



November Virtual Journal

West Babylon Public Library

Recipe Degas by R. B. Rose

Etch upon rose quartz

one prima ballerina

mix tutu and taffeta

dust with mica bits

recite mantra: Degas, Degas

bake in sun until done

stir in ribbons of pink

add a few wishes

pour flesh tone whisps around her face

blend, add ringlets upon her head

wait—



make final touches with palette knife;

perhaps pare a lasting smile—

engrave upon sentimental plaque:

Prima Ballerina—Degas' style

Edenwald Projects, 1960, Baseball In the Bronx by C. F. Calo

Passing through asphalt streets we eventually reach the fence in the woods,
green contrasting the 14-story red bricks of our homes behind us and
hop the fence, our gloves and bats leading the way
through bushes and trees to a sign, another barrier saying “private”
only enticing us to stay and play on this exotic, welcoming field of dirt and grass

but the sun is hot, so we cool off our sweat
from bended knees, spigots of water pouring through cupped hands onto heads and
mouths, wide open, yelling I got it! I got it! Slide! Slide!
relishing the brown and green on our blue dungarees, red blood drying on elbows and

heading home we stop by Dick Tracy Rock
climbing over the cragged nose on this, to us, mountain
overlooking the creek in Seton Falls Park
so different from the hard streets and high buildings of home,
home where we play stickball against the schoolyard wall

and find another faucet, on bended knees, resting on hot tar,
water pouring to cool off our sweat from the hot sun through
our hands onto heads and mouths, wide open, yelling I got it! I got it!
only now, we just don't slide



Crystal Indiction by C.J. Colligan

There is no true word or term to describe

The celebration of the choice to continue

We have birthdays and anniversaries

People will always find a way to celebrate

The passage of time

The shock of growing, learning

Into a future uncertain

**Fifteen years is collectively called an
Indiction**

If I was married to my words

I would celebrate a Crystal Anniversary

During my fifteen years of writing

There was no indication, no inkling

That I would make it this far

The clock hands keep moving

Never holding on

To any second for long

Presently, I hold hands fast

To my ghost of a past

And the bony foundation of my future

Now in the between

Each step precious

The pearl of my youth

Is strung through three decades

Thirty years of breath

Temporal turned Millennial

And still, and still, and yet even still

Celebrating

Finding hope

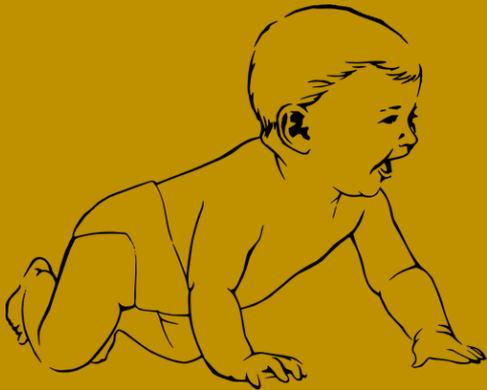
In the continuation of things

Growing So Fast by M. Goff

Late nights staring at our big girl
The chains on my heart begins to unfurl
The time has flown by

It feels like only yesterday
That we were saying Happy Birthday
Now she is almost a year and half

Through the laughter and the tears
The happiness and the fears
We have watched her grow



Lonely is the Night by T. Trapanotto

The daylight and sun has gone to sleep

the shadows of the night has brought the darkness

the sounds on the street no longer can be heard

for the sound of quietness has taken over

the stillness in the air, no sound it makes

the stars are out, but does not shine for me

these four gray walls that surround me

the silence of the room, only I can hear

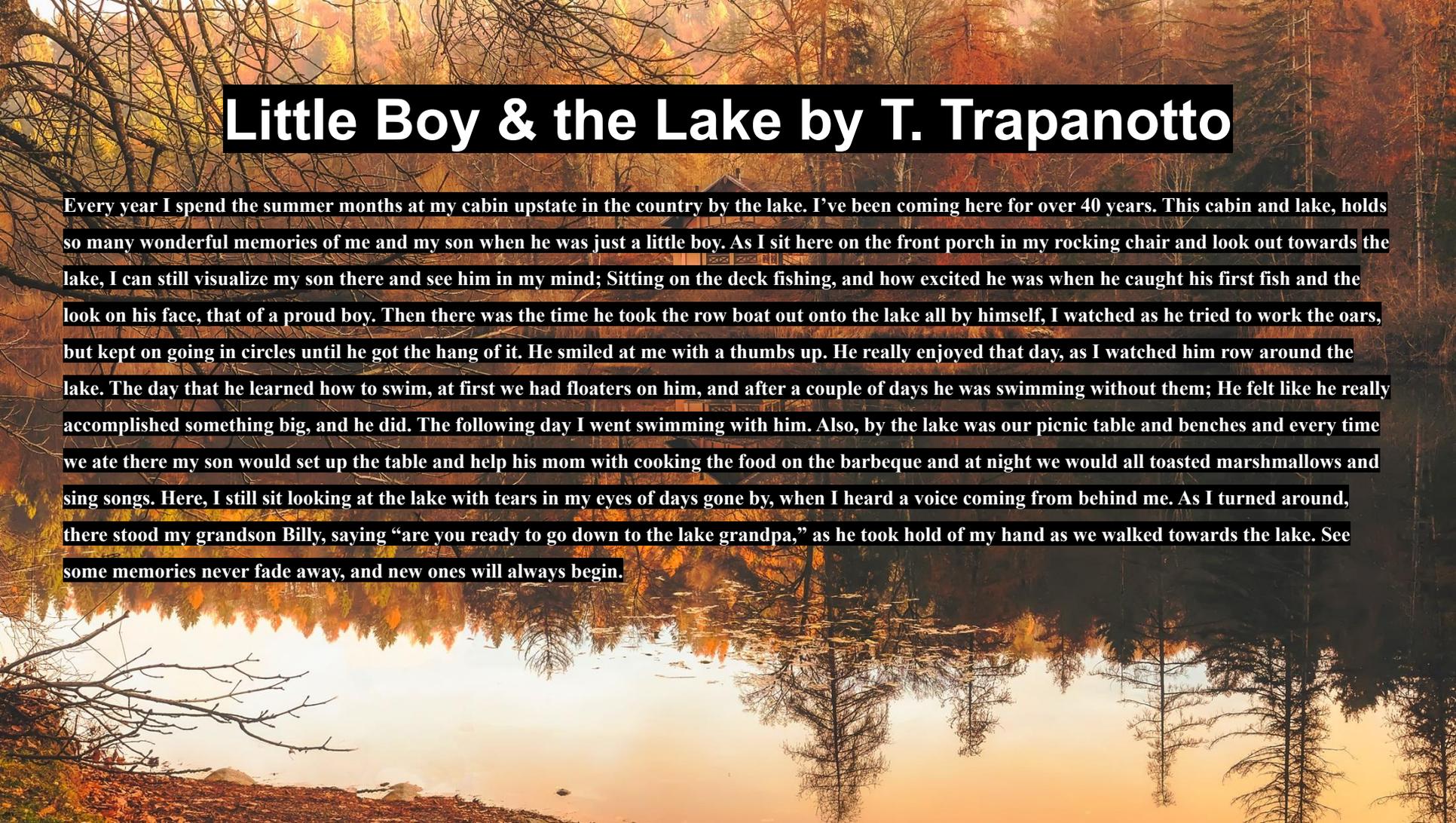
the darkness has come and will stay with me

until the dawn of a new day brushes it away

lonely is the night and should not be shared alone

for we all need someone in our hour of darkness.





Little Boy & the Lake by T. Trapanotto

Every year I spend the summer months at my cabin upstate in the country by the lake. I've been coming here for over 40 years. This cabin and lake, holds so many wonderful memories of me and my son when he was just a little boy. As I sit here on the front porch in my rocking chair and look out towards the lake, I can still visualize my son there and see him in my mind; Sitting on the deck fishing, and how excited he was when he caught his first fish and the look on his face, that of a proud boy. Then there was the time he took the row boat out onto the lake all by himself, I watched as he tried to work the oars, but kept on going in circles until he got the hang of it. He smiled at me with a thumbs up. He really enjoyed that day, as I watched him row around the lake. The day that he learned how to swim, at first we had floaters on him, and after a couple of days he was swimming without them; He felt like he really accomplished something big, and he did. The following day I went swimming with him. Also, by the lake was our picnic table and benches and every time we ate there my son would set up the table and help his mom with cooking the food on the barbeque and at night we would all toasted marshmallows and sing songs. Here, I still sit looking at the lake with tears in my eyes of days gone by, when I heard a voice coming from behind me. As I turned around, there stood my grandson Billy, saying "are you ready to go down to the lake grandpa," as he took hold of my hand as we walked towards the lake. See some memories never fade away, and new ones will always begin.

The Wisdom Keepers by P. Soper

"Meeting tonight might be dangerous," Rebecca whispered to Priscilla. They pretended to be sharing a recipe near the merchant's sacks of sugar. "Reverend Tucker has been watching me closely."

Priscilla quietly moaned her response, "But it's full moon, Rebecca, and I've gathered branches at our Sacred Grove and readied it for our Fire. I've longed all month for Sisterhood and sharing."

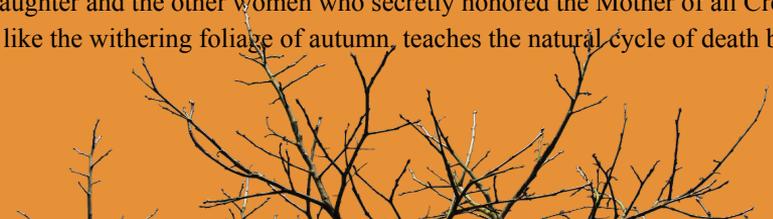
"I know, Priscilla, I have too." Rebecca paused as her own enthusiasm reignited. "Shall we risk it and trust that the Great Mother will protect us?"

The younger woman perked up and silently clapped her hands, "Oh Yes! And it promises to be a clear, moon and starlit night!" She had to control herself from dancing around.

"*Please, please*, Priscilla, curb your excitement. Don't tell anyone except our Sisters." Rebecca discreetly squeezed Priscilla's hand. She had felt a nurturing role toward her ever since the girl's mother and Rebecca's dear friend had died in childbirth. If only Simon, Alice's husband, had summoned her, Rebecca sadly recalled. She might have been able to save Alice using her midwife skills and healing herbs. It would have been worth it even if she had been accused of witchcraft. For women who were healers were said to be consorts of the devil.

Priscilla left the shop filled with anticipation. She had learned the old ways of women's wisdom from her mother and knew it was important to honor Nature in all her forms and seasons. Tonight, Samhain, also called All Hallow's Eve, is the time for the spirits of the dead to revisit. Priscilla felt sure that her mother would be present at the fire to join with her daughter and the other women who secretly honored the Mother of all Creation. And surely, they would feel the presence of the Crone Goddess, the Old One, who, like the withering foliage of autumn, teaches the natural cycle of death before the rebirth of spring.

Continued....



Priscilla tried to quell her excitement before she entered her house. Her father had fiercely disapproved of Alice's "black magic," as he called it and forbade her to practice or pass it on to their daughter. But Alice had obeyed a higher authority within herself where she knew the Goddess dwelled. She secretly taught Priscilla nearly all she knew before her untimely death. Tonight, Priscilla, once she heard her father's loud snore, would have to sneak from the house. She did not like to deceive the man who had done all he could to care for his children. Priscilla was mostly a dutiful daughter, caring for her little brother, tending the vegetable garden and 4 chickens, milking 2 cows, washing and mending clothes, cleaning house, canning, cooking and baking from early morning until night.

These were dangerous times for "witches" as these wise women were called. Last month, false accusations were brought against a woman in a nearby village, which led to her torture, trial and cruel death by hanging. This awareness and concern for her protection, Priscilla realized sympathetically, was also behind her father's strictness. Even other women...self-righteous, jealous, or just mean-spirited women... were often the accusers, those women ignorant of their own deep wisdom and power and therefore, like their fathers and husbands, afraid of it.

It took longer than usual for Priscilla's father to fall asleep. The Wisdom Keepers would already be gathering and opening Sacred Space. None of them could be gone too long lest their absence be noticed. Finally, assured her father and brother were in sound sleep, Priscilla crept through her garden and behind the neighbors' homesteads. As she passed the churchyard, she heard the preacher's distant voice and others' in response. Startled, she slowed her pace to listen. "...and I tell you they gather tonight and will bring God's wrath upon this village if we allow them to do their devil's sorcery!" A dozen men's voices shouted their agreement. They echoed Reverend Tucker's calls to "make haste to the woods...bring rope...stop these unholy women, these tools of Satan."

Priscilla began to run, ominous fear and dread building inside her. She must warn them... warn these well-intentioned women, so innocent of committing any harm. Once in the woods, enveloped by the shadows of trees, every obstacle seemed to conspire to slow her. She fell in a mud puddle, then tripped on a tree root, rising only to be smacked in the face by an unseen branch. She felt its cutting sting on her cheek as she groped her way through the dark, panting from exhausted effort. Even though she smelled the fire and heard her sisters' chants, she never seemed to get any closer. When she tried to scream "Run, run, they're coming after you," no sound passed her lips. Finally, she saw light. Is it the fire?

In hyperventilating panic, Bridget opened her eyes. She sighed out relief. Daylight. It was a dream, just a dream. But it seemed so real. She stayed still awhile, relieved she was safely in her bedroom, but she also felt the heaviness of grief, a regret that she had not reached the Sacred Grove to warn and save the wise ones they called witches. Reminding herself it was a dream, she got up. But, she froze, startled, when she saw her image in the bathroom mirror... and the streak of dried blood from a scratch across her cheek.