

WEST BABYLON PUBLIC LIBRARY

**WBPL'S
WRITERS CLUB
JOURNAL**

JULY 2021

Old Man in the Park by T. Trapanotto

I can remember as a child, every week going over to our little park in town, with it's little lake, flowers beds, park benches and a nature trail.

I would always see this little old man, sitting on the same bench week after week. Whenever he saw me, he would smile and I would smile right back at him.

To me he seem so lonely sitting there by himself. But then I noticed how his eyes got big and he seemed to come more alive as he watched the birds flying above, looking at the ducks in the lake, as they slowly swam past him.

How his head would tilt towards the sound of the water, rippling down the rocks into the lake. The way he looked up at the sky, as the breeze gently flowed past his face.

I would see him watching the children at play, a father and son fishing, the mother with her daughter on the swings.

He would always smile as young lovers walked hand-in-hand, and stop to say hello to him, I could see his face all aglow and a smile come to his face. And yet at times, I would see him sit there in silence with a tear in his eyes.

I really never got to meet him personally, but I always enjoyed seeing him week after week and exchanging smiles with him.

As the years went by, I still come to this park, even though the little old man has long been gone. Now I sit on the very same bench as he once sat, looking at all the same things that he enjoyed

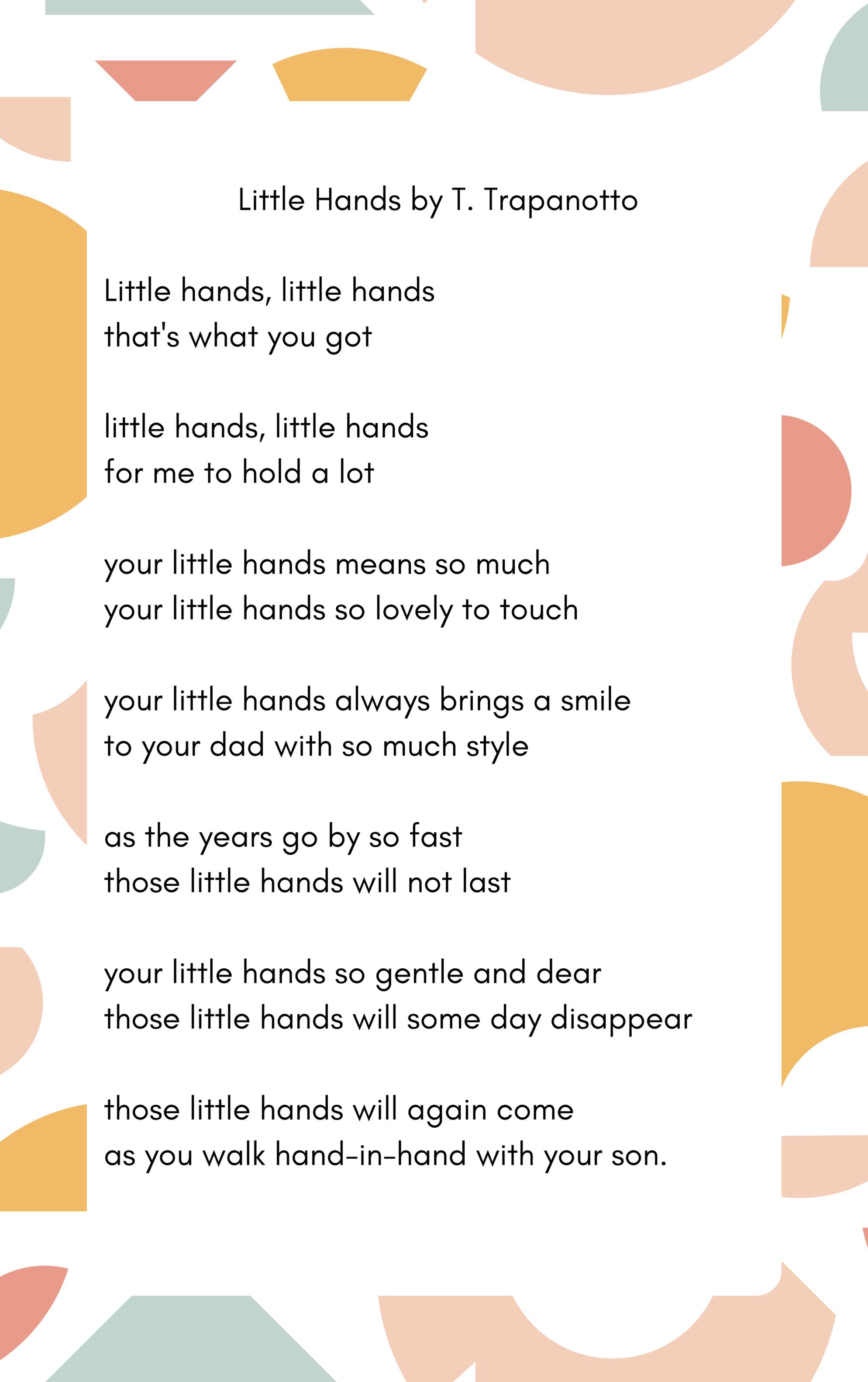
And as I turn my head, I can see a little child looking back at me smiling, as it reminds me of when I was that child.

Tulips By R.B. Rose

Tulips pressed together in a kiss
petals velvety to touch
caressed by the warmth of the sun
parting slightly when day is done

Petals velvety to touch
blossoming from Mother Earth's love
parting slightly when day is done
lovely bouquet asleep in the shade of night

Blossoming from Mother Earth's love
caressed by the warmth of the sun
lovely bouquet asleep in the shade of night
tulips pressed together in a kiss



Little Hands by T. Trapanotto

Little hands, little hands
that's what you got

little hands, little hands
for me to hold a lot

your little hands means so much
your little hands so lovely to touch

your little hands always brings a smile
to your dad with so much style

as the years go by so fast
those little hands will not last

your little hands so gentle and dear
those little hands will some day disappear

those little hands will again come
as you walk hand-in-hand with your son.

Descansos by P. Soper

Deep inside the forest, a fallen tree blocks my path
shattering all vision of where I thought my steps would lead.
I'm reminded of Descansos, those crosses on the road
symbols of grief, lives halted, changed.

Descansos stop us in our tracks, invoke moments of reflection.
I recall what has fallen away, been laid to rest
in the years of my long journey -
people, places, callings, loves, phases and once held truths
dreams altered by obstacle or death.

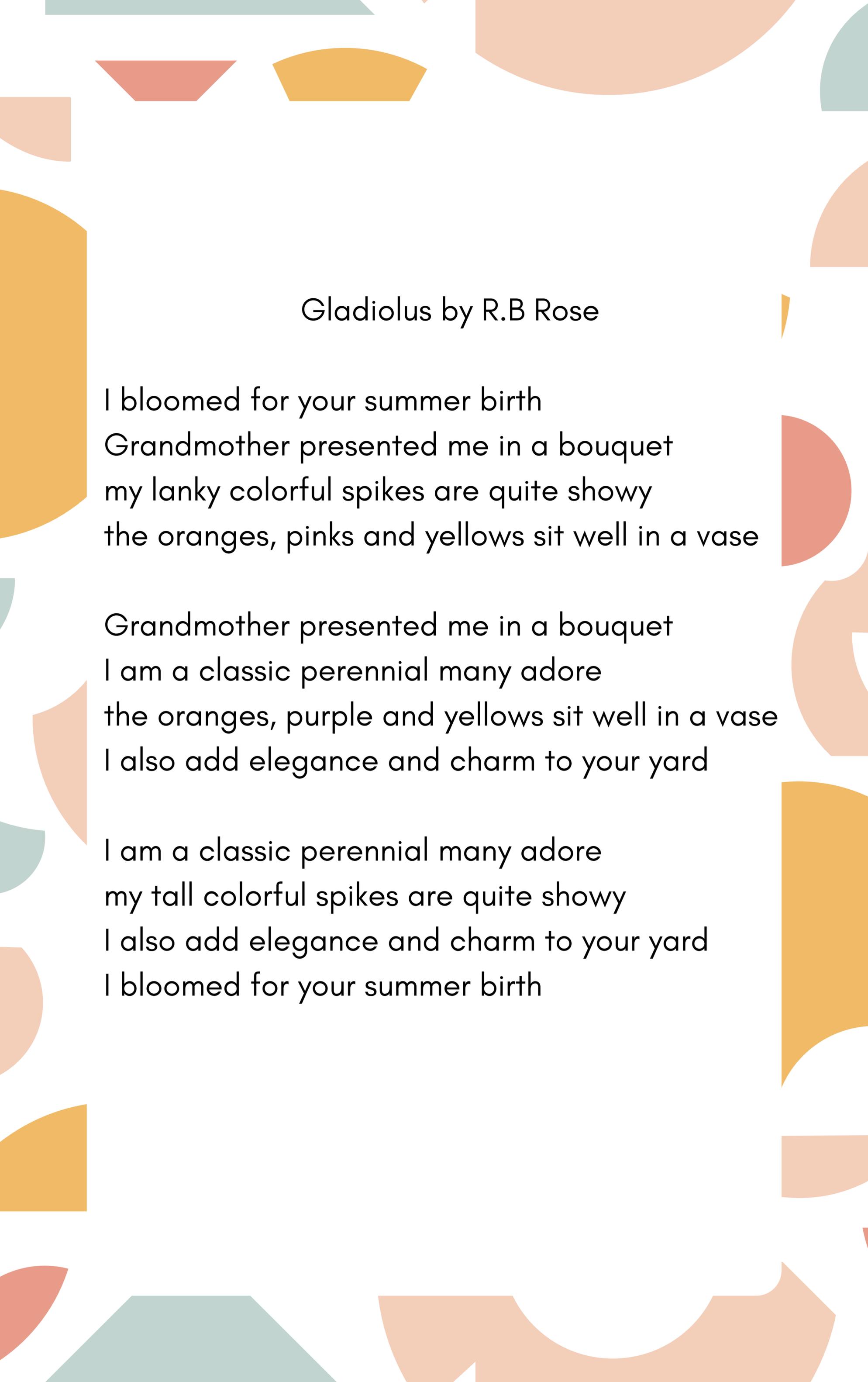
With inward gaze, I walk through memory
lay Descansos at each bereaved loss
even if the choice to change was mine.

Through silent tears, I see their gifts of growth
both in presence and in letting go
fallen trees that fed the soil.

I open my eyes to the woods and find another way.
Like the twisting trail behind, through sun and shadow
it will descend, ascend, smooth and rough.

I'll feel courage, fear, strong or not
befriended, alone, energy lifted, waning.

I'll glide swiftly or stagger, nourished, parched
a nomad, not lost, but guided by Descansos.



Gladiolus by R.B Rose

I bloomed for your summer birth
Grandmother presented me in a bouquet
my lanky colorful spikes are quite showy
the oranges, pinks and yellows sit well in a vase

Grandmother presented me in a bouquet
I am a classic perennial many adore
the oranges, purple and yellows sit well in a vase
I also add elegance and charm to your yard

I am a classic perennial many adore
my tall colorful spikes are quite showy
I also add elegance and charm to your yard
I bloomed for your summer birth

Bette Davis by R. B. Rose



Iconic American actress
poised with cigarette holder
her choice words whittle
men and women down to size
perceptive as a Coney Island
Tarot reader
owl-eyed opiated powerhouse
she warns about bumpy nights
and the disadvantages of aging
in relation to glamor

She cautions getting old is not
for sissies; not for the faint of heart
she remembers old acquaintances
and friends who have passed
Bette is a realist, other Hollywood
legends recoil whenever she warns:
you are immortal on screen but off—
death awaits

When prompted in an interview,
Bette recalls costars—
the liked and disliked—
They cringe as they listen
their sagging paste-like faces
and pancaked lids bow with
disapproval against the weight of
Miss Davis's comments

Bette recognizes the impact
of shock value—
What Ever Happened to Baby Jane,
Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte,
Mr. Skeffington, Now Voyager,
Dark Victory, Of Human Bondage—
Her movies testify to that fact.

In or out of character, Bette's
wide black cat clock-eyes dart
about as she spews, scowls, and hisses
at elderly stars who insist on hiding
behind lifts, tucks and lips puffed

Bette's face is well-worn, au-naturel
—make-up free—
she has aged with grace
while her equals insist
oldness has eluded them

Bette fervently disagrees,
the peppery rebel positions
her long signature cigarette holder
inches from her lips, takes a drag,
and as she opines, blows smoke rings
in the disillusioned starry faces
of her contemporaries
ingeniously she chokes
their unreasonable
philosophies

This First Lady of the American Screen
is also a stroke and cancer survivor
who can still articulate sentiments,
and give argument to those who
claim they are not timeworn.

Dressed in smart clothes to match
her wit, Bette throws her head
back and taunts:
But cha are old—you all are!

Puffing away in Davis fashion
and, as if a line in one of her movies,
she stresses, so now what, while rolling
her famous bulging eyes
one last time as
she offers an eternal toast

My dear bitter friends, you, and I
shall live forever on film, but be sensible—
we are next in leaving this world—
So, never say bad things about the dead!

Let us celebrate—drink
a final glass of champagne
to life...to you and me who
have survived this long...

Bette pulls another drag: Getting old
is a privilege and
having lived
longer than most of our peers,
proves we were tougher
than anyone else!

Bette exhales; the curtain falls.