



[Home](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[Contact](#)

Three Poems by Linda Leedy Schneider

First Snow

I walk into my office, and the world is changed:
A life-dividing moment like
my first breath separate from my mother,
my first step, the first time I rode a two-wheeler alone,
my first kiss, the first time I was touched by someone
I thought I loved, the time I left home
suitcase in hand and climbed the steps alone,
the first job, the birth of my first child,
her leaving for kindergarten and not looking back,
the day I realized my marriage was flawed,
the death of my father.

Through the French doors I see
snow like a quilt on the yard,
the deadheads of daisies,
rabbit tracks like a message,
the skeletons of trees against the gray sky,
and I wonder will I ever be ready
for the last dividing moment,
ready ever to let go of this snow globe world?

Rain Washes

the maples' hands
muddies the soil
around the perennials
they planted silently last weekend.

Yesterday's yarrow has collapsed.
Yellow saucer heads tilt.
Yarrow's wild cousin, Queen Ann's Lace,
remains upright, a throne for the purple queen.

Fuchsia phlox bend
with the breeze
touch the ground
but do not buckle.

Daisy searches for the sun,
the reflection of its all-knowing
yellow eye. Daisy always
ready to decide

Saffron daylilies trumpet--
open, ready, reckless, wanting--
unaware,
this is their only day.

She walks
to the garden
releases her hair to the wind,
lifts her hands to the rain

Things to Discard

a friend whose talk leaves me daydreaming,
the size 6 jeans I may be saving
for my granddaughter or that final illness,
the oversized jacket in firecracker red,
love letters from the Viet Nam war,
his dog tags, the dreams that still come,
an unworn blue silk nightgown,
six wedding dresses, my mother's,
which she doesn't remember,
mine torn from children's dress-up,
three from the weddings of my two daughters,
one I am keeping for a divorced friend,
the pictures from the first marriage,
his green letter jacket,
files full of poems marked in process
the spider webs on my easel,
the longing that has lasted
throughout this marriage.

Linda Leedy Schneider is a poetry and writing mentor, a psychotherapist in private practice, and a college writing instructor. Her poetry was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Linda leads workshops for *The International Women's Writing Guild* at Yale University. She has written six collections of poetry including the recently released *Some Days: Poetry of a Psychotherapist* (Plain View Press 2011). Linda edited *Mentor's Bouquet* (Finishing Line Press, 2010), an anthology of poetry by writers she is mentoring privately and *Poems >From 84th Street* (Pudding House Publications 2010), another anthology of poetry by writers in her Manhattan Writing Workshop.

Copyright 2011, Linda Leedy Schneider. © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.