

Brunnenburg



Responsible drinking on the "Walking Tour"

Sounds of the breathing sea
Walking barefoot across the damp sand
a crab's skeleton.

Chad Esposito

"No flash pictures, please."
How far we've come to see this!
Father, forgive me...

Chrissie Sabia

Rite to Spring
Calls from across the room
Leaves no breath.

Gretchen Hemmer

Rooftop kittens
Cool summer morning-
Brushing my teeth.

Laura Molinario

Our New Home

The train was a smoky gray
and outside the car it was dusk.
We each stood at a window,
a looking glass into ourselves
and the night air blew across our faces.
The wheels tearing down the tracks
Were the voices
our only music.
Our stance was motionless
but our minds were racing
as we stared out at our New Home.
We existed there in a realm of our own
-together
each thinking
and dreaming
and hoping
the very same things.

Haiku

Oh Little Boy Blue
Someone has stolen your horn
God, how they blow it!

Amy Cox

Moon walks above mountains
And two rushing brooks
Call to mountain stars.

Pam Whitfield

A kitten dozes
Beside our afternoon dreams
Fresh watermelon.

Jo Frost

Confusion

Is a constant thing for me here
Rarely alone yet often lonely
Like the writing from this pen
Inconsistent
Full of literature-hungry for words
Yearning for European experience
Longing for November 30
Time is almost standing still
Making up for the summer that flew
There is no ending
And it's here too soon

Haiku

Some constellations
A different angel
Far from home

Susan B. Yeaman