

MAY 2022

WBPL  
WRITER'S  
CLUB  
JOURNAL



# Fish out of Water

by P. Soper

A fish out of water cannot survive  
a world so alien to her soul.

Unlike her graceful glide through the sea  
she awkwardly flops in confused  
desperation.

Where is her ocean of nourishment  
her fluid, free-flowing home of breath and  
bliss?

She must quickly escape, find it, dive in  
before it is too late.

# My Backyard

## by T. Trapanotto

As I sit here all alone on the porch in my backyard on my 95th birthday and look to the yard that has brought me so many lasting memories.

I can see it all so clearly as though it was yesterday, even though it took place 70 years ago.

There stood the big oak tree that shaded my little girl, as she played under it sitting on the soft green grass with her dolls and her friend Annie, she would sit there for hours, as I watched over her.

Then there's the swing set that I bought for my son Billy on his 10th birthday. I could still see him standing there with a big smile on his face as I finished setting it all up, saying dad, you're the greatest and all the fun times he had on it with his friends.

Then there was my wife Emily, as I watched her plant her flower garden every springtime, and carefully took care of it all summer. It brought a lot of joy to her.

Then there were all the fun times we had as we cooked out all summer long on the new barbecue grill, and all sat at the new picnic set that my wife bought for me on Father's day.

When Winter rolled around, I would be out there with the sled pulling around the yard, my son and daughter as they sat on it. After that, was the building of the snowman, oh, the fun we had doing that.

As the years went by, I got to enjoy all those fun times again with my grandchildren.

Now 70 years later, the oak tree is no longer there, as the tree started to rot and had to be cut down and taken away.

The green soft grass that once sat under the oak tree that my daughter played on is nothing but weeds.

The swing set still stands there, but is covered with rust and no longer is safe to play on.

The lovely flower garden that my wife loved and care for, no longer exists, as my wife is no longer with me

The barbecue and picnic set long gone, the sled that once held my son and daughter rotted and had to be disposed of.

Even with all that once was and is now gone. I still have the one thing that is not gone. My fond memories of all those fun times that took place in my backyard, and I will always treasure them.

# Prams of Despair

by R.B. Rose

Besieged on the battlefield of war  
lined across a cobbled LVIV street  
tiny victims of Vladimir Putin's gore

Toddlers no longer kick content feet  
one hundred nine distinctive prams  
absent, the sleepy children in their seats

Each a stolen life; brave paschal lambs  
desolate strollers in Rynok Square  
victims of a maniacal man

carriages of babies briefly born  
a war-torn nation plagued with pain  
sorrowful hearts of all who mourn

Yet, alive is the spirit of Ukraine  
and its brave people who will rise again

Putin defeated  
Sunflowers grow in glory  
within Ukraine soil

## Reminiscing Dream

by C. Paparella

Young dreams so grand and so carefree,  
surpassed only by their frequency

In time, inevitable reality,  
replace those dreams with memories

So rich, so full, the past retained,  
become the dreams of youth, attained

A song, a film, can spark a flame  
to warm emotions left unclaimed

The innocence of adolescence theme  
plays often, a recurring dream,  
of school, first love, and baseball teams,  
when friends and music reined supreme

**Seagull in Flight**  
by P. Soper

She soars  
wings outstretched toward both  
horizons  
no baggage  
no ties  
no asking permission  
nor second thoughts  
a vision of powerful Freedom