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The Shadows of the Night

by T. Trapanotto

Every day I wait patiently for the fall of darkness, there in the comfort of my lonely room, I find a friend, the shadows of the night.

There I can see the past, the present and the future; The four walls that surround me, listen to what I have to say.

There in the darkness, I can see the lights dance across the walls, as the cars from the street pass by.

There I can hear the silence of the night, that is music to my ears.

There I can relive the memories I hold dear to my heart, of the love ones that I have lost.

There I can see the past, another day of my life gone, and me all alone.

There I can see what took place today, the present, and the loneliness I live with.

Then there in the shadows of the night, I can see the future, once again, being with my loved ones.

There in the shadows of the night, I find happiness.





Constellation

by R.B. Rose

Take me to this place in the heart
where crystal moons shimmer across wrinkled crags
a gull's plaintive cry harmonizes with ocean sprays
concede to the briny emerald mist
refreshing bursts revitalize
blushing crescent moons partake as they wane
under a twinkling blanket of brilliant sea stars





No Fences in the Sea

by P. Soper

I asked before sleep to dream some guidance
and woke to the words Wide Sargasso Sea.

Bewildered, I searched online
found a body of water and book title
a feminist prequel to the novel Jane Eyre
the tale of Antoinette, Rochester's first wife
whose power he called madness, so locked her in the attic.

In contrast, the Sargasso Sea has no land boundaries
the only sea without coastline as border.

Fearful to sailors, it lies within the Bermuda Triangle
its surface covered in algae, a seaweed named sargassum
that floats and circles in clockwise rotation.

Sailors feared entanglement but I was inspired to read
sargassum is rootless and travels the oceans footloose and free
like those baby turtles that catch a ride on Gulf Stream currents
unshackled, unmuzzled, unconfined, not clinging to the known
as they drift, wander, explore new waters
before habit grows rigid and habitation tames.

I wonder if Antoinette, imprisoned in the attic, dreamt those same
words as I?





My Best Summer Vacations

by R.B. Rose

I have climbed the pyramids of Mexico, tasted wine in Italy, heard Niagara Falls roar its love for Canada and been scared silly by Jaws at Universal, Florida, but, for me traveling does not compare to a staycation close to home.

My favorite summers were when I would drive to a cabin retreat in the woods of Woodstock, New York. There I would paint, sing, write poetry, and play my guitar.

My day started at dawn. From my bedroom window I could see a blanket of fog descending the mountains. From within the rolling mist, the sleepy forest stretched its leafy arms; I could hear the rustle of leaves, creaking bark and the chirping of waking birds.

As the fog settled, I lighted a candle, prepared coffee, then, I sat cross-legged in the screened porch where I scribbled verses on a pad. After that, I set up my easel and decided on a canvas size.

If inspiration failed, I hiked into the lush woodland. On the path I would stop and write more verse. My poem *Tabanidae Antic* was crafted here, as the fog dissipated around me. It is about a Horsefly that followed me everywhere; even in and out of the woods!

Back at the cabin; walking, writing, painting and singing was all I breathe. I was enthused to lift my brush and with bold strokes, I captured the surreal in nature.

Often, a friend, would come by to study my new painting. She would comment: the elves must have toiled all night to do that! I would smile and continue with what I was doing. She then would help herself to a mug of coffee, select tubes of color, prime her canvas and paint.

To afford her the same quality of uninterrupted time, I usually retreated to another room to work on a poem or practice my vocal scales. Then, with the accompaniment of a music track, I would sing.

Tempted by the song, my friend would breeze in, pick up her bass guitar and join me. Her sweet notes were encouraging, and whenever she practiced, I also accompanied her.

Call it a sixth sense, we worked good together.

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Most early evenings we would break, have dinner, then ride into town to visit other artisan friends.

I favored two local shops. One was Three of Cups.

There, I purchased tie-dyes, incense and other fun gifts. The other shop was Woodstock Chime. As the name reveals, it sold locally made wind chimes. Each was tuned by hand. I still have my blue note and Stannard chimes and their sweet sounds are reminiscent of a wonderful time spent.

We also visited exhibits at various art galleries and in the late evening we would all meet at a Tinker Street bar to let our hair down.

But my summer adventure did not end in Woodstock. Once home, my paintings were displayed in shows, both in collaboration and in several one-woman shows across Long Island. I also continued to sing with a band and join others at poetry reads.

My most memorable staycation performance was a multi-media one. My presentation included, music, poetry and art. Proceeds were to benefit the Fireside Art Gallery. It was called a salon event and modeled after Victorian salons, where artists would gather and share their talents.

My event was at the Oyster Bay Cove home of Doctor Stella Pandell Russell. She was an art professor at Nassau Community College. She was also a writer of art books, a radio personality and a dear friend.

Doctor Russell was enthused about the art I created while on my summer vacation and insisted I share my work with other artists. There were so many people in attendance at my Salon.

My musical/poetry/art performance was featured in Newsday/ local papers/ and I made the New York Times!

So, although it is lovely to venture to faraway places, I have always preferred a vacation close to or at home to get my creative juices flowing.

