

**Welcome to our April Gallery** featuring the selected poems from this year's Poetry Challenge. We asked poets to write in Rhyme or about Time, either looking to the future or memories of the past. Thanks to our judges Fred Gordon, Jacqueline Harris, Sue Roupp and Charles Schwartz. Thanks to all who submitted their poems and photography.



Enjoy!

And to everyone - keep on writing & creating!

William Hicks, Photographer



## First Place

**Kristallnacht**

**By**

**Sandy Strauss**

*1st Place - Adult Highland Park Resident*

Crystal shards  
Pierced the sky,  
The light  
Leaked out  
As bloody  
Tears.

Jewish life  
Unfurling  
In a fluid  
Wave,  
Becomes  
An Artery,  
Pulsating,  
Splattering,  
Dripping.

**Looking Back At Me**

**By**

I thought I heard her voice today,  
I thought she called my name,  
Like a melody, a familiar tune just steps away,  
As each year passes I see more of her in me, in little things I do or say.

## Lorraine Brown

*1st Place Rhyme - Adult Non-Resident*

Check out Lorraine's blog about the 2011  
Poetry Challenge  
<http://lorrainelorraine.blogspot.com/>  
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Lorraine Brown, Photographer

My brother said I sounded just like her on the phone,  
I laughed and said I see her in the mirror,  
He chuckled and he sounded just like Dad,  
Then we cried together as we wished they were still here.

Mom's antics and humor made everyone laugh,  
Dad giggled at his own jokes and his made up words,  
We tell the stories again and again,  
As if they've never been heard.

It's our way of holding onto  
The precious times we knew...  
Guarding these moments, we hang on tight,  
Clinging to memories, preventing them from flight.

Their laughter, their voices, their joy, their songs,  
The sounds of their lives are for which we long,  
And though we are missing them with all our hearts,  
There is nothing that can tear our bond apart.

For I thought I heard her voice today,  
I thought she called my name,  
Like a melody, a familiar tune just steps away,  
As each year passes I see more of her in me, in little things I do or say.

I thought my brother sounded just like Dad on the phone,  
He laughed and said he sees him in the mirror,  
I chuckled and he said I sounded just like Mom,  
Then we cried together as wished they were still here.

## The Gold Recliner

By

Wilda Morris

*1st Place Time - Adult Non-Resident*

Does this gold recliner remember  
how many times Florrie rested  
her head on my shoulder,  
how she giggled at funny sounds,  
how I sang "Don't Fence Me In"  
and "You Are My Sunshine"  
as we rocked and fell into slumber.  
Does the recliner know  
she'd have been twenty  
this year had she lived?

Now Lucas climbs between  
the recliner's enfolding arms,  
five-year-old hands grasping  
this week's favorite superhero,  
curls his tired body  
into the golden lap to rest.

Only a couple years ago  
Lucas let me hold him  
as we read the same books  
each afternoon, and finally one day  
I could sing "You Are My Sunshine"  
to this other grandchild,  
after all those years  
it had turned to dust in my throat.

## There Is No Home for a Child Like Me

By Arielle Kimbarovsky

*1st Place Rhyme - Middle School*

There is no home for a child like me.  
Here forever and always, until I'm eighteen.  
I yearn for the day when they'll set me free.  
Listen to my cries, my needs, and my pleas.

Tears rush to my eyes as I reminisce,  
Those happy times in peaceful bliss.  
Now all I think about is how much I miss  
My family, my home, and the rest of it.

Stuck in this dungeon they call my home,  
I cannot help but feel alone.  
Just listen to the nun's vicious tone.  
It gives you shivers, right to the bone.

The lack of lighting makes it hard to see,  
But nobody cares whether we're happy.  
This terrible place makes me want to flee.  
There is no home for a child like me.



Norman Phillips, Photographer

## I Remember...

By

Samantha Boorstein

*1st Place Time - Middle School*

I remember  
A brand new house  
With a brand new room  
A place for me to explore  
And there was another one, too.  
I remember  
Little new faces,  
Big new smiles,  
A brand new building  
That looked as tall as a giant  
And had a whole new look and feel.  
I remember  
Two new places for me to grow in,  
Two new ways to meet future friends,  
Two new places for me to learn in,  
Two new places for me to grow in.  
I remember

How I was a brand new girl  
With a brand new smile  
Looking out at this situation  
As two brand new places  
For me to be me.

## Late At Night

By

Zane Guon

*1st Place Rhyme - Elementary School*

Late at night  
Where ideas are different  
A different light  
Quite magnificent.

We can explore our dreams  
Where everything is great  
But nothing is as it seems  
Where our emotions are straight.

Until we wake up  
Haunted by reality  
Get out and up  
A dream's only fee.



Cynthia Hahn, Photographer

## A Dream Called Life

By

Amanda Amiel

*1st Place Time - Elementary Student*

Life is a dream that can never be stopped,  
life is a door that can never be locked;  
although there are obstacles coming my way,  
with love and patience, I'll get through each day.

I know I've been lucky to be born in this country  
but it hurts seeing kids go for days staying hungry;  
after ten years since birth living in a wonderful suburb,  
I can only imagine others' dreams unaccomplished.

Our economies are faltering, bringing tough times for many,  
revolutions are sweeping other countries by the plenty;  
in the midst of such chaos that our world is observing,  
these are times that our character as a nation needs securing.

I know life is easy for me as a ten year old,  
I have school, dance, soccer, friends and family that are  
incredible;  
with my patience and love I give myself to others,  
in the hope this will spread like my dreams of life unbounded.

## Second Place

Future Haiku

By

Carol Spielman Lezak

*2nd Place - Highland Park Resident*

Was. Am. Will be. I  
succinctly sum up my life --  
past, present, future.



Karen Larson, Photographer

All Ways

By

Robert Klein Engler

*2nd Place Rhyme - Adult Non-Resident*

There's always something left undone.  
There's always the dark heartache that  
never sees the sun. There's always the wish  
that flies away and the hope for just one  
more day. Always, always, the deep well  
of the heart. Always, the magnolias and  
the corrugated shack, always the trusting  
cattle, heads bowed down. Always, the  
confetti of swallows against the evening sky,  
and the clack of wheels that say, "good-bye."  
Always the urge to tell, always, the rusted plow,  
and a darkened window with a half-torn shade,  
always the wanderer from home and noontime  
bells, the broken promise and the poem.

Always the silence of the grave, always  
the bed, the sigh, the wave. Always a golden  
bauble just out of reach, always the cypress  
hung with moss, the white heron on its glide,  
always the cross and the doubt like an itch,  
always the holding on and the reluctant  
letting go, always the swallowed, "No."  
Always grass in summer and in winter gone,  
and something in the soul like a splinter,  
always the drought and the flood, always  
birth and blood. Always fire and water, sons  
and daughters, always hail, always nails.  
Always the sky above like hands that bless,  
always the prayer for grace to say, "Yes."

## The Starting of the Self

By

Carol L. Gloor

*2nd Place Time - Adult Non-Resident*

My seven year old granddaughter has a purse,  
a little cloth bag, light purple, stuffed  
with stickers of *Dora the Explorer* and *Hello Kitty*,  
five one dollar bills, folded  
and weak from handling,  
a quarter, two dimes, four pennies.  
In the American Girl Store she wants  
the hundred and twenty-five dollar doll,  
and gives me all her money to buy her.  
I try to explain why not.

If you are reading this  
one hundred years from now  
you will not know *Dora* or *Hello Kitty* or *American Girl*;  
you might not know *dollar*.  
No matter. It is the old story of beginnings:  
gathering, counting, longing.



Cynthia Hahn, Photographer

## Epiphany

By

Allen Wehner

*2nd Place Rhyme - Middle School*

How many times have you sat up and said  
"How wrong I've seen this life that I have led?"  
You throw yourself up and see that new light  
realizing you have won your fight.

On top of the world, above all the rest  
tried and won the ultimate test.  
Be who you are, don't be astray  
and let no others skew your way.

Look away from the insults and petty of others,  
roll with the punches, be sisters and brothers.  
Remember that the road you take is high;  
remembering that will take you up to the sky

But do be wary of yourself being a hypocrite.  
Your road may be high, but upon others don't force it.  
Give them the great luxury you yourself received.  
You should be based on what you perceive

Truly, a person is of their own design

and should be free of thoughts malign.  
Keep yourself loyal, trustworthy and kind  
and be fit in soul, sight, body and mind.

I will tell you a story I know to be true  
that may even be no fantasy to you.  
One who was dueling with several other  
wrestling with self, parent and brother.

When you wish to ask, "Should I change?"  
I will tell you their words, to keep being strange.  
Hold these verses tight forever in your mind.  
They might be useful when you yourself must find.

## An Exciting Arrival

By

Ashley Kaufman

*2nd Place Time - Middle School*

I remember that wonderful day!  
My grandparents arrived as my parents left for the  
hospital.  
I remember waiting patiently for the phone to ring.  
Receiving the news was so exciting!  
I remember I could not wait to visit him.  
The day I met him was unforgettable.  
I remember it was love at first sight.  
Who would be born on their exact due date?  
I remember my brother Bradley Kaufman's birth.



Norman Phillips, Photographer

Little

By

Jordan Howard

*2nd Place Time - Elementary School*

I remember when I could hold you  
But now you are leaving me like a butterfly leaves its cocoon.  
I don't want you to go.  
It is like trying to catch air.  
I remember when I read nighttime stories to you and you smiled and  
laughed.  
I can't believe you are leaving me.  
It is like telling the moon to go down at night.  
I remember when I could take you to the zoo.  
But I still remember the only problem.  
I blinked.

## Today Is Peaceful

By

Alex Sahin

*2nd Place Rhyme - Elementary School*

Today is peaceful  
Yesterday was violent with wars and long battles  
Fights over land with muskets on saddles  
Many were killed and injured in sorrow  
To be forgotten by those of tomorrow

Tomorrow is violent with wars and long battles  
Fights over land firing missiles at rubble  
Many shall be killed and injured in sorrow  
To be forgotten by those of tomorrow

Today is peaceful with shine everywhere  
Everyone's friendly with so much to share  
The world has so much to offer us now  
That I don't know what to say, other than "Wow!"

Today is peaceful with no wars or long battles  
No fights over land with missiles or saddles  
None to be killed or injured in sorrow  
None to be forgotten by those... of tomorrow

Karen Larson, Photographer



## Third Place

### Thanksgiving Remembered

By

Ellen Savage

*3rd Place - Adult Resident*

What comes back  
is all that steam  
swirling  
around  
my grandma  
and her sister  
Mabel  
in the kitchen  
the glorious  
smell of turkey  
rising  
with  
potatoes  
gravy  
apple raisin stuffing  
and me  
in my  
pixie and patents  
giving thanks  
for  
celery  
stuffed  
with  
Cheez Whiz



Samantha Younis, Artist inspired by Picasso

## Radishes

By

Susan B. Auld

*3rd Place Time - Non-Resident*

*Pull up some radishes for dinner, my mother said.  
They grow next to the house under your bedroom  
window.*

Afraid I'd pull up something other than a radish  
I gathered a sister, a brother  
and we knelt in the dirt  
under the screened window

looking

at what we thought  
to be a radish.

It's leaves so new so green  
our hands so hesitant so unsure

we reached and pulled

earth clung  
to our fingers  
to the fleshy roots  
quivering in the sun

we pulled up radish after radish  
handing them  
a bouquet  
to our mother.

She no longer cares for radishes.  
My sister, brother and I tend our own gardens.  
But I wish everyday  
to kneel again  
under that window

to feel new and green  
hesitant and unsure.



Norman Phillips, Photographer

## Botanic Garden Waltz For Seniors

By

Lois Barr

*3rd Place Rhyme - Non-Resident*

Cynthia Hahn, Photographer



Will I come to the gardens  
On a day like today?  
When I'm wrinkled and achy,  
Will I walk with a cane?

All the weeds will be trimmed.  
All dead blooms clipped away.  
Will I come to the gardens  
on a day like today?

Will we come to the gardens  
on a day that's so fine?  
Will I push your wheelchair,  
Or will you push mine?

With a floppy straw hat  
I'll be leaky or lame.  
You'll walk ten steps ahead.  
Will I still know your name?

All hedges pruned neatly,  
All angles so true.  
The geese will fly over  
In a sky cobalt blue.

Will I come to the gardens  
When the roses bloom?  
Will you come to the gardens?  
And will I walk with you?

## In the Future

By

Arielle Walder

*3rd Place Time - Middle School*

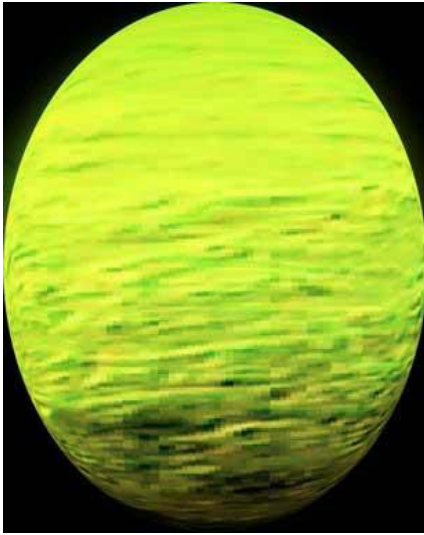
In the future cars will fly  
There will always be happiness nearby  
No one will ever cry  
In the future

In the future animals will live free  
And anyone can be  
Who they want to be  
In the future

In the future robots will be maids  
That don't have to get paid  
And at the end of the day they will just fade  
In the future

In the future people will live forever  
Sorrows will happen never  
Happiness will happen with a pull of a lever  
In the future

In the future the world will be better  
The alphabet will have a new letter  
The water will be wetter  
In the future



William Hicks, Photographer

## Paradise

By

Griffin Burstyn

*3rd Place Rhyme - Middle School*

I remember the snowy winter day  
Where the kids were out to play  
The joyful sound of winter glee  
Makes you happy, but you will see

A slip on the ice is all it takes  
For one to make you so awake  
You will soon realize  
Nothing is true paradise

## Granted

By

Daniel Feldman

*3rd Place Time - Elementary School*

Quiet warmth smoldering beneath rituals of hope and deeds of  
hospitality  
Tranquility rises from Nature's core but then quickly sinks down to its  
starting point  
The tranquil, blue river indicating signs of sympathetic love,  
Its mind pregnant with a chance of courage  
A new gift is born and a promise placed upon its heart  
The world is granted these gifts of people and things of great  
character  
We just need to find them



Karen Larson, Photographer

## The Monkey

By

Daniel Bergman

*3rd Place Rhyme - Elementary School*

Once I saw a giant monkey  
Looked like he danced pretty funky  
He eats bananas  
and has secret cabanas  
and a weird last name called "Tunky"

He is getting extremely chubby and hairy  
But I don't think he's getting that scary  
He lives in a hut  
His cousin is King Tut  
and his older brother is named Terry

All in all this monkey is outrageous  
and his fleas are getting contagious  
I think I must go  
It is starting to snow  
and I don't mean to be ostentatious

## Honorable Mentions

### Rhyme / Adult Non-Resident

#### Meanings, Metaphors and Monsters

By Robert Cote

Should I rise on an occasion  
and write about a rose  
should I tell of my intentions  
and do so all in prose  
show me don't tell me  
that mantra of poets and peers  
always looking for those subtle sounds to lay upon  
the ears  
metaphors and monsters to expel from well within  
and not break a fragile spirit that lies beneath the  
skin

Quiet is the place we choose  
up a long drive of gravel and thought  
amongst solitude and memory, who's  
companionship should not be lost  
a tree, a limb, a leaf

#### The Poet's Hell (Via Villanelle)

By Pamela Larson

*Thank you for sending us your poetry*  
These words I always receive when they write  
a rejection, worded so politely

Send us your poems, three or four, they plead  
I run to the box to mail them that night  
*Thank you for sending us your poetry*

For months at a time I wait patiently  
for letter that reads, "It wasn't quite right"  
a rejection, worded so politely

But on I will go with persistency  
emailing attachments through cyber flight  
*Thank you for sending us your poetry*

green, red or alabaster white  
will muster pen from sheaf  
in protest, praise, put sound to sight  
to thrust it like a knife  
to cut deep into the marrow  
letting loose the stuff of life  
from yesteryear, a day, a morrow

Someday I will win, so says history,  
but meanwhile I receive the poet's plight--  
a rejection, worded so politely

My duty: submit with consistency,  
expecting to receive with sheer delight  
*Thank you for sending us your poetry,*  
a rejection, worded so politely

## Time / Adult Non-Resident

Home

By

Jo Stewart

In the south Bronx  
tenements built in the early years  
of the twentieth century,  
by the 1940s were squalid,  
artless relics of the Industrial Age.

Dismal, dark stairwells  
urged nimble bodies to climb  
or descend  
by twos and threes.

We had no need  
for an aerobic regimen,  
expensive health clubs or  
jogging for health.  
We had to be quick or die.

In this hell hole, my date said,  
if I lived here, I would lose my soul  
and then he kissed me.  
Love transported me upward through  
the darkness without fear.

Ghosts In The Garden

By

Susan T. Moss

This Mother's Day lilies of the valley  
sprout along a brick walk  
and purple lilacs flood the yard

with perfume like in all those years  
of celebrations with grandmother  
and aunts telling stories uniting

the living and dead while the men  
and boys played horseshoes  
on thinning grass.

We all waited for slices of rhubarb  
pie Mom made in early morning  
and sputtering ribs cooked

on a stone and iron grill  
Dad built and proudly tended  
during family gatherings.

Today silent voices and memories  
drift on flowered fragrance  
and once clanging horseshoes

rust in the garage. My mother  
and I sit alone in warm May  
sun with only a cardinal's

song interrupting this moment  
when the past holds more time  
between us than the future.

## Time / Middle School

Fantasy

By

Gabby Proeh

The future to me will be a world, a world of fantasy.  
Where flying cars roam the perfectly blue sky.  
School is only an hour. There will be robots to do  
your hair and brush your teeth for you. World

To Be Or Not To Be

By

Laura Martha Swain

The Future...  
robotic, exotic and neurotic is what it might be  
but for all we know it could be unforgiving,  
unsustainable and unpredictable

hunger would not exist because there will be a device that will make your food in one second by just saying what you want. In addition, no one would die from sicknesses because they will find a cure for every disease imagined. No one would have money problems because the government will give everyone the same amount of money every other month. Phones would be no longer with the help of a little chip that will allow people to communicate mentally. The future in my eyes would be a world of wonder.

two paths the future can take, what will its choice be? will the right one be made?

What most think for certain is all curtains will close one day

and as the years wane, all will be in vain for the earth  
will not be green only brown like a wilted evergreen

the sky won't be blue but rather askew  
from all the pollution and desolation we have given it

what were once glistening waters and rolling waves  
filled with life, excitement and adventures  
will turn gravely into muckish brown mixtures  
with only the usefulness of being graves

many choices does the future have to take  
but the question is which is the right one to make

in the back of our minds we all hope and wish for  
a brighter future than the one we know will come

we hope but only hope that the sky we pollute  
and dilute will resolute

the oceans that were once filled with joy  
will spring back to life and say, "oh boy"

the green of the world will give us a whirl  
by jumping to life once again

this is what we wish for but it will not be so  
unless we turn our heads around  
and show what we are for

## Rhyme / Middle School

### In The Making

By

Noah Jacob

Sitting here thinking of ways  
to construct a poem that may take days.  
Pencil in my hand ready to write,  
I guess what I have so far may be just right.  
Snack, snack, snack,  
Oops I need to get back on track.  
With just a couple of lines I thought I was done for  
the day  
Bu I said no way!  
What, what, what could it be  
I need to make something that would suit me.  
Right now I think I'm done  
The poem of the year I could've won.

### Special Place

By

Madison Harris

I know of this little place  
Beyond the sun, the moon, the stars  
It has this road that leads to nowhere  
On the road are grumbling cars

I know this little place  
Where there are grumbling cars  
Nobody knows about this place but I  
Because it is so far

I know this little place  
That is so so far  
People started to fin out about it

Soon that place became very popular

I know this little place  
That soon became very popular  
Now everyone knew about this special place  
And this place was special no longer

## Rhyme / Elementary School

Family

By

Julia Friedland

Family is love  
Filled with people who care  
Family is fun  
Filled with people who share  
Family is treasure  
Filled with people who are rare  
Family is kind  
Filled with people who are fair  
Family is present  
Filled with people who are always there

I love my family  
They make me smile  
I laugh with my family  
They make it all worth while

I thank them for standing by my side  
I am grateful to have them as my guide  
I feel luck to have them along for the ride  
And, I share this with you, with all of my pride

Hope

By

Ariella Kharasch

You could almost feel the tension  
as I stepped out to the air  
Hoping Hard  
with all my might  
the Fairies  
would be there

## Time / Elementary School

Moon

By

Eugenie Berman

The moon wakes up at night  
Dark and bright, dark and bright  
All the kids are in bed asleep  
The stars are twinkling on me

The stars are glowing nice and bright  
All the town's lights are out for tonight  
And I am asleep  
For tonight  
The stars are glowing nice and bright

Nipula

By

Elle Seiden

It cannot be life  
Of the vibrations they come  
Over a force they leap and twirl  
Many rise, many pray  
No, no God, we're okay.  
Leave the creatures of Earth at their own  
level  
They will rise to only the vibrations of love  
When time ends.