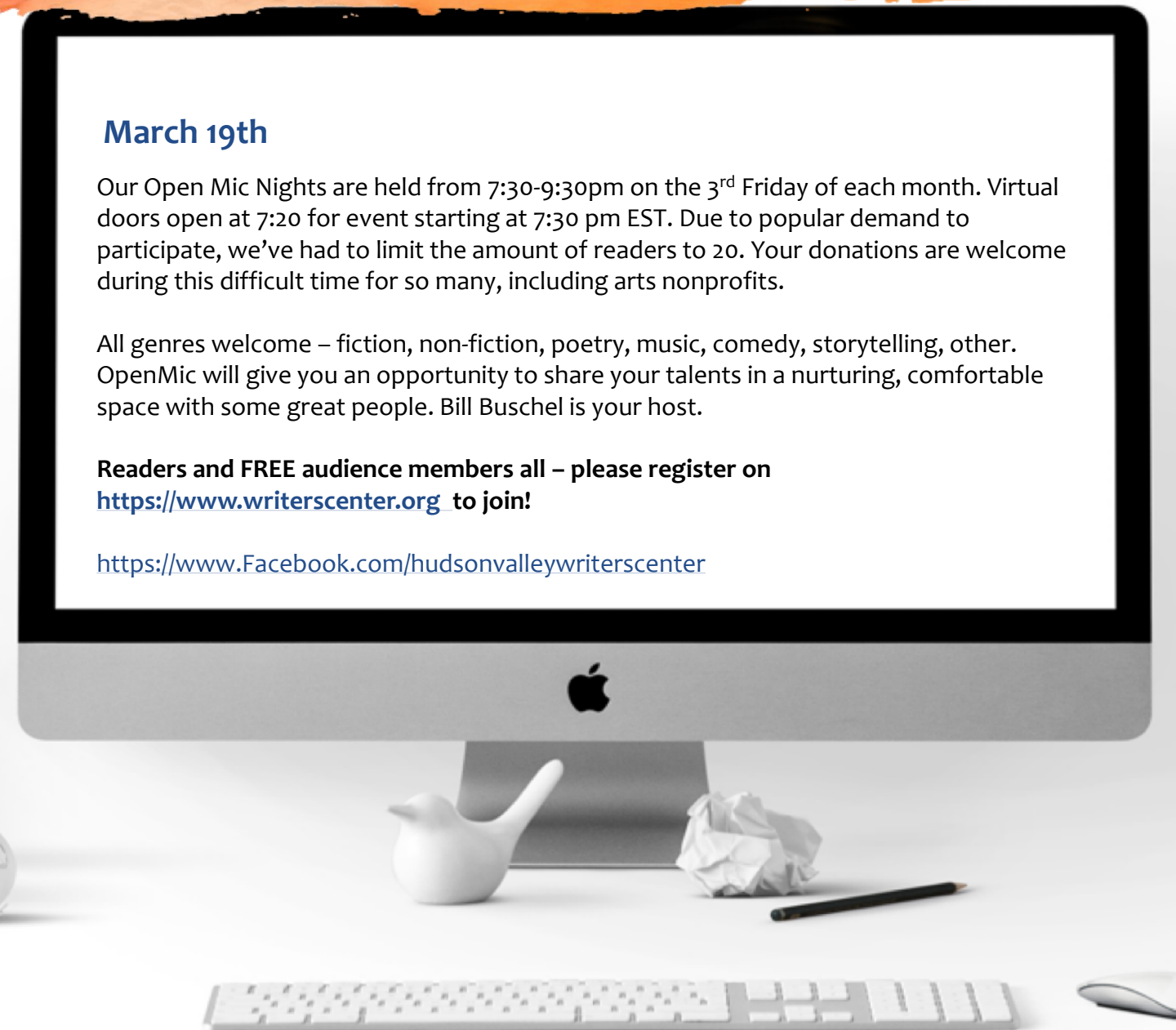
## March 19th

Our Open Mic Nights are held from 7:30-9:30pm on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Friday of each month. Virtual doors open at 7:20 for event starting at 7:30 pm EST. Due to popular demand to participate, we've had to limit the amount of readers to 20. Your donations are welcome during this difficult time for so many, including arts nonprofits.

All genres welcome – fiction, non-fiction, poetry, music, comedy, storytelling, other. OpenMic will give you an opportunity to share your talents in a nurturing, comfortable space with some great people. Bill Buschel is your host.

**Readers and FREE audience members all – please register on**  
<https://www.writerscenter.org> to join!

<https://www.Facebook.com/hudsonvalleywriterscenter>



# APPLES AND SNAKES

## READ. WATCH. LISTEN.

Apples and Snakes is England's leading organization for spoken word with an international reputation for producing engaging and transformative work. Since 1982, the organization has advocated for artistic and social change through the power of performance poetry working with artists including The Last Poets, Billy Bragg, Lemn Sissay, Francesca Beard, Kae Tempest, Charlie Dark, and Polarbear.

Apples and Snakes supports and champions poets and poetry in performance, amplifies unheard voices and challenges expectations of what poetry is and can be. Spoken word trailblazers, the company commissions and produces events, develops artists and runs participation programs across the country.

**APPLES  
AND  
SNAKES**

<https://www.facebook.com/applesandsnakes>

<https://www.instagram.com/applesandsnakes>

<https://www.twitter.com/applesandsnakes>

<https://www.ApplesAndSnakes.org>



# ROCKPORT POETRY OPEN MIC

## ONGOING OPEN MIC

Rockport Poetry hopes to encourage the writing and reading of poetry as an actively supported art form in the Rockport, Cape Ann, North Shore community... and beyond.

This will be a comfortable forum for connecting with kindred spirits, as well as sharing poems and ideas.

In addition will it also serve as a reference source for events and workshops and writer's resources.

Rockport Poetry is intended to be a safe space for the development of strong voices and poets of all ages and backgrounds.

Watch for our upcoming Open Mic Nights and more at  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1295270703870830>

# PANTISOCRACY POETRY

<https://www.Facebook.com/pantisocracypoeetry>

<https://www.Mixcloud.com/pantisocracypoeetry>

We are Pantisocracy Poetry: a Newcastle based open-mic poetry night.

Just before the UK lockdown was imposed, we celebrated our one year anniversary. Happily, we were able to host an anniversary event to reflect fondly on our growth throughout the months. From humble, word-of-mouth beginnings, we have grown to a bustling community of passionate poets and poetry fans alike.

The name of our event says it all about our ambitions, which haven't changed a bit since the first event: just like Coleridge and Southey's intentions to build a brand-new society, one free of prejudice and difference (which were trashed when Southey asked his partner how they should transport the slaves there...), we strive to create a safe space where poets, both novice and experienced, feel confident enough to share their own amazing work with fellow performers against the backdrop of the town. In keeping with this, the events always have been and always will be completely and utterly free.

In order to get yourself on the bill for any of the events, there is no screening process or, in fact, any foresight required at all - you simply turn up on the night with your poems in hand and a fire in your belly.

Whilst being unable to run live events, we have turned to social media to maintain contact with our community. We have run a number of live 'events' over Facebook and have been blown away by the willingness of local poets to roll up their sleeves, adapt, and get involved once more! More recently, we have begun a podcast, tackling the big issues, such as "What's mightier, the pen or the sword-throat? Do you prefer spoken or written poetry?"

We're very proud of the community that we have brought together over the past year and a half, but we are always looking to grow, so if this all sounds like something you'd like to be a part of, then give us a like, a follow or even a message to ask us any questions, or to just say hello.

Stay safe,  
Pantisocracy Poetry, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.





**LOOKING FOR A SAFE  
SPACE TO SHARE  
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**CREATED BY MEL HAAGMAN AND KASSIE J RUNYAN  
DESIGN AND LAYOUT BY KASSIE J RUNYAN**

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