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Autumn 2009

Winter 2010

Three Poems

by Joan McNerney

Bright pink begonias...

while bees glide and lovers stroll through the plaza this afternoon, clouds stretch past the horizon as a young man calls from his cart "fresh juice, fresh juice". The air fills with oranges, guitars strum love songs and children skip across sidewalks. You kiss kiss my lips again again always begonias begonias growing bigger every minute bright pink begonias begonias everywhere.

For a Friend Who Is Dying

Even though oceans have been charted mountaintops marked there are no words for your pain.

All the stratosphere of heaven climbed yet there is no course through human sorrow.

Every muscle counted and every bone but no formula was written for your grief.

In languages of languages chromosomes numbered named. What can be said to your sorrow, your pain?

Tonight

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Chimes tap against our windowpane. This evening becomes starry sapphire as sea gulls rise in flight over rooftops. Winds wrapping around trees tossing leaves.

The court yard is full of aromas from dinnertime. Shadows growing longer each minute. Lights go on and I wait for you.

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Joan McNerney's poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as *Boston Review of the Arts, Kalliope, Mudfish, Spectrum* and *Word Thursdays*. Four of her books have been published by fine literary presses. She has performed at the National Arts Club, State University of New York, Oneonta, McNay Art Institute and other distinguished venues. A recent reading was sponsored by the American Academy of Poetry. Her latest title is *Having Lunch with the Sky,* A.P.D. Press, Albany, New York.