

Charming After Snow White

he lives in a funeral parlour built with his hands

he practices rituals with her remaining prescriptions

and sleeps with the coin from his belovéd's lips under his tongue

when he speaks silver spills from his mouth

like a waterfall it forms a river that flows north

currents that lead to the last memory of a kiss sleep a blissful wish

Eric Machan Howd

When I was a child, you used to tell me to keep lavender by the bed to make rest easy

and dreams sweet. In our balmy

afternoons together,

while my parents were away,

you taught me not to ever lie, steal, or cheat.

And now, verge of adult,

I understand a witch's soul can never truly die;

it is merely dispersed among the plants, dirt, and rocks

she lives by.

Alexandra O'Brien

Journey

We begin the journey with no idea of its end... and for a moment only the slightest that we've arrived.

Michael Foldes

Hunting helling hellions howl hungrily, help. Hurry hunting and howling, how

horrible. Horror haunts hiding humans, help. Howling harsh hurricanes, huge.

haughty, huffing, HOOOOWL! Hiding humans horror heightens, HELP. Horrendous,

hideous, hair-raising, hellacious, helling, halfhuman hellions, hunting,

howling. Hemming, hawing humans halfhidden hear horrible howling. Hounds hasten, holding, hauling, heaving hysterical

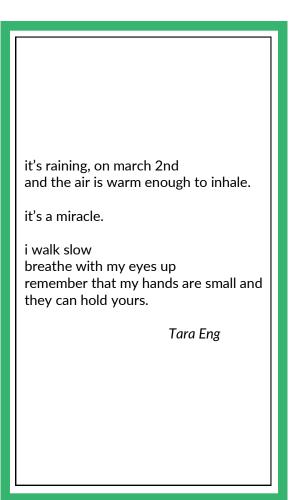
homo sapiens. Homunculi howl, hankering hunting hundreds. Humans hope

heros hurry. Hurt heavily humans hear heinous, hedonistic howling. Heartbeats halt.

Hateful hounds holocaust horrifies harmless, helpless, hopless, hostages.

Human, hear how horrible helling hellions howl, howl, HOOOOWL! Hurry, hide.

Siena Porcello



for Eric

Goat Unicorn

is so much like itself it gets confused sometimes

dappled on Wednesdays horned on Fridays black as an owl's hoot very other Sunday

kid, doe, wether, nanny: its water trough shows its changing beard

no stanza can keep it in no metaphor can claim it

but there was that poet who gazed into its eyes with Pan tattooed on his arm

that day it felt clear wild love: the perfect hooves they shared

Katharyn Howd Machan

a heavenly grin down feather hair porcelain skin so gentle, so fair you believe this is true but don't let it fool you try to stay wise he's got the devil in those angel eyes

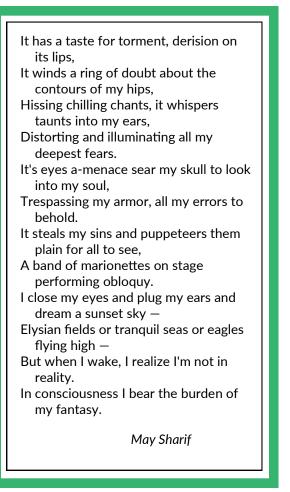
Elyse R Kiel

Fantasy

Life itself is fantastic, don't you know? A little bit weird, a little bit strange, and yet as lovely as a fall of snow. Life's great pulsations have enormous range, and give us reasons to endure, pursue our quest for pleasure in the saddest times, to keep alive the promise and some clue to search for meaning in poetic rhymes. We are a curious species, I think, able to imagine fanciful things, and though, at times, we appear on the brink of despair, we can still hear when earth sings. Why not mix the fantastic and the real?

There might be new vistas we could reveal.

–Roni Fuller



The Vow

If you don't call a leprechaun an elf, He'll share his gold with you. If you sing a song to a siren, She will find for you the prettiest seashell. If you give a fairy a poem, It will grant you luck for an entire day. Unicorns can give wishes, Dragons bestow strength, But none of those things cause my knee to bend If you take my hand And dance with me in this moonlit wood Where the stars shine solely To make your eyes glitter, I will give you custody of my heart, My soul, and my body Because your love is greater than any magic l've seen.

-B.Q. Williams

Mysterioso Gnome

There's a gnome in my front yard that comes to life every night.

He plays checkers with the squirrels, and moons all the cats as they run on by.

He holds up his lantern, which lights up when the sun goes down, and always leaves me cookies if I have been good. And I am always good... except when I am not.

Rich Recchia

Nightmare

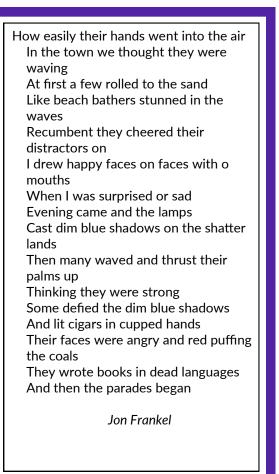
a millipede dreamed it was a human clumsily bumbling about on just one measly pair of ungainly legs

then woke up relieved in it's bed of dead leaves finding its three-hundred limbs right where they should be

Isaac Sharp

Between The pages of One old library book Paper songbirds nest waiting for Release.

Carrie Cunin



WHITE SPACES

Georges Braque is shoveling his driveway with a palette knife. Squares of asphalt appear, design is everywhere waiting to be uncovered. He steps back, surveying his enormous canvas, smiles to think what his buddy Pablo would make of it ... nothing: this space is mine to fill he says, and knows and closes with his shovel. smiling to see that his neighbor has just emerged to greet the snowy reaches of our street, blocking out the lights and darks.

Jack Hopper

Through the Years

We're forty-two and it's hit the charts and we're in love and dancing and it's become our song, our song, the one that tugs us to each other across a crowded room and we glide it seems beneath a sprig of twirling mistletoe till the last beat fades.

One you, one me still dancing now as Kenny's last beat fades. And our song, our song plays on. Mark Ashton

She Spoke

From deep in the white silence of falling snow slivers of sound suddenly sprang from her tongue and went tripping through the trees dancing branch to branch teasing the tip of every twig before flitting into the caves of my ears

There, they imploded into tiny electrical blips and darted down a dark and twisting trail to a small clearing in a thicket of neurons where, in a snap, they were decoded into recognizable fragments of meaning

words

four of them

I love you, Darlin'

leaving me speechless

Todd Rose

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

Tompkins County Public Library

101 E. Green Street, Ithaca, NY

Library Hours

Mon, Wed, Fri: 10–1, 2–6 Curbside Tues, Thur: 10–1, 2–6 Browse/Internet Saturday: 10–1, 2–5 Browse/Internet

> 607-272-4557 <u>tcpl.org</u>

