

# Thoughts On Paper

WBPL's Writers Group Quarterly Journal



**Chuck Bobell is our featured member!**

## Argyle

No matter the season I come to you, seeking the consolation your beauty brings and you anoint me, bestowing the ability to see the world more clearly. You have always been there for me and I have loved you; you who have given me of yourself by just existing. The plaques at the base of your trees enshrine those who once loved you in life as I do, but can no longer walk your lake or gaze into the fresh water of your falls as it roars over shelves, dotted with bright, shiny coins, each representing someone's hopes or dreams for the love and fulfillment during their physical lives.

Its trip over your falls completed, your fresh water relentlessly mixes with that of the bay, it's character forever changed; destined to touch far away shores.



The wonderful sound of children playing is often heard in the place that you have provided for longer than I can remember, their happy voices echoing that they too love you for who you are.

Your beauty lifts me up. My spirit refreshed, you bring me back to where I need to be as I walk your lake in solitude seeking medicine for my soul. You give of yourself unselfishly just as you always have; you who make it your business to consume the psychological burdens that sometimes afflict me.

You are as a mother to me, healing me, soothing me and reminding me that hope is always an option; that aimlessness is cured through thought to purpose which in turn breeds circumstances that are favorable to my physical life. I have always sought to protect you from those who would wound or destroy you for no other reason than want of something to do; those who wonder aimlessly through life without purpose or direction.

If you were a person I would embrace you, I would thank you for what you do; you who will be healing souls and lifting spirits long after I leave the physical world.

I leave you now renewed, knowing that as long as I have the gift of life I will be back to see you again; you who caress my spirit and that of many others just by being who you are; you who are known to us as Argyle.

**Flow & Ebb**  
**by Patricia Soper**

**With gentle ripples, the tide nuzzles the shore,  
urged on by the swelling depth of the bay.  
But soon, the current changes, reverses, retreats;  
as the ocean gathers her offering back to herself.  
She swallows, replenishes, renews;  
before, once again, sharing her oceanic strength.  
The rhythm of her flow and ebb  
mirrors waves of internal feeling,  
echoes the crescendo of love, of giving, of risk.  
Then, the waxing spirit wanes,  
withdraws, turns inward,  
to balance, nourish, reflect and restore,  
wise in the cosmic knowledge that  
a diminished self is gift to no one.**

**The Nature of Risk  
By Patricia Soper**

**What courage, each year, has the tree  
to once again birth her leaves,  
her pink cherry blossoms or delicate dogwood petals,  
knowing in days, weeks or months,  
they will wither and fall to the ground.**

**So, too, the crocus or tulip,  
who struggles through the frozen ground,  
regardless the chance of Spring snowfall.  
Even if warmed, her flower's glory will be  
short-lived.**

**What freedom to show up, generously share,  
sure of one's value to Earth.**

**Oh, to be like that,  
to bloom without fear,  
not clinging to longevity,  
nor demanding guarantee,  
but offer our best without expectation.**

## **A Day In the Park**

by Tony Trapanotto

Sunday, the clouds finally gave way to a beautiful clear blue sky, and the warmth of the sun for a nice spring day. Then off I was to go to my town park, that sat on 25 acres of beautiful grounds, with flowering trees, bushes, flowering plants every where and a small man-made lake with a waterfall surrounded by plants of all kinds; Park benches that were placed by the lake, picnic tables for your family to sit and eat at, a playground for the youngest to play in, and finally a walk trail that circles the lake.

It was such a pleasant afternoon, as I sat on my favorite bench where I could see everything about my park. I saw the joy and smile as a young couple walked hand-in-hand, with love in their eyes, and stopped and said hello to me. There was the father with his son, sitting on folding chairs with their fishing poles dangling in the water, with the hopes of catching something.

There were the joggers as they circled the lake about five times, before calling it a day. There was the proud parents pushing their stroller along the walk way, with a big smile on their faces.

There was the older men with their crafted speed boats in the lake racing each other, and for the amusement of all those that were watching, and cheered on by.

To the right of me, were two large ducks with their four small ducklings all gathered together and walking in formation on the grass, such a wonderful sight to see.

To the left of me were an older couple sitting so close to each other and holding hands, and smiling at each other and laughing, something you don't see so often.

As I sat here, at the very same bench for years and I think back to all the times that I came here to this park, I am always amazed that even though the years have passed and times change, one thing seems to always be the same—and it's the people here doing what they have been doing for years, enjoying a beautiful day in the park.

## **A Mother's Worry** by Tony Trapanotto

The war has started  
and my son was called  
to defend his country  
and to fight that's all

The months went by  
with each passing day  
not a word was heard  
and it was already May

The war was hell  
as I read the news  
the death was high  
and I had no clue

To where he was  
or to where he's been  
as now it was June  
and it had no end

The years went by  
so fast it seemed  
I hope and I pray  
each day and in my dreams

For his safety  
to enjoy his life  
to return to home  
and forget his fight

The fighting has stopped  
the war has ended  
the return to home  
to family and friends

The train has arrived  
the men all seem pleased  
but one thing was different  
and it wasn't a dream

The last person to leave  
was not by himself  
for six men were called  
he needed the help

The box was plain  
with only a flag  
attached to the handle  
was a letter and his tag

The letter he wrote  
that never got mailed  
said I will be home  
come heads or come tails.

## **Nets for Bay By Rita B. Rose**

I love Bath Beach  
I love Brooklyn  
Brooklyn Nets  
Brooklyn Cyclones  
Cyclone is a roller coaster  
Cyclones in Coney Island  
Island of Liberty  
Island of wonder  
Wonder why there is not another Z in Ver-  
razano  
Wonder Wheel  
Wheel and deal mob style  
Wheel barrel  
Barrel ride at Nellie Bly  
Barrel of laughs at fun house  
House of cards  
House of brick in Brooklyn  
Brooklyn botanical  
Brooklyn's San Gennaro feast  
Feast on a zeppole  
Feast of the dead  
Dead heat  
Dead of night  
Night life  
Night time  
Time to ride the El  
Time to be born  
Born in Bath Beach  
Born in Brooklyn  
Brooklyn Bridge  
Brooklyn Pizza



Pizza pie at L & B's  
Pizza, at spumoni garden  
Garden in Prospect Park  
Garden flower  
Flower shows  
Flower power  
Power walk  
Power talk  
Talk funny, do ya think?  
Talk is cheap  
Cheap; the price of a Charlotte Russe  
Cheap skate  
Skate at Roll A Rama  
Skate through Dyker Park  
  
Park at Fort Hamilton  
Park along 27<sup>th</sup> street by the bay  
Bay forever gently flows  
Bay inspires Poetry  
Poetry  
Flows

## Sweet Gatherings by Rita B. Rose

It is morning, early July, nineteen sixty-two. The first Blueberry Harvest on Route 109 in West Babylon begins. A little girl with strawberry blonde ringlets hangs onto a fence. She is swinging the squeaky gate back and forth with her feet as her grandfather approaches, silver bucket in hand. Glints of sunlight dance across her face as she and her grandfather walk up Third Avenue to the harvest.

On Eleventh Street, two young boys sit on their front stoop. They are clutching plastic blue pails and are waiting patiently for their grandmother to appear. An elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Vincenzo are busy looking through the many willow baskets that are strewn at their feet. They decide on a small wicker one. Filled with anticipation, their voices tremble and are scratchy and high-pitched as they mutter. They leave their yard, arm in arm.

Through a screened-in porch I see Mamma in her pink flowered apron. She is holding a large cooking pot in her hand. We quickly join our neighbors who are waiting eagerly by the roadside. Smoky muddled bits of gravel crunch under our rubber soles as we turn up Fifth Avenue; it runs parallel with route 109. We notice the powdered blue sky and the steamy morning vapor moving rhythmically as it rises from the ground.

As we near the highway, the sun pours across the landscape perusing blades of light green crab grass, lemon yellow dandelions and tiny lavender wildflowers. Blueberry bushes come into view. They are laden with fruit. Purplish colored berries, fat with sugary juices, heave their weight onto wispy dark green branches. They are abundant; blanketing the median from Second to Seventh Avenues on Route One Hundred and Nine.

I break away from Mamma; running between squat greenery. I pull a plump berry from its stem, pressing its flared crown and belly gently between my fingertips. Squish! The small ovary shaped morsel bursts open. I raise the fruitlet to my lips. Cool sweet purplish juice trickles onto my tongue. It splatters. My shirt is a speckled hue.

On this divide, neighbors crowd doing the same; selecting and sipping. Blue Jays, Red Winged Black Birds, and Sparrows anxiously raise their beaks partaking in this ripened treat.

I find solace in my favorite tree and sit awhile. It is the only Scrub Pine on this rift. Its mocha colored bark crooks left from years of leaning. Its fragrant turpentine scent saturates the thick hot air.

A Mourning Dove keeps me company. She is gingerly perched within the slender needles of pine as she coos to her mate. She serves as a pleasant reminder that there is plenty for everyone; those who come year after year to join in on the harvest ritual.

I start for home, looking one last time about the island in the middle of Route 109. I stare at the many friends picking blueberries. My smile is endless as I watch them fill their pots, pails and baskets.

It is morning, early July, nineteen sixty-two. The first Blueberry Harvest in West Babylon has begun.





**Peace of Mind**  
by Megan Goff

Deep breath in  
Time to begin  
To find a peace of mind

A tranquil breeze blows  
Heaven knows  
I've found my happy place

The bird flies  
As the time flies  
Not a care for me

Lost for hours in my own mind  
I do believe I have begun to find  
My peace of mind

**Dagger to the Heart**  
by Megan Goff

Feels Like a dagger  
Makes me stagger  
Backwards through the night  
I'm so afraid I cannot fight  
This feeling deep within

Like a shot straight to the heart  
Where do I start  
The healing deep within

You left me stranded  
Feels like I've been handed  
Losing card  
Why does this have to be so hard



## **My Take On A Recent Headline**

by Carlo Frank Calo

The Senator who champions those who are victims of hateful bigotry urges more hatred at,  
The People working for a leader who never misses an opportunity to divide us all, after,  
The Restaurant asked those most offended by this leader and they said don't serve,  
Those People, so these same most offended who themselves were most victimized  
became just like,  
The Leader and The Senator who, ironically, are so much more alike than different.





## 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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