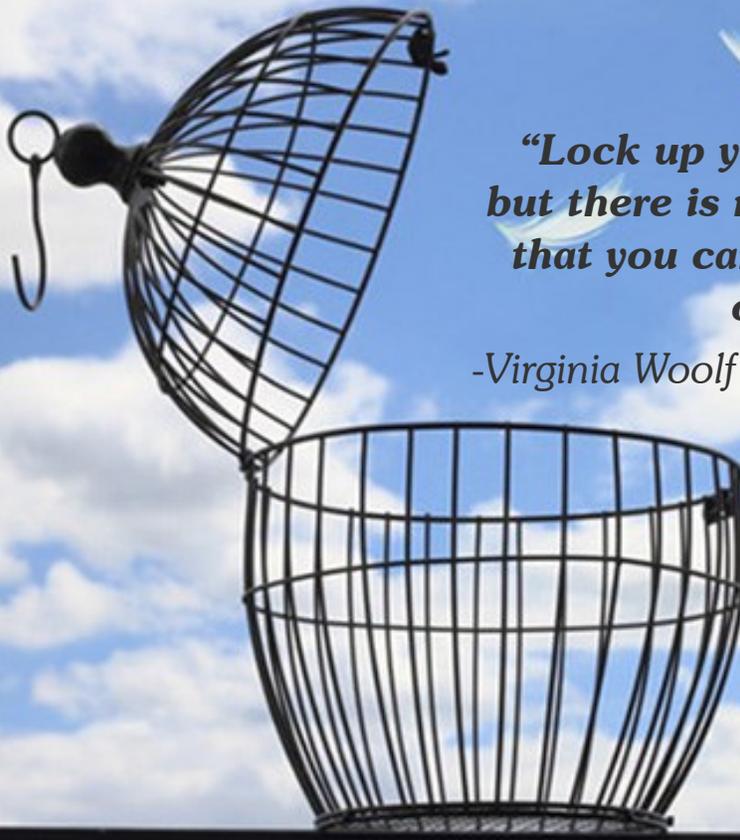


Thoughts On Paper

WBPL's Writers Group Quarterly Journal



Our July quarterly journal celebrates the many definitions of [freedom](#), a theme that is reflective of America and liberty but also the right to think, act and speak “freely” - Writing itself is a celebration of freedom, the idea of freeing one’s *thoughts onto paper* - we hope you enjoy the July journal!



***“Lock up your libraries if you like;
but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt
that you can set upon the freedom
of my mind.”***

-Virginia Woolf from A Room of One's Own

The Tai Chi Flow of Life

by Patricia Soper

Each movement in Tai Chi spills into the next.
There is no stopping. Each ending is also a beginning.
When the void becomes full, completion pours out
to start another cycle.

Ever flowing.

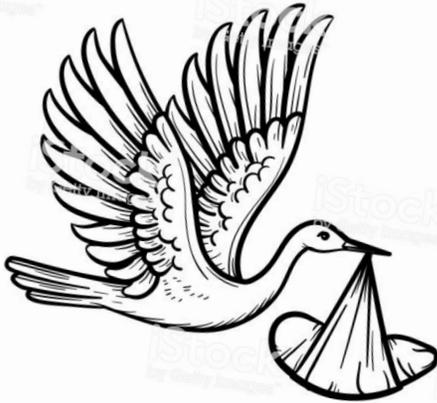
Yin into Yang, Yang into Yin.

To enter this flow of life, without resistance,
is to live in peace.

Present, softly rooted, balanced in the moment that is,
gently yielding to what comes next.

Surprisingly, there is strength in surrender...
and freedom.





Angel on Earth

By Megan Goff

My angel on earth
 You have been a blessing since birth
 Every time I look at you
 I know I can make it through

Make it through the dark
 Even when hope seems stark
 You are my brightness
 My little miss

I would conquer the world for you
 Shelter you from any pain you could go through
 Be there to wipe away your tears
 Help to conquer all your fears

I am mom and I will always be there

Family Key

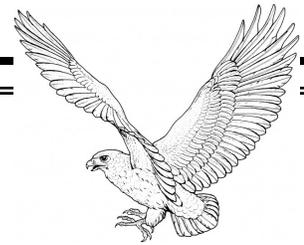
By Megan Goff

One little key
 Means so much to me
 It does not just open a door
 There is so much more

 No longer a guest
 More than just a place to rest
 My head it is home
 A place from which I never want to roam

This is our little family
 Mommy, daddy, and Emily
 We will watch her grow each day
 Marvel in the way

This little key
 Meant so much to me
 Our home, our love, our family



America

By Tony Trapanotto

The fourth of July was here once again. I got myself up early as I looked at the clock and notice the time, 7 am. I must get myself ready for today's parade, and get to Main street for my usual spot. I have lived in this small town all my life and only missed two parades, as then I was overseas fighting for my country. Dad, dad, I could hear my son calling me, are you up yet, If I wasn't then, I was now, as his voice was loud. Yes Billy, I'm up, ok, I'm coming up there to help you get ready for today's parade. Morning dad, morning son. I see you already got out your army uniform, yes and it still fits. Mom's fixing us breakfast, your favorite, pancakes and bacon, juice and coffee. I can smell the bacon cooking Billy and the coffee brewing. After breakfast I will drive all of us into town and get your favorite spot, thank you son.

It was now 9 am, got dad his spot that he has been at for the past ten years. I knew that the parade starts at 10, but dad always got here early as he enjoys seeing some of his old army buddies and talk to them. Hi Ryan, said Paul, hi Paul, hi Dave. My dad and these two buddies of his were always here for the parade, they stood tall and proud with an American flag in their hand. Then the whistle blew indicating the start of the parade, as we all clapped. The first thing that started the parade off was our town's high school band, playing their school song. As they pass by me I felt very proud of my neighbor's son who was playing in the band and as he saw me there, poised for a moment, turned his head towards me and saluted me with a smile on his face. I waved my flag at him as a gesture of thanks.

Next came all of our town volunteers that take care of our elderly and sick, followed by the Boys and Girls Scouts each waving an American flag. Behind them came our floats, each one different and made by our town folks. It seems like the floats get better each year, and more are added on. Behind the floats were our town's political people, lead by our town's Mayor Mr. Paterson. Then the usual moms and dads with children in hand to show their support for loved ones who were still overseas fighting for our country. Then came all the men and women walking so proudly with their heads held high with their uniform on that are still active and servicing our country. The last to pass me were our veterans of past wars with their sons by their side for help or support, and each one walking so proudly with an American flag in their hand.

Billy, please help me get up for this, I want to stand tall, proud and salute these fine and brave veterans that fought for our country. Please get me out of this chair, yes dad will do. As I managed to stand up straight, I saluted each and every veteran that passed me, saying thank you all and God Bless you, as the last one passed me and that ended the parade. That made my day, son you can now take me home, as he got me back into my chair. Yes dad, I will take you home and I also want to thank you for all that you did for our country.

Tête-à-tête with Lady Liberty

By R.B. Rose

The lady in the harbor weeps,
Immigrants bow heads— faces, tear- streaked,
On American soil they do pray...
Those who yearn for freedom have come our way

To this melting pot with given cards
Green as Liberty's eyes;
Are now barred from America; they cannot stay.
Empathy assembles to the West, the East
The North, the South, witnessing masses mourn—
All stare as Liberty's torch of freedom grows dim
It is— snuffed out...
Perhaps a modest ember will survive; thriving in its tuft

All tired, all poor, all huddled masses
Are not welcomed anymore
They will not be let in— they run in fear!
Lady, when did you shut your harbor door?
Lady, when did you throw your tablets away?
Why have you ignored the pleas for independence?
Why is there a prohibition on law?

Lady of Liberty and justice, in this twenty-first century
Are you now unsighted; did you grow too old to care?
Please wipe your copper stained tears— regain your strength!
Welcome all into your arms once more;
Rekindle the flame, the welcoming torch—
Defeat the Tyrannical froth eroding your shore
Kick open your forced shuttered door
To freedom once more!



Foot Steps I Left Behind

by Tony Trapanotto

Your first steps you did as a child
I was always there by your side

when you learned to ride your first bike
it was I who walked along your side and held you tight

when you took your first hike along the park's trail
you walked fast, but I kept up without fail

than there was the annual walk-a-thon
with you and I we made good time

with the 4th of July parade in our town
we held our heads high as we walked around

it was I who walked with him
the day he signed up to do his thing

it was the last time we walked together as I recall
before my son went off to war

and when I'm gone, just turn around
and see the foots steps that I left behind.



Our Fallen Heroes

by Tony Trapanotto

The month was May
with a clear blue day

the crowd was here
with silence that fills the air

as I walked from here to there
I kept looking with a stare

until I came a upon the stone
that read, we are not alone

that was the place for all to see
for all the brave men and women to be

for their country, they gave their life
so that their loved ones won't have to fight

and as I look around and see the tears
that is something that will go on for years

I thank the Lord up above
for sparing me the one I love.



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.**

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

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

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

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

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

Tony Trapanotto: **Energetic, Helpful, Friend, Companion, Dad, Grandparent**

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

**Please be aware that the opinions expressed in the newsletter
are not necessarily the opinions of the West Babylon Public Library.**