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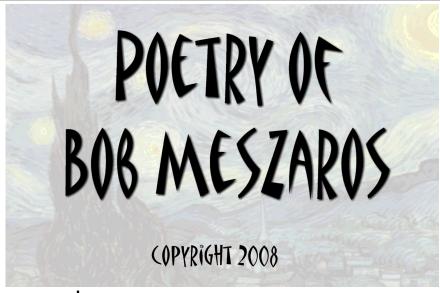
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## **Icarus**

Pressed against stone and cement, I search for a hold. Ten feet straight up; on the other side land rises to meet me safely at the top.

A mile from here the granite towers; rock rises and leaves land and concrete below.

There, in a pure time, when trees and walls are not enough I hang spread eagle my body taut

my fingers hooked in stone. The wind stops the birds are still from above a feather falls: and I know, my hands chalked white as wings I am climbing granite to the sun.

**To Julie London** (d. Oct. 18, 2000)

Seductive and elusive as a falling leaf, your voice is

an autumn breeze, soft and gentle, but full of winter

caressing the long limbs of summer, slipping color from each rounded shoulder, tossing, softly, the fall at our feet

until the curtain descends and everything ends too soon too soon.

## **Hide and Seek**

All that afternoon we worked at it, carving our initials in soft gray bark, the week that you were born.

The linked letters and crude heart thickened, becoming letters among letters, heart among hearts---a thick scar raised and dated, part of the history of trees.

Now in a backyard filled with trees and children eyes closed, your blond head buried in your hands, you count against our silent rooted past.

The others hide curled under bushes and behind nearby trees.

Barefoot, laughing, one by one you find your friends and race them home.

Our heart is home, and in your game a quick touch sets you free.

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**Bob Meszaros** taught English at Hamden High School in Hamden, Connecticut, for thirty-two years. He retired from teaching high school English in June of 1999. He is now an adjunct professor of freshman composition at Quinnipiac University. His poems have subsequently appeared in *The Connecticut Review, Main Street Rag, Tar River Poetry, The Red Wheelbarrow, Concho River Review,* and others.