

Thoughts On Paper

WBPL's Writers Group Quarterly Journal



Patricia Soper is our
featured member!



Rebirth

by Patricia Soper

The tree, stripped bare in winter,
reveals its structure, foundation,
truth.

Her trunk and limbs,
have endured, survived, as we have,
decades of seasons and storms,
blooms and loss.

We know, from a lifetime of winters,
that within frozen branches,
new growth awaits becoming.
That which seems dead is fertile
with Life.

Meditation

by Patricia Soper

My mind races forward
on a bumpy road of uncertainty.
Obstacles block the way, overwhelm and confuse.
I stumble on imagined pitfalls of all that
could happen.

A soft, inner voice counsels,
*Stay here, in this moment, this precious,
peaceful, silent, moment.*

I listen and rest, for awhile, in that comfort,
until...
another thought rises. *What if...?*

And, again, a whisper,
Come back. Return to the Stillness.
Just breathe in.
Just breathe out.

New Year Celebration/ Remembering Adolph Ochs

By R.B. Rose

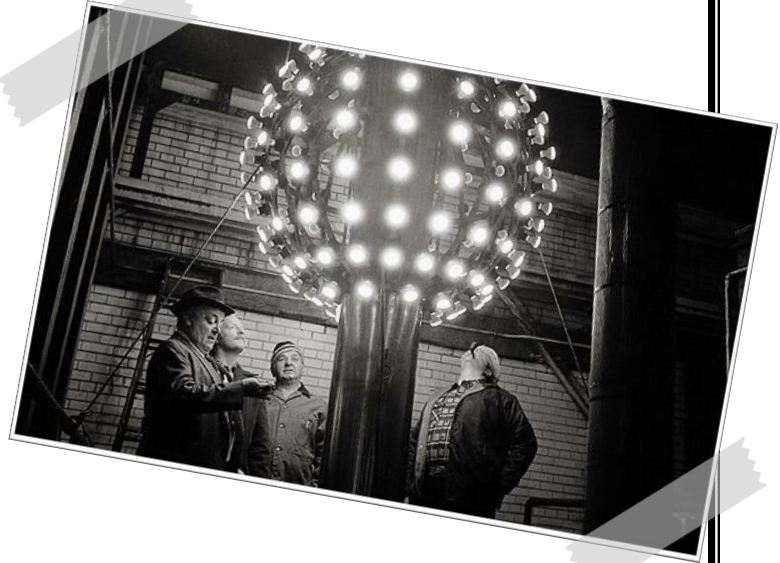
Glasses clinking, tin horns blowing
Confetti flutters and floats
Cheery hats of silver and gold
Streaming paper wishes
Ball dropping promising a greater year than last

Svarski beads of glass; rainbow crystals
Anticipate the Times Square crowd
Descending slowly; uncertain slug of an orb
Inanimate sphere, first to sample the New Year

People eagerly hold their breath,
Noisemakers in hand, hats on heads
As the transparent Opticon falls they allay; a lifeless hush
Fearing not to disturb this technological one eyed God—
Convictions are on the menu this evening

Infected with joy, throngs wave balloons like magical wands
Resolutions are whispered at the crossroads
Everybody in Times Square reaches for promises
Prosperity and health
Happiness and symbolic beginnings,
Come center stage as the polychromatic rock darkens
The one hundred forty one foot quartz drop has ended—

The New York Times building at Longacre Square,
Known as Times Square, had first been illuminated by
Newspaper owner, Adolph Ochs, who now peacefully sighs from his grave
Watching the festivities in his reverie; preparing to slumber
He reflects—
Perhaps, in this New Year someone will remember me—
Perhaps dreams will come to fruition or
Shall they be forgotten, like me, on this night?



On the Triumph of Marriage Equality

By CJ

On the Triumph of Marriage Equality in the United States Supreme Court, While Trans People are Still Being Murdered

They tell me the battle is over, the fight has been won
Yet I still glean glitter from the ground with my glistening tongue

Desperate to taste something other than bittersweet pride
They tell me there is no shame to leave others behind

They tell me to hang up the sign, the street marches are done
Yet still I glean glitter from the ground with my glistening tongue

I lap up the lingering light, my lips sparkle slick
They tell me to conform to words and labels that never fit

They tell me to rejoice, the failing light is just a night still young
Yet still I glean glitter from the ground with my glistening tongue

Bright confetti congratulations stick and congeal in my throat
They tell me transgender rights are just a far off hope

They tell me be silent as wedding bells are rung and rung
Yet still I glean glitter from the ground with my glistening tongue



Transparency

By Julie Newman

Transparency in government

It's not a far cry away

The naysayers, say it can't be done

The 'yeah-sayer', only one, says it can

To tap into one's inner most thoughts

Gives insight for review

Multiple reviews

Turning colors with review

Red faced with anger

Then white with rage

Speckled with indignity

The thoughts are known

The plume, the tax, the lies of our protectors

Known to the public, for their review

Multiple reviews

Tap into the publics' thoughts

See who has the best ideas

Raise friends, self thoughts

We are on a role

Transparency for all

We are no longer individuals with ideas of our own

We share our thoughts with the world, without any choice

You want transparency?

Now you got it

Where did all of the intelligent individuals go ?

I know not



For we are now a mass of thoughts and we don't even know who they belong to
Transparency, that went out of control
All those people who stuck together as friends
Now hate each other
Everyone has bad and strange thoughts about everyone
Your best friend, it is found out, really hates and thinks you are a jerk
Everyone is rubbing their noses at each other and telling everyone to take care
Have a good evening while you nod off to sleep
Get your dream thoughts for free
A rude awakening of transparency
We now know why are waters are polluted , our taxes and homes cost a fortune
no one is talking to each other anymore, everyone for themselves
The point is, it does not matter if no one talks
We know their thoughts anyway
Transparency. That's where we are heading
I tried to tell everyone not to let that happen
Honesty is different than transparency
Honesty is to tell the truth
Transparency, is to see you naked.



Four Little Angels

By Tony Trapanotto

four little angels were there for me
the day I fell from the tree

not a bone did I break
with all the luck I kept the faith

than came the day that I swam too far
no one there to hear me cry

but with the courage I had inside
four little angels were by my side

the storm was bad and I was lost
the wind, the snow was off its' course

I said a prayer that I knew
and four little angels pulled me through

off to war, what can I do
danger all around, I took a bullet or two

but with the courage and my stride
four little angels were by my side

all through the years I had no fear
for every time my four angels were near

then came the day I was so weak
no pain, no suffering, no heart beat

not to be left all alone
four little angels took me home

Yesterday by Tony Trapanotto

Yesterday we played kick the can
ran our fingers through the sand

walked hand in hand in the rain
fell down, got up and had no pain

yesterday we started school
to me and you it was all so new

had a soda pop along the way
stayed with you all that day

yesterday went to my first dance
there you were, I took the chance

the night was warm with a touch of mist
there with you I had my first kiss

yesterday we finished school
you went your way, and I did too

through the years we kept in touch
you wrote to me, but not so much

yesterday I got your letter
telling me you're not getting better

as I read between the lines
I knew you had so little time

yesterday I got the news
you were gone, what could I do

here alone to face the way
oh how I wish for yesterday

The Concert at Tanner Park

By Carlo Frank Calo

Why I glared at the group next to me at the music concert at Tanner Park

We got there early and set up our blanket and chairs on the grass
Overlooking the bay and the bandstand, the two of us sipping a beer and then,
Arriving for the concert, a group of six came and sat a bit too close and
Skootching to my right, I give us all some space
But the distance between us increased to infinity as they continue to sit, oblivious
While we all stand for the Anthem yet they talked and sat and laughed through its' playing,
ignoring the words
Which spoke of their freedom, spoke of their freedom to do just that, and
Being too self-absorbed to respect what was happening, they totally missed the point.



Pieces of Something Broken by Nicole Peters

An excerpt from a novel in progress...

I stood in front of the house. From a distance I could see pieces of torn paper on the front door through the glass. I couldn't read them from where I was standing but I knew what they were. How can pieces of paper keep us from going inside? Literally they couldn't. But mentally, they were like steel bars that forbid entry into a place filled with memories, some good, some bad.

The house just sat. The side gate to the backyard was open and I could see the disheveled shed in the back right corner. The house didn't look bad, it looked like it needed some work and that people hadn't occupied this space for a long time. So it just sat, waiting for me to pull out its memories.

In my mind I walked through the front doors, a split level house. I stand there at the middle level of the stairs, I look up to where the entryway to the kitchen is and then down to where the other living room is, also where the downstairs bedrooms are, that's where us older kids sleep. Me and my two brothers. The only other sibling we have is my little sister, nine years younger than us, well, nine years younger than me. She always slept upstairs because she was the youngest, next to our parents bedroom.

The upstairs living room is only for company and holidays, the 'nice living room' we called it. Really we spent most of our time downstairs or outside or at friends houses. Dad is, well was, useless, that's what mom use to say. I didn't know until I got older that he had a mental problem, he was bipolar and couldn't hold down a job. I can sort of see that now, as we get older we look back and begin to understand things. But as children and teenagers, we only see make sense of things how we *want* to.

My two brothers are doing well. Ryan left this little town on Long Island a long time ago, right from high school, he went to college in Boston.

My other brother Sam is still here, one of those people that never leave or ever thought about leaving, making his living as a bartender on Fire Island, and doing god knows what else. I'm living in NYC working as an editor for a major publishing house, my dream, I love this city.

My younger sister Emily, she was so vibrant, her smile so big and her laugh could cure any sadness. I miss her, I miss her laugh, I still don't understand what happened that night. It's been a long time since I've been back here, standing in front of this house. My mother's house, my fathers house, that's just sitting here now, with eviction notices on the front door. My father died six years ago, I didn't know mom couldn't make the payments, none of us know where she is now.

I remember when Emily was born, I was nine, and felt the need to be maternal even then, to protect her from all of the bad things. Looking back I feel guilt, if I'd only been home and not out at a party, even though they said it wasn't my fault. Who could have saved her? Could I have saved her?

My father drank on his bad days and that of course made his mental illness worse on those days. I feel like he tried but not hard enough, maybe the perception of a father by his daughters is not the same as a wife who sees her husband in a certain light. Why would she stay? Now that I'm a mom I can figure out why. Because children need their father, I guess in whichever way Father's need to be needed. And mom, although not perfect, was our guiding light. If I only knew where she was now, how many questions I have. If she's ok? She's somewhere close, I feel it.

In my mind I'm standing in my downstairs bedroom. There are small windows that look out towards the street. I always loved this view. Especially for sneaking out at night. I also love that my room was directly underneath Emily's. The floors were thin. I could hear her wake up in the morning. Her laugh, her cry, her stumble. Looking around my room I see my desk by my bed, my bed looks so small in memory, even though I think of it as a big ship in my sea of clothes, books and wrappers littered on my floor. The room is darker than I remember, small windows that let some light slip through during the afternoons when I got home from school. But other than that it was dark, always dark.

That night I can imagine but cannot see. I wasn't home. Neither were Ryan or Sam. I left her alone. I shouldn't have. I imagine dad passed out. Drunk. Maybe on the living room couch which was downstairs by our bedrooms. I'm almost sure mom checked on Emily before she went to her bedroom. Where she slept alone. Night after night. We always found dad asleep somewhere else in the house. The couch downstairs. The bathroom floor. The kitchen floor. I knew Emily was in my room that night because I saw some of my things, they were out on the floor. A scarf she likes to play dress up with. My makeup looked rummaged through. A pen and paper, she was drawing. My room became a crime scene. But how? My room was her safe haven. Dad must have been trying to take his medication, he left his bottle of pills out on the living room table I was told. Emily was 3.

To be continued.....





About the Authors' Six Word Biographies

Carlo Frank Calo: **Pondering life's journey; enjoying it more!**

Christine Colligan: **Star-drop in a cosmic sea.**

Megan Goff: **Always writing from the heart.**

Gail McGurty: **Spiritual, optimistic, lover of learning, dreamer of possibilities**

Julie Newman: **Perceptive, honest, kind and open-minded.**

Mary O'Brien: **Trust God; Faith, Hope & Love!**

Nicole Peters: **Forging the road ahead, endless skies.**

Katherine Regina: **Shelving books, writing stories, exploring worlds.**

Rita B. Rose: **Resilient, Perceptive, Honest, Kind, Sage**

Patricia Soper: **Discovering mystical wisdom in nature & crone-hood.**

J. Roland Sullivan: **Womb to crypt; so be it!**

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