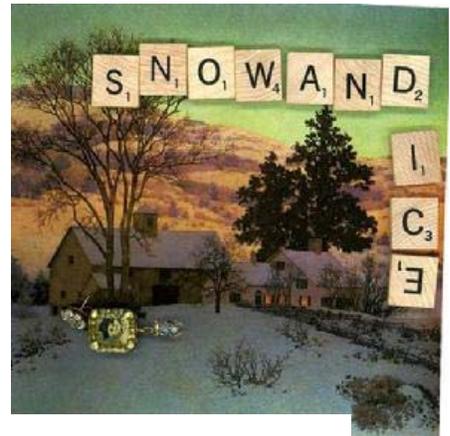


Welcome to Highland Park Poetry's Winter 2011 Gallery. This is an eclectic sampler celebrating the potency of language, the season and monosodium glutamate. Thanks to all who submitted their poems and photography.

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](http://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](http://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