

TCPL
POEM IN
YOUR
POCKET
DAY
ANTHOLOGY
2021

AND ALIVE

For no reason, for only a moment
I'm suddenly replete
with eyes which can see innocence
among us.

A lazily roiling aura,
it is like a ball of sleepy, colorless flames
which awake as they burn
each of us alive
and alive.

Jimmy Jordan

A Haiku: Brigita

Bare your face to the
Coming rain, the silver storm.
You will see it through.

Greta Unetich

A Winter haiku

sunshine at long last!
shadow strokes on white canvas
erased by nightfall

Frank Muller

Manatee on your shore, where I come
from you don't know,
Invasive species you might say, but so
are students, so....
I'm an October calf, how I got that
Libra hustle,
Yet to you I just might be a slightly
larger zebra mussel.

Manny FINfluencer

“why am i never enough?”
she whispers into the night sky.
the sky guides a breeze to brush the
hair from her face.
shining the stars to cast a light on her
saddened face.
it reaches down, holding her in place.
“you are. you always have been.”
she stares,
trusting the sky
and hoping it was telling the truth.

Kayla Barry

|| FROM THE VEIN OF ORE [A HOPE
SONG] || from the vein of ore my
desire is mined/ & is mind but (,)
lately i find myself/ uplifted by the
aroma of the offering whether or not
(,) the sacred order is /ever restored
once more i will be laden/ with rue
yon bruised wild sage & you w/ill be
twice angelic my meadowsweet (,)/ o
let (,) them at (,) last (,) reclaim/ the
vein & let (,) the amaranth run ri/ot (,)
& let (,) the children cup the s/eeds in
their original hands \\\生\\生\\生\\生\\生\\生\\生\\生\\

Evan D. Williams

If I tried to make amends
and you withheld forgiveness

I release you.

I release me.

Let us lick our wounds in peace
we all need and deserve shelter.

I'm done throwing my heart at your thorns,
for they are exquisite and sharp,
and worthy of peace as much as the rest of
you.

I forgive you and me for any and all.

I give myself permission:
to stop holding my breath until you
come around.

And yet, I haven't lost hope.

Yael Daphna Saar

Sunshine Returns

Verdant fingers reach
through crisp taupe skeletal shells
the promise of hope.

Laura Lusk

Praying Unicorn

discovered itself in a hidden forest
where Earth is trying to right herself
with rain and green and tributaries
of the water of lasting life.

Here Unicorn is small and graced
with long fast legs, a swaying head,
an appetite for other creatures
that scurry and climb smooth bark.
It looks toward sky between thick leaves.
It holds twig-still when parrots fly.
And from its head a tiny horn
vibrates silent words to gods
that just might save us from the dark.

Katharyn Howd Machan

almighty re-creator

make me into something else / god

a sycamore / a mink / a lilac
before the bloom / let me revert
to dirt / and revel when it rains

let me be home for some life / and
kiss / each blade of grass /
into birth.

Alex Sosebee

In Hopes of Spring

How wonderful to see the Earth again
After such a long obscuration of white!
The rocks I step upon, brought here by my
 own hand,
Connect me to the core of life, once more.
What a strange journey to be suspended
 above this solidness
By a frozen world of water,
Now melting under the warm gaze of a
 loving Sun.

Eva Marques

The Hope in This Grief

I can see it if I squint.

It's the next thing after

Re-listening to the six-week old voice
message

Portending your demise.

It's the frozen crocuses in mid-March

And the ice chunks cleaving off the falls

Bobbing downstream and out into the
lake to melt.

It's my vaccine appointment tomorrow at
8:20 a.m.

You got yours two months ago, talk about
hope.

It's in the Brahms and Elgar for which

I'm struggling to learn the 3rd Horn part

To play in your memorial concert.

It's the possibility in every breathing day

Even though you are gone.

- Tom Knipe, March 2021

Follow that Word

Down long roads where origins lay.
Pick a word, any word and run with it,
tracing its etymology to find some ancient
Norse gods or Old English minstrels
dancing in its veins. Examine the course
of word's history to a place where it insinuates
itself into your thinking, past disappearing
landscapes of shadows from the past.
Signal the word you are coming
and watch it bolt like a skittish colt.
Then listen for echoes with patience
and discover the road on which a poem grows.

Nancy Avery Dafoe

The cold has come, the cold will pass
The honey stores are low
Our future lies in flower sprouts
Now pushing through the snow

A zephyr carries sweetest scents
As one we set to flight
Our wings are primed from winter's rest
We work with all our might

The hive depleted is restored
The honey cells are filled
And now the time of dark has passed
We have our chance to build

As each new year will bring new blooms
Our rightful task again resumes

Scott Blankenbaker

There's "Always Tomorrow"

So, what's a good plan for the days ahead?
For weakness, shyness and all discomforts to
go away

Respect for people-in society
That crimes stop and we all make change
Good days in schools make game full
employment

Then projects, designs and plans make sense
A call from a friend to say 'hello'
A reassuring smile and hug
For children to bring hope to adults
For adults to remember children wishes
For this we ask and again we ask Lord
Then, Spring flowers bloom in March
And Summer events happen in May!
This is, this is it- something better and better

Chris Georgaroudakis

Ronja has pneumonia

Matt has a cat
in a hat

Ronja has pneumonia
And that's that.

*Violet Lusk,
age 7*

And Me Too.

I diligently painted my fingernails
in an array of cheerful shades
over the past year
to stay positive.

Now my nails are tired and peeling.
They will remain unabashedly naked,
exposed in all their rawness,
with no cheerful obligations,
while they heal.

Nora Snyder

Imbolc

In the blink between
my words and yours
I squandered a century alone
til the blossom scent of your laughter
led me back here
because of course it did
silly me

Emily Cotman

HOPE POEM

I hope this finds you well. I hope this suits.
This bit of sky that blue puts down roots.
What does the sky hope? Maybe to be
blue
is not its preference. I thank the blue.
The Finger Lakes are blue. In Ithaca
blue irises, in bulbs, await their nautical
call from deep below: trusty periscopes,
ahoy! That blue that spies the O in cope.
The blues are songs that make hard times
become
something so blue we feel strangely at
home.
The flowers, water droplets, and the sky
blend together so reassuringly.

Clare Jones

H onored
O pportunity
P romise
E nthusiasm

Isaac Greene

"I just don't",
he said,
"have any idea what's coming next."
and she echoed his sigh
with a shake of her head.
"me neither."
"who knows?"

but i saw him stop
to look at the green sprouts of flowers
in the planter box next to the library.
and her arms
were full
of books about gardening.

Pamela Willett

We are tired.
We are bruised.
But yet, we keep walking,
Our hearts full of hope.
Hope that
Hate will be gone,
Love will shine through,
The earth will glow,
And all will be peaceful.
We hope from
Our toes to
Our brain,
Our hearts pumping with
Hope and
Love.

*Fiona Batten,
age 11*

the cliff across the creek
its layers so aged and fractured
carves lights in hard sharp chunks
it beauty intricate

the creek below the cliff
its flow so fresh and smooth
carves snow in sweeping curves
its beauty simplified

Ruth Yarrow

Attending

The first day of the new year
we go to the woods and look for signs.

The children resist, can't find socks, are
noisy in the car. But the elder will seek out
birds and Papa will photograph them.

Ice clings to the tree's base
and when water recedes,
casts a shadow of its own.

We keep still
and observe:

how trees embrace the touching air
how moss comforts the crumbling shale
how stones attend the river.

Anna Sims Bartel

GUARDIAN ANGELS

from Rooms in Old Houses

If I have one at all
it's a clumsy one,
stumbling out of flight
as if surprised to find
it even has wings.
And if it somehow manages
to find the right address,
it will arrive when the trouble is over,
banging its halo on the doorframe
or tripping on its robe,
then rising awkwardly,
bringing me nothing but its
crooked, angelic grin.

Stephen Paling

Spes (Hope) is all around

(the Latin word, pronounced 'space')

When Romans borrowed *Spes*
from the Greeks and freed her
from the darkened box
they knew she was different from the rest,
different from all those woes and diseases
that had peeled out as Pandora peeked in.

Hope alone had stayed, a solitary bright seed,
strong, hard and alive, awaiting human need.

When Hope finally did step out, she was tall,
and her image suddenly sprung up all around,
in Augustan statues, temples, on coins
she was everywhere to be found,
a shining reminder,
with one hand extending offertory flower,
her other hand lifting billowing skirts
just high enough to reach her stride.

Carolyn Clark

artesian well

history seeps
from the mountain
like water from the well,
better when it's cold,
better when the pipe
someone hammered
into the rock appears
suddenly as you round
the bend, until then
certain the end is near.

Michael Foldes

Hope

“Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,”
so Alexander Pope wrote long ago,
“The proper study of Mankind is Man.”
But still the progress of ourselves is slow.
So many stresses plague our present scene,
we sometimes lose the sense or who we are,
and fall into depression, through which screen
there seems no way out. The path stretches far,
the road is rough, and who can ever see
beyond the present crises we must face?
The future always is unknown. We’re free
but also caught in destiny’s embrace.

We can but try to keep Pope’s earnest quest:
“Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

Roni Fuller

I Dream

I sat in the light of the bright
 winter sun
as it streamed through my window.
It invited me into sleep
and offered me things to dream.

I dreamt of spring
and spring dreamt of summer
and I and summer awakened into a
 new day.

Peaches Gillette

Hope is the moleskin for the
 blistered soul,
the soap beneath the ring.
Hope is the grace for miracles,
 both large and small,
and it is the same for all of us,
when we allow it
to be.

Kathryn Buckley

Hope

A little spring flower waiting to bloom
or people getting the Covid-19 vaccine.

Hope drifts by like a bird flying from
tree to tree
or a butterfly pollinating a spring
garden.

Hope is right around the corner
Are you ready to open your heart to it?

*Allegra LaFalce,
age 11*

A Lamb and Two Guitars

A lamb and two guitars
play in black clover
under your hands and through your hair.

Hide inside your coats
when April wind bristles
with the scent of green ash.

They dance across kingdoms of mud.
When you find sleep
they will lay their ears
down to the sky.

A lamb and two guitars
dream song and sprout
roots to hold
the earth in place.

Mark Zuss

Let's play a game

Love is like a chess game. Its
beauty is in playing

Win or lose, everyone needs to
believe in love

One day, we will love someone
and we will be happy

We will play the game and enjoy
in it

**YOU JUST NEED TO PLAY THE
GAME**

- Alisa Bjelopoljak

Slanted light on gold
draws us out with urgency
to be inside the reds and
rusts, our shadows show
we too are part of autumn

Molly Buck

Hope

Hope is the one thing that never
can be lost.

It is one thing with no cost.

Hope helps us through dark times.
Hope makes the world shine.

Hope is seeing the light
Hope is what makes our future
bright.

Choose Hope. Keep believing.
Keep succeeding. Keep dreaming.

*Susan McClellan
Pittsburgh, PA*

REALITY

In the Marvel Universe
there are superheroes
with superpowers.

I hope

people get
superpowers.

It would change

the world

make life easier.

Some people would get
healing powers
and heal people with COVID-19.

Then life

would go back to normal.

*Saffron Gold-Rodgers,
4th grader*

Turkey Turkey Turkey Gobble

Thanksgiving is fun,
Thanksgiving is great,
But what makes thanksgiving perfect
Is the food that I ate!

Being with family,
Being with friends,
I wish this day would never end!

*Kate Nash,
3rd grader*

Valley

The moistness of the grass,
The fragrance of the trees,
The ponds sparkle like jewels,
The beauty of the flowers gives
hope for spring

Ali Beers Sancho

“Who is Wise?”

Being wise
isn't about
what you know
but about
how wide
you are willing
to crack open
and let yourself
be filled
with someone else's thoughts
as a bridge
to the future.

Suzanne Brody

HOPE

A hermit to no one, and everyone too
Then a pandemic, will I be safe?
My paintings, my books, my pets and T.V.
When can we come out? I'm afraid.
Sisters and brothers of every color and creed
Need my help, wearing a mask helps them
and me
Vaccinations, I've had both, wish everyone
else would just do the same.
Racism, prejudice, white supremacy make all
life explode
With my heart and beliefs and others true,
there's hope...there has to be.
We can overcome, and breathe, and be free.

Sasha Thurmond

PLAGUE PLEASURES

Sometimes, on the best of days, I stay inside,
berating myself for losing at least a good walk,
for not finding a wood into which I could disappear.
And what do I do? I check the fridge and the freezer,
then my pile of recipes, and am suddenly drawn
into cooking possibilities of which I'd never dreamt.
Simple pleasures, few pots to clean up after, surrender
to Olympic treasures like a Cassoulet or Osso Buco,
whose preparations make imaginary guests
amuse themselves till finally they get up
and politely go back home because The Dish
has only about another hour or so to be done
and once again, full moon and empty plates.

—*Jack Hopper*

Constellations glitter;
A darkly shining sky.
Hope is a cosmic breath
Releasing on a sigh.

Angels arching wingspans
Rimmed in a golden dust;
Reach across the chasm
In peace and joy and trust.

~ Shari Hemsley

Hope starts each day before the dawn,
so many dreams to carry on
But walking first before we run, the tasks
at first that must be done
With rights to win and wrongs to right,
to fix this world of ignorant fright
No matter how the words they spin, to
face the hate that lies within
Til darkest night goes on its way, and
poets celebrate the day
When rights and truths each have their
place, then hope is free
...our dreams to chase.

Stevan Knapp

Born again
Forgotten so long ago
Hope
We stood alone
Waiting somehow
Wanting
Crying
Now we remember the past
Remember
Smile
We think of the future
Will we remember here and now?
Remember?
Smile?

Nadia Friend

Way Out

Rope?

Nope

Dope?

Nope

Soap?

Nope

Hope?

Yes!

Maude Rith

By Cayuga Lake

At last, my body rises...

Ear drums vibrate with chickadees,
woodpeckers chip away at wintry joints

- vertebrae by vertebrae
down to the ancestral tailbone -

sycamore roots bow

the arches of my feet,

in prayer,

osprey arrow high

above this earthly thawing,

winds bellow blessings

swelling willows into spring.

oana nechita

Hope on wings

Hope soars through the trees,
It circles high above the waves,
The mountain is its home,
Looking over the world

Simon LeRoux

HOPE

Long ago, maybe the first year I could drive,
I dated for a while a girl named Hope.

I remember we watched movies together
and surely danced, and I began to notice
names that weren't just names but

something else –

characteristics, concepts, qualities
like felicity and prudence, serenity,
grace and bliss – parental aspirations
set by capitals, hopes in upper case.

I wonder if my friend is still around
and feels in this year when a lot of it was lost
the yearning promise of her name.

Mark Ashton

surrender

no wrong for you, no one thing
history a locket between two breasts

i turn on a dime therefore
expect nothing from me forever

as if it's the first time, i toss
the sun up like a coin

tell me, how you & i never saw day
break and yet—

no one thing, this life
let's call it trust

not for nothing
call it in the air

nicole v basta

Hoping The Wind is Kind

Trees. Beauty stretching to the sun,
Arching in crooked moments with graceful
twisted limbs.

Autumn is their crown; winds, their instrument.
The roots deeply drink of starlight and earth,
Lovers entwined. The breath of our efforts
together

Builds the layers of bark, mind, flesh.

And when they fall, we perish inside—our
colors, seasons, and memories

Flood inside our connectedness of systems and
dynamics.

And, tree, the last thing you did, was take down
the internet

In a fiery moment

Of wood and splintered crown, cables,
everything down.

We bow to your power pointing at heaven

And reminding earth, that you were, and are.

And we are only hopeful watchers for a small
growing time.

Jenni Kivisild

Today I will write a poem

Inspired by Clint Smith's "No More Elegies Today"

Today I will write a poem about turning back
to the one I married, and say to him, hand outstretched,
how can I find my way back to you?

It will not be about lined up resentments like immovable
furniture

But instead will be about the echo song, back and forth,
between

Our son's squeal and the staccato of his voice, together.

Today I will write a poem about our son's fountain of rage
When he discovered we did not go to the place we said we
were

But then, after we make sure every fun place in the world
is not closing, he reaches out for the just-right walking stick
Finds ice crystals jutting up in tiny spikes along the trail.

I will write a poem about reaching out, again and again and
again.

Sue Schwartz

Calling in the spirit.
Higher self and free will.

A hymn to all that's possible.
For me, beauty emanates from persistence.

I return to find a spot in an empty grove of
ancient trees.
Duende whispered from their boughs.

As inky dancing shadows reveal.
The secret the red capped bird knows.

For me, spending time outdoors is just the
best time.
Feel like going for a walk in the forest In
some fancy hiking threads?

K Smith

A Little Bit of Hope

No more peas on the seed racks anywhere.

I had my chance to buy them

Three unopened packs in a canister at home
averted my purchase

Now the words "**PACKED FOR 2010_2012_2018**"
are hardly promising.

I soak the youngest two and spread them
on separate saucers between wet paper towels

In a few days, the germination rate of 2012
is **astounding** while 2018 remains barren.

these old dormant seeds renew my hope

And I bow to the awakening power of water.

Andrea Staffeld

Catkins

Amid fallen limbs and berries
the pussywillow shivered.
A **scarlet** flash, cardinals alight.
I said, *A cat would pounce.*

Shears and bucket in hand,
you sloshed across the yard.
Snipped, snapped, plunged
stems into water.

Green jars on the sill,
buds round, grey, soft as kittens.
Alive. *Oh my!* I said,
a feathery, high-pitched trill.

Joyce Wheatley

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

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