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India Marie Bufkin

Obstacle Course

To think of having a baby seems impossible;
 Though the impossible becomes possible at times.
 A baby bored me ... three others beforehand.
 Starting at fourteen, ending at twenty-one;
 The peak years for most ...
 To have memories of just friends, the schoolhouse
 and even prom.
 Not for her, she talks of her babies' first words, steps
 and siblings to follow.
 Experiences of different men ...
 Yet she doesn't remember being a lady.
 Maybe, should've, would've, could've ... too late.
 We were here, we had to be loved; we had to live,
 make it, survive.
 Even when she felt like she couldn't ... As we grew,
 she grew.
 She taught us and we taught her as well.
 To many, she wouldn't have gotten the number one
 pendant.
 Yet to me ... I am here, I lived, I survived ...
 If not for anything else except her babies;
 I know through it is possible.
 My mother lived through on of the toughest
 obstacles.

Rundell Burks

My days alone

My days alone
My heart aches

Longing for you
With no end in sight

Wishing you were here
Just isn't good enough

Staring at your picture
Breaks me down in tears

I can't believe
That you are gone

It's not the same
It won't be the same

I miss you like crazy
And I want you back

I realize what a fool
I really am girl

I admit to say I
Really am a fool

Just give me another chance
To make things right

John Capraro

All Those Years Ago

Chasing dreams we skinned our knees,
Playing under rustling leaves;
With trees to climb and rocks to throw,
And 'bestest' friends we grew to know.
All those years ago.

On our backs and watching clouds,
Sunbeams through a foggy shroud;
Running on a cool Spring wind,
A new day, we can start again.
All those years ago.

And standing there, these years gone by,
I smell the air, breathe out a sigh.
My way through memories I wend,
And feel I've found a long lost friend.
All those years ago.

And so that field is quiet now,
The trees that stood, all row by row;
The only sounds that echo down,
The ghosts of children, long since grown.
All those years ago.

Serenity

Mist rolls across the still water of the lake.
A loon trills to its mate.
Golden rays through a foggy shroud cause a
thousand glittering diamonds to wink at me from the
glassy stillness.

Serenity covers me like a warm blanket.
The breeze tickles my skin like a lover's breath.
Leaves rustle, like the whispering of trees, and
crickets share their song with the world;
An orchestra of nature.

Connie Clifton

**WHEN
I WALK THROUGH THESE DOORS**

I FEEL
LOVE
I FEEL
WARM
I FEEL
BLESSED

WHEN I WALK THROUGH THESE DOORS

I FEEL
CALM
I FEEL

RELIEF
I FEEL
MY HEART AND SOUL BECAUSE
YOU ALL ARE WITH ME
I FEEL
GOD IS WITH ME
ANGELS ARE AROUND ME
WHEN I WALK THROUGH THESE DOORS.

MY HEART

I pull my heart
Along with me
So it will not
Break
I will keep it together like
A feather
So you can not hurt it
Be gentle when you get
Close
My heart is fragile
It can burst at
Anytime!

Patrick Franks

WARMTH

My love is a candle, lit,

Glowing, warm, so bright

But I forgot her birthday,

Now the flames gone out.

Good night!

DREAM PREFERRED

(Inspired by Langston Hughes)

What happens to your dream preferred
Has it already rooted
Though the stalk is now cut short?

Or do just the leaves fill this plant
With no flower you can import

And now it hurts for living leaves have also been cut out
But the pain of that sharp pruning--

Is it so,

This, slow,

sap,

will flow

And the blossom still, some how, come about?

BALANCE

The brain has no nerves,
No feelings, this is known
It isn't new---
And the heart it has no thoughts
It cannot think
We know this is also true;

But, better life
Can be better had
Can we but balance the two!

Jael Gardner

(Untitled)

Orangey flames that leapt and nibbled at her
Leathery calves, as she waited for that
Humbling scream to escape her lips.
Smoke and ashes crept upward towards
Her mouth, as she kept it clamped shut
Tight, lost in the want of sweet oxygen.
In through her nostrils came the
Smoke and filled up her lungs.

The throng about them drew tightly in
Jeering at the poor woman as though
She truly had done something wrong
As though she were truly guilty of this

Atrocity. Not even the sky seemed
To take notice of her plight, as
The sky was shining and the clouds were
Scuttling along just like
Any other day.

"Die slowly and steadily
Let the pain overtake you, you beast,
You have not book spells to
Save you now!"
The crowd began to chant
Arms flailing, eyes narrowed into slits.

The chants continued, and not a weary
Eye seemed to notice as a final
Scream escaped her lips and her body
Went limp.

Derek Hackett
The Seed Waits, A Haiku

The seed sits and waits
Will he grow tall and mighty?
The patient seed waits

Gary Hackett
The Vast Desert

The sand burned
by the sun,
the scorpions are
on the run,
the sun sets as
day becomes night.

The cactuses stand tall
in the day
and at night are
hidden away.
The wind blows
sand, across the ground.

The heat goes on for
miles,
the dunes are rounded in
piles.
The vast desert falls asleep
in the night.

Diana Hage
And the Truth Shall Set You Free

Living in the shadow of other
Desperately trying to succeed
Despite the demons that haunted him

Why couldn't they see his need?

Oh, how he cried out for help
Some understanding of his plight
He did not want to turn to drugs
But he could no longer fight.

Then he found salvation
And only God would understand
God would watch over him
And lend a helping hand.

When he encountered another lost soul in his family,
He tried to comfort him, couldn't they see?
Then all Hell broke loose in his family
And did the Truth Really Set Him Free?

BIRD BRAIN

While squirrels have invaded the bird's domain,
The birds are flying around their feeded.
Why can't they attack these predators with their beaks?
Why can't Jim Crow be their leader?

But no, they just watch the squirrels eat all their seed
And wait patiently for them to fill their guts.
I finally have to scare the squirrels away,
Now the birds can feast and the squirrels can hunt
down nuts.

Linda Hicks

Considering ...

The torrential rain would linger into the evening of Valentines' Day. Its' thudding against the young woman's window woke her. Stay home, it said.

The perfect rain for lovers, pouring since the break of day, barraged the young woman with dread. Yet envy had not taken her heart, as much as lying had taxed her soul.

Of her man of valor, supposing, hundreds of miles away, what would she say- this time?

Without card, or flower, her desk alone would lack lovers' affection. Sending either to her person, a notion she quickly discards, as well as calling in sick which now warranted a note from her doctor.

From her cubicle she listened to the chatter of rearranged plans. Because of the rain some couples decided to stay home instead. In front of the fireplace with comforters and wine, alone snuggling, listening to the drenching rain outside- her perfect date if ever to be.

Hoping the incoming call would be he, the young woman answered the phone most professionally.

At the news of a loved one's sudden illness, the young woman's mustered melodic tone, for him who would never call, quickly drowns in sorrow.

Her dash to the hospital was in time to view her mother upon a gurney, wigless and shaven. Several vessels had burst in her head.

"Oh Lord," the young woman prayed, "bring her through. I never took time to say I love you."

The young woman's prayers did not alter God's plan. On Valentine's Day that evening, it rained until her mother passed.

Immediately her masquerade ended. So what if she didn't have a man!

Teresa A. Matelic

Books

Books book
everywhere I
looks books
on the bed
on the wall
on the chair
in the hall
in the bathroom
on the floor
books books
everywhere
I looks books

dream books
poems
plant books
homes
cook book
novels
sports book
guides
comic book
self help
pet care too
everywhere
looks books.

Robin Morris

Wait

It's a quarter past seven
and you're not here.
How many times have we gone through this?

You'll pick the date
and on that date you'll say, "I'm coming,
but I'm running a little late."

Lateness I hate!
(I said I'd never wait on a man)
Yet here I am waitin' on you

It's a half past eight
and the hour you said you'd be here
and there's still no sight of you

All I know is
when that clock starts to chime
you better be here at nine

If you're not here by then, babe---
we are through

Cause I've been waitin',
waitin' far too long
and I'm tired of waitin' on you

Vanity

Who are you to tell me that as a black woman I should have big hips and big thighs? Only for you to view me with your lusting and adulterous eye's

Is my inside inferior to my outside? Are you not bold enough to view me for who I am internally instead of what I'm working with?

Banging is banging but beauty is beauty and true beauty comes from within and just as beauty is in the eye of the beholder to the beholder belongs their definition of what that is

Do you behold me as a toy that can be played with and then be put back on a shelf or am I like a gift to you that you value and treat with the utmost respect?

Do you behold me as your black queen or just your main thing or is it that you're blinded by those superficial things that make you miss out on your good thing?

Would you love me if I was beauty but skinny?

Would you except me with my perfections as well as my imperfections but most of all could you love me for me? And if your answer is no then maybe you don't deserve me

Sona Patel *Seasons*

The owls hoot at night and the sun still shines so bright.
Everyone plays in the pool because it's summer.

No work, no school.

Then, the leaves start to crinkle. They go brown, old, and they wrinkle. School and work starts for all, because

it's the beginning of fall.

Then, you see something white and the sun never shines so bright. Snow will fall everyday, because winter has come

to stay.

Then come the April showers. After that come the May flowers. The flowers grow one by one, because spring has just

begun.

Then everything has grown and to you I have just shown, that the seasons will come and go. When do they come?
You never know.

Black

The doctor told me I'd be blind when I awoke. I knew by the sadness this was no joke

I had ten days till the surgery day came. Ten days till nothing would ever be the same.

I took in every sight there could possibly be, yet ten days went by too quickly for me.

The surgery happened through my eyes and down my back. When I awoke, everything was black.

Albert Mark Pringle *endurance*

i'm the one thing in your life
that keeps you from going insane and
the same thing that drives you crazy

i'm the one thing that's lost
in the heart of the faithless and lazy
the same happiness & desire that brings you
so much pain

i'm the courage that make you afraid to try
taking your breath away till the day you die
i'm the regret that you hold deep down inside
overshadowed by the enlightenment of passion

inspired by motivation
i'm the voice of hope
that keeps your dreams alive

still dreaming

is your life really what its worth
or are you still other people first?

are you waiting for the sun to rise and shine or are you
still waiting for your last chance

to come one more time?
could this world be the only thing holding you back
or are you afraid of reality too blind
to face the facts?

is this all you ever wanted in life
or are you having 2nd thoughts about
thinking twice?

are you looking for something more than
money power and fame
or are you happy with what you can maintain?

could this be what you've been waiting for
or are you still waiting for opportunity to
come knocking at your door?

is your life really what it seems or are you still wishing on
a star
trying to wake-up from this dream?

Andy Schuck
The distance (a blues)

The distance is:

Are we there yet? Are we there yet

Speak what is nothing

It's only what we feel that is difficult

Speak is what we ought to feel

It's the distance

Nothing is there yet

The first step is what we feel

Are we there yet?

The distance is only the first step

The distance is what we ought to say

Ought to say the 1st step is difficult

Ought to say the distance is nothing

Ought to speak what we feel

Ought is difficult

Ought is the 1st step

Are we there yet? Are we there yet?

The distance is the only step that is difficult

Speak first what we feel

The distance is difficult

not the first step:

Are we there yet?

Are we there

Shalaka Shilotri

WESTLAND ---AN ALL AMERICAN CITY

Every city has its charm

So as this city of Westland,

Where people think together,

And so are all working hand.

The summers are cheerful,

Winters are all busy;

Snow and spring play their part

With children enjoying being crazy

Families have fun,

With tall houses around

Cars and buses make

The commute goes fine and sound.

The markets and the grocery stores

Would always serve you fresh food;

All kinds of hotels and restaurants,

Are available for your mood.

Libraries, city club, open parks,
Make this city pride;
Where law is never taken for granted;
And all citizens do abide.

Schools, colleges rank the best,
With students of cultural variety;
People with different backgrounds,
Oh! What diversity

The city takes care of the environment,
With lots of greenery and wildlife;
Cultures and Events being celebrated
Making holidays joy and alive.

As a person I am proud of,
Being in the best hand (city council);
For as living is concern,
I would always prefer Westland.

John Smolinski
The Dance

Two white butterflies weave and spin
Around a fragrant flower's stem
An exquisitely choreographed dance begins
It's Mother Nature's plan

Around a fragrant flower's stem
Flitting, flirting innocence
It's Mother Nature's plan
Tentative, the doorbell's ring

Flitting, flirting innocence
"I'll be right there," is what she sings
Tentative, the doorbell's ring
His stomach feels the dance

"I'll be right there," is what she sing
Pearl butterflies are sacred thing
His stomach feels the dance
She answers with a glance and grin

Pearl butterflies are sacred things
An exquisitely choreographed dance begins
She answers with a glance and grin
Two white butterflies weave and spin

Loon Lake (Kalamazoo, MI.)

Armed with fishing poles
Beer for insect repellent
Hotdogs and canned
Corn kernels for bait
Three fishermen push off
In a three dollar rental boat
Its green paint flaking
And peeling like ancient papyrus

Teasing visions bob across
Their minds
A fat catch of freshwater
Sunfish, Bluegill, Perch

Maybe a plump Largemouth Bass
Sizzling in a cast iron pan
Reeled in from the grinning water
Of Loon Lake

Loon Lake, whose name rose
From local urban legends
About the sanitarium, now just
Crumbling torsos of concrete
Cracked foundations
And twisted chicken wire
Once the tenant
Along shores shaggy with fern
And vine
Alive with the feeling
Of 'gitchee-goomee

Loon Lake
Whose puppy waves softly lap
Yellow, blue, black, green Speckled fish pirouette
Mesmerizes fishermen
Until daylight runs low
And the sun finally flees
Before the dark wall of Mosquitoes keenly zeroing i

Teen Poetry Group (8.06.09)
Exquisite Corpse

When people put me on the spot
The dreams of my life are in a memory of red light

Flashes, noise, metal, hurt.
Song I sing words to all fight to see
Another improbable flight- I find myself in
These clouds and stars ... they're both teasing me to
come and live
I want to catch a train to the sky with them, but I lost
my ticket:
"The sun stops all and the sun is all to us to
everything;
Moon runs for cover behind mellow, wandering
clouds."
The sunlit rain drizzles out my tears yet ends the
reliving of my fears.
Fly with me to sing, only sing.

Marquis A. Thurman
And what we once had

Now, along with tears,
memories of a beauty
of a night rising over and into gentle eyes
with wake of the
morning tide welled up in
corner of my eyes. And those
sky high peaks, where we once
danced and spoke upon the greens,
will be belittled to the waver and
murmuring rumor of the skinless winds...

Now that you took to the skies,
my heart will never explode

like a kaleidoscope with
the intensity of a million
rose petals rushing towards me...

Now that you left me the right to grieve,
my irises quiver with sadness
as tomorrow loses its fill.
I feel the chill of life's danger
and death's empty promises.
I feel hot, cold yet still.

And all I can do
is grasp the memories
that we once had...

Stars. Up. Above.

If the sky
could catch a smile
would life
be more worthwhile?

If the sky
lost a day,
would the world
become a disarray?

And If the
summer sky,
had a big blue
green eye,

on the grass,
would you still lie?
By the pressure,
would you sigh?

Without umbrellas,
would you enjoy its cry?
For the first tears to hide,
would you wonder why?

If I possessed
a heart,
I think I'd feel
pretty smart

But I am
just stain,
with love
as my pain.

And if I
had a night,
I'd lose myself
in a write

but if I
had a night,
would I cut myself
and lose might?

And scream
in the sight
of a human's

glorious bloody sight.

The pain,
on this road,
makes time
bleed so cold.

Now time is
dead,
the term "pride"
will live to dread.

Upon God's green mile
would it be sinful
to break
a smile?

Because up there,
in the sky
something breathes,
a lie.

And the twinkle
in the skies
reminds me of
a corpse below flies.

Your heart,
keep away.
I am monster
that has lost its way.

But maybe

I'll shed my flesh
and more than
what's the best.

Become more
than gold,
see what's
been sold

to you
I give my love.
Will you stay and wait
and see stars up above?

Cheryl A. Vatcher-Martin, M.A.
Petoskey Stone

Shadows of blue reflect upon Lake Michigan with soft
cream clouds,
Ancient times created this majestic place,
Carefully laid rocks and boulders,
Shelters a hidden path to meditate upon the nuances of the
day,
Glistening brown and ebony spotted rocks, dot the
scenery,
As they are scattered along the shoreline,
Smaller ones coexist with the smooth pebbles.
Walking by the little nook of fresh water splayed nearby in
a stream; thereby connected to our fragile resource along
Michigan's coast,

Some species from long ago may still live and merge with newer algae of the fresh water as it laps along the beach, What happened after the ice age molded North American soil, temperatures changed, encrusting plants and animals, as a new history began and Michigan evolved. In the Upper Peninsula, the preservation of the pre-historic time exists, proving to mankind that life forms so long extinct, can still be found; such as a brown speckled Petoskey stone, some with complete fossils intact inside, A memory of a different time. As I hold one in my hand, a delicate fish fossil, from this lake, begs for me to keep her, don't lose me, and put me with the other stones. Stories surround us as we look around the ground, to see many life forms preserved in a Petoskey stone. These historic pieces share with us the perfect memory; a time when life was calm, and genteel, where man was careful to tread gently upon her soul, as we coexisted with nature, and respected her wealth of life as she whispered softly treat me kindly, and I'll look out for you too. The breath from the pre-historic bountiful fish emerged, as this fish playfully jumped high and dove back into the crystal blue lake providing us with a last supper; but, it was really only the beginning. A rejuvenation of life begins as the evolution of a new species overrides an older one. Climatic changes from the ice age leave behind clues, just as many more Petoskey stones have a story to tell, one of the mysteries that only Mother nature can explain; take a moment, reach within, and feel the tranquil moments as each day serves as a reminder

of how fragile life and our world really is.

Haiku

white feathers in flight
sweep angels across the sky
a silent moment

Peggy Zatkof

Time Machine

Upon this feathered time machine
I see your face again

Laughing, happy
I touch your hair and feel your ski

You look so good and feel so fine
And for this night you are mine

Upon your steed down the road we go
And in my face the wind does blow

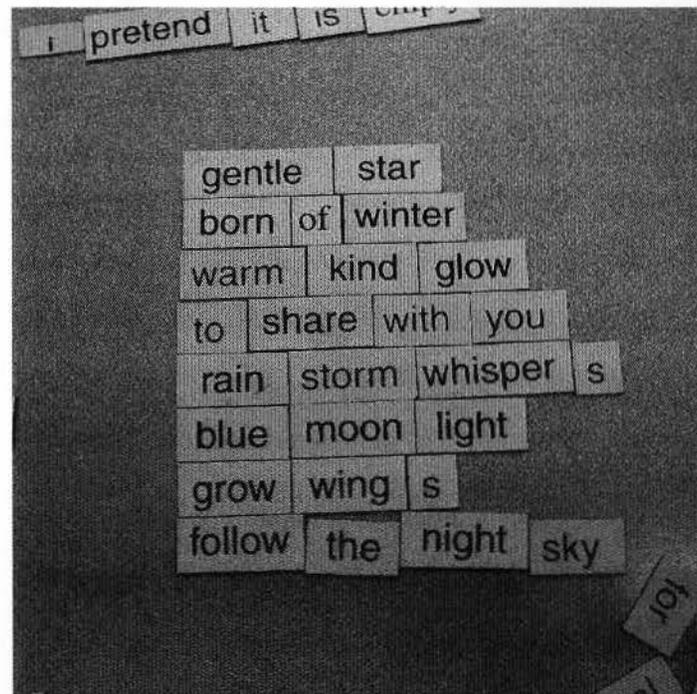
I hold on tight, not out of fear
Knowing I must keep you near

But the sun comes up and ends the night
And my time machine stops its flight

I'm in the now and not the then
And what I've seen is what has been

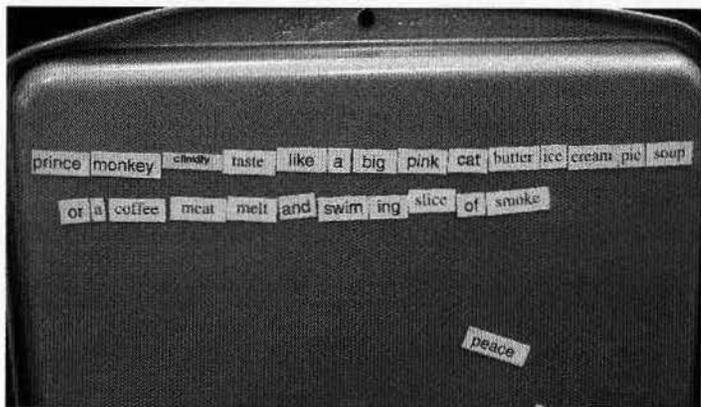
And in my soul I hurt but smile
Cause on my time machine

We'll ride again
Another mile



Westland Teen Poetry Group Magnetic Poetry

Westland Writes ... Poetry



Westland Community Magnetic Poetry