

For Shawn

I saw you today
I spoke with you
You saw me there,
conversing coldly
making etiquette
evident
Leaving me chilled
and alone
by your manner,
you continued
with your
proposed activities

Kathryn Popovich

Because of you, my beautiful daughter

I knelt on stones
to tend a weed;
I nourished it with tears
and lived to see an orchid
greet the sun.

Maurice Spiro

Sunrise

sunrise comes like paint
pinks, blues, watery hues
smudging out the night

Kathryn Popovich



Star thinking In July

Tonight as I sit here
gazing at the July stars
thinking of other stars.
I remember the ones I gazed
at long into the warm December
night just a few months ago.
At first I blushed at their remembrance
(I think), but now I don't (I'm positive!)
I know now that the surge of blood
was childish, yet special
at the time.
As I remember all the time I've
wasted reliving the stars I didn't
see, that warm December night
I realise what a fool I've been
Oh well, I guess that's life and
it's also finished (long before
it started)

But as those stars leave my
boggled memory, others come surging back, the stars
of last July.
Those were shared with a friend,
the best friend of the summer,
maybe even of lifetime I have
yet to live

We missed most of August last
summer, my special friend and I
But this year we won't
I have to gaze at these stars
alone now, as he's not home yet
He will be tho, in a few days
and we'll be able to talk like
we did last July, like friends
My friend, I miss you now,
So do our July stars
but we're patient
as always

Debbie Brine
1977

It's My Own Fault

Here I sit in my lonely room
Two clocks ticking
Waiting, hoping that
You will knock on my door
as you have done once before
much to my surprise
and delight.
But as time goes by
you do not come.
I'm disappointed, of course
but it's my own fault.
You gave me no
committal answer that
you would come again tonight.
I'm hurt,
but it's my own fault
As usual,
I've expected too much
of someone
Someone I barely know
But I know you well enough
to know that I want
to get to know you better
But if I don't
it'll be my own fault
again

Debbie Brine
Sept. 14, 1977

to see the extra light
to see past, above, beyond
the evident and actual,
is comprehending the unusual
is seeing through the thin layer
& logic, reason to
universal understanding

Kathryn Popovich

apart and separated
but not alone and untangled

Kathryn Popovich

Reflection

What we ask of each other
We are afraid to name
For we have to give much more
Than what we can claim.

Aftab Patla