TCPL
Poem in
Your
Pocket
Day
Anthology
2024
Her

It's harvesting season
I'm hoeing and reaping
She's at the disco
Hoeing
I'm weeping

Selina Balci
WINE AND PROSES

I am eating summer--peaches awash in French vanilla ice cream.
And before that, the last of a Portuguese wine.
At my feet the cat waits, knowing more than I of transubstantiation.
Nothing in excess! cautioned an old Greek, scolding his fellow citizens for their joyous nights and days.

Both ways persist:
the wariness of some, ignoring what winter will insist,
and the rest of us to celebrate our ripeness that is blest.

Jack Hopper
In another life, I’d be a cobbler
I’d make a man some dancing shoes
Then build a street for him to waltz on
Any which way he’d choose

I’d wake up far up in the hills
Befriend a little mountain goat
I’d feed him fresh tomatoes
And then register him to vote

Yesterday, I walked to class
And then I did my laundry
Oh but how I love the mundane -
My my, what a quandary!

Arshia Agrawal
This rainy day
I am one with the couch
Preserved by my cushion
As two leaves in stone

But deep in my loafing
Heart paces, eyes leap
I wander a world
Between two paper covers

Rachel Friedland
Until the moment we become kids again, let us see the ends of the earth; For this strange existence we call life Is like belting into a tunnel. And you can subsume the noise... the echoes... the din in murky water; we spend our years trying to sift and grow the patience for it to settle, to see the reflection of an old kid whose dreams we have long since foreseen.

Monty Hamm
Daily Adventures

Today
I kept my child alive
Again
Blocking doors to hypothermia
Knowing
I am a flimsy barrier
Over and over
Filling ears with love
Locking away temptations
Riding emotional waves
Until a better tomorrow.

Rabbi Suzanne Brody
Shindagin Hollow

Soft glow of spring sun
On the forest floor
Warming dark mud dank with
Ice-mulched autumn leaves
And winter-felled trees.
My lover pauses to note an
Odd bend in a branch,
This new love making everything
Shine with beauty.
My heart is opening to love again.
At age 52.
The risk. The audacity. The joy.

Michelle Crow
The Dictator

When he tweets
reverse the order of his words

With the tiniest of stethoscopes
listen for his heart

If he becomes agitated
cover his cage with a blanket

Line his enclosure with old newspaper
crystal amulets and silk

for breakfast
the blood of snakes

Teach him how to say pretty bird
Offer him parsley and a mirror

Do not let him out

Melissa Tuckey
Adventure knocked upon my door
Tapping like a little bird
The old chair creaked upon the floor
With outstretched ear I listened more
Beyond the inner voices heard.

With curtains of the world without
A quiet table safe inside
Where served a heady dose of doubt
Poured by a world that won’t not shout
A taste that once again I tried.

Adventure knocked outside again
I stood this time and let her in.

Stevan Knapp
The Bike

I run away from the impossible, arriving back, at the core of my desire. A raveled thing constantly flees.

Thirsty. I peel off a fruit, I cannot reach the flesh. The knife, in a spiral motion. I am still thirsty, holding a nautilus cell.


Eirva Diamessis
I’m learning how to live. It’s not something you are born knowing how to do. It’s difficult, and unfamiliar. I find myself repeating, “Remember—progress is not linear”. Desperate pleas, for passage to whatever lies below the surface. Because somewhere in here is a will of my own. So, I’ve got to remember: I got this.

Andreas Candelario
Adventure in 4/4 time

Interstellar constellations,
Like internal conversations;
A mountain of climbing, a sibling
you can't reach.
The moon lander fell over, like my
Hemingway daiquiri, When the
cat Jumped from the fridge.
I sat on the beach. It was nice.
A sense of adventure, desire for
death, and inflated stock prices
For a plane that has crashed at
least twice.
For an archer, for a musician, each
note or arrow Is the one that
makes the journey, finishes trips.
Try once. Try thrice.
If it isn't in your marrow?
Take small sips.

Jenni Kivisild
at one time, I'd consider waking up

to the blue birds and half-bitten banana left on the side table

I'd consider waking up

at one time,

something I never thought I'd do.

devoid of

the blue birds that sit by my window seem to shrill louder by the minute

but they're singing for me

chrisps and chunes concocted across countries.

Mashallah, they tell me we are alive

Mashallah, they tell me we are alive.
Lost
Without knowing
The cost
Of being
Seen
Or The cost
Of seeing Beings.
Everything Is nothing
But what It seems
In dreams Unseen
Space-times In tween
The soul
Shattering cost
Of being wHole

Jenna D Bear
For all the wildness of worlds there are as many knots of fiber
found under bone
Unfurl and unwind heart strings twixt fore and thumb fingers
What sunrise brings this day to know
One more day to discover
What makes the handsome beat of this heart grow stronger
Untwist and unwind heart strings twist fore and thumb fingers
Found under bone
For there are yet still all the sights to be wondered And all the hands to
Always
Jay Campos
Left to Fade

Pressing the purple blooms,
Begging them not to fade.
Futility is to hold the immaterial,
Futility is to try
Futile is the attempt to keep the
self which is no longer mine.

But as the blooms fade
I press and hope for pain.
For what of us is left
When what is written in flesh
fades away.

Sydney Paluch
Buoy

On wide sea's searing bone-chill

we fear depths
forests of fathoms
but cold waves will carry the blaze
fire

Floating flame on water

Mischa Dixon
two glottal stops
the space between
two glottal stops
perplexing
i raise my brows
and type into my translator
in a fury
there is no entry for that sound
the six eyes before me blink
waiting for my reply

D.A. Xiaolin Spires

(First published in Star*Line, Winter 2023)
fallen feather sails
on sky painted ocean
destination unknown

Frank Muller
Let's go on an adventure!
Here, there, everywhere
Let's...

Climb every tower in our eye
Visit every planet in the sky
Harmonize with lions, tigers, and bears
Stay up past eleven, I don't care!
For me, what we do really doesn't matter
Let's just pick up a pen and write the next chapter

Jada Simone
The Opposite of Hogwarts

School comes to you, to your messy room.
You supply your own owl.
You have a Chromebook on loan.
The school bought thousands in exchange for books and your brain.

The Sorting Hat only cares how tall you are.
Suspension is in-school.
They’d never let you near a flying broom.
The kid hiding in the stall is vaping.

On the other hand, you are not sucked into generations-old controversies by the school administration.
Your parents are alive and well.
Nobody here has to invent a fake racial hierarchy from scratch.

Emily Sanders Hopkins
Strawberry Fields

New York, New York

I regret ignoring the monk in Central Park
who offered me smile, beads and prayers.
This city hardens you on every corner
makes you lose sight and forces your eyes
to veer from the darkness of cups and coffee cans
shaken by broken veterans and homeless youth.

The monk’s look offered me joy and forgiveness and I walked on
as if I had somewhere else to be.

Eric Machan Howd
Moonrise Kingdom

Nothing man-made
Could possibly capture
All the vibrance of the blue
Or how the bright sunlight hits
   the crystalline ocean
Sparkling like Poseidon's most precious gem
The way the wind licks at my hair
Gives me freedom that cannot be confined by
Or condensed down into
Just one smiling photograph

Ken Cassano
Life's Adventures

To live is to have adventures. Each thread, embedded in the unknown, can be sweet, but also shrouded by an unsought dread.

Each new adventure is only a trial, with unknown endings: success or defeat.

Life's adventures will fill us with surprise, sometimes sadness, sometimes making us wise.

Sometimes embedded in the unknown, can be sweet.

To live is to have adventures. Each thread,
i curl

on the back of Big Rock, spooning a knapsack

what would you bring into the future

what is light enough to pack, needed enough to lug, to claim responsibility, relevant to new covenants so it is innocent and you are a new virgin

Wren Tuatha
CAST YOUR NET

The world is full of opportunities
Like ponds, rivers, lakes, and oceans
They are everywhere
Like ponds, rivers, lakes, and oceans
Whatever you want is yours for the taking
As long as you try
Use your hands
Grab a pole, a net, or wade right in
Whatever you want is yours for the taking

CAST YOUR NET

You will be surprised at what you find.

Jane E. Bibbie
Steps outside lead
Inward.
Walking through trees
and thoughts and feelings.
I seek within without.
It's all roundabout,
When the journey isn't yours.
Winding roads inside to make it
home.
Hold hands, hold hearts, nothing's
apart.
Steps inside lead
Outward.

Chelsea Guy
On the Godless Beauty of What Is

After a while, I noticed my backyard fire was throwing the maple leaves high above it into a panic. Then it pushed out a cloud of smoke that drifted to the top of the black walnut tree at the yard’s edge. The cloud hovered there like a hummingbird.

Any day now, I thought to myself, the leaves will turn the color of fire and fall—if wet, like stones, if dry, like little cradles rocking babies to sleep.

_ cory brown _
ADVENTURE Pocket

All you have to do to dream of me? Listen as Vague hints of my love for Engagement condense into a Nuclear bomb of thrilling tense Tingles: ASMR* at your nape, a hand under your pocket. Remember when our resting breath returned to normal after panting? Each shivering in that cave under Horseshoe Falls, when risk was allowed.

James W Hamilton

*Autonomic Sensory Meridian Response

All you have to do to
Sign of Birth

A Chance Encounter at the grocery store.
Or in the growing line to buy a stamp.
What pleases one may not another. But silver linings are all the rage.
Once upon a time a story line Pulls up an anchor from the past.
And floating free you never ask What brings back spring again With all its green and color Endowed with freshly brewed.
A head pokes out in lightness From seasonally sun-thawed earth, To take a breath of freshness And chance the sigh of birth.

Michael Foldes
Dragon Unicorn

lives two worlds where we live one. Knows night and day at the same time, eats at twilight, drinks at dawn. Their horn is formed of spiraled fire. Their hooves curve sharp with glittered claws. When they travel through a forest a city rises where they step, every street a cave of roses, every tree a burning jewel.

Katharyn Howd Machan
Spirit Dance

I'm running up the spiral staircase to the skies above. My eyes drink in the glorious sunshine. Further on up tonight, I'll reach my favorite stars.

I hold on tight and never look back or down because this journey is all about the future. Angels beckon me upward and onward...

Spirits teach me how to dance.

Stephen Miller
Today I Fly

it starts as
wild flapping in my chest
shiny black feathered
growing beyond me
out into my arms

I am running

wind under me
air rushes my cheeks
throat
shoulders
brilliant blue spangles off skin
fast
faster
a flash

Susan Eschbach
Delightful. Dangerous. Dizzy

Spines enfold
newfound delights...
days laced with hesitation,
subterfuge, and fixation,
days adorned by easy cheer and easy play,
days piled and tip-topped
towards leaning and falling—

Creased covers encase
the heat of others,
the dreams of others...
I sank in the ink,
seduced by fantasy, by danger.

Sarah
if i had to do it all over again
i wouldn't take things so seriously
i'd make more mistakes
swim in more lakes

eat more ice cream
cause more trouble

wake up early
and walk around barefoot

i’ll find the sun shining
and i’ll accomplish every dream i’ve ever had

Veda Balte
Oh, I Didn’t See You Tie My Shoelaces Together

How about it?
Let’s take the leap,
Push the button,
Cast the die (give it a whirl),
Cross the Rubicon,
Jump in with both feet,
Burn the bridges,
Live on the edge,
Sign on the dotted line,
Commence liftoff,
Throw caution to the wind,
Boldly go, go for broke —
Fall flat on our faces?

Benedileo Pandinoli
Adventure is my middle name
I Live For is my first,
when I go outside to get my mail
tiny bubbles burst.

Rich Recchia
Avin Bagheri

Erase the boundaries and recall the day our soul was free and open to it all
Run free and experience it all
Unambiguous and unforgettable
To the day where you’ll say that you’ll reconcile
Nearest sea is your heart when you love and when you’re gone
Emerge and accept who you become and arise from it all
Vanished dreams once gone fly through the sky until you can see the star
Find your whole
Destiny a word that’s meant to bound you to the ground gives you power to
A day when your spirit reconvenes with our soul

Adventure:
Away from Home
August 21, 1981

Why is it so
On my own, it’s so
Difficult to go?

Yet as I take leave
Space grants the reprieve
And motivation I again retrieve.

Filled with resolve!
Upon returning,
Don’t let it dissolve.

Maureen McKenna
Only the Moon and I

Only the moon and I witness the tide pushing back in from the bay under the uneven ice, which begins to crack deeply along its length. The sound spreads upstream into the pinedark woods, as if the river had shifted once in its chains and announced that landscape is not limit. I feel a similar stir and know it is time to leave.

Stephen Paling
From Rooms In Old Houses
Embrace Life Completely

So there is one thing to know, for you, and you alone:

Flying like gods in an endless sky...

The thrill of speed, giddy, short, leaving Terra Firma

High mountain thrush whose cadence stops my breath...

A passage so sweet, so tender, I cannot but weep...

Deep, wild water's chilly thrill, shocking my senses...

A secret, a mystery, a dream between us...

Silly laughter, sighs, with a dear one,

Summer mornings of glorious colors, scents of earth...

What part of this life has not been divine?

Epilogue
adventure is like risks that we take on as we live life so holding on and being strong for the ones we love is a risky thing for a person that wants to have adventure and living life this will make you adventurous,

D. Braxton
The Victory you see coming ..

Playtime in daytime
and adventures at night.
Freetime in bliss
and care time not trimmed.
No bleeding in silence
and falling over painless gains.
Joy wrapped in moments
and the victory you see coming
Redeemed from the wallowing trenches,
Dancing on mighty wings
It’s the passionate adventure,
the riding joy..
It’s the victory you see...coming

Sanya Saxena
Trust and do as you please

Best work done up before dawn
Using yesterday's proof making a mess
Stretching every which way for so many all to be unique
product of a proudful life's work, lessons learned.
Created so many obligations will I complete all or none
Just to have made enough good bread to feed all my daughters and sons.
The echoes through time, My friend told me “If you don't start doing your home work,
you'll end up being the neighborhood pizzaman”
did so much of everything else, It's all I could've been
Poor me it's too good to sell
wouldn't have it any other way this oven's hotter than hell.

Tyler Morris
Lonely Road

Down this lonely road is all I’ve always ever known. Sharing nothing cuz this is all I’ve ever been shown. Being let down at every corner, at the cross section of this road will the light be shown or will this 4ever be the lonely road

Randell
At The End of The Road There is Always A Path

Brittany Walls

For that is the biggest Adventure to just believe in myself.
For I was never meant to fit in and finally realizing that I'm proud of myself
Which is limitless through simplicity as God created me of simply just being myself
No one really realized I would ever find the strength within to truly be the best that I can be.
To just fit in their line of being programmed to be just another elf on the shelf.
Intentionally by others, weakened made to feel weak, made to feel dumb.
Inside I was empty and numb, afraid to show my true self.

Not knowing what to do or where to go, I was terrified I was beyond shaken.
Beautifully enough made me go down the roads less taken. Not even sad.

Traveling from the East to the West, After my jubear was taken.
Adventure

Though i travel everywhere with no place to go!
No place to rest my head.
No place to rest my soul.
I race towards the Light trying to find a home
A tired worry traveler threw the roads i’Il carry on.

Austin Schiller
Butterflies

In the eyes of a butterfly, they have a love for adventure. So that's through the eyes of a butterfly.

Whispering butterfly kisses to their mate. A diet of sweet nectar gives them the energy to take to their wings, in a migration like a baby sea turtle takes to momma.

So that's through the eyes of a butterfly.

In a beautiful bright flower to land upon.

In a migration flight they look for
they have a love for adventure.

In the eyes of a butterfly.

Lesha Payne
The light breeze flowing through
your hair, vibrant colors exploding in the
Air, no need for a set destination just
a calm patience and a permanent sense
of meditation, your body feels heightened
of monarch butterflies coursing through your
Veins not a worry in your brain.
Smiles everywhere finally no pain.
A yearn for it to never end and priceless
moments that deserves the honor to be captured
Clothing my eyes and burning these moments into
My memory because I never want to forget the journey
Lasalle Hargrove

The light breeze flowing through
Thoughts on Life

The best things in life are free
Free to search for find and explore
You'll still have today for them in some form or fashion
You'll spend plenty of time & effort
Looking for them in the first place
But by then you'll be old and withering
Probably not says the old man with the long beard at the end of the Path
And wondering whether you'll make it into Heaven or Hell
Probably not he says as he rubs his tummy and laughs

Rishawn Vieweg

The best things in life are free
Free to search for find and explore that is
You'll still have today for them in some form or fashion
And the best things in life are free
Probaby not he says as he rubs his tummy and laughs
Why am I doomed for failures, before I even fail;  
Why is it my adventures always seem to end with jail!  
Wouldn't it be nice to travel like a piece of mail;  
But then wouldn't the true story of love, still end up in jail!  
To soar the skies as a bird with no limits;  
But then wouldn't the true story of love, still end up in jail!  
Why is it my adventures always seem to end with jail!  
Why am I doomed for failures, before I even fail;  

Adventures

Arthur Harriet

As if traveling the world while you’re on parole or probation;  
So my adventures do come with numerous limitations;  
Being in America so long shows me the many places I can’t go, black man can’t.  
Adventure can sometimes be high stakes, when my skin is my sin;  
That would mean no trespassing signs or being ran off by man!  
Adventures of living in the Green of pastures in a foreign land;  
Or to travel through air frequencies, only contacted by digits!

To whom the skies are a bird with no limits;
Life’s An Adventure

Never endeavor to be mundane
You never know what act could be your claim to fame
Now can be your time, today could be your day.

So everything you do make sure
You do it great. In that way you
Can ensure the Legend of your name
Live on past your expiration date

If your life was a movie, would
Anyone watch it? Or when they’re Flipping channels would yours be
The one who gets skipped? Whether Positive or negative make sure your actions
Have an impact and the concussion Reverberates away and effects the things in its path. When you look back On your life does it excite you, are you smiling? Because if not you’re not really Living.

Alex Mosher
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 2, 6:30pm-7:30pm
in the Ezra Cornell Reading Room
Learn more at tcpl.org.
Come share your poetry with the community!