

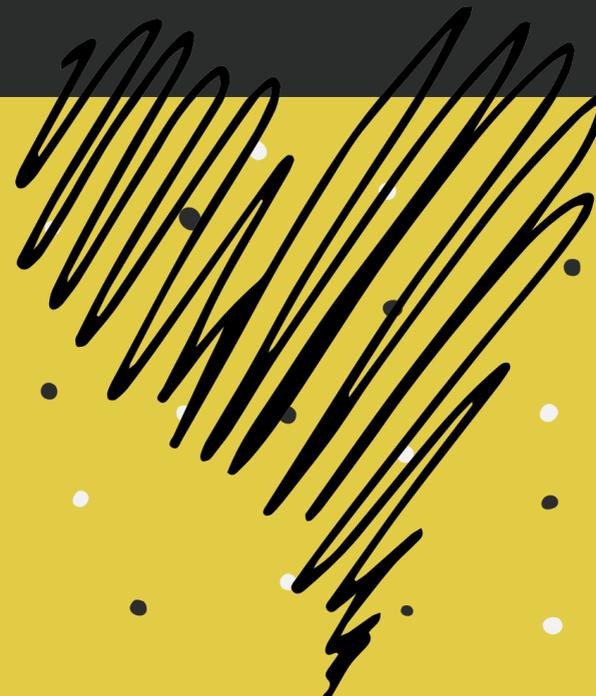


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Renewal by T. Trapanotto

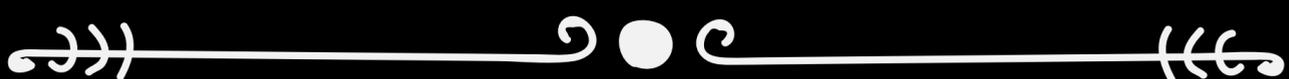
Renewal, the dictionary defines the word renewal as: make new, to re-establish, fresh again and to resume - but what does it really mean to us. To make new, as I see it, means start something that will open up a whole new chapter in my life. To write a story about my life, a new beginning to a new adventure, or starting a new project that will bring joy to others.

Re-establish, get back to family and friends that some how we've lost contact with over the years. Give them a call or write to them and let them know that you are thinking about them and they are not forgotten. Re-establish our self back into our community and lend a helping hand to those in need.

Fresh again, when something seems dull, wasteful or useless, lets bring back life into that dull, wasteful, useless thing, and nourish it into something that is useful, exciting and enjoyable and shared with others. Something as simple as going out and visiting a friend. Sharing your time and skills with others, making new friends. You will be rewarded when you see the smiles on their faces and the look in their eyes.

Resume, a small word with a big meaning. Resume a lost friendship with someone that was dear and close to you. Find that special someone again that was there when you needed a helping hand and somehow lost track of them. Find that one special person that loves you and resume that relationship that went astray.

Life as they always say, is too short, and we all take time for granted. Let's make the best out of time while we're here and remember there's never an ending, but always renewal.



The Present is a Gift by P. Soper

I'm shocked to realize
it's nearly a year
of masks and distance
a background of fear.

We isolate to avoid the risk
and dare not offer a loving kiss
Deprived of hugs and freedom to roam
we're not in prison, just at home.

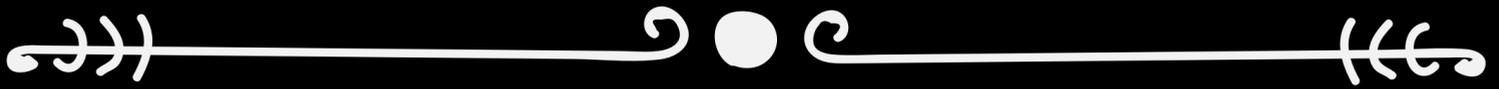
We know it's for the greater good
but how we long for the days we could
gather as family for a holiday meal
embrace a friend in a way that's real.

So many, though, have lost much more
loved ones, jobs, what felt secure.
Knowing this, we offer thanks
for breathing without oxygen tanks.

We've hopefully learned
to live for today
to be in this moment
and not far away.

Life brings change
we know not how
so with grace and gratitude
let us Live in the Now.





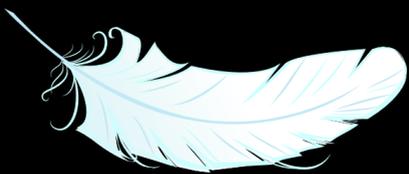
Mom & Dad by C.F. Calo

Mom

Sunday family pasta!
simmering Bolognese wafts proclaim as
I sneak a meatball,
Mom's essence in every bite.

Dad

I want my freedom! enough of this forced
isolation and mask mandates,
it's so dictatorial, they proclaim as
Dad, who spent four years overseas, in cold and
mud and foxholes in WWII,
turns in his grave.



Four Little Angels by T. Trapanotto

Four little angels were
there for me
the day I fell from the
tree

not a bone did I break
with all the luck I kept
the faith

then came the day that I
swam too far
no one there to hear me
cry

but with the courage I
had inside
four little angels were
by my side

the storm was bad and
was lost
the wind, the snow was off
its course

I said a prayer that I knew
and four little angels
pulled me through

off to war I was called,
what can I do
danger all around, I
took a bullet or two



but with the courage and
my stride
four little angels were
by my side

all through the years I
had no fear
for every time my four
angels were there

then came the day,
I was so weak
no pain, no suffering,
no heart beat

not to be left all alone
four little angels took
me home.

Pandemic Skateboarder by R.B Rose

Covid on a skateboard rode by today
no face covering, no gloves
red T-shirt draped his shape
neon yellow shorts highlighted
his gray and black sneakers
he wore a grin as wide as a viral brim

As he skated past
I pointed to my mask
thinking his youth
offered invincibility
he chuckled—I warned—
This virus will force you to your knees
Covid on a board dismissed me
with a wave and rolled along

Silly boy, you cannot push off what
you do not see, death will be your last wish
you better bail—isolate—skate home
or this bug will high jump you
to heaven above!



Author's note:

2021 published in Walt Whitman Birthplace Association
An Anthology of Poems: Corona

Cemetery Sojourn by R. B Rose

Visited loved ones Easter morn
burial mounds were a staggering many
peaceful green lawns were cross
peppered by heaving hills of sorrow

Each hillock was a lost life shrouded
departed souls as far as the eye could see
steadfast is death; a viral scourge
as I kneeled in prayer it shadowed me

I clutched my rosary in defiance
contradicting the reapers call
in gloves and sodden mask, am I
tears mingling upon the recent pall

Flaccid frozen are faces
loved ones from every town
a grave marker holds their place
under knolls of mud-covered brown

