



# ZEPHYR

Softly Spoken Poems

Jeff Beck  
Ena Sanjay  
Gönül MUSTAFA  
Mark Tochen

Proofread by  
Dr. C. Gladson Clifford Joe



# *Zephyr*

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## *A Childhood Memory*

When I think back to my childhood memories in the farmland of Iowa

I remember my mother hanging clothes to dry.

The white zephyr linens are blowing gently in the breeze.

The sweet, earthy smells of the farm fill my senses.

I remember the cornstalks, gigantically tall,  
so tall I could never see their tips.

I could only spot peaks of yellow poking out of the blankets of greens.

Which made me think of being tucked in at night by my mother,

Wrapping the blankets around my body and tucking them under me.

A thought I still carry as a grown man.

I remember the sound of the wooden clothespin snapping on and off  
the line.

And being dropped or pulled from a wicker basket.

But what I remember the most, the memory I'll never forget; The  
memory I think about when I need to feel warm inside and loved.



I remember my mother's warm, gentle smile and the gleam in her eyes  
as she looked down at me, sitting and playing at her feet while she  
worked.

When I think about my childhood, I think about the care and love of my  
mother

The joy and relentless love she provided.

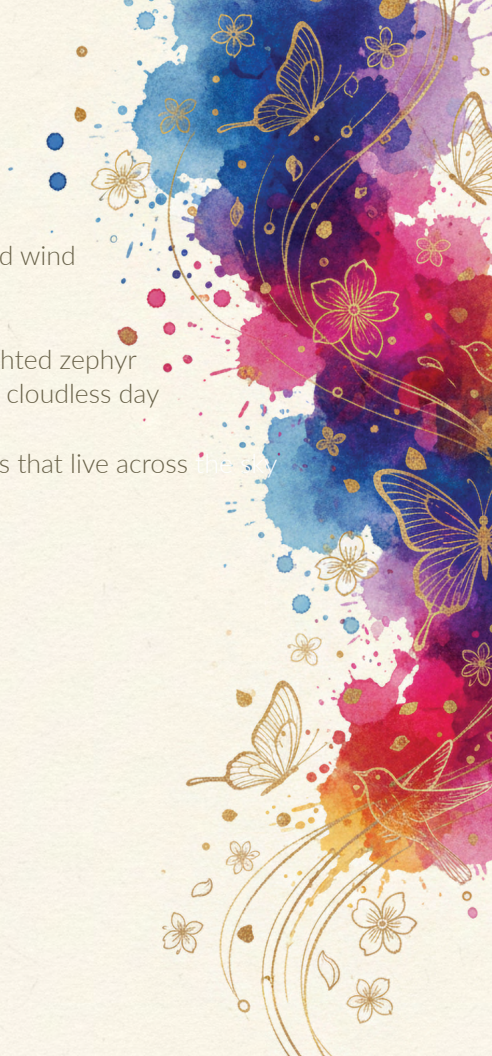
**Timothy M. Bennett**



## *A Gentle Kiss*

In the absence of seasons, the westward wind  
Blows like a gentle kiss  
Traveling miles up your spine to  
crawl upon your shoulder, a kindly weighted zephyr  
Light breezes carry scents of renewal, a cloudless day  
Whisked away  
Awakened by the currents of daydreams that live across the sky

**Sienna Alpert**



## *Autumnal Breeze*

Autumn is the time  
to put every zephyr  
in the spotlight.

See how they frolic  
like excitable dogs  
among the fallen leaves,

see how they swirl them  
like a shaken snow-globe.  
Everything is their playground:

See how they juggle flowerpots  
like a clown, how they play  
billiards with toy cars, basketball

with mistletoe clusters fat  
as oversized balls of wool.  
Yes, autumn is the time to put  
every zephyr in the spotlight!

**D. A. Angelo**



## *Gentle Zephyr*

Oh, gentle zephyr where do you flow?  
Where have you been?  
Where do you go?

Have you sailed the Mississippi?  
Have you rung the Liberty Bell?  
Have you climbed the Red Wood Forrest?  
Have you traveled the Oregon Trail?

Do you like to play in hot white sand?  
Float in the lake?  
Discover new lands?

Do your winds hold secrets?  
Do your gusts lift the fireflies?  
Do you whisper sweet nothings in the quiet of the night?



Oh, gentle zephyr, how I long to feel your embrace!  
To know the touch of adventure on my face.  
Take me with you, take me quickly  
Take me swiftly, make haste.  
Carry me to the horizon  
To your favorite sacred place.

**Dollie Slayton**



## *Honey*

you and I stand there,  
outside the room that once kept us captive  
among too many voices.

but here,  
it is only us.  
eyes linger, yet we are untouched,  
alone in our ruinous hush—  
here in the zephyr,  
beneath the tall green tree,  
its roots like serpents uncoiling from the earth.

do you remember the flower I drew on your hand?  
five petals, trembling,  
a center soft as confession.  
the sunlight grazed your stubble,  
your hair, your arms,  
your lashes delicate as prayer.



it felt like peace,  
the kind that arrives only in sleepless hours,  
when the world is dreaming without you.  
zephyr again.

ten years now,  
and still the scene refuses to fade.  
you and I—  
parting,  
not knowing that time would keep us  
stitched in longing.  
you are with her,  
and I am here,  
scribbling through the ache,  
my notebooks stained with your ghost.

you left like a breeze—  
easy,  
zephyr,  
as if love were light enough to lift.  
the golden hues still burn in memory,  
though the world has turned to midnight.



and now,  
spring returns.  
zephyr once again.  
if you could see through my eyes,  
you would know—  
the flowers bloom in your likeness,  
their colors whisper your name.  
the small curl of your smile,  
your hair, your divine nose—  
they reign still,  
a throne upon the red carpet of my mind.

even as the season bends,  
as rain begins to fall,  
I wonder if you wonder—  
of that night we danced,  
of the box of sweets wrapped in gold,  
that tasted like luxury and youth.

the seasons are liars.  
they change, yet I remain.  
and when I am gone,  
this will be our afterlife—



you and I,  
eternal in the ink,  
this lullaby of ruin and devotion.  
I have made you immortal,  
in my mind, in my soul,  
in the eyes that still know your shape.

**Ena Sanjay**



## *Hottest August*

In the scorching heat of August,  
You were my zephyr.  
Gentle, light, as soft as a shadow,  
You cooled my warming bones.

My skin was stained in sweat  
That my mind drowned in  
And words got stuck in,  
But it was no matter to your gusts.

You are relief incarnate, my love  
The first orange leaf of Autumn  
A kiss I dreamt of for years  
A zephyr in my hottest August.

**Lillian Leake**



## Canvas

Staring at the white, padded walls-  
combination of light-  
or the absence of all color  
Vacant, empty like me!

Pacing back and forth, where is north?  
Cracked nails drag on the walls  
Leaving a trail of red on white  
Adding my own color-  
Smiling- igniting my own light!

Laughing, I roll on the white floor  
bite my nails even more  
Knees tucked in- I'll paint the whole room!  
Red is pain and beauty  
White is just so dull and moody



I hyperventilate and weep-  
while my ideas seep  
Combining salty tears with blood-  
I'll make a misty pink  
Fingerpaint from every blink

Antiseptic Iodine rubs  
off my wound from their scrubs  
Handfuls of ruby and ember  
Hands throwing- splattered smears  
I struggle to contain my cheers

Nails clawing on skin- red, raw knees  
Hearing footsteps- quick freeze  
Frantically mix- staining, painting!  
Blood-orange clotting for brown smudging  
Take a step back- judging

Rust hands light oak trees on fire  
Pink skies beg for ceasefire.  
Inner pain finally expressed



Sit back and wait for death  
Colors emanate- I take my last breath

Beauty made out of lifelong pain  
The first time I've felt sane.  
Watching my body from above  
No longer in white walls  
I hear all of the nurses' calls

Rushing in the room- bewildered-  
They see my pain mirrored  
Unappreciative of art  
In time they'll know empathy  
Until then, I'll rest peacefully.

**Jaelyn Arndt**



## *Gesture of the Sacred*

The grass exhales an emerald sigh  
As daylight folds from evening sky;  
The hush of twilight, far and near  
A gesture of the sacred here

In deep roots where old trees lie  
Murmuring streams spill, drifting by;  
The world, so still, declares the whole  
And speaks a truth straight to my soul

Then a soft zephyr finds my skin  
And stirs the calm that waits within;  
I bow to earth, to wind, to grace  
To the tender divine within this place

It breathes to remind me what I be  
It brightens the spark that lives in me

**Jeffrey Beck**



## *Last Love*

Memories of you  
travelling on zephyr wings,  
forever lost in the silence of time.  
My heart is bitterly disintegrating  
under the weight of your absence/  
I'm living in the emotions of the past,  
persistently present in my soul –  
that is the only place where you still live...

**Gönül Mustafa**



*'midst a merger*

a catch phrase  
to keep us buoyant  
in the turbulent swirl

of workplace restructure

a phrase we built on sound  
and the preposterousness  
of human flight floating  
ourselves up and out

of turbulent context

a reminder to each other  
to drift unperturbed above  
the mud peddling mire



the soft breeze still exists

in our mumbled whispers  
to each other in the west  
wing corridor in passing

zeppelin in a zephyr  
zeppelin in a zephyr

**Gabrielle Higgins**



## *My Zephyr*

“Zephyr,” is the name I would give to my lover,  
As I, standing before you, am the pianist and he,  
Is my tailor, the dress he made is on me.  
Adjusting my dress his hands will hover  
On my legs like a gentle breeze,  
He can look up to me and breathe  
Out, as he finishes the dress for his lover,  
You look at both of our arts and only call me  
An artist, I do not think this is fair, since  
He cuts through the fabric just for me, like no other.  
As you can see, in your invitation cards, my name,  
Next to his, as the contributing artist of the day,  
I have called this recital “My Zephyr,”  
For him today, it’s now his time on the stage  
Too, as he will get inspired by my music to create,  
A new dress on the mannequin. We get inspired by each other.  
That’s why we feel so complete.

“Come on honey, it’s showtime, the audience will listen to me,  
But watch you, my fleeting wind, my lover,  
Show them how you can create your own art piece,”



Ladies and gentlemen, it will be in your presence  
Tonight, my latest piece, dedicated to my unseen laborer.

**Sıla Mertöz**



## *Prayer of the Lost*

I offer song and heat and honey  
In this windy, frigid air  
Lord of Shepherds, Roads, and Money  
Guide me home under your care

Blazing sunset on the mountain  
Far from where I'm meant to be  
Here's that Zephyr come a countin'  
Leading across sand and sea

Holy is the traveling stranger  
On the beaten, weary road  
Spirits me away from danger  
Carries half of every load

**Jamison Conforto**



## *Something on the Breeze*

Something--  
The last you'd expect  
Comes on the breeze  
No need to hold fast  
Or brace against it.  
It makes no demands--  
It may lift a leaf.  
You could notice  
As it capers in periphery  
Could you welcome  
This subtle zephyr?  
Choose to ignore it  
And it won't pass twice.

**SJL**



## *Steady Beats*

Waking up the world begins to show new colors,  
the outside walls bestowing a gentle zephyr upon us.  
With delicate hands and a steady beat it becomes clear,  
No touch has ever been as soft  
As the one I feel from you.

The morning routine once shadowed,  
begins to shine marbled luminescence of passion.  
Where a muted expression once ruled, a new feeling reigns t  
No smile has been as genuine  
As the one you bring to life.

A rising sun arched higher than a mountain,  
delivers the radiance of warm words and unmasked voices.  
Sharing words like candy and quips akin to paradise,  
No laughter has ever sung so true  
As the one we summon forth.



Setting off to the horizon as the day descends,  
the dusk adorns colors yet to be seen.  
Where the world perceives a moment to hold tight,  
No vision of beauty has even shined  
As bright as the one you've illuminated.

Zephyrs of gentle touch,  
Luminescence of warm smiles,  
Unmasked laughter ringing to life,  
Adorned beauty that shines,  
Steady heartbeats guide our next step.

**Aidan Beaupre**



## *The Day Color Died*

The New England rain grows cold,  
The colors upon the land of green turn dull and grey,  
The merriment of reds and oranges is now bleak and boring,  
Reminding me of the dresses you wore.  
The moss resting across the trees and rocks of Maine might as  
well be a  
graveyard of dead memories.  
Cold and wet, dead memories of the day you left and never came back,  
I sit upon the ridge where we embarked upon our newfound feelings,  
Sealing them with a tender warm kiss in the cool crisp autumn air.  
Looking out onto the Atlantic Ocean as the sunrises,  
Wishing for Zephyr to come our way from the Californian coast.  
To warm our chilled bones as we shiver, locked arm in arm.  
We talked about moving away from this sea shanty of a town  
And venture forth in the four seasons of warm sun rays.  
But I never came home that night, and you went on anyway.  
I felt betrayed. I felt angered. I feel the salty sea inside my veins.  
As I remember the night you went away.  
The colors died the day you did, and I have never flown again  
And it's only been ten years since 9/11.

**Timothy M. Bennett**



## *Tonight*

Alone, she stands in the dark,  
The shadows twist and start,  
As blue velvet curtains sway —  
The abyss cracks wide apart.

The highways hum outside,  
Beneath a starless sky.  
All the world is far and cold—  
Earth heaves a soundless sigh.

The shards of love lie scattered,  
Each memory sharp, unkind.  
Deception's arrow lingers—  
A slow rot in the mind.

*“Yet do not weep or wither,  
Do not shatter, do not fall.  
Guard the flame of life's ember;  
Let it glow through midnight's pall.”*



So whispers the soft zephyr,  
Drifting through the pane —  
An ancient cloak now wraps her,  
Spins her scars to silk again.

**M. Nandakumar**



## *What the wind told me*

I used to think healing  
would come like thunder  
loud  
sudden  
leaving no room for doubt.

but it came like a zephyr  
instead,  
barely there,  
brushing the edges of who I was  
until the pieces stopped hurting  
to hold.

there was no grand goodbye  
no final chapter,  
just a slow fading  
of the ache  
I once wore like skin.



I sat with bitterness  
long enough to know its voice  
and still,  
I wasn't a quitter  
for choosing softness  
when rage offered louder comfort.

it's strange,  
how peace arrives quietly,  
in the moment you exhale  
without realizing you'd been holding your breath  
for years.

the world didn't change.  
but something in me did.  
and it sounded  
like a door closing  
very gently  
behind me.

**Laasya Uppalapati**



## *Zephyr*

a gentle breeze or a fierce wind  
may both be called a zephyr—  
in my garden new flowers bloom  
shyly raising from green stalks  
the breeze stirring the flowers  
and tickling my cheeks is called zephyr

I am reading the English poet Shelley  
that child of 18th century England  
he named the West Wind Zephyr  
his Zephyr was no gentle breeze  
but a fierce gust heralding change  
agent of rebirth and renewal

which zephyr do we like better?  
do we like gentle breezes  
nature's lyrics of new life  
anointing the beauty around us



and say to ourselves, that is the zephyr  
with a knowing nod to soft beauty

or do we love change in our lives  
and transformation—the world order  
renewed by winds of revolution  
and rebirth, blowing away the old  
and bringing in scenes of renewal  
abiding close by as we praise the poet

**Mark Tochen**



## *Zephyr*

The gentle Zephyr does not blow always,  
Nor does the harsh and howling gales;  
The small still crave the Zephyr daylight,  
Afraid of wave-tossed ocean gales.  
The eagles choose to ride the air,  
Because they know life isn't fair.

The weak may pray for constant sun,  
But strength is forged when courses run  
Against the tide, through breaking foam.  
The greatest lesson learned from home,  
Is not in safety or in peace,  
But how to rise as troubles cease.

**Sylvan Hearth**



## *Zephyr and Other Names We Answer To*

We are born into the hush before the storm.  
Our mothers naming us like promises,  
hands soft as linen, but calloused underneath,  
whispering: ***you will carry this too.***

Girlhood is a slow bleed.  
All pulled pigtailed and swallowed thunder,  
smiles trained like bloodhounds,  
skirts tugged down as if shame lives in the  
fabric.  
We learn early  
how to make ourselves small enough  
to survive the rooms we walk into.



But oh,  
how the wind knows us.  
A zephyr brushes our necks like a secret,  
a sister spirit saying: **you are not alone.**  
We listen.  
We begin again.  
We become women by rupture.  
Bodies shifting like tectonics,  
love that tastes of honey and blood,  
mirrors that lie until we make them tell the truth.  
We inherit our grandmothers' silences  
and plant gardens in the space where their voices  
should have been.

Some days we are flame.  
Some days we are ash.  
Some days we are spine and howl and holy defiance.  
We birth things the world cannot name.  
We bury things too soon.

Still, we rise with the hush of zephyrs,  
gentle, yes, but never weak.



We gather our pieces like wildflowers,  
we speak our names in full,  
we unlearn the hush.  
We are the storm and the stillness after.

**Dawsyn Adams**



## *Zephyr Child of the Wind*

Zephyr child of the wind  
Bitter bluster dances through branches  
Cloud chaser reaches above chimneys  
Zephyr child of the moon  
Rising roaming shadow forming  
Dark dawning star chasing  
Zephyr child of the light  
Sorrows smile mourning spent flowers  
Gentles graveside morning dew  
Zephyr child, child, whisked away

**Julia-Robinson-Shimizu**



## *Zephyr*

give thanks to Zephyrus  
for that warm gentle breeze  
for the beautiful flowers  
and the beginning of spring  
oh, the mischievous zephyrs  
that dance through the trees  
and wiggle their branches  
and tickle their leaves  
a gentle breeze from out of the west  
bringing warmth  
and spring  
and a world renewed  
bringing laughter  
and joy  
and a playful mood  
lets go fly a kite  
or go for a stroll  
we'll leave winter behind  
and our sweaters at home

**Erik Larsen**



## *Zephyrus, Soft as a Sigh*

Unseen, he wanders, floats, fawns  
Upon his would-be lover  
A gentle breeze to cool the brow  
Of his Spartan beloved  
Fragile as blossom, a calm before a storm  
Harbinger of springtime on rocky shores

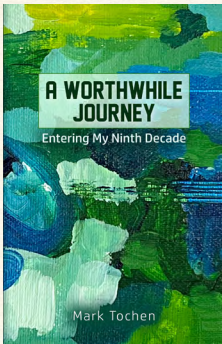
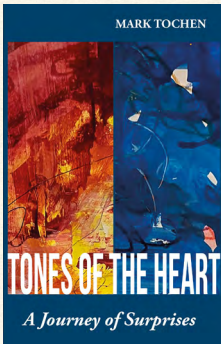
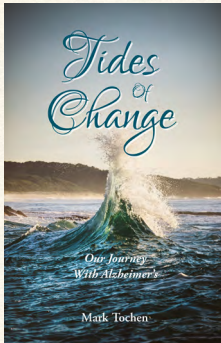
Whispered, his words, sweet and kind  
For his Spartan captor  
Fluttered flowers thrown to the feet  
Of his Spartan prince  
Liminal longing, unrequited care  
Soft sensations unreciprocated

Caressed, he runs fingers through  
His Hyacinthus' hair  
Delicate as olive flowers  
He yearns for his Spartan prince  
All sweetness, and nothing bitter  
Zephyr born never a quitter

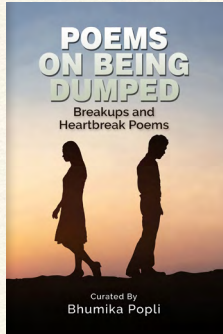
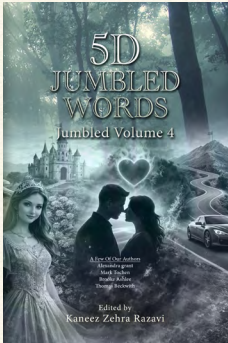
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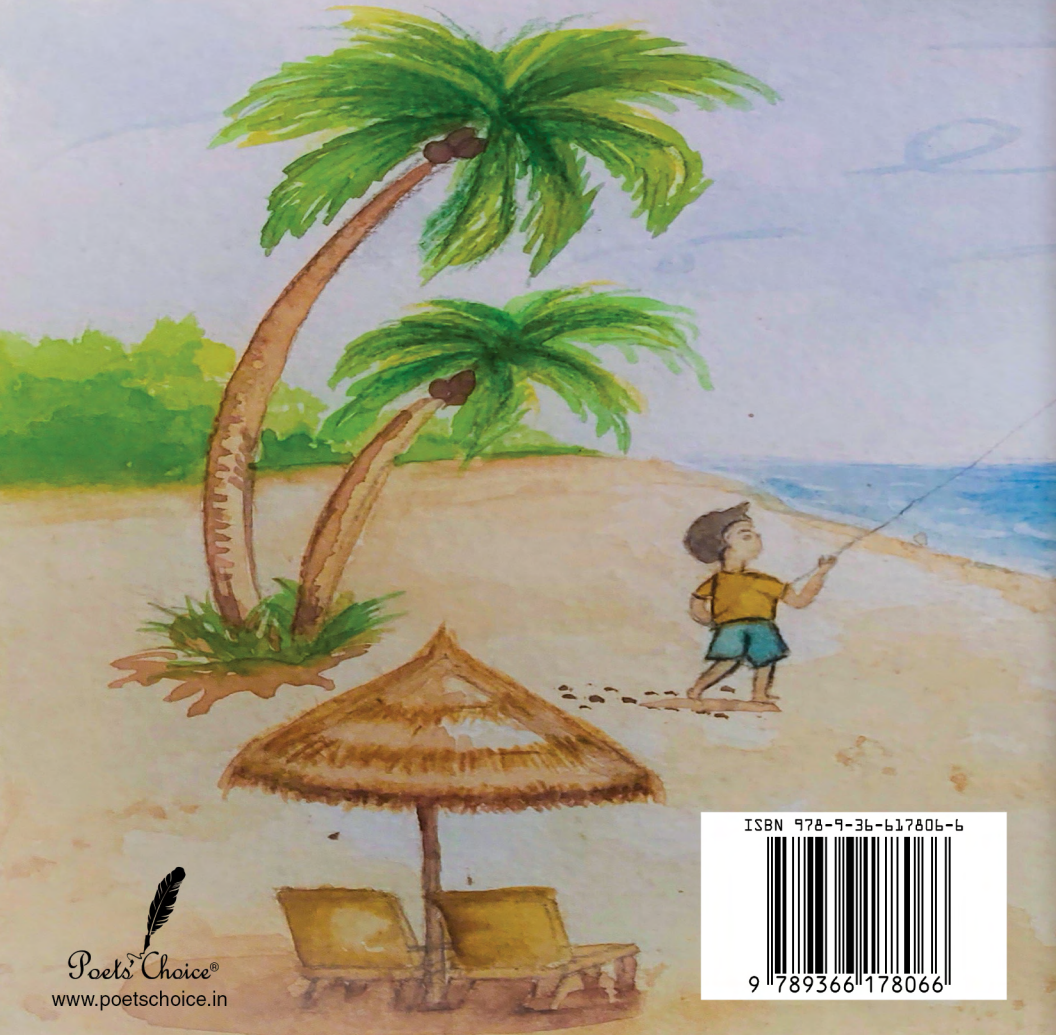
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