




## *election day*

BY WILLIAM MASON

casting  
a long line  
to throw bait  
upon the waters  
hoping to catch  
something  
eatable  
we have never  
elected  
we have reacted  
we have never  
been aware  
only slowly  
come to realize  
until we cannot see  
the children are dying  
because our children  
have rainbow colored skin  
we are blinded  
some deeply rooted scent  
some pheromone  
leads us  
toward something better  
while never  
requiring us to change  
our chrysalis  
must desiccate  
must dangle in the wind  
must endure cold and rain  
until we can no longer  
hang suspended  
our newly minted wings  
grown so much  
we are broken free  
from the limits  
of our birth  
and so it is on this  
election day  
no one can afford to speak  
the truth  
or even acknowledge that  
truth exists  
or is possibly different  
from our emotional  
condition  
and so with various  
carrots  
the stick holder  
remains hidden  
the feast  
of abundance  
reserved  
only for those  
who sacrifice everything  
to demand  
their illusions are real  
are the only way  
the only redemption  
the only worthy cause



## *Psychotherapy*

BY LOU LIPSITZ

So these are the cards you're dealt  
in the definitive poker game.  
You carefully fan out the cards  
just in front of your chin  
it's not much of a hand -  
you keep the queen of diamonds  
and a ten, then ask for three more.  
But the three you draw don't help:  
four of spades, jack of hearts and a lousy deuce.  
That's the breaks. That's all you get.  
But a game like this won't come along  
every day. Your mind tells you to fold  
or you'll lose a bundle.

Maybe you could bluff these players,  
but then maybe they know you too well.  
Sweat breaks out under your shirt.  
In the dim, smokey light you see  
the dealer's face. At first, she reminds you a lot  
of your self-absorbed mother.  
It's the same old game you're always losing.  
Then she looks hard and sees you and says:  
"How would you like three more cards?"


*Check out my  
new website at  
loulipsitzpoetry.com*




## *Night to Day*

BY PATTY COLE

no other possibility can exist  
in a universe  
so resplendent in diversity  
in choices  
in love  
so unabashedly excessive  
so gently consuming  
it knows no limits  
no exceptions  
no evil  
or good  
only patience  
and never ending  
generous indulgence  
I hold space  
for each of us  
to unfold our wings  
to hear the cry of each child  
as their own  
and to remember  
how far we have come  
carried  
upon the shoulders  
of unknown fathers  
and mothers  
whose lives  
no longer  
fear a death dealing God  
released from self imposed  
heavens and hells  
limits or constraints  
invite us to laugh



I stand in the back yard smoking, 5 a.m.,  
no sleep for zombies like me.  
Curse Hollywood horror movies.  
I feel like nothing more than a flat frame,  
film on a reel, a real life nothingness—  
just me and a sleepless night.  
I imagine vampires are tipping the waiter about now,  
rummaging in their pockets for loose change,  
full of cat, rat, and possum, then stealing away  
to die all over again.  
I die knowing the moon will raise her speckled skirt,  
and the sun will subtract while the mockingbird  
sings a new day — all before I'll sleep.  
Even Venus will fade.



to love  
to sweetness  
so much finer  
when abundance  
is shared from our shining hearts  
like the brilliant warming sun  
without judgement or exclusion  
for the joy of all  
as we tread our lonely paths  
to self awareness,  
welcoming hearth...

