

Thoughts On Paper

WBPL's Writers Group Quarterly Journal

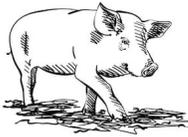


A Letter from the Editor:

New Year, New Journal! It's been 7 years since we started this journal and what a journey it has been! Members of our WBPL's Writers Group are always working hard and, coming up with fresh ideas and writing for each and every journal. We hope all who take the time to read our quarterly journals enjoy them, we look forward in this new year, to share even more of our writing, our "thoughts on paper."

*Sincerely,
Nicole Peters*





This Little Piggy by Patricia Soper

In early autumn, my friends Rhonda, Carolyn and I, while on a visit to the animal preserve at the Ecology Park in Holtsville, discovered Wilbur the Pig. He drew our attention with his loud and persistent squeals. Although his plump figure assured he eats plenty, my friends were concerned he might be hungry and expressed their worry to the caretaker who, coincidentally, walked toward us with a wheelbarrow full of food for Wilbur. She laughed her reply, "He's always hungry and knows when I'm on my way." Hence the oinking, demanding she hurry. I was less taken with Wilbur than my friends. They were truly delighted at the sight of the pig. I had often walked the preserve before and had never even noticed him.

At our next visit, however, all that changed. The same friends and I returned to the park and walked the mile-plus trail then went into the zoo. Carolyn and Rhonda wanted to be sure Wilbur was okay. We didn't realize it was late until a different caretaker stopped us on our mission to reach the pig. We were told it was closing time and we must leave. I mildly advocated on my friends' behalf. "Oh please, they just want to check on the pig, to be sure he's eating okay." This caretaker also laughed his reassuring reply, "He's *a/ways* eating!" Then he told us more about Wilbur and I've been a fan ever since.

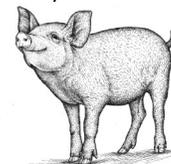
All the animals at the Holtsville Preserve have been rescued. They are either too injured to remain in the wild, or were treated cruelly in domestication. In Wilbur's case, he was en route to the butcher when he ESCAPED, said the caretaker. Now Wilbur had my attention. It seems, since no one knew where Wilbur had wandered in his wild and free moments, and more importantly for the meat industry, what he had eaten, he was no longer considered safe for human consumption and was transported to the care of the Animal Preserve. My friends and I expressed our delight at hearing Wilbur's story and thanked the caretaker for telling us and for the good work of the preserve.

Later, I wondered what it is about hearing of another's escape to freedom that is so thrilling. Movies are made of such daring and find us rooting in our seats that the runaway make it. Is it because, even though we don't face slaughter, hearing that another jumped the fence inspires our own dreams of liberty and stokes our courage to do the same when we feel imprisoned or on a conveyer belt to creative death.

I thought a lot about Wilbur and that question over the next few weeks and returned to the park on my own. I headed straight for the pig. Since I hadn't paid much attention when we first met, I now took greater notice. He is a light creamy pink color, about 5 feet long and 4 feet tall with a few grey spots near his long straight tail. I had always thought pigs' tails were curly. I was very impressed with his lodging. He has, all to himself, a garage-size red barn, with a picture window at the front and a wall length opening at the back. A ceiling fan hangs from an overhead beam to keep him cool in the summer. The rear opening spills out on a huge mud pit, nearly double the size of the shed. Wilbur was enjoying the mud, scouring it for bits and pieces he may have missed in his last meal, his dirty face evidence of his digging up morsels to snack on. He "oinked" continuously, not in protest it seemed, just enjoyment. I stood watching Wilbur until some children came along, excited to see him.

As I left, I spoke to the woman at the gate. She told me that Wilbur was very young when he escaped. And then she told me something that gave me even more food for thought. She told me that after his escape, the piglet went back to where he had run from...returned of his own accord. As I contemplated this latest chapter, I imagined that maybe he had bonded with his mother, missed her nurturance and the relative comfort of familiar surroundings. Pigs are smart, but likely Wilbur did not know he was intended to become sausage. Like most of us, not realizing how deadening it can be, we opt for security and sameness, the predictable instead of the blank page of the unknown.

But, sometimes, as with Wilbur, fate intervenes and gifts us with a more fulfilling destiny, one that fills hungers we never knew we had. Instead of becoming bacon, pork chops or a ham sandwich, Wilbur resides in the Lottery House of all pig dreams...his own mud pit and enormous amounts of food delivered daily to satisfy his voracious appetite. And, he brings smiles to children's faces, ignites caring and sends shivers of delighted hope down the spines of three older women out for a day in the park. Wilbur, thankfully, is one happy, well-nourished Little Piggy who did not go to Market, after all.



You Bury Me by CJ Colligan

I have woken from the deep sleep
 With the taste of dirt in my mouth
 So often
 My ribcage has become a mossy gate
 My chest a garden plot
 My heart
 A blooming, blue forget-me-not

I have woken from the deep sleep
 With dreams of burial
 So often
 My headstone rises from the headboard
 Here it says engraved:
 "The may have lived with fear, but they died unafraid."



Sweetheart by CJ Colligan

Honey, hexagonal love
 You say there is sweetness in order
 Sweetness deep in the cell
 Every step a choreographed dance
 Ta, tap, tap out the pattern
 That I was never born to learn
 Never blessed to understand
 Tap, tip, tip, I tiptoed around
 Every conversation turns to buzzing
 Don't you know that in the sweetness
 The treasure of you
 Leaves me chaos
 Ready to swarm



Foot Steps by Tony Trapanotto

**As I lay here in my bed
knowing I will soon be dead**

**I hear the foot steps of my son
as he walks in the garden with the morning sun**

**I give him comfort that I will not be
alone for someone is coming to take me home**

**he looks at me with wonder in his eyes
it's just me here by your side**

**there is no one here to take you home
this is your place and your all alone**

**rest a sure my son, for I have faith
that he will be walking through that gate**

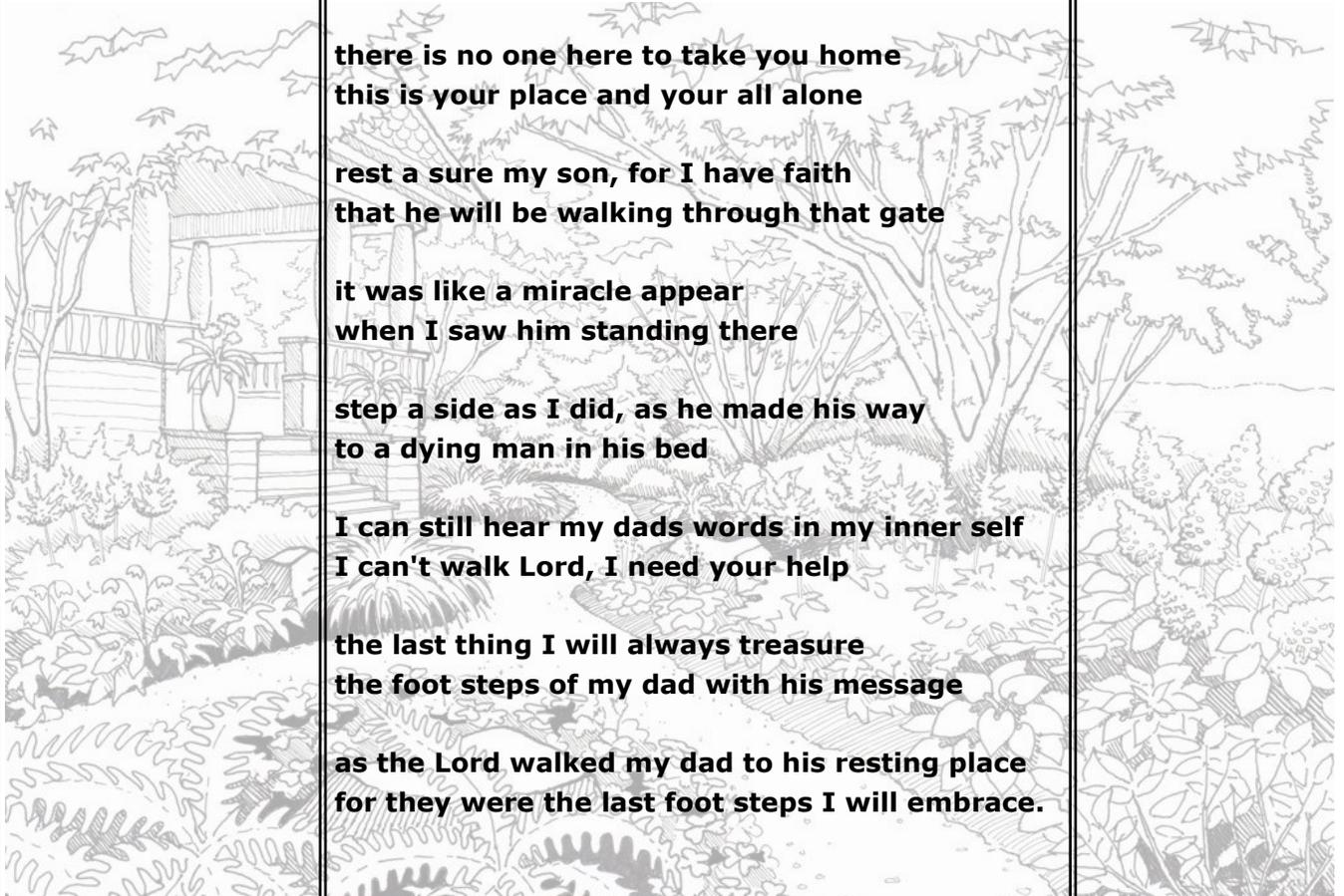
**it was like a miracle appear
when I saw him standing there**

**step a side as I did, as he made his way
to a dying man in his bed**

**I can still hear my dads words in my inner self
I can't walk Lord, I need your help**

**the last thing I will always treasure
the foot steps of my dad with his message**

**as the Lord walked my dad to his resting place
for they were the last foot steps I will embrace.**



***Love is....* by Tony Trapanotto**

The fragrance of a rose
the twinkle in your eye
the birds in the sky

a beautiful smile
your sweet lips
a tender kiss

you by my side
a moon night walk
a stroll in the park

children having fun
family get togethers
a child calling you daddy

holding a baby in your arms
the smile on their faces
the touch of their hands

a special occasion
a birthday wish
a good night kiss

visiting a nursing home
cheering someone up
having some tea in a cup

sitting with a friend
reading a story from a book
teaching someone to cook

playing ball with a child
flying a kite in the sky
taking the bike for a ride

a warm sunny day
a star in the sky
and me by your side

a winter's day
snow on the ground
children playing around

love is...what ever
you want it to be.



***Enjoy Today* by R.B Rose**

Never give up, never quit
Because life is the greatest gift of all
Do not listen to negative comments
Stand strong and tall
You just have to hang in there
Everyone has their ups and downs
Make the best of it
Regardless of circumstance
Never quit
Never fear
It is a great to be alive
Turn your trodden frown into a smile
Get up and dance
Turn your love light on
It is time to hold onto life with style

*a reverse poem-reads up to down and
down to up

The Memories of Home by Tony Trapanotto

It's been years since I went back to the home of my childhood. Mom and dad have been long gone now; the house has been empty ever since. My parents talked many times about selling the house, but for some reason or another, never did. I just wish mom and dad were here so I could find out why. They were declining in years and I knew that the house was getting too much for them, but still they did not want to sell it.

The lawyers for my parents estate have now put a "for sale" sign on the front lawn. As I drove up the driveway, I could see the rocking chair still on the front porch, that my mom always sat in. She loved that rocker and would always be sitting there waiting for me when I came to visit them.

I got out of the car, went up to the front porch, over to the rocker and touched it, a strange feeling came over me, like mom's spirit was sitting there, and watched as I drove up the driveway. As I walked around the back of the house, I passed dad's greenhouse. I can still see him in there with all his plants and flowers. He was always growing something in there, no matter what time of year it was.

As I opened the garage door, walked in, there to my surprise was my bike that mom and dad had bought for me on my 10th birthday. And all the fun I had with my dad teaching me to ride it. Outside, there under the apple trees, still set up, was the picnic table and two benches that I sat at, as dad was barbecuing the hotdogs and hamburgers. And mom would bring out the fresh homemade lemonade that she just made, and we would all sit there and enjoy the day.

There in the yard, was still my swing set, oh the many fun hours I had on the swings with mom and dad. I can still recall the first day that mom and dad were out here putting it all together for me.

As I entered the house, I could still feel the warmth and cheerfulness in the atmosphere, as it was when I lived here as a child. There on the wall in the hallway was a picture of mom, dad and I, with the saying "this family found love here."

From the hallway came the kitchen, still the same as I remember it. I could still visualize my mom there doing all her cooking and baking in her favorite pink flower apron. Oh the many times I would sit there and wait for the hot baked muffins to come out of the oven; I can still smell the muffins.

Then came the family room with the fireplace, that my dad enjoyed, just sitting there in front of it with his cup of coffee and watching the flames dance across the logs. To the right of the fireplace, every Christmas, our tree was set up there, we would all decorate it together, and then dad would lift me up to put the star on the top of the tree. It was my mom and dad's favorite room.

I made my way up the stairs and the first bedroom that I came to, was my parents, the very same room that I was born in. There, to my surprise in the corner of their bedroom, was my cradle that I slept in as a newborn. Somehow, I never took notice to that when I was living here. Still in it, was my baby blue blanket and pillow.

Next came my bedroom, as I walked in, I can still recall the many hours I spent here playing with my toys. There, next to my window, was my bookcase, and still on each and every shelf, were my toys. The building set that dad and I played with. The games that mom and I would enjoy for hours, and of course my terry bear, that I call Fluffy, that always brought me comfort at night. As I was leaving my room, I turned around for one more look, and there at my bed I could still see my mom and dad tucking me in and saying "goodnight son, we love you," as the tears fell from my eyes.

I made my way down the stairs, out the front door, over to the for sale sign, took it down, turned around, looked at the house, said "thank you mom and dad for all the memories, I love you both," as I walked back into the house.





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.**

Rita 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!**

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