

Verses That Work Like A Balm

WORDS THAT HEAL



Edited By
Kaneez Zehra Razavi

Words That Heal

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Published By



Poets Choice and Free Spirit LLC

1216 Broadway Floor 2 PMB 1010 - New York NY 10001 - USA

www.poetschoice.in

Phone: +1 914-650-2747 (Primary) +1 646 974 9406 (Fax)

1st Edition May 2025

Book Design By Laura Antonioli, United Kingdom

Cover Design By Koni Deraz, Germany

Editing by Kaneez Zehra Razavi, India

Printed In India

ISBN: 978-93-6617-288-0

BCID: 383-17537739

Use it here - www.bookcrossing.com

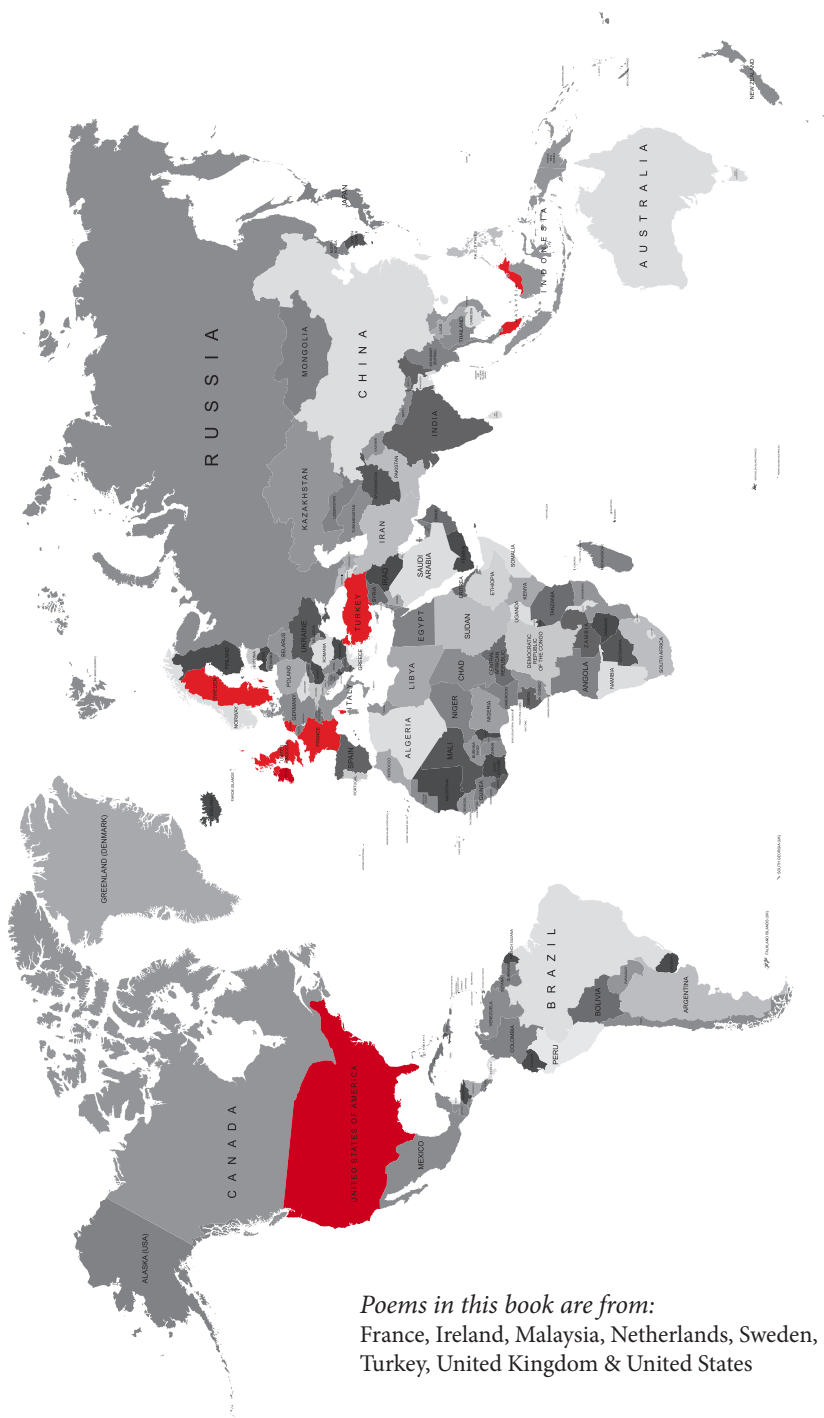
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Turkey, United Kingdom & United States

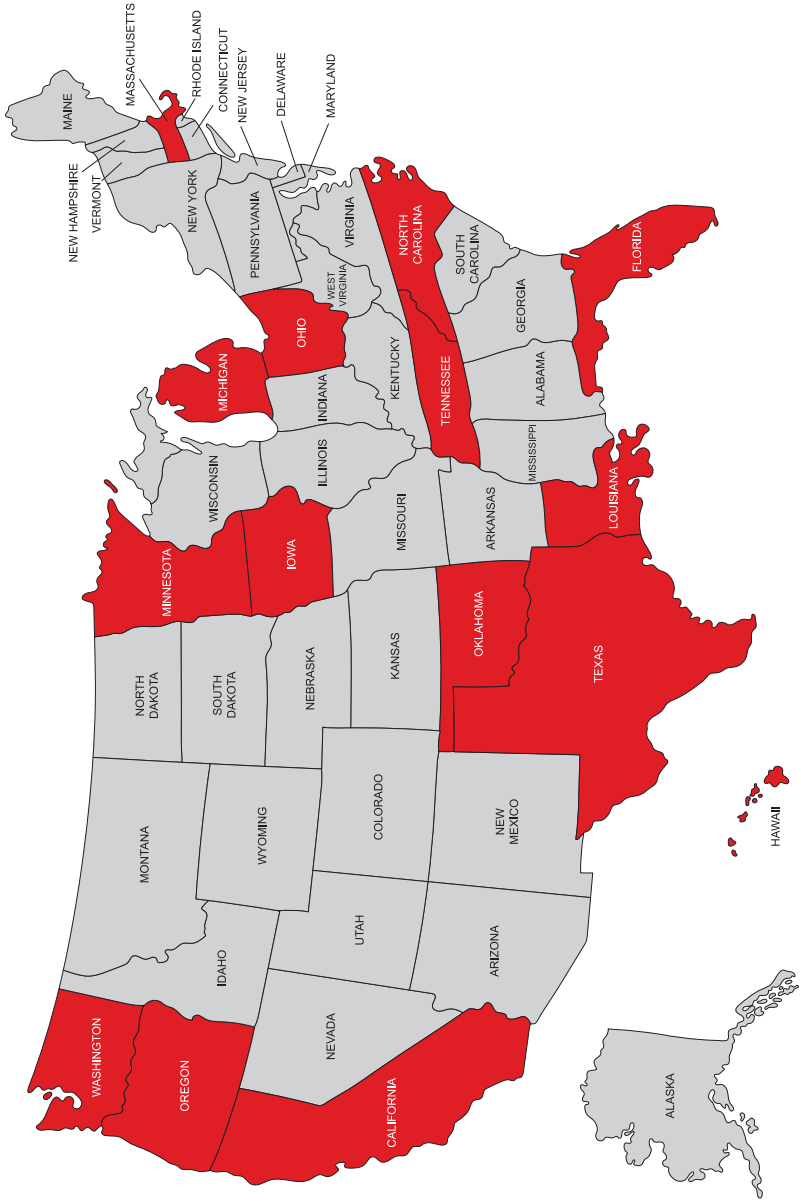


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After The Drought

Ryan Rahman

Orlando, Florida - United States

The rain falls softly,
a long-awaited relief
after months of thirst,
as if the sky itself were mending me,
filling the emptiness where grief had settled.
Seeping into wounds I thought would never heal,
quietly mending what I thought was beyond repair.

The storm arrives,
not with fury,
but with the gentle reassurance.
And I—thirsting for relief—
drink in the coolness,
washing away the dust
that heartache left behind.

For so long, I thought nothing would grow
in this barren wasteland of loss.
But now, the earth stirs beneath me,
the soil softens,
as if remembering how to flourish
after all had withered.
I feel it deep in my bones:

how the moisture spreads,
how the heaviness lifts,
how newfound strength emerges.

The thunder retreats,
but the rain continues—
each drop a promise,
each one a reminder
that even after the longest drought,
after the deepest grief,
there is always renewal.

And now, the land and I,
both soaked in hope,
find ourselves nourished back to life.



Angel

Karin Myrto Reimondos

Natick, Massachusetts - United States

In the house, there a is picture hanging steady on the wall
A memory of a family standing proud and standing tall.
In the garden, grows a flower that was planted long ago
Started as a school project but it grew to something more.

Her prayers were answered by the good Lord above
When He blessed her with Jolly, a daughter to love
From the first moment, to the very last time
Baby, why did you leave Mummy alone?

On the couch there a pillow made with heaps of love,
Each handmade stitch made up a white flying dove.
In the corner there a spider's web,
Memories abandoned now scattered outspread.

The bond with the child grew deeper
As you watched it develop inside
Once it came out it was magic
It was only to last for a while

In the kitchen lie cook-books full of recipes of life,
Tried and tested with loads of salt and spice.
On the table lies a board game with dusty dice,
Walked all over by ghostly mice.

Come to Mummy—rest your soul
Time to leave for heaven's door
Let the angels take you in
Make you a member of Heaven's Inn

In the bedroom lies a blanket neatly folded on the bed,
The back porch where our conversations never ended.
In the mailbox lie a stack of letters,
Bills and cards of “do get better.”

The last goodbye is the hardest
It's the one you don't want to say
It's the day you thought would never happen
Now you pray it won't happen again



Breathing Space

A Sonnet

Louise Worthington

Shropshire - United Kingdom

The sky spills silver through the shifting day,
As cirrus clouds slip softly overhead,
While sparrows sweep through stems of summer hay,
And whispered winds weave secrets left unsaid.
I settle here, beneath the sweeping blue,
Each breath descending deeper than before,
Till nothing stays except the morning dew
And silence spreading from the forest floor.
My spine stretches toward the sun's sweet light,
As shoulders soften, letting storms pass through;
Each exhale sends my worries into flight,
Each inhale draws the morning's sweetness new.
In this still space between the Earth and air,
I find myself in simple presence there.

Calm Beauty

Richard Pettigrew

Kapaa, Hawaii - United States

Does not scurry off the face
like itchy flakes of daily angst
but molds the skin into warm

clusters of palm leaf collages
off my island lanai
all aglow in jungle greens

shining fresh young buds
sprouting giddy chatter
swaying elderly foliage
serenely transporting

spools of translucence
perfectly aromatic in
growth and decay

spilling forth secrets
buried within the
intricate earth tapestry

welling voluminous
beauty
over my wooden bannister

piercing
a senseless
notion

of nothing
to do
but be...calm.



Circle of Love

Dr. Ivan Edwards

San Antonio, Texas - United States

Words that heal, in the circle of love,
From birth to the stars above.
You are born, a new life to start,
With love and care, you capture hearts.
Through early childhood, you learn and grow,
Innocence and wonder, in your eyes they show.
“You’re amazing,” “I’m proud of you,”
Words that heal, and guide you through.
Teenage years bring trials and dreams,
Navigating life’s swift streams.
“Believe in yourself,” “You can do it,”
Words that heal, when spirits are split.
Adulthood dawns, with its own demands,
Marriage and love, you join hands.
“I love you,” “I’m here for you,”
Words that heal, and bond anew.
Raising children, guiding their way,
Through laughter and tears, day by day.
“You are my hero,” “You make me proud,”
Words that heal, spoken aloud.
Taking care of aging parents, roles reverse,
Listening to their stories, a loving nurse.
“Thank you for everything,” “I cherish you,”
Words that heal, and love renew.

Becoming a grandparent, joy anew,
In little faces, love shines through.
“You are special,” “You light up my life,”
Words that heal, in moments rife.
Though you may end alone, a partner lost,
Memories and love, at any cost.
“I miss you,” “You are always in my heart,”
Words that heal, though we’re apart.
Yet through the loss, love remains,
With your children’s help, you sustain.
“We’ll take care of you,” “You are not alone,”
Words that heal, in love’s tone.
In this circle of love, life renews,
With words that heal, and love that ensues.
“Forgive and move on,” “New chapters start,”
Words that heal, from the heart.

Forest Bathing

Mary L. Brandt

Houston, Texas - United States

This childlike wonder
Perfect breeze, looking upward
Curling shoot of spring

Golden

Hiva Rashvand

Antalya - Turkey

All of a sudden,
The war is over.
You stop chasing the unseen.
All of a sudden,
Your home grows colorful,
The texts are read just once,
An old song no longer hurts.
All of a sudden,
Wild dreams fade away,
Buried beneath the dress of the everyday.
Wounds stop bleeding,
Sun
Paints the carpet golden.



Haiku Heals

Sol Howard

Gif Sur Yvette - France

weak smile
my father brings up chestnuts
peels them for me

IV bruise on my wrist
relieved
the doctor believes me

busy summer days
glued to my phone
flirting

bedbound lungs
she made me laugh
dangerously

not quite alone
the same owl
as last summer

진정한 분노 뒤에는
따뜻한 마음이 있다.

뜨거운 사랑이 있기에
분노가 가능하다고 본다.

복수초가

스스로 에너지를 내서

눈을 녹이듯이,

그런 에너지가
분출될 수 있도록
해야 한다.

Icehouse Canyon

Marilyn Davis

San Diego, California - United States

*—I only went out for a walk, and finally concluded to stay out . . .
for going out, I found, was really going in—John Muir*

I ascend the icy creek trail
in deep pines, shiver
like the rapids that gossip
their news five thousand feet
from the smoggy L.A. basin below.

Massive slopes loom above;
super-heated stones radiate light
that bathes them and blinds me;
I shade my eyes,
stumble over shadowed roots.

Switchbacks guide me out;
my skin, my spirit,
carry canyon cold,
warm by the time I reach the saddle
at eight thousand feet.

I choose a boulder,
stretch and soak in the bright heat,
trace the red-tail who rides the eaves
of the wind, flaring russet
when it catches the sun.

Hours later here I still sit
grateful for Icehouse cold,
even for marriage cold,
argument cold, icy words,
for all that drove me here today.



Kesem¹

Matthew King

Corvallis, Oregon - United States

He brushes
his teeth
seven times
each day, shakes
hair-styling
powder into
his red mop. Shy
smile says, *Gotta
stay fresh.* He
is performing
a ritual, protecting
his own body
from the stage-four
cells assailing his
mother's, protecting
from the dust
that rises here
through mountain air,
covers all, settles
on cracked lips
that sing camp songs,

1 Camp Kesem is a nation-wide network of summer camps for kids who have been impacted by a parent's cancer—the poet works as a mental health professional at a Kesem chapter.

of red wagons and
razzle dazzle, hangs
amidst bodies
paint-smearred, water-
soaked, dancing jigga up-

and-down, to-the-
side and to-the-other-
side. We gather,
each held precious
in our palms
a story like
a looking glass
shattered. We give,
one-to-another, tend
and keep for each
other until we
return, next year,
saying here:
see in the light
of this place
a new-reflected face,
all washed clean
with love that falls
like fresh rain.

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side and to-the-other-
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like fresh rain.



Letting In The Light

Angie Kinman

Nashville, Tennessee - United States

Tucked in the arms
of an Angel
Oak

lost in the beauty
of the cello
suite

awed by mirrored clouds
on the glassy
lake

soothed by the healing
balm of white
butterflies

breathing in, breathing
out, letting in the
light



Merrion Road That Damn Merrion Road

Karin Stanley

Natick, Massachusetts - United States

When I was twelve,
I lived and walked the streets
Of Ballsbridge Dublin 4,
Merrion Road by the RDS,
Near the McGraths sweepstakes grounds
The Royal Dublin Society hosted
agricultural and horse shows annually.
On the road, The horse troughs and occasional
clip clop of a tinker strutting by,
in his pony and trap, donning braces and cap.

We played hockey at the Masonic boarding school.
Redbrick Victorian elegant heap now a hotel by the RDS.
Turning back a bit and heading left to Herbert park.
It's large ponds with palm trees and gardens brimming
with fuchsia and blue blooming ceanothus anchored
with oaks and horse chestnuts where conkers were made
Rituals of adding the string and swinging the thing,
mainly played by boys.
We played tennis hung out just talked and walked,
past the pristine bowling green with ladies in skirts,
bowling the downward bow as they rolled their bowls

and their bowls they rolled neatly surrounded by a japonica hedge,
Herbert Park, nice and old fashioned it is still there today.
They still play croquet with carpet like lawns on fresh sunny days.

When I was twelve,
We switched into summer uniforms – Purple and white checkered dresses
On the diagonal I think. Blue blazers and straw hats. With braids and tresses
We couldn't roll up like we rolled our pleated Skirts
as we did in our winter term we were innocently bold
Summer memories of just playing tennis and watching Wimbledon
With French doors open and the sound of bees abundant in our gardens
Of seaside trips and down to sand dunes, to the Bally Healy Cottage
carefree times when the Sun would hardly set and it was light to midnight
and so bright midsummer's night. You could walk easily in the night.

When I was twelve,
I remember the sirens, instant haunting signal
of another poor Critter, another life changed.
I remember the sirens while sauntering home,
A flurry of pain, gut pain action, pang of fear and confusion.

Merrion Road that damn road, my young brother knocked
down
on the pedestrian crossing, near that horse trough by the RDS.

We sat vigil for days and weeks,
He in deep coma in this unwakeable sleep
Hope all around as he was a big for his age.
Eight actually they thought he was older.
I never saw someone in a coma before.
Still, pale and with marble like serenity,
the doctor's worked the tubes in and out so many times
But we were in the midst of that bad dream
My mother with raised voice would shout
Biscuits – stew, toffee – milk and-Tayto.
Mum brought in home cooked food
Hoping the aroma would awaken him,
and hunger won – perhaps the milk or the Taytos.
My brother woke up like rising Hypnos
A joyous day which made news on the radio

Merrion Road by the US embassy,
Called the Christmas Cake fondly,
Down by Raglan Road where I lived in No. 12
Up and down these streets and lanes.
Heytesbury to Waterloo lined with ash and rowan trees
show of reddened berries glorious in the autumnal days.
This whole area somewhat looking the same.

When I was twelve,
Liz and I would wander
Around the old estate near Ailsbury Park,
Near her home off Merrion Road
Warned of the old geezer who lurked around
and once did chase us and we ran away, away.
Giggling and innocent, what were we thinking?
Go to our lawn tennis club down the road
where we played in our feet, the lawn like carpet
and then up by the school where all the
Albino kids were sent, yes that's where they went –
A strangely surreal, unreal spectacle.
On occasion when they would go out for walks
could be twenty or so – their white hair
not unlike mine now I suppose.
Out of their gates on that damn road down over the
Merrion gates and onto the open strand – the continuum of
Joyce's Sandymount strand with its miles out tide.
One could run and play for hours like they did,
Miles of rippled sand, a place they could be wild.
Did one look at their eyes? It was scary and unnatural
Heads bowed down, one didn't dare look,
Like they should be night children and not out in the day
Many arms across their faces blocking the sun,
Shielding pink eyes, black dots and translucent irises.
But the real scenario was how these poor youths were
banished to a boarding school on Merrion Road.

Liz and I are thirteen now, she is in St. Tropez and I am not.
Merrion Road took her brother John Michael that June.
The Merrion Church filled with a weeping congregation
A loss of an innocent young boy just crossing the street,
On a pedestrian crossing on Merrion Road that damn Merrion
Road.

When I was twelve,
my life changed forever.
My brother David's long recovery, not a good time,
I'm good at blocking my teenage years, blurred the lines
Between survival and discovery as it was so trying.

A few years later, I recall the day, on Merrion Road by Blackrock
Castle.

A February morn, he was waiting to turn, the sun low and he
wasn't seen.

Sadly, I never saw him again. My older brother, my other brother

Taken by this wretched Merrion Road, this damn Merrion Road.
Knitted artery of memories. I don't even know why I still walk
and drive

Down Merrion Road of all the places but I do, I still do – some-
times I cry but I'm fine.

Liz and I laugh when we recall our Tuesday ballet days at Miss
Tully's studio,

With its' yellow door near the Merrion gates. Happy days in tu-
tus and ballet shoes.

We were four or five in those sweet times.

Years before we knew we would lose our brothers

Divine tragedies, it would change our lives.

I drove on Merrion Road a few days ago, out by the wetlands,
Turning in and away at the Merrion gates.
Then parked to look out at the Irish sea.
Taking time to gaze out at the strand that reaches
from Blackrock to Sandymount, the tides of my life stretched
out beyond the beach, this beach I have seen all my years,
So far out, a mile perhaps as I recount my thoughts of then.
With tears, I stare at the patterned ripples, the rhythmical sand,
with slanted sun light casting me into a momentary dream,
where the pendulous flashes of my life swing side to side –
The light dazzling enhancing my reveries, I see children playing,
dogs running in the distance – the tide comes in and out
washing my memories once more, another day.

When I return, I will drive there again and again – on Merrion
Road, that damn Merrion Road

Moon

Jemma Leech

Houston, Texas - United States

Only at night do I see her,
my friend the moon,
as she clambers over my windowsill,
her dress catching, tearing, on the loose nail,
the silver thread unraveling as a spider web.
Night lights her way to my bedside where she sits
a moment, waiting
for day to close its blinds.
Then it's us alone, the moon and me,
rime-caked blanket beneath our dreams.

We share sugared bread
to feed the white-winged swans
whose frosted flight brought my moon to me,
and I sing a song in an ancient tongue
to loosen the stars until we're saturated
with stardust. Between my moon
and me there are no words,
just distant sighs the world could never hope to hear.



But as quick as ice-melts,
the dawn signals her return with artful blends
of blues and blues, and my moon must wish me well.
She winds her web string around her fingers
and touches it to my lips with sweet regret.
Then she's gone,
my friend, the moon,
and I am alone before the dawn
fires up the heartbeat of the day.



On Aging

Gypsie-Ami Offenbacher-Ferris

Southport, North Carolina - United States

Sitting in the chair of a local hairdresser,
renowned for her infamous
before and after transformations,
of which I had no foreknowledge.

I felt a sharp sting upon my sensitive scalp
and took a moment to compose myself inwardly,
lest I let one of my clenched fists fly
and connect, where it should not.
She felt me tense and moved to my front,
holding a single strand of long, gray hair
as though it were a prized trophy,
wrested from a wild, raging beast.

The hair dresser was supremely
proud of her accomplishment,
at which time I informed,
no warned, her never to do it again.

I explained in a strongly subdued tone,
that these white and gray streaks upon my head
I have earned over a lifetime of battling,
and I consider each one a badge of honor!

A dermatologist checking my skin
for things not so nice, proclaimed me free
of life-threatening diseases, but recommended
a cream to fade my spots of age.

Within me, my crone rose to depose the thoughts
and beliefs of this newly educated medical practitioner.
Dare not remove these brown splotches marking
my rights of passage from on my body, I whispered.

Upon my legs are rivers of purple, formed
by years of standing tall upon my own two feet.
These tributaries served me well,
let them flow unhindered where they will.

Each mark, discoloration and change of color
upon me, proclaims me honored crone.
Take not that which has formed this woman,
let me wear my imprint of age with honor and pride.

Onwards The Brave

Ailsabombailsa

Gretna - United Kingdom

If today feels a struggle,
Just to rise out of bed,
Only to return to it later,
Unable to control your chaotic head.

It's no good beating yourself up,
To feel more anxious and sad,
Remember we do whatever we can,
To cope when feeling mentally bad.

There's only ever twenty-four hours,
In each and every single day,
So if today feels extra hard,
Tomorrow is always a new day.

I hope one day you find,
That peace and calm you crave,
The show must always go on,
You'll get there, onwards the brave.



Open Your Windows

Angie Kinman

Nashville, Tennessee - United States

Open your windows
and listen for the voice
of the blue heron
for he has much to say
about patience as he walks
deftly in the canopy of the forest.

Open your windows
and listen for the voice
of the river
for she has traveled miles
and gathered great
wisdom on grace and peace.

Open your windows
for a tune of hummingbirds
hovering above a bouquet
of hollyhocks will
remind you to find the beauty
on this journey and hope for eternity.

Open your windows,
step outside, and allow bewilderment,
for Rumi says *where lowland is,*
that's where the water goes.
A promise to be refreshed,
to recover, greener than before.





Portraying Herself

Reno JJ

Bukit Gedung - Malaysia

Beauty begins the moment she decides to be herself,
Accepting her flaws as stepping stone to succeed,
Accepting her fate and destiny wholeheartedly,
Imperfectly rewriting her story with a new resolution,
Without any burden and doubts of what the future might hold
for her.

Securing her thoughts with positivity and sincerity,
That is the price of beauty she planted,
Self-healing for herself instead of drowning with overwhelmed
questions,
Who says, who says you're not perfect?
Who says you're not worth it?
Who says you're the only one that's hurting?
She decides not to be bothered,
As she knew, she is beautiful from the inside.

A celebration of all her pains she endures throughout the year,
A celebration of all her small achievements throughout the year,
Elegant vibe with classy tale,
She grows perfectly beautiful.

Pride

Michael Emond

Painesville, Ohio - United States

Look who is back again,
stuck in your rut and spinning your gears.
You drown in your fears,
because once again you're nursing a blow to your feeble pride.

It's okay to feel sad when you have something to be sad about.
You don't have to be strong every single time.
You'll eventually pick yourself back up because it's like second
nature to you now.

You get yourself to force a smile,
hold back your tears and refuse to cry.

All this for the sake of protecting your feeble pride.

We all make mistakes, it's only a part of being human.
We all have faults and weaknesses to learn something from
And who'd want to sacrifice their humanity for something as
silly as perfection?

You see something you like, and you're gone in a flash.
You try too hard, but you know you can't bring yourself to not
care with all your heart

It's okay to let things go because people change and so do their dreams.

You know this, but you have something in your heart you know is worth fighting for.

Most people would give up before they even start,
Because putting in effort for most people would already be too much.

So take pride in the fact that you tried.

We all have only one life to live,
and many would squander that gift without a second thought.

So take pride in the fact that you are still alive.

Real Love

Gavin Bourke

Navan - Ireland

That first time
love songs
ever really mean anything to you.

On the radio or streamed through your phone
when every line and every word all make perfect sense
and feel like a message written specially for the two of you
in that magical moment in time.

There is just nothing quite like that electrical current
that charge you get once or twice in your life
if you are very, very lucky.
Waking each day to your dreams coming true
floating on air in the endless summer sunshine.

You believe you will be together forever
and this will last a lifetime
consumed by love for the other person.

Eyes to eyes lying together on a settee
feeling the electricity
all space and time slowed down
the most memorable of moments
taking place naturally
as if by fate
which will never be forgotten
for the rest of your life.

Restoring Me To An Uncultivated State

Pat Obuchowski

Foster City, California - United States

Standing in front of Trinity college
photographing the vibrating red poppies.
In a soft Irish brogue, as if telling me a secret,
he said “It’s not that the gardeners are lazy,
they’re rewilding and letting nature restore herself.
Recover to who she was before we humans
thought domination of nature is best.”

Rewilding.

Being open to natural ecosystems that encompasses new interactions.

Replacing human interventions with natural processes.

Rewilding.

Making the land wild again and again and again.

I know what this is like.

It’s where I am in my heart and soul and life and body.

Me bringing me back to my natural self.

Making my life wild again and again and again.

Untamed.
Feral.
Fierce.
Natural.

Indigenous wherever I find myself.
Indigenous wherever I land.

Rewilding.
My spent self is restoring my broken connections
with nature, myself and others
and becoming as vibrant as the
red poppies at the entrance of Trinity College.

Rewilding.

Sidewalk

Miranda Luikens

Saint Paul, Minnesota - United States

I was walking with an old friend,
Round the same four blocks, over and over,
Talking, we overturned rough old stones.
I don't know when my feet got in the water.

Naked children out at the lake. walking through the posies,
Laughing at the innocence, the notion that things can start
again.

We fill our pockets with the stones others give us.
Unfortunate, the weight of all that time. And spend our lives
sinking.

Making sense is for men, I think, I am interested in something
deeper.
Rolling laughter, holding hands, forgiveness can taste that sweet.

My palms are open still, but not as empty as before,
The running water ices over my skin, crisp and startling,
So long ago, those memories, like a flood, enfold me.

I am not so brave and brass, and forget how I learned to yearn
this tenderly,
But come with your stones. Tell me how to smooth them.

Imagine someone you love rubbing your temples in the sun,
Warming out on the shag rocks like plump and golden lizards.
Maybe healing feels like that. Sonic like that, in the waves of
everything.

Come, the night is gaining on us, how do you live in those mo-
ments we hope for?

Write it down for me, draw it in the ground with a stick, make
me a map,

That's all any of us are looking for, the instructions, the street
signs that say this way, happiness

I'm not half so weary as you, but I don't dance anymore.
So much has changed, to touch the past feels like magic,

Lost knowledge, scribe of the old temple, troll under the bridge,
We covet and keep our secrets, you hoard the knowledge of
yourself.

But before you answer, water rites, old religion, the pavement,
the sidewalk,

Those same four blocks. Outside a bar I don't remember.
A little priestly.



Squirrel Song

Mary L. Brandt

Houston, Texas - United States

You might think they are angry
Scolding the hawk that just flew by
Or the bold young intruder who dared
To jump into their tree

You might think they are gossiping
A cacophony of older squirrel knowledge
This is not the way of the squirrel
 To sit like that
 To court like that
 To be other than us

But I wonder

What if this is how they sing?
What if today they have chosen from the unknown
Book of Squirrel Hymns
To celebrate today with song?
(Such as a squirrel can sing!)

The End Of Seasonal Depression

Lily DiBenedetto

Tickfaw, Louisiana - United States

the fog finally lifts
after days of repetition
it is clear
the warmth of the sun seeps through the skin
and thaws the frigid heart
honey filled eyes are open and seeing
winter is over



The Healing Hurts Too

Leah Mockridge

Muskegon, Michigan - United States

I woke that morning
and stretched my skin taut
across the raw flesh underneath.
The hide was cracked, split open—
a brittle shell peeling away,
exposing the tender, stinging underbelly
I've kept hidden from the world,
and its jagged, hungry teeth.

“I thought it would be easier,”
I confessed to my therapist,
in a last-minute Zoom call,
bought with what was left of my pride.
It costs extra to be seen
without an appointment.
My bank account sighed.

She smiled softly.
I counted her teeth, white and straight,
the way I'd learned to do in the psych hospital,
when counting was the only thing
keeping me tethered
to a world that always felt
just out of reach.

Change clings to me now,
sticky as blood.
I've been trying—
but waking up every morning
to the unfamiliar weight
of who I've become
feels like drowning in the body of a stranger.

In the mornings, I roll over,
and kiss the cold side of the bed,
that aches of vacancy.
That aches like a wound
deep in my chest.
I wonder if it will ever heal.

“Why does the pain still linger,” I ask,
“when the past feels so far gone?
Am I doing something wrong?”

The screen buzzes.
I hold my breath,
watching the seconds slip away—
A minute of my money gone.

She spoke, finally, her voice apologetic.
“The healing hurts too.”



The Imperfect Rose

Jessica Baker

Keokuk, Iowa - United States

Torn and brittle,
Bruised and used,
Mistreated and misunderstood,
A rose ever so delicate,
Needs patience and time to blossom.

Strengthening from the intertwining vines of hope and encouragement,
Showers the imperfect rose in new light and growth.
Giving and taking the pain,
That once devoured the rose in utter darkness.

Emerging from the darkness that suffocated its growth,
A shimmer of light shines,
Upon the imperfect rose.

Standing tall and firm,
Above all the negativity,
Above all the misuse,
And mistreat it had gone through,
An imperfect rose stood,
Ever so beautiful.

The Poet And The Poem

Mark Tochen

Camas, Washington - United States

A sonnet, a love song to her I love

if I the poet and you my poem,
how great a writer I then would be
to craft such art in a single home
a master work for all to see!

as I'm the poet, are you my poem?
oh no, a greater Poet crafted you
in all your beauty, but lets me roam
by your side, and helps me renew

each day our blessed life.
a richer life than solitude
awaits us daily, to charm, entice,
and keep fresh the love of you I wooed.

though age and worry may slow my way,
your presence, dear Poem, sheds light each day



The Rose

Julie Hogg

Dallas, Texas - United States

Don't hesitate
to appreciate
the rose
in any state!
New bloom?
Swoon!
Starting to fade?
have a parade!
On its last stand?
Admire how grand
and present it is
how it still offers up
its beauty
to us at every stage
that is how it is for us
we all have something
to offer
at any age
After 50? Become a Sage!
Under 20? Enthusiasm aplenty!
Top of the pyramid age game?
set prayer and contemplation aflame!
There is a season for us all
so listen

and hear your call
this fall
go forward with a new
frame of mind
being kind
at any age
sets the stage
for joy



hybrid tea rose
Rosa hybrid

115892292



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Credit: NNehring





The Sonnet Of Restoration Lake

J. Edwards Holt

Henderson, North Carolina - United States

Upon the silver breast of morning's grace,
The lake lies still, a glass of whispered peace;
A mirror cradling sky's soft embrace,
Where burdens break, and silent sorrows cease.
The gentle hum of reeds in breezes low
Sings lullabies to hearts that ache and bend;
Each ripple speaks of wounds that time will sew,
Of pain that, here, begins to find its end.

The weeping willow, trailing fingers fine,
Dips sorrow's leaves into the cleansing deep;
The water's touch turns tears to richer wine,
A vintage sweet for souls that long to weep.
Soft dragonflies trace runes of fleeting gold,
As if to write new verses on your skin;
Their wings inscribe what hearts have longed to hold,
A whispered truth: "Let hope now bloom within."

See how the sun bestows its gilded thread,
Weaving warmth into flesh grown cold with time;
Each ray, a seamstress on what grief has bled,
Each beam, a chord in life's returning rhyme.

The stones below, once cracked by winter's frown,
Now polished smooth by patient hands of rain,
Speak softly: "Rise—your weight need not press down;
The Earth will cradle you through joy and pain."

The water lilies, saints in white repose,
Open their palms to cradle light anew;
They teach the heart that, even after throes,
Beauty emerges from the mud it knew.
So breathe the balm of pine and cedar's song,
Let moss-grown banks receive your weary head;
The lake is ancient, yet it heals the wrong.
Its voice revives what you once thought was dead.

Hear now the lap of waves upon your soul,
A hymn that tells you scars need not define;
The past is driftwood, set adrift and whole.
Your heart is shoreline, strong by new design.
Let not the dusk deceive you into fear,
For twilight here is but a gentle bow;
Night cradles dreams until the dawn is near,
And morning finds you standing taller now.

So leave your sorrowed footprints in the sand,
But let the water kiss them into flight;
Your strength returns, like sunlight to the land,
Like stars that find their glory in the night.
Sit by the lake, and drink this quiet fire:
You are renewed, risen from grief's pyre.

To Cuddling With Cats

Martin Embree

Tulsa, Oklahoma - United States

A cat on my lap.
Lucky as it gets,
Forget my regrets
As she takes a nap.

Her purrs vibrate and echo in my chest,
A dark cavern adorned with stalactites
Where blind fears toil and have made their nest
It's cold and calcified, devoid of lights.

Resting 'cross my heart, we beat together.
Fissures fracture my dank cavern ceiling,
Letting in a fresh wind from the ether.
The abyss is made sacred through healing.

Here she shines, lying on me in the sun
Flooding magma in my empty chasm
Filling me with peace, the change has begun.
My past self has become a phantasm.

The flick of a tail,
Claws and paws kneading.
Pet, scratch, and repeating.
I have found my grail.

You Will Survive This

Tanya Moldovan

Rotterdam - Netherlands

You will survive this, my love
For this is not the end.
You will survive this, my love,
For things will not always be this bad.

You will survive this, just know,
One second at a time.
You will get through this, my love,
You won't always feel supine.

It won't always seem
That time still stays,
Or that the darkness' stream
Is only coming your way.

You'll be able to climb
Out of this deep hole,
Filled with struggle's grime
It won't imprint on your soul.

You'll be able to heal,
New faith the pain away will blow.
You'll start to feel
The ground beneath your toes.

You will start to breathe
Fully, with no pain.
You be able to feel
The love of life again.

You will see once more
The future ahead of you,
Peaceful, with no inner war
To gray out the sky's bright blue.

You'll reach ashore
From where the pain threw you.
The desire to explore
Will come back anew.

You will survive this, my love
Just hang in there for now,
Even if the despair's dove
Is nothing but a warfare crow.

Just keep getting through,
One second at a time.
Please, my love, just know
You will survive this for sure.

Acknowledgement

Marilyn Schultz

Ailsabombailsa

Ivan Edwards

Michael Emond

Tatiana Moldovan

Lily DiBenedetto

Anne Bower

Angie Kinman

In a world which is consumed by the cell phone, obsessions of social media is effectively making people care about themselves alone.

Its only when people rise above how they're feeling and instead start caring about others around them, will nature provide the medicine that's free and yet it'll aid all wounds.

When you are driven by love and compassion, all words that pore out of you, naturally, heal.

The feeling emitted from your words transcend into those around you; relieving them of their pain, the hurt in their scars and other atrocities which life bestowed upon them.

Positivity emanated from those feelings, cleanses all that is dead, and yet, not discarded: that which is causing all disease and damage.

And with such ease, you'll find that eventually gloom disappears and what remains is all smiles.

Words that heal a heart, can heal the mind and every other part that needs healing.

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www.poetschoice.in

ISBN 978-9-36-617288-0



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