

BVAA

2019

Art-Poetry

Proofing Sheet

Version 2

A MOTHER'S INSTINCT

by Sheryl Lynn Kimball

mother whale pushing her dead calf through the ocean
doesn't want to let it go
it gets away from her
slipping into the wet blackness
she dives after it
gets under it
forcing it up with her
pushing it in front of her
using all her strength
trying to keep up with the others
exhausting her
endangering her life
but she can't help it
a mourning ritual
lasting for hours
days
weeks
refusing to accept the truth of it
the horror of it
unwilling to give in to the crashing waves of emotions
the inevitable darkness that will envelop them both
when that small innocent body
alone
sinks into the murky depths without her
as long as she can keep it up
it won't be real
and she will outrun the despair
but only until the crushing weight of eternity
wraps her in its suffocating shroud of grief

Source for Christine Beauchaine

EMBRACE THE KRAKEN

by Sheryl Lynn Kimball

sometimes when i look far off
toward the horizon of my life
i cannot see my final destination
the place where I will land
happy at last
nothing but the menacing waves of change
separating me from an unknown future
a vast emptiness
that is somehow full
of unknowns
lurking
like sea monsters
waiting to take me down
to suck me into a vortex of chaos and anxiety
i fear the many tentacles of this imaginary kraken
waiting for me
stalking me
circling me
calculating how best to pull me under

other times when i look far off
toward the horizon of my life
i see my final destination
the place where I will land
happy at last
nothing but the crystalline calmness of change
joining me to the desires of my heart
an endless ocean of potential
that is somehow void
of the unknowns
that used to hunt me
but now protect me
and guide me along my joy-filled journey
i accept the many tentacles of this imaginary kraken
embracing me
hugging me
cradling me
keeping me safe as i travel along

Response to Christine Beauchaine

Wildflowers

By Frank Robertson

What is it they want us to see?
What is it they want us to be?

They come and they go,
Some return again and again.
Some are treated with disdain.
Others are simply ignored.

They can be found throughout our landscapes,
in groups or often alone.
Few are the lucky ones,
who have found lovely homes.

They live worldwide among wetlands and arid soils,
open fields, hills and valleys, in sun and shade.
They often have close neighbors who blossom none,
so they grace their place with striking blooms of white, yellow, red and blue tones.

There are other types of boutonnières.
Those are admired and welcomed by most.
They live in special places: showplaces of their hosts.

So why aren't wildflowers welcomed as well?
Have they not proved themselves? Are they not of comparable beauty?
Maybe if they were viewed as God's creations, without discrimination,
their unique shapes and colors would outshine others, and find them lovely homes.

Enjoy them! I say.
While they last,
Before their fabulous lives have passed.
Together they reveal radiant beauty (as life can be).
For soon they will go, perhaps never more to be seen.

Source for Deb Bottomley

Watching Her

By Frank Robertson

Watching her every day...
as she sleeps, as she plays.

Watching her grow year after year...
inches more, knowledge gained.

Watching her and her friends...
what they like, what they do.

Watching her as she matures...
a girl no longer, a woman now.

Watching her with her husband and children...
watching them, again and again.

Watching her, watching you...
feeling proud!, feeling good!

Response to Deb Bottomley

Kaleidoscope

By Danielle Redden

Cry out clever soul! Till your lungs runs raw.
Olympus has fallen and mired we are
beneath these that are shadows of what they seem,
Plagued by waves of imagery promising
freedom through hands gagged by string.

Strung by perfection unmet,
knotted limbs go limp.
Myself, the marionette.
Yet
Imperfection shan't dilute
a love that transcends
an infinite space of stars.
I was
Laid bare in broken glass
Casting scars of shadow.
Though arid once of the
Fount of life,
Barren no more. For
I am not what I do.

Where expectation begets condemnation,
colored Grace-light cuts loose the cord.
And bits of heaven are to be gleaned
from stardust in the eyes of him
who claims restoration evermore.

Source for Patty Cahill

<p>Art by Linda DeFeudis</p> <p>What is art? A query you may ask</p> <p>It depends, One might say, Reliant on the task</p> <p>From sculpture, To drawing, To Painting, To print</p> <p>Of the Artist's nature, In task It does hint</p> <p>Individual The Artist, As his own DNA, The creative process Always at play</p> <p>Mixing colors, In theory, The painter may try</p> <p>And you, Of the Artist, His art, Question why</p> <p>Art, imagination, Creative fun To the max</p> <p>Set comfort in motion, Like music, Relax</p>	<p>Different one's views, From one to the next</p> <p>The Artist holds strong, His art, His own text</p> <p>Art, As the Artist, Dependent on me</p> <p>Relating to others To see What I see</p> <p>Interpret you will As is solely your choice</p> <p>But art, To the Artist, His own special voice</p>
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Source for Marcia Ciak

Rendezvous

By Linda DeFeudis

Darling,
Your blank eyes
Allure me

And mine,
You

Turban garbed,
Elegant, comely,
A mystery
To me

And me,
To you

Our souls meet,
A romantic destiny

A single look,
No words,
Beckoning me,

Come,
My love

Our hearts,
One

We,
Together

Bogie and Bacall

Response to Marcia Ciak

Absent

By Lisa Shea

She sees.
She sees a.
She sees a woman walking past.
She reaches out a hand but
it's cold, so cold,
and it's too late, anyway.

The woman hurries by,
fur coat pulled tight.

She'd been good at school, once.
Straight As.
Destined for Greatness,
Miss P always said.
But she grew up
and out
and Daddy's bedtime stories
spoke in tongues.
Cotton muffled the voices.

And now, the couple said
nothing at all
as they hurried past,
eager not to miss
the opening curtain.

Source for Elizabeth Decasse

Untitled

By Lisa Shea

Phrases swirl inside my head,
they gambol, flit, and spin.
They fall from line and roughly shred;
my stanchions buckle thin.

I strive to force an ordered march
To snap thoughts into line.
They tumble, somersault, and arch.
Wrench apart. Untwine.

I struggle, reach for common ground –
A way to bridge the gap.
But every thought just circles ‘round
its never-ending lap.

Temptation calls to draw a halt,
resign, admit defeat.
But hope lifts in its golden vault
Drum renews its beat.

Response to Elizabeth Decasse

Flowers

By Lisa Shea

Tempers flare in red and blue,
bills flood in that say “past due”,
body aches; could be the flue?
all renews with flowers.

Winter freeze drives pipes to burst,
angry reader: “book’s the worst!”
maybe this whole year is cursed ...
all renews with flowers.

Flowers show that beauty’s glow
overcomes all tales of woe,
whether mounting piles of snow
or desperate need for extra dough ...

Single bud or lush bouquet,
grandiose or dainty spray,
petals will transform your day –
all renews with flowers.

Source for Linda DeFeudis

Untitled

By Lisa Shea

No creature is stirring;
the old country road
is all snuggled and nestled
'gainst winter's brisk cold.

The downy-soft blanket
of spun sugar snow
glistens and sparkles in
evening's rich glow.

No sleigh-bells, no dashers,
no dancers will prance.
The river is frozen
in iced elegance.

Tomorrow might find
us abreast on those routes,
laughing in pleasure in
mittens and boots.

But tonight we are cozy,
the fire's just right.
The bridge will wait, patient,
for morning's first light.

Response to Linda DeFeudis

Accumulations

By Evan Plante

The living come and go
but the dead accumulate

First by mass
dust being slowed
by customs
and processes

Second by knowledge
some on paper
some in minds
some in hearts

but all are data
to search, to interpret
to chew forever
a person's life

And so the mass
we mark by stones
as if to thwart
that dust

and grow them big
upon the plane
of dead-fields
thickened

by shadow, rock
and weeds

We fence them
to keep them in
to keep us out
to define death

to contain it
to bend it to
our flinted will
by iron pickets

and stony caves
as if our building,
defining, and looking
matters.

A bumper crop
of dust
place holders
in the grass

ignored
then attended
by place holders
above.

Source for Sue Dion

Natural Log e
By Evan Plante

<p>The heat that started us Becomes the cold That ends us And in between We spread</p> <p>Borde Guth and Vilenkin Correct Sagan About a beginning To all that ever was And to all there ever will be</p> <p>But the cold only hints At the true nothing That went before And the hot mass that Won't stay forever</p> <p>A hundred thousand Million spirals Push the dark Pull the dark For their own secret reasons</p> <p>A hundred thousand Million chances To jettison the idea That we have no access To light and to power</p>	<p>Text subtext And multiple meanings All nature teaches That there is more in the author Than there is in the work</p> <p>With useful energies Beyond our ken He bends light Toward infinite mass By decree</p> <p>Because transcendence Has advantages Purpose its place People their promise Eternity its pace</p> <p>He said it is good This place of woe As I run across it Screaming Like I'm the only one here</p> <p>Archived in glory Its natal quarks Reveal A fine tuning That just won't go away</p>
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Response to Sue Dion

Desperate

by Michelle Benjamin

Tick, tick, tick
Mutters the clock.

Quick, quick, quick
Jump out of bed!

Ick, ick, ick
no more coffee?

Lick, lick, lick
yesterday's mug.

Stick, stick, stick
snow on my car.

Slick, slick, slick
slippery commute.

Kick, kick, kick
snow off my boots.

Pick, pick, pick
seat with a view.

Thick, thick, thick
aroma of brew!

Source for Bob Evans

The Wait

By Michele Benjamin

Bare, stripped, desolate it stands.
The head of the Earth showing its wear,
yet only for a season.

Mesmerized by its white on white,
its blues, its grays.
Feeling its chill,
yet only for a season.

Chirping, howling,
scattering, gathering.
Sounds of life archived,
yet only for a season.

A living water, a beacon of hope,
a sign of things yet to come!
Still present a deep sleep,
yet only for a season.

Source for Bob Evans

Disappearance

By Jody Zolli

And so begins
My disappearance

Wrinkled webs
Newly adorn my hands
Inevitable jowls emerging
Under ruddy cheeks
As my mother's eyes
Stare back from my mirror

The middle-age spread
Of buoyant flesh
Gradual and generous

The metronome of aging
Runs apace, marked by
The daily aches I wake with

I rise each morning
A stranger to myself
Where did I go?

Wasn't I once
A force
To be reckoned with?

Now I move unnoticed
Seeing people's eyes
Slide away
No longer
A thing of interest

As each year passes
I am full of new wisdom
Which no one wants to share
Full of thoughts and stories
On how things work and why

Words fall on empty ears
I have moved from Miss to Ma'am
From foreground to background
Unseen, unheard, and fading fast...

Source for Kara E. Krantz

Bountiful

By Jody Zolli

Why can't we be more like her?
More generous, more kind
So ceaselessly benevolent
And careless with her beauty

Always everywhere
Scattering her gifts like jewels
Endless carpets of celandine
Trillium, larkspur, barberry
Blossoming from nothing
Against the emerald velvet
Of a rising spring

She puts us to shame
We, so miserly with our gifts
Hoarders in our fiefdoms of fear

Trapped by our imagined lack
We see the world
Through scarce-colored glasses
Blind to her gifts
Her splendor lost on us

I catch the scent
Of her proffered plenty
Pausing by a half-open window
On a sun-drenched day in May

The smell of flowers
A tantalizing missive
Heralding so much more

The tapestry fragrant and inviting
For those prepared
To wake to her wonders

Response to Kara E. Krantz

Untitled

By Jane Nozzolillo

My name is Ted and I'm almost five I'm also very sick
and the doctor says I have to stay in bed you
see

As I laid on my bed and gazed out the window a bird
flew by and smiled at
me

I asked my Dad the same question I always ask
if birds can fly why can't
I

Ted if you try real hard to get well I promise I will take
you to a place where you can
fly

I did get well and and I feel just great and today is the
day my Dad is going to keep his promise to
me

We are in a big basket with a huge hot air balloon above
us and I'm flying and there is blue sky as far as I can
see

Source for Young Farwell

Untitled

By Jane Nozzolillo

I'm so excited today
After school, the nuns
are having an ice skating race

I like all the nuns, but I would be
so happy if Sister Margaret Mary
took first place

I thought about asking God what he
could do to help her to win

I changed my mind because
doing something like
that might be a sin

Oh! dear sister Margaret Mary
Just lost the race, coming in at number 4

She smiled and whispered as she went by
"They wanted to win so much more"

Response to Young Farwell

A Poem for My Dad, Bob

by Trisha J. Wooldridge

sunlight's kiss sparkles water
behind the "no trespassing" sign

red and white
up and down

"keep the line taut."
 dad smiles
checks for cops
edges back down
the steep incline of dirt and concrete
best place to fish five minutes from our house

"see it Bobbing?"
 excited brown eyes squint
up the hill
then back at me
"watch it! watch it! watch it now!"
reel in the line,
good girl,
keep it taut."

white and red
sred and white
 up and down and
 under!

snap!

"reel it in! reel it in!
you did real good!"
 he shouts
 heedless of getting caught
like the fish that fights
small five-year-old fingers
 reeling it in
to show my Dad
i Bob my head
 up and down
showing my prized l'il pun'kin seed

Source for Carol Frieswick

Life Cycle, Lotus

By Trisha J. Wooldridge

Filth filters into roots,
feeding purest blooms.

Lush blossoms provide
carpet and repose
for gods and prophets—
 and aphids, flies, and frogs.

White petals blush;
their secret lies
in dark, dirty waters.

Purity comes from
life's cycle and recycle—
 the world's waste suckled
 by hungry sprouts
 sheltering bottom-feeders—
not immortal's weight.

Response to Carol Frieswick

A Gathering of Souls

By Linda Tellier

In morning fog and the winter cold
I saw the gathering of many souls whose songs
are sung in stone and carried by the ravens to places yet unknown
In the dampness and the chill,
I stood bare and yearned to hear their secrets.
New tears, old scars, memories I buried with them.
Grief, love, loss, joys, terrors, saints.
Dust.

Source for Carole Plante

Untitled

By Linda Tellier

Like a storm brewing on an open sea
The darkness grows inside of me
Waiting, wishing, hoping, praying
Borrowing, begging, fighting, slaying.

The gut knows what the mind refuses
The heart is torn. It never chooses.
The moment comes, knocks at the door
Emotions spill upon the floor.

Through the tears it's hard to see
I open the letter and it opens me
I die again a little more
But I'll rise again as I have before.

Sad news.

Response to Carole Plante

Untitled

By Christine Beauchaine

Overwhelmed and so, so tired
Wondering about the future
Obsessing over the past
And neglecting the attention to the present
Stop for a moment
The early morning sky is pink
And orange
And lovely beyond anything
Breathe in the simple joy of the sunrise
Trust in the timing of your life
And know
That things are unfolding
Just as they should

Source for Danielle Redden

Untitled

By Christine Beauchaine

Old boot

Tattered and worn

What sort of things have you seen?

Where have you been?

A buffer between foot and earth

What travels have you made?

What travails have you endured?

Oh the stories you might tell

Old boot

Response to Danielle Redden

Untitled

By Kara E. Krantz

brutal, i crash amongst the branches
to land, broken, at Your feet.

i'll stay here forever on this cracked, desperate soil,
seeking you, taking you for granted,
repeatedly reminded of your grace
each time i taste
despair.
beauty.
hope.
devastation.

it's the elation of knowing you
carry me across the sky
at the same time
i lie here
broken
at Your feet.

Source for Frank Robertson

enterboston
exitsmalltowngirl
By Liz Decasse

man on the corner
big teeth smilin'
big teeth smilin' and laughin'
big teeth wavin' us on our way
"have a great day," big teeth say
though their cans can't rattle or clink
'cause I had no clank to give.

big teeth seen it all
big teeth seen the phones
the bottles, foods, the waste
big teeth stayin' boston strong
'cause big teeth tough,
ain't got no reason not to

man on the corner
big teeth reachin' up to the sky
clouds rainin' down
fillin' him up
'cause big teeth ain't got nuthin' else
and big teeth love what's got

so big teeth keep on smilin'
big teeth always gon' "hullo there, miss"
big teeth tellin' me to enjoy the day
and man on the corner,
he understands
big teeth stayin' firm and steady
'cause big teeth know –
frownin' won't do nothin'
and smilin' brings out the sun.

Source for Lisa Shea

Untitled

By Nasim Mansuri

Where do you go, when your own turn you away?
The house shrinks into itself and squeezes the color out
reciting a slogan of human weakness.
In the greyscale that remains
all banners look the same.

Where will we go, when they come for us?
And if not for us, when their same words
come streaming from our children's mouths?
We've heard the same song for so long
I fear we're condemned to repeat it.

Una misma raza, we used to say.
When they sacked our home they also took our empathy
once you turn against each other you can hate anything
with heads down, eyes closed, the children fade
into a desert of silver blankets.

Where will we go, when they come for us?
Because they will. If not for the sight, then for the sound.
If not for ourselves, then for our words. For quoting God
—*all come from dust*—
(even dust can be weaponized.)

Una misma raza, I'll tell my children.
I'll whisper it to them in the night. I'll name them
after verses in poems and holy writings,
after the look in your eyes when we watched our own
turn against each other. After the sound of my heartbeat,
which still sounds like everyone else's.

Source for Pamela Siderewicz

Untitled

By Nasim Mansuri

When he is born
Moses' mother puts him in a little basket
lets him drift through the reeds of the Nile
face-up towards the sky
appearing at the mercy of the breeze
When she catches up with him
(the breeze)
maybe she reaches out, and propels him faster
'til he floats past too fast
misses the Pharaoh's concubine
misses the nation of slaves who awaited him
eyes cast up, he drifts away from Egypt
until he finds the sea
and maybe then, on the wide waters,
adrift on an ocean of softness
he raises a tiny hand
the waves part
and push him back towards me.

Response to Pamela Siderewicz

Scusset Beach Witch Pile

By S. M. Nevermore

Let's play a little game, they say
One that will make our enemies pay.

The sacrifice we make
Will leave destruction in our wake.

By Earth by Water by Air
By darkened spirit we call to share.

Darkness heed our call
Black magic is ours to control.

You forced our hand our revenge is assured
You will suffer for all we have endured.

Sticks and stones will break these bones
Darkness use these gifts, take these souls.

By roll of ocean under moon
Darkened waters be their tomb.

Curse, hex, and jinx we cast
Send the pain, make it last.

For what was done to use three
Will be returned but times three.

By hair, by skin, by nerve
May they get exactly what they deserve.

Response to Trisha Wooldridge

Flower

By S. M. Nevermore

The flower never picked
Is it so different from the rest?

Its blooms are just as sweet
Its colors shine just as bright.

It yearns to grow
It strives to be as all flowers should be.

What makes this one different?
Is the stem too wide?
The petals not bloomed large enough?
Is it too tall or too short?
What standard has it missed?

It wants to be seen.
It wants to be unique.

It wants to be part of the bouquet.
Or singled out for its charm.

Is it so different, so unwanted
That it must walk its path alone?

Does no one see
The beauty that it brings?

Source for Trisha Wooldridge