

## Select Poems

### October Song

*Peter Holland*

What is it about the first cold front?  
We go from angry oppressive summer  
to October in one gust of wind.  
Everything changes.  
Light softens into golds and grays  
taking on a dreamy artistic quality,  
touching the inner artist and begging,  
“Paint this beautiful world.”  
Life takes on a city savor,  
a pull-your-collar-close feel, urban and earthy.  
We somehow see those invisible ones  
who seem to be everywhere.  
What is it which brings them to the foreground?  
Is it the touch of cold or  
a realization the holidays approach rapidly?  
The holidays, a breeding ground of disappointment,  
loom cheerful and nostalgic on the horizon.  
They are laden with landmines of unreliable memory  
adhering a soul to sorrow with resin of  
unattainable Rockwellian dreams.  
But we have not gotten there yet.  
Those traps are down the road still.  
Now is the golden time soft and peaceful.

### Then, Now and In-between

*Harold Rodinsky*

The mind teases with assorted images of then and now  
growing up at the ocean’s edge, tide pools to explore  
boy’s life Dungeness crab, razor clams, fishing from the rock jetty  
smell the salt air, feel the fresh cold ocean spray on your face  
when the waves throw themselves on the beach.

Another time walking the streets that Rexroth walked, when he  
was 20  
riding the orange line train past the old stockyards, see the ghostly  
faces of workingmen  
mark the corner where the Haymarket Riot took place  
Rexroth stood over there, a boy really, watching soldiers shoot  
civilians  
Waiting to go to jail, for a month, a suspected sympathizer.

Looking out at a garden, buds summoned by the warmth of the sun  
early bees setting up housekeeping for the summer  
birds singing while building their nests, dodging the cats with ease.  
Lemon and pomegranate trees survived the winter  
and the chile pequin is leafing out nicely, next to the still sleeping  
lantana.

Where will I live today?

### Resurrection

*Janet E. Cosner*

Grandma shuffles into Rite Aid  
to buy generic prescriptions.  
Pink pills for diabetes,  
Clear fish oil pills for memory,  
Yellow pills for cholesterol,  
Blue pills for iron,  
White pills for her joints,  
Colors like eggs in an Easter basket.  
Arthritis turning her body into a crooked S.

Sunday is Easter.  
She must remember a treat  
for her grandchildren,  
down aisle three finds  
foil-wrapped chocolate bunnies and eggs.  
Two for 99 cents pinwheels in summer colors  
sit in a bucket next to the cashier.  
With a small smile, she puts  
two in her full basket.  
The automatic doors swoosh open  
like the Pearly Gates.  
A gust of wind spins the pinwheels  
lifting grandma into the air.  
Just for a moment  
she is young again.

### On the Bridge over the Sava River

*Jasmina Wellinghoff*

All night  
they sang songs  
packed close like banners  
standing on the bridge,  
a human shield against the bombs.  
They had seen American movies  
they trusted Hollywood—  
Americans would never kill them!  
And they didn’t.  
The bombs fell elsewhere in their country  
away from the songs  
far from TV lights.  
“Where did this happen?”  
asks my disconcerted friend.  
When I tell her, she still looks puzzled:  
“Oh, where is that?”