The Point
by
The Storefront Poets
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Aruna Panday

**October a.m.**

we wake
saturated
red greets us through the fog
coffee wakes as sun bursts through clouds
red fades

**Dr Bettencourt’s Patient**

How’d you do?
I know you?
Sneezing smile

Bendable
Flexible
Hard to adjust

Supple minds
Curvy spine
Becoming friends

Slim hips &
Bright red lips
I like her!
The Reason Mars is Red

Look! Look up at the cobalt darkened night sky far yonder.
For there is a unique event taking place above for all humankind to ponder.
The handsome man in the moon smiles with such supreme delight.
He winked at Mars. She instantly turned red and become his blushing bride tonight.
Look! Look up at the supernova and the interstellar orbits start to dance through the galaxy - there is an atmosphere of harmony within the cosmos - a feeling of great romance.
The Constellation of stars throughout the Milky Way reaching out as far as the galactic universe in outer space, journeying to witness the lunar opaque moon and the gorgeous Mars embrace.
And thus the reason for her red face!

A Rose - A Two-sided Flower

A rose a beautiful flower I am to suppose.
But underneath her beautiful soft centered petalled velvety gown is a diadem.
But sharp thorns run down the stem and replace a jewelled crown.
Pertaining then to the human nature entwined together like Beauty and the Beast.
Like sharp thorns wound deeply when harsh words are released.
Therefore when dealing with people’s feelings let us tread carefully.
When picking these radiant flowers, handle carefully.
Let us then ask the Lord, the majestic artist and creator of all, to keep us in love, unison and harmony when upon His mighty name we call.

Feelings

Today I feel like an athlete
Running a marathon
Neck aching, shoulders tight
Legs tired and sore
One more mile to the finish line
I can’t stop now
I have to push on
Victory is only a few feet away

Home

I’ve been here a year less forty
I’ve learned the ways of many
I miss my home only a little
Because here is where
I found love and a family
The winters melt into spring
The summers into fall
I will always think of that
Little island where I was born
But here is where I belong
Music is Believing

Music is believing, so pitch it right in key
Truth is instrumental to my inner harmony
If you can’t tap it out on the tips of your toes
The story’s not worth its weight in platinum gold
Without the syncopated rhythm of a steel drum
Truth doesn’t resonate it just leaves me numb
Without blessed sounds from trumpet or flute
Don’t expect to ‘get down’ to the actual root
Music is believing, so pitch it right in key
I’m pinching falsetto until it screams authenticity!

Music Is Believing (Remix)

If you keep killing me softly
I’ll keep getting back up and coming right back in staggering
from the pain-filled grit in your heart-melting melodies
So you take a deep breath and start belting out rock ‘n roll remedies
Well I guess that’s why they call it Rhythm and Blues
Songs to heal a heart’s bruise
But how can you mend goodbyes on a cloudy day unspoken
or heal these eyes I didn’t know were broken
from crying every night and when I get that feeling then music truly is believing.

Dominoes

In my mind the dominoes I play rudely slam down positive thoughts in the way
Dominoes, those hard little bricks Forcing good thoughts to fall into ugly lies about my gifts
As I believe them all I slow down to a crawl Let negativity butt in line
To park a “can’t do it” domino at the front of my mind.
Should I clutch stubbornly to this “woe-is-me” attitude and just roll over and die?
Or should I turn. Fight back & attack Allow dominoes no more to knock me flat
Dispose of those woes and just say no to dominoes.

Laurie Fisher

Music is Believing (Remix)

Laurie Fisher

Dominoes
How is Happiness Revealed?

Beholding a baby’s smile
And outstretched arms
Inviting you to pick her up?
Walking arm in arm
With your mate on a summer evening
In companionable silence?
Or on the tongue that drips
In delicious torment
At the glimpse of chocolate ice cream?
Is it the whiff of
Spring in the air you breathe
That brings a radiant lustre to your cheeks?
Does it flutter like a
Butterfly in a garden
Or is it golden creeping thyme?

This Friend of Mine

His breath sounds like the horn
of an antique car, a car that has travelled long and far
with many stops in between.
A car that burns him up yet carries on, does not pause,
this guzzling breath of his.

His breath sounds like a sword drawn from a sheath ready to parry like a gladiator in and out – defend or attack, this hissing breath of his.

His breath is butter smeared on day old toast with a knife, all greasy and high pitched, this raspy breath of his.

Then he vibrates like a bullet train speeding straight at you on a slippery track, the walls tremble in terror and the frames fall down. Everything freezes in fright as he sneezes very loud, this incredulous friend of mine.

Munira Fatehi

Community Partnership

To me, partnership is such a strong platform
Working together Hand in Hand without any condition
Able to set up your certain Goals and activities
Flourish and grow the community with unique collaboration.

Partnership is a great opportunity in every way
Connecting and building a bridge between
The residents and the other neighbourhood world
To enhance the powerful process of respect, safety and Love
With the residents, by the residents and for the residents.
To me Partnership is a powerful Process of unity.

Nessa Babli

The Words

The words come from my heart
A bunch of colourful Beads
Putting together all within a strings
Expressing my emotions through black ink.

I see life, as a stage of discovery
Sometimes happiness, thrills and gloomy
Wanted to know a person more closely
With more patience their unveiled story.

Nessa Babli
Tsunami

We pass the moon in buckets of well water
As we mix earth to build a house
Where the tsunami martyred our helpless
Lucy came at midnight amid our laughter
With chicken noodles and soup to douse
Hunger, stoking flames of her nearness
She zigzagged over the mounds of disaster
To avoid mass graves of strangers found
Stuck in our cove not known to be perilous
Food gifted by foreigners who became kinder
After primordial waves licked our land sound
Taking away the chanced martyrs, the luckless
The sea watches in benign wonder,
In mock confession laps on dead boughs
Pleading innocence for vendettas countless
No fisherman dares to venture yonder
Though the ocean offers an occasional ruse
Throwing up a fish to signal harvest boundless

At the Morningside Library

Shelves cramped with aging books
Recycling torments and pain of warped
Minds, full of things I can live without.
Ghosts benumb me with unnecessary truths:
A bullet caressing Koestler’s brain,
His wife taking her life in a similar way,
Virginia with pockets full of stones
Drowns trying to cross a murky river,
Mishima’s ‘seppuku’ bloodying sakura flowers.
Why wasn’t I conceived a few decades later,
Free to rise with flying teenage wizards
And boy vampires carving new myths
To tiptoe through this jumbotron world
Made of digits and pixels?
Swansea Mao

Seal with a Heal (Heel)?
I wrote
just to wait
for a hope
as to pray
for a copy
or to drink
for a coke
then thirst
with guilt
and hunger
With muted wondering
as without a house
without home
without a soul
beside the shopping cart
under the umbrella
under the bridge
beside the riverbank
for water to drink
fire to warm
eat to live
or live to eat
An umbrella
as a blanket
ever collapsed
and a shopping cart
as a boat
ever turned
to the ferry

* seal with a heal (heel?)

Veronika Hering

Rain
Hum!
Another one of these days.
I can hear the rain drops on the
window pane.
It’s just about my walk time.

Why do our owners take us out
in the rain?
I can’t stand getting my
paws wet.
It creates a bad hair day.

At least my owner has a
raincoat for me.
I feel sorry for other dogs that
get soaked to the skin,
and have to shake the rain off
their bodies.

Dogs have a message to god:
Rain, Rain go away,
We all want to go out and play.

Veronika Hering

The Wicked Bylaw
Enforcement Officer!
(A Blackout Poem)

You sanctimonious Fascists,
You fatuous oppressors,
With your flats and your
decrees,
and your nasty little
by-laws.
Your health czars,
You narrow minded bigot,
Lying through pearly white
fangs,
Dripping gobs of opaque
spit,
And you say we have filthy
habits.
You salivate over your
power,
Don’t you?
Why not exterminate us all?
It’s what you want?
Isn’t it?
Glimpsed

The flipchart is a yoga mat, a blob of malleable plastic. The clock is a plate, an unblinking eye, a full moon. The sprinkler is a flower and the sanitizer pump a snowman. The socket’s a door. Tables are rafts. What looks like a whiteboard is really a mirror.

Home Is

Worn gold, the chorus of crickets in the summer night, the garden of Eden, a heavenly place, the smell of autumn, the smell of shepherd’s pie, the wood burning in the fireplace, a unique place, hearing the silence of companionship, the keys hanging by the door, muscles trembling to lift a smile.