

Our 'featured' member:

Christine "C.J." Colligan

Check out this poem titled "*You Make Me Want to be a Monster*" by our featured author!

You make -

Yourself as God, as a scientist
A divine Dr. Frankenstein
Lightning wielders both.
As God makes Heaven and Earth
You make me as Hell
Separate from you
Combusting with want of love
From an unwilling, unwitting
Father.
You words fall as hot coals
From your twain split tongue
To bless my head, a smoking halo.

You make me -

A hybrid thing
Parts patch-worked into place
Exquisite corpse grotesque.
As neither here nor there
You find no category, no definition
No meaning to define me
Except as a disowning.
Your head the center
Stars blind your eyes
Between your ears a stark white waste
Under a blue sky striped Revelation red.

You make me want -

To grow, change, to transform
Transmute the blood of my veins
To course with gold
Turn the dark cavern of my body precious.
As a monumental Babel
My defiance climbs high
And smashes the plaster moon.
Your binary limitations
Form my claws, fangs
My fur, feathers, and scales
Old skin, old chains shed.

You make me want to be -

Your shadow, the Other.
A curse made battle cry
Voiced in the creaking of the night
The footsteps of rain, the scratching fingers of trees.
Bring lightning, bring thunder
Create your awe-full wonders
My underbelly bed haunt, my dark closet prison
I make as a fortress, a palace
Beware your toy, God-child
Beware your creature, dear doctor
I come with teeth.

You make me want to be a monster

Dear Body by Christine Colligan

Dear Body,

This is a love letter to you. I'm sorry. I know that I haven't written to you in years. Please forgive me.

In this love letter to you, I shall start from the root, the base--my feet. My feet with yellowing toe nails, aching arches, and calloused heels. My feet that are ticklish, blunt, and too wide, I love you. I love you because we can sympathize with each other, squeezed as you are into shoes too small, confined much like I am confined. Yet you don't let this entrapment define you. You take me places even if those places are painful for you because of fatigue, sharp rocks, fallen arches, and blisters. You never complain even though you support the whole weight of my body, the weight of the world. You take me places. For this I am grateful.

My weak ankles and hairy calves, I love you as well. Even when you cause me trouble with a hobble-inducing sprain or the incapacitating, painful clench of muscles, I love you. You cannot help it; it is not your fault. My dear knees and thighs, I love you. I am sorry for the occasional bruised or scraped shin. I am sorry that you are no longer attached to the body of a child.

Groin and hips, don't tell the others (one more secret to hold), but I think I love you more than the rest. Or hate you more than I can stand (I can never tell which). I am sorry for the scars left when I carved so lovingly, so hatefully into your flesh. But you should know, you are the place where self love is born. I am sorry for rejecting you for so long and I am sorry for the coming future when I will probably reject you once more. This self abuse, this loving caress, it must be confusing. But, I promise, I do love you.

My stomach, ribs, and breasts, I'm sorry that I place so much expectation upon you. But I do this not to hurt you or watch you fail, but for love. My stomach, you are round and fleshy with curving sides flowing to my hips. My ribs, you are steps leading up to my other most beloved, most hated part. My breasts, I may struggle to say I love you, and I know that this love must seem like abuse, but I do love you. I love you, I love you, I love you. And I am sorry. I am sorry for the discomfort you must feel every time I reject you or attempt to mold you against my spine. Just know that rejection is a form of motherhood and in that we have a commonality.

I love you, my neck and shoulders, in a way that must seem perverse. I love you in the sense that much like my feet, you hold me up. Yet I also love your softness, your curves, your vulnerability. You know how often my fingers trace the length of my jugular which leads to that organ pumping behind the cage of my breasts and ribs. You give me the comfort, the disappointment of knowing that I am still alive. My shoulders, every day I pray that you may be, *will be*, strong enough to hold the burdens that I bear. And for your unwavering servitude, I love you.

My arms, wrists, hands, and fingers: I hope that you all as well will forgive me. Forgive me for not showing you as much love as I should. I love you, arms and the powerful form of muscle beneath the skin. My wrists, I love you much like my groin or breasts, and as such I should kiss you every day for the wrongs you have suffered because of me. Hands and fingers, I could not live without you and you know this, so take care. Take care and be cautious among sharp blades and burning stoves. I love you too much to lose you.

Ah, my face, oh, my face! You can have no idea how grateful I am or how great my love is, so I shall be brief. My dearest lips, nose, ears, eyes--even forehead five fingers wide--I love you.

Dearest body, I hope that in this individual loving of your joints, you know that I also love you as a whole. I love you, full though you are of dark hairs like wires, scars and callous, swelling curves and flesh. So please, I hope that with the love I have today shown you that, as I have accepted your flaws, you may accept the flaws of my soul and in turn lovingly reply.

Sincerely yours,

Me



What the Devil Says by Christine Colligan

They say, "If you speak of the devil then the devil will appear."

The devil says, "If you never speak of it then it isn't real. It never happened. It doesn't exist."

I say, "I will turn my heavenly crown into a collar. A golden noose to bind my throat. A vow of silence."

They say, "Time heals all wounds. Nothing is permanent."

The devil says, "Self-hate is a delicious dish best served scalding."

I say nothing. The seam of my lips shut tight as my burning hands blister around the plate.

They say, "The devil doesn't sleep. The devil's work is never done. There is no rest for the wicked."

The devil says, "Oh but do I dream!"

I say nothing. My tired eyes sting as if with salt thrown over someone's shoulder.

They say, "Every strand of hair is numbered by God."

I say nothing. I pluck out the strands one by one.

The devil says nothing but laughs.

The devil says, "You are worthless. You are broken. You are nothing."

They say nothing.

I say, "Then why do you want me so bad?"

“Brush-off” by J Roland Sullivan

Teenagers: Torri & Wally

Year: May 2003 Time: 3:30 pm

Scene: 1991 Ford Mustang

Wally: I'm honored to be of service Ms. Torri!

Torri: (*entering car*) I'm chancing you'll keep your hands to yourself, Wally!

W. Do I sense a lack of faith, milady?

T. I'm 'chillin' 'til this chariot halts in front of my door!

W. 'Deep Six' the anxiety – hold on to your junk and watch this horsey go!

T. Hold off on the throttle, hot rod – my stomach needs settling!

W. It might help if you moved closer!

T. You must be daft – I hardly even know ya!

W. I'm cool, babe - I'm cool!

T Let's 'rap' awhile!

W. Ah Geez – couldn't we purr instead?

T. “Not with this kitten, lover boy!”

W. Have you netted a fella for the prom?

T. Whoa, what brought that on?

W. I'm hankering for a date!

T. How are you on the dance floor?

W. My friend says I'm a natural!

T. Is he creditable?

W. Well, he starred in a recent musical!

T. That would be my dream!

W. Wishing's okay but talent is better!

T. Do you think I have 'the makings'?

W. You're bottom seems a-bit sluggish!

T. How dare you?

W. I'm only trying to be helpful!

T. I hope your buddy is classier!

W. He's the epitome of good taste!

T. Would he be willing to help me?

W. No question – he could turn us into a modern day 'Fred & Ginger!'

T. You know, I'm dated up w/ Tommy!

W. Dump the jock!

T. Can't, we're inseparable!

W. What are you, Siamese?

T. Hold it - I know a girl **dying** to go!

W. **Dying?** I can handle that!

T. She's full of personality!

W. How 'bout hair?

T. Everywhere and then some!

W. I trust a girl with pimples!

T. You won't be disappointed!

W. Is she opinionated?

T. Reticent!

W. What does that mean?

T. She's reserved!

W. How's her walk?

T. Couldn't sashay if you begged her!

W. Brilliant – you must give her a call!

T. (*Starts dialing her cell phone*) When's a good time for you to meet?

W. Tomorrow, at “Gaylord's Salon!”

T. Isn't that rushing things?

W. Sounds like she needs work!

T. (*Feigns speaking over the phone*) - You're in luck, she's all for it!

W. “Awesome!” My friend will give her a complete do-over from head to toe!

T. Do you think that's necessary?

W. I want her to feel like a million!

T. Gosh, she's not 'Miss USA!'

W. No, but then, you weren't available!

T. Ha, ha! I'd lose face Wally, if anyone thought we were a couple!

W. Ouch, that hurts!

T. Sorry, but it's true!

W. Why does a real man repel you so?

T. Did you forget - Tommy's the star quarterback of the football team!

W. (*Starts engine*) Boring! C'mon, buckle up – it's time to motor!

T. For your info, your new girlfriend's name is Angelina!

W. “O’ Angelina, I luv you sooo much!”

T. You're acting silly now!

W. It eases the pain of rejection!

T. Chill out – Angie's a good kid!

W. Yeah, but my eyes were set on you!

T. Were you kidding when you said; “Gaylord could make me into a star?”

W. Sorry, that window has been closed!

BLACKOUT

Taxed About Taxes by Julie Newman

*In response to our President Donald Trump on lowering taxes and
a more simpler tax code that is fair for everyone.*

Taxes are a very unfair system
People are taxed for everything
All to gain revenue
Most people do not earn that much financially
We are taxed on it anyways
Some folks earn massive dollars at prestigious jobs
I think there should be cutoff points as to how much you can earn
As an example, if everyone were not to earn more than \$100,000—\$150,000 tops, there would be an abundance of money
No longer a need for a tax cap
Instead, we would have a cap on the overly high salaries

So much money would be saved

It could be used to refurbish low income communities, so more folks could have opportunities
The infrastructure, education and all areas that need improvements would have available funds
The people who live the good life with exorbitant salaries, would have to be capped
It's very easy to tax, but it is unfair
Usually folks with high paying salaries, make up the tax codes
They only need to look unto themselves to see who has all the money
Take time out to figure out what can be saved by keeping earnings at a cut off point
The wealthy folks might now be happy at first, but they will no longer have to fill out complicated tax returns

So much will be saved

The wealthy will learn how to live like the rest of us
As an added feature, all those tickets handed out for ridiculous reasons to gain revenue, can be reduced so as not to waste anyone's time

*So much will be saved
I think I'm on to something BIG*

Trust by Patricia Soper

A friend said, "Trust, trust is the word.
That's all you need."

My mind scanned for the truth of this,
and retorted, *Isn't love the word...or
kindness...compassion?*

Then I realized...*With Trust, the rest will follow.*

In Trust, we are vulnerable, without fear.
We love freely, lower our cautious barriers and open
our defensive gates.

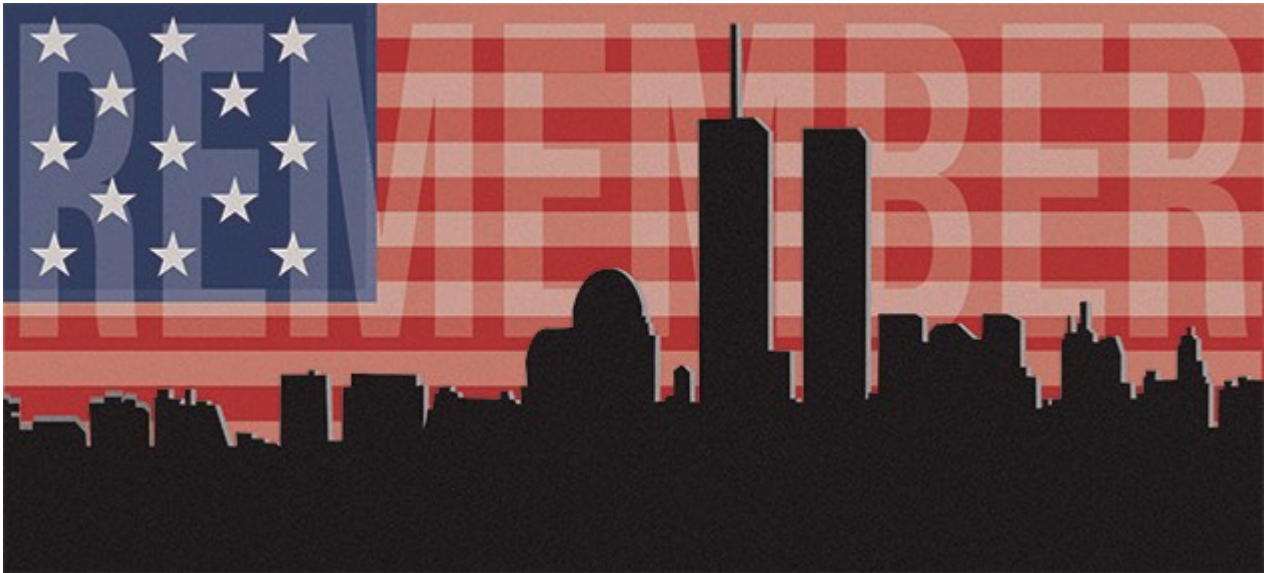
Then, kindness and compassion pour through.

Trust, too, is the word as we leave the familiar
to cross the threshold of a door marked "Unknown."

Trust guides us past dread;
pushes us forward when we want to turn back.

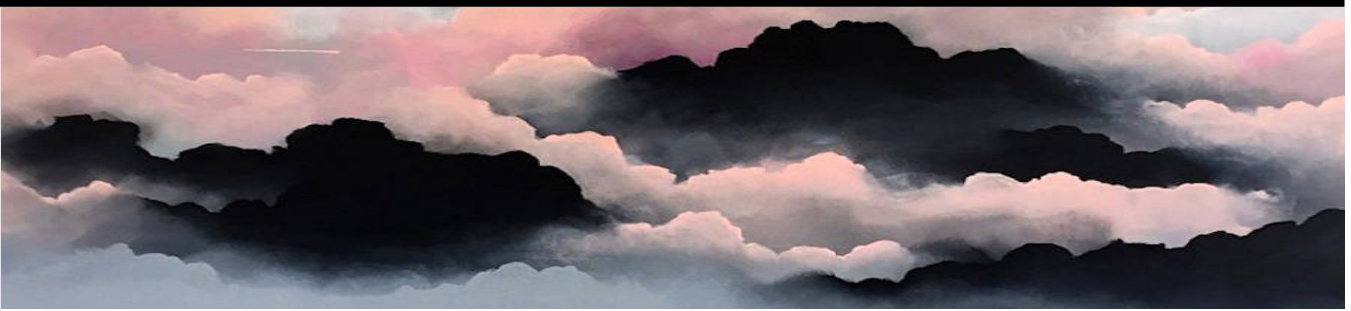
Trust gives us courage and wisely knows...
No matter what challenge waits beyond the portal,
Growth, our real destination,
calls us to the other side.





9/11 Remembered by Carlo Frank Calo

At work I stand at the window, the smoke billowing in the western sky
Obscured by tears deep sorrow sears through my heart at
The death of thousands competing for attention with anger exploding inside
my head and fists
Opening and closing through clenched teeth I curse expletives at the
cowards who have done this
The image of buildings, crumbling into plumes of dust, etched within me
forever as
A colleague, a good friend, unaccustomed to my tears or curses kneads my
shoulders yet
Nothing will lessen the weight of the ashes laden forever with lost souls.



Art is but a Poet's Dream By Rita B. Rose

To make one feel, to make one sing
To make one express an inner glow
To explore each self for the world to show

Art is but a Poet's dream
Strokes broad and thin
Inner visions sprouting to light
The scribble of words to ones delight

Art is but a Poet's dream
A kaleidoscopic of desire
Mediums of paint and ink
Fleeting in a blink

Art is but a Poet's dream
Indulging in who I am
To daub the universe as I see fit

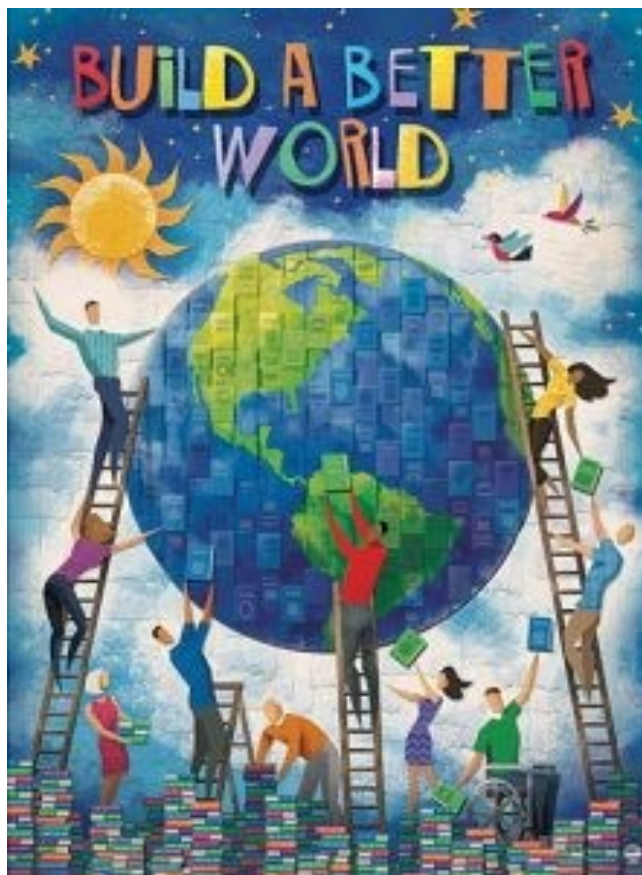
Art is but a Poet's dream
Do not wake or rattle me
For I do not want imageries to flit

Art is but a Poet's dream
The color of the craving soul
To have forever and to hold
Art is but a Poet's gold



A friendly reminder to sign-up for our summer reading club! Don't forget, children and teens also have their own summer reading club here at the Library. Please visit our website for more info.

Keep Writing, Keep Reading!



Build a Better World: 2017 Adult Summer Reading Club

July 3 through August 12

WBPL residents 18 and older, submit book reviews of what you have been reading and/or listening to this summer for your chance to win a Kindle Fire HD8! [Register and record your books](#) on our summer reading website because each book you read gets you one entry closer to winning! Sponsored by the *Friends of the Library*.



About the Authors' Six Word Biographies

Carlo Frank Calo: **Pondering life's journey; enjoying it more!**

Christine Colligan: **Star-drop in a cosmic sea.**

Megan Goff: **Always writing from the heart.**

Gail McGurty: **Spiritual, optimistic, lover of learning, dreamer of possibilities**

Julie Newman: **Perceptive, honest, kind and open-minded.**

Mary O'Brien: **Trust God; Faith, Hope & Love!**

Nicole Peters: **Forging the road ahead, endless skies.**

Katherine Regina: **Shelving books, writing stories, exploring worlds.**

Rita B. Rose: **Resilient, Perceptive, Honest, Kind, Sage**

Patricia Soper: **Discovering mystical wisdom in nature & crone-hood.**

J. Roland Sullivan: **Womb to crypt; so be it!**

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are not necessarily the opinions of the West Babylon Public Library.**