

2018 Poetry Parade

Spectator Poems

Hanging On

by

June Paul

Portage, Wisconsin

The branch hangs
on a shred of bark
looks like how I feel
 somedays

Hanging on
 Balancing
 Bending
 Reaching . . .

Hanging on to balance
 my life, my thoughts
 and my feelings

I see
 the natural arch
 the ebb and flow
 of a fluid life
 the old, young and the new.

In the branches of trees
grounded by unseen roots
reaching deep, drawing life
into all that is seen,
brightened and strengthened
by the sun in the sky,
I sigh, and I see,
I am a branch, not only
hanging on, but clinging on
clinging, onto an unseen,
 but well known, vine . . .

Please Go Away
by
William Vollrath
Charlottesville, Virginia

I don't like you...

stain in the rug
squeak in the chair
bug in the cupboard
lump in the bed

This isn't your home...

storms in my day
ache in my heart
noise in my song
hole in my soul

I'll count to ten
Then please go away

Sports Car Cool
by
Richard Swanson
Madison, Wisconsin

They're ticking off miles,
all smiles
in a Blue Ridge sky.

Top down, revs up,
and near the stick, on his thigh
—what you can't see—
tactile wizardry,
her painted nails kneading in,
pulsing the wheels' silvery spin.

Giddy ones, whoop-it-upsters--all elation
this pair; the car in, like, levitation.

Light's Music

to Dina

by

Charlotte Mandel

New Jersey

sun rising on a mountain peak's
snow covered rock
rays firing into a roseate sky
dawn's afterglow

full moon's maternal/paternal face
appearing pale at twilight until

brilliant lamp haloed in midnight blue
beams a road of rippling sparkle
onto calm ocean
susurrus of quiet foam on sand

in a moonless sky
the stars take over
constellations
guiding travelers
uncounted millennia
since our galaxy's birth

and within you shines
warm invisible glow
of new life

KISSING...

by

David Alpaugh

San Francisco Bay Area, California

Only 46% of our world's cultures enjoy this phenomenon—the majority bored or repulsed by oral contact. In Europe, one-percenters were the innovators, as Kings and Queens and courtiers tried

Kissing. Commoners, always eager to ape the antics of their oppressors, gave it a try; found it good; and kissing became the fad. In case you think I'm mad—I read this in *National Geographic*. For that 54% I feel

SAD...

**Barnyard Nation In Early April
(at the Villa Ferri)**

by

Edward Ferri, Jr.

Near Santa Cruz, California

The worldly nest stealing Tree Swallows
have returned on the warming promise
of the soft spring breeze
circling
swooping
diving
chortling
The indigenous early Blue Birds stand atop
their annual productive barn top nest box
rebuilding
ducking
defending
standing their ground
The resident Quail sentinels caucus nearby
in the shade of their scrappy Manzanita
fretfully chipping and chirping as they
nervously watch the swallows attack and
harass the Blue Birds but they do nothing
frozen by their instinctive lack of leadership
A stealthy Cooper's Hawk perched close-by
high up in the tallest redwood tree watches
with unblinking keen focused merciless eyes
ready to swoop down in a heartbeat and
pounce with piercing vice grip talons
at anyone's lazy last lapse of awareness

The Visitor
by
Rhona Aitken
Exmouth, England

The visitor

The room is full of silence,
Several ladies sitting –
under a pall of fractured vision,
tentative hearing – and probably –
Sore feet.

However – in a split second – all changed.

Suddenly there were smiles –
with bursts of laughter.

The door had quietly opened.

and into the room –
cheeky tail aloft –

trotted jaunty little Bentley!

Everyone was spoken to damply
and soon his wasn't the only tail

That metaphorically wagged.

Never underestimate
the beneficence
of one small dog.

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