

George Wallace, a native Long Islander, was raised in an oak wood hillside overlooking the Sound. Over a period of 20 years he worked and studied across the country and abroad before returning to Long Island in 1988. For over a decade and in addition to being honored as the Suffolk County Poet Laureate, Wallace has been a lead writer for Walt Whitman's *The Long Islander* and is a four-time New York Press Association Writer of the Year Nominee. His volumes of published poems include *The Poems of Augie Prime*, Writers Ink Press, 1999; *Butterflies & Other Tattoos*, Bootleg Press, 1993; *Tales of a Yuppie Dropout*, Writers Ink Press, 1992; *The Milking Jug*, Cross Cultural Communications, 1988 and *Tie Back the Roses*, Explicitly Graphic Press, 1986.

Black Eyed Susans

I see the bright face of this our still young and hopeful nation
more in a parking lot weed than in the display
of its proud public gardens, untamed as the original
North American wild, outwitting us to the last
& filled with the breath, a continent wide,
of unplanned vitality.

In the lowest dandelion, in the fairy clover,
in the dusty sway of goldenrod where two highways merge,
the ragged memory of prairie grasslands calls out to me
& praises still sung to the sun rippled expanse
of northern forest.

I leave to Europe the curve and grace
of horticultural refinement, manicured intention
& tired topiary imagination & rather, stoop to worship here,
even at this crumbling bit of curb,
your voice, America – stubborn, plain, strangely

triumphant. So long as a single unplanned flower
raises up its head to greet the expectant sun,
I too shall greet, in celebration, the promise
of your ragged, wonderful world, which is the reason
why we came here in the first place

& yes! pretty as a patch of Black Eyed Susans.

Tammy Nuzzo-Morgan is the founder and president of The North Sea Poetry Scene. <http://groups.msn.com/TheNorthSeaPoetryScene>. She was a 2005 nominee for Poet Laureate of Suffolk County, New York. Her books & CD include: *Between Willow and Cedars*, *Fleeting*, *The Bitter The Sweet*, *One Woman's Voice*, *Let Me Tell You Something* (to be released Spring, 2006) and *For Michael* (to be released Summer, 2006).

She recently worked as a court advocate for victims of domestic violence. She is now studying for the LSAT in an attempt to enter Law School to continue her advocacy work at a different level in the court system for families. She also runs her own accounting and tax business from home.

Building the Bridge

I know you have been searching for the words,
the sounds, that bridge of conveyance as you
suffer in your silent cell,
rejoice at the birth of your child,
toil during your work-a-day,
mourn the death of your mother,
read your favorite poet's work,
yearn for your lover to return,
lie prostrate in front of your god,
awake from a dreadful dream,
watch your grandchild ride her bicycle,
rescue the trapped beetle in the bookstore,
march in demonstration of an unjust war,
breathe in the sweetness of life...

I will be your voice.
I will let you rest in the cave of my mouth.
I will build your bridge to the world.

5/6/2004

Tammy Nuzzo-Morgan

Gladys Henderson has been an art teacher and a retail executive for Macy's department stores. Currently she is retired and spends her time writing poetry and painting. In 2005 she won first place in the Performance Poets and Farmingdale Library poetry competitions. JCC Plainview, The Live Poets Society, and Ronkonkoma Productions also awarded her first place in the 2004 poetry competitions. Her poems have been published in *Kaleidoscope*, *Oberon*, *Long Island Dreams*, *Midwestern University Quarterly*, *Long Island Sounds*, *The Light of City and Sea*, *Robert Frost Participant Anthology* and *Lyrismos*, one of the first poetry magazines on Long Island, compiled and edited by Vince Clemente. She leads the poetry critiques for Live Poets Society and plans to continue crafting a series of workshops on the creative process and poetry. She lives in Nesconset, New York.

ORIENT POINT MEMOIRS

1

Across this precious blue, boats drift for flounder,
come mid summer, fluke will skim the clear sandy bottom

for the sheen of snapper, and the silver flash of sand eels.

I have cast the line from the long black rod into the inlet.
It is the one that belonged to my father, the one he wound
with red and yellow thread, ferrules cast with silk, my hands
holding the bobbin, while it spun in slow and calculated circles,
wrapping the metal with its bright windings.

Air is drifting with the fragrance of cedar fires coming
from the beach, near me the sounds of lovers laughing
and playing. A gull has noticed me seated near a fishing
bucket and a box of bait and has called several times,
announcing some intent, perhaps to distract me that he might
swoop down and relish his desire.

We drove home that day, down the back roads onto
Soundview Avenue, two hours in a ritual silence,
as if we had come to the Ganges filled with its promises
had unclothed ourselves, and for the first time
saw our sameness.

2

It was the day the two men came to talk to us,
back from the fishing charters without a single keeper
and sometime before sunset, retrieving our fishing lines
to go home, we past though a school of Tommy Cod,
hooking each one without effort and those men,

perfect strangers, began to bait our hooks, fish splashing
in the bucket, our laughing together, the cool September
air rewarding our breath with ghosts of mist rising
into the twilight, the beach turning rose in the lens
cast by the last light.

Gladys Henderson

Walter E. Harris III (known to fellow artists and friends as “Mankh”) is a poet, essayist, editor, calligrapher (using Chinese brush and ink), small press publisher, and teacher specializing in haiku. He draws his inspiration from nature, music, current events, various cultural traditions, and his spiritual path of Kaballah. He has worked as an office clerk, house painter, and in various food-service jobs. His books include *Haiku One Breaths*; *MODERN MUSES: How Artists Become Inspired*; and *Singing an Epic of Peace*. His writings have been published online and in local publications and he is a member of The North Sea Poetry Scene and Performance Poets Association for which he

co-hosts a monthly reading at Smithtown Library. He also hosts the Locust Valley Library Poetry Society series. See his website: www.allbook-books.com .

REPORT TO WALLY 6-12-2004

Dear Dad

Took a bus ride uptown
by your old office overlooking
Washington Square Park

there were still people there
in the sunlight
under a jet blue sky
with children on park slides and swings

and a man sitting on a bench
looked like grandfather,
and i couldn't explain how that happens so often, yet it does.

A wide-smilin' black lady got on the bus
like all was cool with the world
and it's folks like her that make it so

though i must report that sometimes
the seeming epidemic of corruption and fear
has many running for cover

under a jet blue sky though far from where
the children slide and most folks just keep on walkin', hummin'
on a sunny June afternoon.

And i must say thanks for all your kindnesses
that still linger on like a haze one can almost touch
or a breeze one can feel,

and i'm glad to report
that there is yet much light and kindness in this world,
and so much so that
there is no reason to quit now.