

Waterways

Poetry in the Mainstream

July, 2021 volume 42 number 2



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VOLUME 42 NUMBER 2



Barbara Fisher

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c o n t e n t s

William Corner Clarke	4
Marilyn Braendeholm	5
Gilbert Honigfeld	7
Mary K. Lindberg	8
Monique Laforce	9
Sylvia Manning	10
Magie Dominic	11

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Marilyn Braendeholm
and Magie Dominic,*

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Barbara Fisher

William Corner Clarke

Childhood

A small bed
In a vanished room
Scented
Summer evenings
Fading into night
Giant moths
Fluttering through
The open window
A damson orchard
Fast asleep below
Hush
Said the Faery Queen
With a wine glass
In her hand
Time to fall
Into your dreams
Forget yourself
And listen now
For that distant sound
It's the wheels
Of Earth's engines
Turning round

Marilyn Braendeholm

Between Us

She wrote me this morning.
It's a heat dome, she says.
Claims her kitchen is so hot it's a pizza oven.
It's a pity we don't talk anymore.
It's all text messages.
Hearts and smiles, and
grinning clipped art.
I take a sip of coffee, and finger back a reply.
Rain here. Lots of it.
Cold for this time of the year,
but the garden loves it.
A few nights were as cold as the fridge.
Sunflowers, the colour of a school bus,
they have never been taller.
I can't fathom the foxgloves -
 they're taller than me.
I hit Send.
 The reply is instant.
Old women shrink. That's why
the foxgloves are taller than you, she says.
Sisters know how to push
one another's buttons.

I walk outside with my phone.
The sun is rising like gold dust.
I take a photo of the garden with its
sunflowers, foxgloves, lavender,
and scattered poppies and cornflowers
that self-seeded from last year.
I hit Send.



Marilyn Braendeholm



Marilyn Braendeholm

Gilbert Honigfeld

Sunflowers

The editors of my favorite little poetry journal issued a challenge to their stable of stalwart authors, *viz.*, the theme for the July issue is Sunflowers.

Sunflowers,
I drone mantra-like over and
over and over.

In damn
near forty years of writing
I'd never once stared a sun-
flower in the face.

Now what?

Mary K Lindberg

The Flowering

A flower is the sexual reproductive part that makes seeds.

In a glass decanter on the window sill
stuffed daffodil pods arch toward the sun.
You dare me to observe them bloom.
I try — for endless minutes, hours —
soon fall asleep, staring still at
a bouquet of flowers-to-be. Day becomes
indifferent night. In my dream a drone
full of daisies hovers over a cup of tea.

At dawn sleep tendrils fade.
Instead of the drone I see
yellow-vanilla blossoms.
They wave. Are they nodding to me?
Excited about meeting first light?
Happier than the shocked infant who greets
a bright world from a dark womb-tomb?

Cheated of the sight of that birth bloom,
I imagine what happened.
As a groom gently hesitates
to lift the veil of a new wife,
yellow petals slowly fan out,
once-hidden white, orange filaments,
ovaries, stamen, unravel —
making the daffodil's corona
a trumpet of life.

Monique Laforce

We sense the non-finality of things,

the eternal tournament of feats and defeats
still turning the last page of history.

It's not just the night that we are founded on.

We ride merry-go-round horses

which take us on their precise course,

repeating the same route over and over.

We borrow the memory of poets,

from Borges, from Whitman, from Aragon.

We are also from elsewhere, from everywhere.

It's not just the night that finds us

but these lights from ancient worlds,

words that are exhausted, yet still effective,

spread out, alive, on the tablecloth of time.

Sylvia Manning

Transfer at Rush Hour with Flower

Center of sunflower darker
than hand holding bloom high
above eager press of others
like her on this journey
through catacombs of subway
praying with slow careful steps
for fatigue of day labor to meet defeat
by sunset, by night,
but toward then another flight
of narrow stairs, bloom high
(It cost nearly an hour's pay)
until she's home, another day.

Magie Dominic

Summers of Childhood

Every spring the fence was white-washed,
on both sides,

and the seeds were planted

Catalogue seeds

In the summer,

there were glass jars

with clover and buttercups,

a wild rose and fern.

There were Batchelor buttons,

and forget-me-nots grew at the edge of a stream,

clover at the base of a spruce.

A soft summer wind carried the perfume.

It all stayed with me.

There were flowers wherever you looked

in the summers of childhood.



Magie Dominic

Our Geography of Poets

New Jersey

Gilbert Honigfeld

New York

Magie Dominic
Mary K. Lindberg

Quebec

Monique Laforce

West Sussex

Marilyn Braendeholm

Vermont

Sylvia Manning

Virginia

William Corner Clarke

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