TCPL
Poem in Your Pocket Day Anthology 2023
Between
The pages of
One old library book
Paper songbirds nest waiting for
Release.

Carrie Cuinn
Dream caught and rinsed and fried
Breath blurt bursting through kissing tonsils
A nocturnal ledge step, sit, somersault
Red and blue danger disco dance
Scrunched closed eyes and arm out
Sudden sleep snores
Rising from a familiar narrow, long, white bed, not mine,
Again.

Veronica Haunani Fitzhugh
The bride in me collapses,
a day-after tent that was caught
in a hilltop storm
before it could be torn
down.
Now
I have my inner fire,
which of course flickers
at the whim of winds,
blowing shadows at my sins
and burning in an off-
spring.

The stiff fall grass will still be in my
hanging dress.

Audrey Baker
Kyiv railway station 20 March 2022
Inside the train, fingertips pressed to the window, hard.
On the platform fingertips against the window, hard against departure.
Wheels turn clockwise west. He trots along westward, fingers slipping, her face in shadow, then gone.
Against the station wall
The news camera sends pixels to everyone to tell What it is like to go to war.

LeGrace Benson
Street reader

We are on the street reading. Some stop and listen. Others look at us staring into space As if the weather had nothing More than love to do with it, Wrapping us in wind and rain Or sun to applaud Our simplified meanderings. Perhaps a change of costume Would gather more attention. The audience is particular, And while we are well-rehearsed, We are not all that well dressed.

Michael Foldes
Yael Saar

Love

bestowing light. And also, I choose to think
comings and goings just as it follows you too
I'm not that special; the sun follows me in my
from horizon to zenith and back down
at every point on its ascension
the sun will greet me from the East and watch over me
the sun's habit. I can trust that on the morrow
all this beauty reminds me that this is indeed
that my imagination can turn into whatever it likes
transforming clouds into cotton candy blobs
infusing the sky with changing hues
it travels on its journey west toward tomorrow
look at the sun following me everywhere, even as
For my co-worker Nuncy
Holds expire
Yes, it’s true, but what’s a Rich man like me to do?

So I hand the job today to you but please be kind and gentle for holds have feelings, too.

Rich Recchia
There is “u” in unity,
United we stand,
In this time,
In this place.

Unity is loving everyone, every race
Without “u” , there is no unity,
No “u” is needed
To make unity complete
Complete with love

We are United
In our time,
In this place.

Susan Mccclellan
The Bench on the Hill

That night was special. The field of tall grass pink from The sunset. We climbed

Up the hill to the Bench and sat until we could Barely see back down.

Greta Unetich
AHH.

How wonderful it is to fall in love with another, and with the world, to bathe in a river of hope and flow toward shores of peace.

To be in this precious space together, and sweetly wash all sorrow off our skin. We shed our pains under the light of the sky - drift arm and arm, united in waters of our oneness.

PEACHES GILLETTE
ICED TEA AND POETRY

Iced tea and poetry
A little break
For you and me
Grab your cup
Put on your smile
Let's enjoy ourselves awhile!

Janie E. Bibbie
What the Wall Said

Find stillness.
Hold the way this light of Greece holds me, sun to stone.
Voices may carry from afar but you need not listen.
Only the song of a copper bell from a silent goat beyond these pines is what you need to comprehend you and I are here to be who and what this island needs to thrive within the sea.

Katharyn Howd Machan
The littlest bit a human eye can see—a mote, a fleck of dust, and only when the sunlight tilts, and for a speck of time, we're in the audience, watching atoms dance.

Invisible, impenetrable life, the dance only a microscope can see, the coupling, birthing, aging, dying beings for whom we feel no kinship or regret.

And in the vast blue cosmology, worlds—round, gargantuan, and bright—dance, though only a telescope can see, perceiving us in certain slants of light.

Susan Weitz
Beetle

I’m sleeping on the back of a beetle—dung eater, busy working. Black and every petroleum color. Origins, destination. I am the beetle.

In dream interpretation all characters in a dream are actually the dreamer. So in her gravity cradle, radiation hammock, through ongoing night, the earth dreams us and herself.

Wren Tuatha
tell me something
if every infinitesimal piece of this living world
Belongs,
what is the greater sum of these parts?
an unspoken language
that makes poetry of the daily profanities
defiantly mumbling its prayer through the cracks of fundamental reality
have you ever seen the birds fly?

Annie Sumi
- an excerpt from "Expanding Horizons"

what is the greater sum of these parts?
it every infinitesimal piece of this living world Belongs,
tell me something
How far will you let me into your life?
Is there some kind of predetermined extent, or are you winging this too?
I love you, you know
I've met you once
Okay, twice
I've met you once
I love you, you know
Is there some kind of predetermined extent, or are you winging this too?

Take my hand (on the futon, on your bed, in my car, at our kitchen table
-

That would last me the next uncountable lifetimes worth of not knowing

Yes ours now, our table and our bed and even our own little cat
-
Broken
A heart
A glass
A fingernail
A twig
A car
A bone
A treaty
A promise
A dream
A season
All pieces
reorder anew
into whole.

Ellen Hirning Schmidt
the rise.

(ode to Nadia)

To Her, he said:

with painful labor

for your husband

by the sweat of Your brow

(the drops that had flavored Her sopa

that sent me to Her sueñitos

which have not long been forgotten.

por que soy terca)

todas comeremos

-Krista Ochoa
Maiden, Mother, Crone

I finally rest and think of you within me
I feel you, still. Together, though apart.
United by the memories in my muscles.
I feel you, still. Together, though apart.
I finally rest and think of you within me.

Alyssa Weber

The emptiness, a tenderness I carry on?
As the piece of me discovered, then lost?
Love, will you be with me forever now
When will I hold you again?

Your absence, an ache in my heart and head and belly.
I blame you, and I miss you.
Black Swan soreness flying to parts I didn’t know could hurt.

Maiden, Mother, Crone
is the unity of our grand sweet world.
From womb to life, with everything unfurled,
to sail on mystic journeys without tear.
when light shines into darkness, boding fair
inexplicable, when the far comes near,
unreachable, only in moments rare,
reaching to depths of matters hard to find.
The eternal now, both moving and still,
the sense of all the greatness of the mind.
which describe but can never quite fulfill
changing with rhapsodic melodies, words
a world of unity, it has its laws,
singing in praise of trees and stones and birds,
When looking at our only earth, I pause,
Earth united

Roni Fuller
the year i thought i was dying

was only a few months’ time, a burning spoon
that scooped
my spine, the most delicate goodbyes.

it was the year i drove into the busiest
intersection in town
under a red light, hoping i would die.

survivor’s guilt is no lie, mania either as i
have come to know. buying

time, drugs, any semblance of affection
is all i’ve ever known, dining at an empty table:

serrated knives cut bone better and
this meal is poisoned, in my eyes.

i believed i was a ghost without a home
long before i began to step into this flesh and
bone,

i had never felt so alone.

Alex Kabat
QUEEN BOUDICCEA

Their sandals were crafted for warmer climate, 
Though growing weaker against tribal defiance, 
The flogger bit her flesh as she was viciously torn, 
Vengeance would soon be hers, to that she had sworn.

The damsels she bore lay shattered beneath them, 
These soldiers of Rome whose days shall draw grim, 
She cried and cried then cried some more, 
The Celtic revolt brought 80,000 to death’s door.

She fell in defeat but without regret, 
For in these days the spirit of Celts had been met, 
The mystics envisioned a bloody end, 
They fought in the fields, the streets and at the river bend.

Nero was Caesar but she was the Queen, 
The likes of which these men had never seen, 
Today her figure stands outside Cardiff Hall, 
Even without it she’d be remembered by all!

Cynthia Morrison
Benefits

Dragging home from the benefits office

neither social nor secure

frustrated, fearful

Guy on a porch calls out

“I like your tee!” I pause, look down..trees.

“Are you an arborist?” he asks

“Not by profession”, I say, “maybe by heart.”

We talk aspens, continental root systems

models of collaboration

oxygen cycles, shade, air

green

I walk on,

Benefitted.

susan eschbach
Enlightenment I

I thought it was the sunset
But it was enlightenment
I beheld with honest eyes
Absent of striving after spiritual purity:
The stars – enlightenment
The sunrise – enlightenment
The diamond dewdrops,
    The rainbows
    in the oil puddles in the parking lot –
Enlightenment.

Carol Whitlow
Remembering

There's so much I have forgotten—
The way we laughed 'till our sides ached
The wonder and awe of space flight
Our shared dream of a peaceful world
How to extend my hand when words fail.

I have let others draw lines, boxes
Making prisons of us all
Mind, heart, hope, snared with
A million media tendrils.

I must remember now—
Stand up. Speak the truth each moment.
Our human family is one.
One heart. One mother planet.
One shared destiny.

Eva Marques
Waltzing woman,
hand on waist, hitched inhale,
arms wander my back when we embrace,
jettison off the moon, warping time and space.
I lost my life when you looked me in the eyes,
And I never want it back.
A piece of me is entrusted to you,
and it’s reveling in its new home.
Andreas Candelario
Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.

Rain and mud like quicksand, thunder of guns like lightning.
Day and night shells rain from the sky like a perpetual torrent of storm.

"For your country!" our captain shouts, it's the last thing he ever says.

I can taste the blood, like metal in my lungs.

I stand with my brothers united, like a wave of friends and comrades in arms.

I die not with pride for my country, but with unity for the brothers that lay by my side.

Then it's gone.

The last thing I see is the top of a trench, then nothing.

I stand with my brothers united, like a wave of friends and comrades in arms.

AD VICTORIAM

I can taste the blood, like metal in my lungs.

Day and night shells rain from the sky like a perpetual torrent of storm.

Rain and mud like quicksand, thunder of guns like lightning.

Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.

Dashiell W. Capps
You found me.
You found me at my cold.
You found me at my dark.
And you sparked a fire in me.

You found me.
And now I see your cold.
And now I see your dark.
Your hope was like a revolution

You found me.
And I found my words.
And I found my anger.

Camden Goeller
Anonymous

My family’s unity is important to me.

We are as strong as super glue and gorilla glue combined.

Our loyalty is stronger than duck tape.

My family’s loyalty is important to me.

We are as strong as super glue when we unite.

My family’s unity is important to me.

My family is important to me.
The Story-Girl

Knowledge was your refuge until the books were burned, the quills, buried.

You’re part of a whole, a stroke in a painting, a thread in a quilt.

Dive beneath the blue and re-emerge with fairytales between your teeth—

un-biased thievery is your life’s blood.

Sarah
A night of the wind
Occurs in the hole of soul
That sucks in air
And whistles in the dark.

The ultimate finity of body
Unlike the limitless soul sky
Captive to the fleshy puppet
Of this whistling daughter

Let me unfurl a banner
Exalt my high note to the moon
Raise my voice to the stars
And fill my sinking soul with song.

Alone, but with many alone,
I make a connected home.

Anonymous
Anonymous

Unity Poem

Your music is a heartbeat, loud, but not as rhythmic.

Fingers sting but hold fast over metal strings.

Silence, too loud to hear, there for a second gone in a moment.

It comes to fast for me to decide, give me more time.

I stare over open waters, the sun gleams off the waves, brief, but a second lasts a lifetime.

Anonymous
All the rivers are separate but the all come together at Cayuga Lake.

Joni pain

This is the hope of a clean Lake.

Rivers my favorite is six mile creek the water is clean at six mile creek

All the rivers are separate but the all come together at Cayuga Lake of these
Desire

Mold spreads with a single drop of water
It feeds off of local hosts,
Thus strengthening its colony

The strawberries in my fridge
Are the farms of the people
The dew, a call of hunger

For every bacteria,
Every spore,
Every infected, discarded, sore-sighted lump of guck

They sprout like mayflowers in an open field,
And link with chains of shared desire

Life;

To live.

Unity is a circle rather than a line
Across all bodies, it remains
As the desire to live is enough to connect souls alike.

Ayden Githinji
Peace over conflict

Often people choose to shout to deaf ears rather than listen to open mouths

Elizabeth Parrish
All for one or one for all
Many kingdoms has chosen wrong
Unite all together to take a stand
Weapons drawn to each hand
To battle a tyrant that stands tall
Eventually we will make him fall
All together under one flag
The tyrant’s head drags
The end of war
Together as one

zack
He is a dumpster
He is like a urinal
He is a dog after it rains
He is like a black metal fan
He is Al Gore
He is like a swamp
He is neon green with smelly
He drinks motor oil
He eats bugs
He is woodstock 99
He is jimmy fallon
He eats coleslaw willingly
He is named Tristen
They come together and fight
because he smells so awful and
is truly nasty

anonymous
Slumbering upon the night sky
Drifting with the shooting stars
Sleeping on the crescent moon
I dream of you as I rest.

Drifting with the shooting stars
Reflecting upon the still waters
My dear Luna, how I wish
To hold you in my hands
To unite our fates, under the backdrop of the stars.

You are the glistening moon
You are the glistening moon
I dream of you as I rest.
Sleeping on the crescent moon
You are the glistening moon
You are the glistening moon
I dream of you as I rest.
Sleeping on the crescent moon
Drifting with the shooting stars
Reflecting upon the still waters
My dear Luna, how I wish
To hold you in my hands
To unite our fates, under the backdrop of the stars.

elizabeth ortolaza
Unity is coming together
Unity is like a puzzle
Unity is like bricks in a wall
Unity is like buildings in a city
Unity is family

Anonymous
Unite

Unity is like a tree
Many Branches stemming from one root.

Unity is a volcano
One minute it is calm
Suddenly, chaos.

Tall and short
Young and old
Holding hands as if we are family
The air thick of smog and fumes
But together we stand.

Owen
Unity
It's like a machine
Full of gears, twisting, turning
Lose one, it could stop.
Each gear is a tree
Each tree makes the forest
It's part of the unit.

Anonymous
Limerick for Unity through Libraries

I could not with any impunity,
Declare it a healthy community,
If it doesn’t have books,
Or in any way looks,
Like it doesn’t have spirit and unity.

Benjamin Cornwell
Ants at a picnic

On a sunny day, lies lots of unwanted leftover food at a picnic. Tiny ants swarm like a moth to a flame. In unity they gather food for their community. Each ant carrying large portions on their backs. With more dedication than a soldier towards their mission they proceed.

Marcus Zuurszyński
I gather with my family at home to play video games, Video games are as fun as hanging out with friends at the all, I could play video games all day just like shopping, Video games are as fun as hanging out with friends at the all, Gather with my family at home to play video games, Birthdays are loads of fun

When me and my friends hangout it is a pun

When me and my family gather together to hangout it is always fun or things you like or want.

I could play video games all day just like shopping,

Decland Grant
Unity is nostalgic.
It's like eating with your family at a picnic,
Unity is the past, future and present.

Everything is broken into pieces,
There's no unity here.
There's no unity in me.

There's no nostalgia.

Leo Dickerson
There is strength in our unity

Even if we are different in many ways

We can still come together as one

To form a force so strong

No one thing can tear us apart

Our unity is a gift

Of the strength and power

We have when we stand together.

*Anonymous*
Anonymous

Book stores need books to be book stores
Bird nests need birds to be bird nests
Schools need kids to be schools
Beehives need bees to be a beehive
A pen to paper
A mother to a baby
A tree that has bent to make somewhere shady,

A student to their studies,
a ring to a hand,
The super sweet flowers that cover the land.

A bird to its nest, a song to the ears,
A childhood memory with childish fears.
A part of unity that will make you confused
Is the definition of how its used..

Anonymous
They say it’s not meant to be
You and Me.
We face against them
With no one else.

Yet as time moves on
We see
Others are on our side
And we can face the world
Hand in hand.

Together.

Maria
The crowds cheer your name
The war is over
Come one come all
We are united now as one big family
I come from a country in pieces
Broken by the people I stand with today
Shattered, clash, and bang
Those memories that turn into nightmares haunt me in the night
We don’t care what they say we will take on the world hand in hand together
But that’s all in the past
I was a scared little girl covered in ash and the smoke turned my eyes cloudy
In one form or another
We all share
We all share

Unity

Sadie LeBlanc
Leaves are molded to the tree
Stuck on a lonely branch
Holding onto the wooden bow
Lifted above the dirt
Together swaying intertwined
As one above the guts and grime
Stuck together, holding hands
The leaves are free of hurt and pain

*Will*
The hypocrisy of Unity

Among every tribe, people and tongue we strive for unity. The sacred idea in which every faith prays for Yet only with my god What every ideological leader calls for Yet only with my political philosophy

In which every leader yells and gives speeches for Yet only under my natation We see tribes and people beg for it But as long as it is without the others

But unity doesn't mean that It is the idea that all people can live in peace and prosperity No Matter the god or ideology or cutler or tongue or nation that belong to

Yet the leaders and people say “we can only achieve unity under my ideas” But unity doesn't mean that we all must be under one idea

Unity means tolerance

Reese Duet
Glances stolen under street lamps,
Foggy breath, tired eyes,
A moment’s respite,
Burned into their minds.

Metal tainted with blood,
Heavy hands and fists,
A war between the forgotten and the loved,
Broken by a name uttered in memory.

Racing hearts and tear stained cheeks,
A confession uttered in near silence of the voice,
A reciprocation,
Like lovers,
Like sin,
This is our unity.

Rowan
These flowers are calling my name
The grass whispers in my ear,
Tickles my back and stains my knees.

Follow the fox prints in the snow,
You set the mouse free
I am grateful for my mother and my eyes
and my hair like water.

We found a rotting deer,
We built a home here.
I'm safe and warm and teased and loved.
I discovered that forget-me-nots are my
favorite flower.

I will never forget you.
Or you.
Or you.
You were my family.

Anonymous
Together as all of the oceans combine
Separate but still one
Aparat is a wavering task
The stability i ache and ache to keep
I crave
We crave
Each half to a whole
Longing to keep it whole
We are one

Zoe
Anonymous

To be united is to have a strong sense of unity. Let us not forget about what the "U" stands for in the U.S.A. Unity is when the states build each other back up when one gets knocked down. Unity is when the states are united and honest. Unity is when states create a country to create a state.

Unity is when cities come together with everyone else as well as other cities.

Unity is when the people of the town create a city. Unity is when a society comes together and forms a town.

Unity is when a community comes together and builds up a society. Unity is when a community comes together and creates something new.

Unity is when people help each other. Unity is when people work together.

UNITY
Rain

Unity is like a sound ecosystem

Unity is the battle all face

One drop of water can not make a lake

One grain can not make a beach

One tree can not make a forest
River Song

Together we stand
She’s holding me up
Her arms wrap around me like grape vines
Keeping me from falling in the dark water below
She holds me up when I want to fall
She kisses my hair as the water sings to us
A broken song of betrayal and misery
I want to join in but my voice is too quiet
So I don’t
I stay complacently wrapped in my lover's arms
Our tears fall and mix with the singing river
And just like that our pain is added to the whole
Our song added to the chorus

Ursi
Everything is electrons rotating around nuclei of protons and neutrons like planets rotating around stars of hydrogen and helium

Anonymous
The sound of my alarm is like my world ending right in front of me
As going to this place at least it has good food and it's also free
The way of getting back into my bed is like my dreams and happiness
We love to sleep, everyone does.

Anonymous
Each flower introduced to the bunch with purpose
With an artistic vision
Each flower adds to the bundle
Forming a strengthened and unified bouquet
Leaving fewer opportunities for it to crumble and fall apart
Anonymous
Even Water

Ice has slowed the creek’s flow
like hardening lava, but underneath
beads of water like little fish
flee their slowly shrinking confines

as water struggles to keep its fluid
self alive, to not renounce
the noisy onrush as it infiltrates the land;
even water dreads the hardening of its arteries.

Gail Holst-Warhaft
unity is sand
Alone but just a small grain
Together a beach

Anonymous
For we all are united simply by being people.
Even when we do so we do it in unison with one another.
We smell through our noses, communicate, interpret.
We are thinkers.
Generated from the mind’s knowledge. We all do it,
Far beyond knowing we are united by thought.
We are united.

The routes we take to get home from the grocery store.
Neighbor, whether it be the color of our houses.
Father, an aunt or uncle; our family is united by people.
We have shared a home, a mother.
Like a chain, the bond is unbreakable.
We all are linked to one another.
Family, friend, neighbor we all share unity.
MAYDAY
when solving a Collective problem
someone May say & april May
work All Day to agree

We see Comm Unity to All the king's forces
no more hierarchy
no one way or the highway

that makes Us not With You alone
low

that makes Us All for fun, none for All

as none today,

no one way or the highway
to All the king's forces-no more hierarchy
work All Day to agree- We see Comm Unity

someone May say & april May
when solving a Collective problem

MAYDAY
The cat that sways because they're a snake in a tree is as equal as a bird cawing on a streetlamp. Both know that they're just as important as the other. Birds are like cameras, watching you up above. But a cat's hunger does not stop. The cat that sways because they're a snake in a tree...
Unity

Unity flutters all around us
Soaring through the sky
Rushing through our young blood
Flowing like a river
Screaming into the void
Unity is in us
We are unity

Anonymous
The puzzle comes together like a community
The community unites like a community
We are one!
Standing up for what we believe in
Joining hands,
Connecting like a bridge
Collaborating like a sweet melody
The community unites in harmony
The puzzle comes together like a community

Cameron Kelly
For My Brother On What Would Have Been His 58th Birthday

Great flocks of geese are flying south today Low clouds also drift southward Filling most of the sky with their gray-bottomed whiteness My copper-furred companion and I tread barefoot On the wet grass of the hillside below Filling most of the sky with their gray-bottomed whiteness But they are like ghosts to our eyes

Toward the southern horizon And the faraway sound of their spirited honk-chatter moves faster, too The geese fly higher than the clouds Until a loosely-strung V appears for a moment Sailing across a narrow blue window But they are like ghosts to our eyes

Todd Rose

For My Brother On What Would Have Been His 58th Birthday
**INTO ONE**

It’s wrong to be at the computer
When the evening light glows soft
Bad to be indoors
When spring breezes waft
At least come to the window
To see the last of this
Beauty, the fading pinks
And deepening blues
Blending into one
Night with only pinpoints of stars.

*Maude Rith*
Unity is...

Unity is teamwork
Unity is love
Unity is kindness
Unity is togetherness
Unity is a good friend
Unity is loving family
Unity is working together
Unity is playing together
Unity is standing for the pledge of allegiance
Unity is caring for each other

Isla R.B.
UNITY

It could be a Wordle solution or an aspiration for a group — though not this country, where E Pluribus Unum’s become an ever hollower motto in the age of the chaos machine, mass shootings and legislative shame. Disunity’s the word. Too long to fit a line in the game. Try split.

— Mark Ashton
On Again, Off Again

Shoelace
bunny ears. Flat.
Untied. Tied again. Double
knotted. To not fall apart
or trip.

Gianni Renna
We took the cemetery road downtown with July cooking into the bottom of our shoes. Stone door hobbit hole mausoleum. City deer having picnics. Eric and the turkey feather circling in infinity. The kids, they come and go and come and go. Swelling up the parking lots and parking spots. The parade in between. City deer having picnics. Eric and the turkey feather into the bottom of our shoes. Stone door hobbit hole.

Rachel Coye

secretly, you know that, too.
there with the day on your crown. we'll still want to see magic, safe in the arms of a spring day. Riding the market wave. Love to see you in your nets. Pressing the heel button at the bus stop in January.
disaster fountain. Hard to catch like water. A couch resting on the other corner. A truck that couldn't stop. Silly taxes, VivA will cross the street and we'll remember happy bees and spill out onto the lowlands. 100 years is not that long.
poor man's pizza 2 am. One day that creek will get too high.

corner pocket.
When you fall
Ask someone for help
When you are lonely
Ask for a friend
You should never give up
But you can always call for help

Oliver
Unity here we come

Together we work as a team
  unity
Together we form an idea
  unity
Together we help each other
  unity
Together we make the plan
  unity
Together we brainstorm
  unity
Together we make it work
  unity
Together we win
  unity
Unity here we come

_Elena, age eight_
Yes unity

You want to work together not alone so
you like unity

Unity means you work together
and don't give up!!

Unity for example is a sit in and you don't leave!

So yes unity so just say unity
here I come loud and proud.
Together we will work as a team!

So you will see me standing there with UNITY!

So remember what this means and stand there like me with unity.

And remember just say loud
and proud YES UNITY!

Eliza age 9
We Are United

We are united.
We are one.
We work together none like another.
We stand together.
I stand with you, you stand with me
together we make unity.
We help each other through light and dark.
We stand up to all those biting sharks.
Even if you feel you don’t have any friends,
look to your heart there you’ll see me standing there with unity.
So with this poem I’d like to say you are not alone.

Rosales. May. H. M. Age 9
Morning Song

Heat rises in the pipes, purrs with its furry beat while under the covers the cat, cave safe, sings the day into being.

Jack Hopper
My body remains split
My head swirling among the Gorges and my heart perched along the Hemlocks
Stimulated by the passion and high hopes of one
Yet longing for the pace of another, the comfort and lust of young flames
I could label it homesickness but that would do me no favors
As home is the source of my limitations
Yet longing for the pace of another, the comfort and lust of young flames
My body remains split
For as I leave these winding hills once again
My head and heart, *exhaling longer*
They will connect soon enough

In idling
Mother myself and keep my wits to make room for tension and find solace in not knowing
Therefore, I must make do, tend to my own small worries
Where insecurity and immaturity still flourish
I slowly regain the momentum to cultivate myself, for myself
For as I leave these winding hills once again
My head and heart, *exhaling longer*
They will connect soon enough

Kathryn Wolfe
Celebrate National Poetry Month
and put a Poem in your Pocket.

**Library Hours**
9AM—8PM Mon–Thur
9AM—6PM Fri
10AM—5PM Sat
1PM—5PM Sun (seasonal)

101 E Green St, Ithaca NY 14850
607-272-4557 · www.tcpl.org

**Poetry & Prose Open Mic**
Thursday, May 4, 6:30-7:30pm
Online — Learn more at tcpl.org.
Come share your poetry with
the community!