

February 2018 Celebration of Poetry – Highlighting local Poets

This is a fine thing

Gail Rose Dean

This is a fine thing for sure
Being retired and alone
Reading books and magazines
Or anything on adjusting to home
Remodel, paint and clean
To attract a serene atmosphere
But leave it all in a flash
When someone calls that's dear
Turns out that's all that matters
Love, family, friends and loved ones
Even though this is known by all
We need a reminder when it comes
In making this passage of time
Sure to make it with grace
Have no choice as it will happen
With such an enormous pace
Besides, being around until ninety-eight
Intrigues the mind to no end
Just to see what else can happen
The end is near no more need to pretend

About Gail Rose Dean - Originally from Pontiac, Michigan and I have lived in Bonita Springs since 1979. I have been a member of the Center for the Arts since 1983. I have enjoyed painting in watercolors and acrylics, and trying the different forms of art being offered by the Center. Writing poems is fairly new to me, and I am finding a new creativity of art to branch into. Expressing ones true feelings in a poem is a real challenge.

Drone car

Kathy Edmeyer

Betty found her keys.
She pilots her 02 baby blue sedan into oncoming traffic.
She generates heart pounding maneuvers from her fellow travelers.
Her driverless looking vehicle, save for a tuft of blue hair barely visible above the steering wheel, sails down the road of oblivion.
A drone being driven by nobody home.
She enjoys a leisurely drive in the left lane, Then turns into a round-about the wrong way.
Nobody home in the drone
Killed a teen today.

About Kathy Edmeyer - I was a triage nurse. I have no background in writing and I have never had an interest in poetry. I had two life changing events back to back. My husband was paralyzed and my mom had a massive stroke. I held vigil at my mom's deathbed for seven days to the hour. During that time I started writing poetry. It came right of the blue. This was two years ago. I have written hundreds of poems since. I do all my writing between the hours of 1:00am and 4:00am. The poetry fairy drags me out of bed, entices me with a cookie and milk and then we are off and running. She's so insistent!

I write for an audience of one. If others like my ramblings it's frosting on the cake!

ARTISTIC

Ed Gray

When you're artistic, you allow yourself to make mistakes;
And you know just the ones to keep, and techniques that it takes...

to state your case with texture, shape, where words do not exist;
You color the significance that people often miss.

You see more in reality than others often do;
Your works express just what you see and what that means to you.

You make your thoughts seem very real, creating with your heart;
While channeling emotions to flow deep throughout your art.

Your artwork's never finished, it just pauses while revealing,
Your depth of soul and spirit while conveying what you're feeling.

Immersed in art, you feel a link to God as he's extending
his hand to you; when you create, adventure's never ending.

Effects from art are like the sun makes colors come alive;
When doing art, you're sensing your imagination thrive.

Your art has more than eye appeal, created by your hands;
You use your mind and soul much more, then truly understand...

the universal language that art speaks to us today;
And you know art is not "a thing", instead, it is "a way".

About Ed Gray - By my early 60's I had written three books of poetry. My interest changed dramatically in 2007 when my wife died of ALS and both of my parents died as well. Using journaling as a means to deal with these emotional losses, my poetry writing increased dramatically. Poetry has become a routine and deeply satisfying way to express feelings, sharing with friends and family, and focusing on many important aspects of life. I'm in my early 70's now and have lived in Bonita Springs since mid-2015.

Bonjour Cherie

Marcy Larkin

Over Cobblestone streets
in Alsace LePetite France
Cathedral bells clang for Mass

Flowers lean over wrought iron
fronting cross timber homes
on cobblestone streets

Flying gargoyles spout alarm
As organ beats Mother Mary's love
Cathedral Bells clang for Holiday

Voices linger in Gothic arch
as Villagers in unison pray
Cathedral bells clang

Young soldiers' boots stand
in ready high alert
at cobblestone Square

In red beret, Mademoiselle
teen packs assault gun
as Cathedral Bells clang
over cobblestone streets

August 15, 2017 French Holiday of Assumption
Strasbourg Cathedral c1277

About Marcy Larkin - At a gathering she'll likely be found on the fringe talking ideas with the youth. With her interests she chose a B.A. in Education and a Master's in Metaphysics. Even after twenty five years of teaching public and private schools in 8 states, she loves educational stuff. With all that book learning she still can't 'spel wortha dam'. Her "traveling pants" became well-worn as she traipses through Europe, Asia, Central America, Caribbean and also, Alaska. In some countries she aids schools and scholarships. She has two book's published, "Beyond the Plants" and "Why Me?" and has been included in several anthologies and magazines.