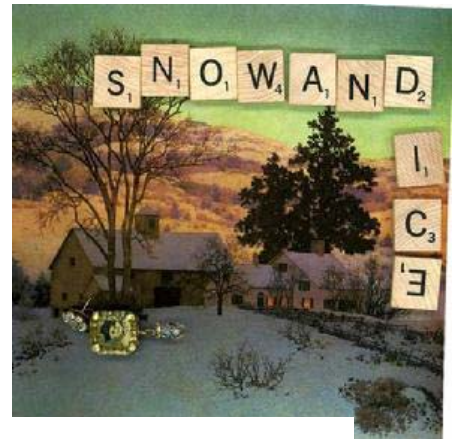


Welcome to Highland Park Poetry's Winter 2011 Gallery. This is an eclectic sampler celebrating the potency of language, the season and monosodium glutamate. Thanks to all who submitted their poems and photography.

Enjoy!

And to everyone - keep on writing & creating!



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

White Stuff

By

Charlie Schwartz

a gourmet chef
mixes cotton candy clouds
with ice,
then drizzles
white confetti down,
like milky missiles
shot from the sky,
aimed at kissing grass,
as I watch,
and wait for the sun,
to confound my view.



David Dotson, Photographer

My Daughters in New York

By

James Reiss

What streets, what taxis transport them
over bridges & speed bumps - my daughters swift

in pursuit of union? What suitors amuse them, what
mazes
of avenues tilt & confuse them as pleasure, that pinball,

goes bouncing off light posts & lands in a pothole,
only to pop up & roll in the gutter? What footloose new

freedoms allow them to plow through all stop signs,
careening at corners, hell-bent for the road to blaze
straight?

It's 10 p.m. in the boonies. My children, I'm thinking
you're thinking your children are waiting

for you to conceive them while you're in a snarl
with my sons-in-law-to-be who want also to be

amazing explorers beguiled by these reckless night rides
that may God willing give way to ten thousand good
mornings!

Nancy Gutrich, photographer



Squinting

By

Herb Berman

Once
light danced by;
now it seeps
through bare branches

I think I'll rest
till the equinox calls me out to play,
reassures me,
tempers my longing.
I can't forget that sunlight burns,
that once I'd squint and duck under the sycamore.

Now is the blessing of shadows and early night;
somewhere there must be a cave
where the ashes of yearning
and ancient bones still burn.

When idols assume their proper place
and the sun decides to rise
perhaps the ice will melt
and the planet resume its orbit.

Soon I may open my eyes,
but now I rest
declining to brave the night.

Till certain of my place
I squint.



Assisted Living

By

Carol L. Gloor

Tonight I imagine my father sitting in the lounge chair so patched
it's more tape than vinyl, leaking gently through his Depends
into the pants he's been wearing for two weeks,
into the faded afghan my mother crocheted
six years ago, just before she died.

He scratches his right leg, shrunken from old polio,
the radiator clanks to life, heating the urine laden air.
Pictures of me at sixteen and of his grandchildren
who never visit hang crooked on the wall,
the cellophane tape brown and wrinkled.

The phone rings and rings.
He could try and maybe fall, like last week.
Once there were words, fights,
rare laughter, between us,
an occasional shared whiskey, over ice.

He showed me the stars through his telescope
when I was ten. Now I'm calling, flailing
in electric darkness. After twenty-five rings
I give up.



Nancy Gutrich, photographer

MSG

Chinese food is the last option
I always but Chinese food when I want to eat more Chinese food.
MSG is not Madison Square Garden.
I am not sure what MSG is
I think it keeps me empty, desiring more food
I open my fortune cookie, but I never eat the cookie
I just read the fortune, to get a glimpse into the future.
It's my superstition
Which does not substitute
For spirituality
Fortune cookie reads: "You will live a long time. Long enough to
open many, many fortune cookies."

By

Jason Shimberg

So I scotch tape this fortune to my kitchen table.

It really helps me mentally deal with my high blood pressure
whenever I eat Chinese food.



Jason Shimberg, Photographer

North By the River

By

Robert Klein Engler

*To read more of
Robert's writing, you
may purchase his books
of poetry from
www.lulu.com.*

We walk down Michigan Avenue
on a December night -- slow shoppers
huddled arm in arm below the midnight blue
in bundled coats and scarves of breath.

The Wrigley Building lights shoot thick
beams of gloss across the river,
they glaze with frost a wall of brick--
the bridge wavers with traffic.

A soft snow falls to the collected light
as couples stroll by windows,
stop, point out a sparkling of foil,
then look up to the snow as it bows

from darkness into light, white dots
descending, as if the world were not right
side up, but these notes were pulled
from a dark well by the draw of light;

as if these flakes were letters of a poem
assembling negative upon a page,
or cotton coming down to mend
a blanket for the night, making our age

forget its business, its separation,
the Siberian expanse of avenues,
this snow, frozen ration from the River
Lethe, falling on the city like dust

upon a memory, syllables of snow
sifted from the sky, that warrant
messengers from white to indigo--
a new world tender with the old.

William Hicks, Photographer



An Auger Of Words

By

Michael H. Brownstein

You bundle your words into growls
and pitch them against the scars of others.
Aren't you the glad one able to build
bonfires and lightning storms and one time
a great tornado. It is no wonder plagues
move away from you, history repeats itself.

Listen to how you walk, my child,
words have nations behind them,
a cruelty that comes of guns and roses.
Listen to where you run, my child,
words are warlords, thick walls
spiked with soil, hard rocks and cavities.

You hold a mustard gas strength,
a calcium storm. Someone will end the horror,
remove the fracture, and, yes, child,
your words will scamper like light in translucent clouds,
like the butterfly awakening on the leaf,
the wind still, its cocoon empty,
every anger in voice someplace else.



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

January 1st

By

William Vollrath

Quietly ensconced in warming comfort
sunshine flooding through bright window panes
Champagne bubbles still floating softly
o'er pecan pie memories of gifts that had been

Smiling cat dreams of snow-laden bushes
welcomed refuge for bright crimson wings
Frosted paintings on icy, cold windows
crystal white lawns, sparkling as rings

An ultimate gift blown to my doorstep
by a silent and generous, crisp, winter wind
Hope and fulfillment perfectly packaged
New Year's great promise - past pains may now end



Gail Goepfert, Photographer

Brawls

By

Ron Daiss

Cowboy Jim Lupe
Would walk a mile
Or talk his way from a fight.
Hank Clay, Rocking R hand,
Though his day began
With his knuckle-head fists
Until finally punched out good
By a Lamar cowpoke,
He had to reconsider
Warpath glories.

So take - though somewhat of a misfit
here -
Of that old Western quote:
"Ain't a hoss that can't be rode,
Ain't a poke that can't be throw'd."



Jason Shimberg, Photographer

Ode to Salt

Written collectively by YAP Participants

*To find out more about YAP, visit
www.youngadultprogram.org*

White as snow.
Gift from the sea
White like its friends,
baking powder and baking soda.

Sprinkled on popcorn,
transforms the taste --
makes magic for movies.
Gleaming on pretzels,
crisp and delicious.

Good in small doses,
though I crave more!
Sodium chloride sings to me
on my favorite foods.

Salt that I love, that I seek,
invisible partner,
best taking a minor role.



Laurence Segil, Photographer

A-HA

By

Jennifer Dotson

I survived adolescence
clinging to the belief
that some day
my skin would be flawless
and my hair perfect.

I discovered later
that it is possible to have both
pimples and gray hair.

God has a warped sense of humor.



Nancy Gutrich, photographer