

Betwixt and Between

Joshua Madrid

Here in the morning light
Been hiding from your son
He shines so bright

I've lived with little purpose
Searching for what I can be
Lost in a sea of faces
Are you the one for me

With you, she found sanctuary
In your arms and your wings
Lately I've been yearning
Longing to believe

If I gave her my hand
And let her show me the way
Would I find a spot in your heart
And a place to stay

Am I a fool
Who doesn't know what to believe
Trapped in this betwixt and between
If I eat your bread and sip your wine
Will you be there with me for all of time

Under the Gloomy Moon

Joshua Madrid

In the silence
Under the gloomy moon
I yearn for a voice
While gone, it's never forgotten
A scar in my life
That just won't fade

In the day
I'm full of smiles and laughter
But in the night
Shadows hide my misery and pain

We won't hear that sound again
All I'm left with are
The ashes of them
And my saltwater memories

In the quietness
Of your tender embrace
I hear your heart beat
I hear our hearts beat

It's this melodic sound
That somehow calms me down
He has brought us together
Now I'll never face this alone

To Dad on Father's Day, 2016

Martin Riley

I have recently longed to say it:
"Greatness is yours."
If it isn't as a reading partner,
a block-walking friend,
a basketball foe or anything,
your wisdom counts.
You remind me of almonds and beans,
soybean products,
and of hardworking days in the yard.
You write poetry that is fruitful like peaches.
Your advice is as good as any,
You wear smaller shoes, have political blues;
you must
spend time
on the many.
Good luck in the later years of your life.
Love, Martin

The Immigrant Child

Kathleen Henry

I, the immigrant child, once felt so alone
Now my sisters that I have known
Give me hope, inspiration to try to stand on my own.

Yet now I have to know a truth
God will always be by my side
for He is always here for the long ride.

God is first, I surrender every day
So I may have the journey, sober I stay.

One Day

Lynn Navarro

How true this is
how incredibly painful
to deal with it.
Loss, or to face it—
regarding ourselves
makes me ask myself
again, am I making the most of my day?
I preach it to all but
am I living a joyful life?
Why do we wake up one day and say
"Where did the time go?"
Time is fleeting
Time isn't real
Time is man-made
Time is limited
Time is money
You can't get back any time you've lost—
One day.