

WestWard Quarterly

The Magazine of Family Reading



Fall 2008

To our readers . . .

Summer has gone and we look forward to the beautiful colors of fall — although here in Illinois, as we work on this issue at the end of September, the weather remains warm and summery and there is just a hint of the approaching autumn with a few leaves falling.

We've had so many good autumn poems that the magazine is full of the ambience of autumn. There are other poems on various aspects of nature and some reflective pieces on the changing of seasons and the changing seasons of life.

And, of course, we have "The Lighter Side" section for poems with a twist of humor or irony, but we have lost our "High School Poems" pages. The teacher who had been sending us poetry from her creative writing class has retired, and we've not heard anything from the new teacher as to whether he or she might keep the tradition going. If any of you know some high school students involved in poetry, or a school in your area that might be interested in sending some students' poems to us, we'd love to hear from them.

We had a "Featured Writer" cancel for this issue, so my husband suggested that instead of searching for another we could have yours truly — the editor — featured. At first I said "No, I don't think so!" But when he offered to write the article for me, how could I refuse?

Our Workbench article is about "Tips on Getting Published," which is a good reminder for all of us on what we should be looking for in our poems before we send them to a magazine.

Shirley Anne Leonard, EDITOR

WestWard Quarterly

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WestWard Quarterly showcases the best work of upbeat writers and poets. Our magazine's philosophy is: "Adversity happens. Find the eternal purpose behind it." Reflect an uplifting, positive or gently humorous attitude in your submissions. Send all letters, requests for guidelines, queries or submissions to the address above. Send SASE for response.

Maximum length for poems is 40 lines. Shorter submissions have a better likelihood of being published. The Editor reserves the right to edit material. For more information on guidelines and how to send your submission, visit our web site, www.wquarterly.com.

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Cover Image: Highway 141 Near Gateway, Colorado
 Transparency by Richard Leonard, 1976.

Featured Writer . . .

Shirley Anne Leonard
Illinois



Publisher's Note: Since WestWard Quarterly began presenting a "Featured Writer" in each issue, we have honored a number of skilled authors. Thinking about whom to honor in this issue, I decided it was time to tell you something about WestWard Quarterly's own editor, my wife Shirley Anne. She would never have thought of this, but she graciously allowed me to write the following article about her. – Richard Leonard

Shirley Anne Leonard's writing career got off to an unpromising start when she turned in a poem she had written for an assignment in fifth grade. "You didn't write this," the teacher sniffed. "You copied this out of a book!" The experience made Shirley leery of submitting her verse to other teachers. At the same time, Shirley realized she could write good poems.

So young Shirley Poirier continued to write poetry, much of it about nature and the scenery of the region in which she grew up near Plattsburgh, New York, where Lake Champlain and the Adirondack Mountains frame a beautiful and peaceful landscape.

Over the course of a busy life as wife of Clyde Malmgren and mother of five, most of Shirley's childhood poetry was lost. Even as a rural homemaker, though, she never lost the desire to write. Her first published poem, "Come In," appeared in the old periodical *Grit* in the mid-1960s. But she didn't try to publish anything else till after a move from New York to Illinois and Clyde's passing in 1991. Then Shirley Malmgren began submitting to various publications including *WestWard Quarterly*, at the time edited by Marsha Ward.

In 1999 Shirley acquired her first computer and enrolled in Carl Sandburg College, from which she received the Certificate in Desktop Publishing in 2000. Computer skills enabled her to submit more poetry for publication, and her work appeared in *Time of Singing*, *WestWard Quarterly* and *Ancient Paths*, or was presented online by Reconciliation Press and Cross Way Publications.

In 2001 Shirley Poirier Malmgren became Shirley Anne Leonard. At the suggestion of her new husband she offered to take over *WestWard Quarterly*, which Marsha Ward had suspended for health reasons. Working with her husband, Dr. Richard Leonard, as publisher, Shirley has edited this magazine since the summer 2003 issue. Under her editorship *WestWard Quarterly* has continued Mrs. Ward's editorial policy of presenting the work of writers with a reflective, positive, encouraging or humorous message. Back issues since 2003, except those for the past year, are available on the magazine's web site, <http://members.aol.com/wwquarterly>.

As an editor, Shirley continues to compose poetry of her own and now counts a data base of more than 750 poems, including her earlier work which has been transcribed from her old notebooks. Though she usually defers to other writers, she has published regularly in *WestWard Quarterly* both under her own name and under the pen names Melody Meadows and Anne Peartree. Many of her poems appear online on the Laudemont Ministries web site she shares with her husband, www.laudemont.org. Her work has also appeared in *The Foresee*, newsletter of the Conservative Congregational Christian Conference, and in *Opinion* edited by Dr. James Kurtz.

Shirley's poetry has placed, or won honorable mention, in a number of contests including the "Poets and Patrons Chicagoland" contest over several years. She is a member of the Illinois State Poetry Society. She has compiled some of her poetry into five chapbooks. (See the ad in the back of this magazine.)

Shirley's creative interests aren't limited to writing. She avidly pursues the activities of quilting, knitting and crocheting, and an array of doilies, afghans, quilts and other items can be credited to her relentless efforts.

One never knows the long-term effects of one's literary output. Only last year Shirley Anne Leonard received an email from a lady who had seen her first published poem in *Grit*. "I have long collected poems from various sources," she wrote, "and when I read that one, long ago, it just struck me a great truth of motherhood." The lady had located Shirley through the Internet, and requested a copy of that poem published more than four decades ago. Shirley, of course, was happy to provide it.

And Shirley Anne's childhood creative efforts are not forgotten, either. She and her husband are jointly writing his fourth novel, *The Twilight Side of the Hill*. The story draws on their experiences of childhood and youth — including that embarrassing incident in the fifth grade classroom!

Recipe for a Poet

First, take vulnerable flesh
and wrap it 'round the bone.
Then you add a breathing soul
and leave it there alone.

Next you add the heart and mind
and set them on a quest
amidst a world both cold and cruel
where they will find no rest.

Then you add emotion's tug
and wind it up as tight
as violin string's highest pitch
and watch the creature fight

The daunting battles of this life
lived out on fallen earth,
where every conflict works to shock
this one of fragile birth.

See the words flash from its mouth
as lightning splits the skies
and thunder shakes the worlds apart! —
while heart within still cries.

Come In

Come in, but don't expect to find
my dishes done and floors ashine.
The little ones we shelter here
don't thrive in spotless atmosphere.

They're more inclined to disarray
and carefree, even messy play.
Their needs are great, their patience small,
all day I'm at their beck and call.

It's "Mommy come," and "Mommy see"
wiggly worms and red-scraped knee,
painted pictures, blocks piled high,
my floors unshined, the days go by.

Some future day they'll leave this nest
and I, at last will have a rest,
and which really matters more
a happy child or a polished floor?

*First Published in Grit Magazine
in the 1960s*

*First Published in Opinion,
Summer 2008*

The Giving Tree

Bob McCray, Illinois

In October
our birch tree
performed its
autumn alchemy.

We awoke
one frozen dawn
to find gold coins
upon the lawn,

A treasure trove
of untold worth
now enriching
mother earth.

Thus is nature's
style of living,
true riches always
come from giving.

Yellows, Rusty Reds and Browns

Thomas V. Lysaght, New York

Yellows, rusty reds and browns
against a cloudless blue,
and here and there
the already nearly leafless tree.

Crowds of sparrows
(and the occasional cowbird)
scouring the grass,
an aspen flashing in a breeze
over to the side,
my walking staff
and the muffled crunch
of still moist leaf litter
giving voice to every stride.

Changing Seasons, Changing Days

Karin M. Taney, Pennsylvania

A whisper of wind brushes my ear,
I clutch my arms when chill touches my skin,
the sun's strength begins to wane
as fall blows in with its
coolness,
color.

A biting blast stings my face,
knuckles find relief under a hot breath,
my body complains for long-gone heat
as winter barrels in with its
frost,
frigidity.

The cold gust mellows to a comfortable breeze,
white landscape sprouts green,
warmth enters amid finches and flowers
as spring wafts in with its
birth,
blooms.

The air sizzles, thick with moisture,
perspiration seeps from my skin,
an ice cube to my neck provides relief
as summer saunters in with its
heat,
humidity.

Each season mirrors another day,
the sky's light guides the journey . . .
new occasions to examine, explore
unknown steps with either
anticipation,
apprehension.

Sonnet for Growth

Diane Klammer, Colorado

Decisions which demand both growth and change,
The ride that takes us onward throughout life,
Require that we have both joy and pain
Bring laughter, awe, uncertainty and strife.

We're straddling a see-saw as it swings
In patterns, unpredictable designs.
The downward motion cries, the upward sings,
Those sounds through time cannot be realigned.

We riders take the turbulence in stride
Moving through the rough, remaining strong,
Learning on the way to sympathize,
Allowing fear to go and love prolong.

The Lord requires courage on this trip,
Allows us help, that we don't lose our grip.

Homes

Joyce G. Bradshaw, Texas

Leaky chimney
and crumbling pillars
do not a palace make.

Sagging walls and
a sinking foundation
despoil a humble cottage.

Wrinkled brow
and arthritic limbs
reveal a body's weakness.

The perfect dwelling
is not of this earth, but
awaits us in the life to come.

Will Ravens Come?

Shirley Anne Leonard, Illinois

Drowning in a sea of care!
Is there air?
Is there air?
When frameworks tumble
where do you get
stability
outside — inside,
somewhere up there?

Can I build hope
with my own will,
or reach deep inside
and find it still
at the spirit's core?

Does God keep a
convenience store
of absolute essentials
when we have need
for unconditional credentials?

Is His word still able to create
miracles needed, even this late?
Can mountains move
and a fig tree die?
Can a vine grow tall
for shade from the sky?

Will the ravens come,
or even a bird
to sing a song
I've never heard,
to cheer my heart
and give me strength
to start my journey
all over again?

Knitting

Charlotte Ann Zuzak, Pennsylvania

From a ball of yarn a garment emerges
in colors and patterns forming
a unique personality.
Styles chosen to
make a statement:
“I want you to know, this is me.”
Flaming, hot oranges and sizzling, bright reds
contrast with cool blues and demure violets.

The knitting of a life
depends on those
around us to start the pattern.
Choices once made, we take
our own turn at designing
essays of life
that soothe or itch,
reacting to stimuli of the moment

After Chores

Don Thackrey, Michigan

When chores are done and all the livestock fed,
Before I kneel for prayer beside the bed,
I'll take a bit of time to meditate
On what needs done tomorrow, what can wait,
And in this way I slowly get ahead.

Upon this several-thousand-acre spread
And herd of Angus cattle, hundred head,
I've built a life I can appreciate
When chores are done.

Alfalfa greening up, the heifers bred,
I should be breathing easy, but instead,
I find I'm melancholy with a freight
Of thought about what future may await
A restless rancher once his God has said,
“Your chores are done.”

September '07

Susan Dale, Ohio

September wearing a melancholy cape of rain
Drifting to autumn
Distant eyes looking off
To misty mornings
There, and not here yet

Giving way to a passionate sun
Of lemon luminosity
And blue-eyed skies
Stretching to Egypt

Stilted waters wrapped in warm blankets of foam
Knees-to-chin autumn curled up in a golden ball
Shimmering shadows of death
Washing on shore
Covered with shrouds of seaweed

Breaking in — a long-whistle train
Taking the winds playing scales in the treetops
The opulence of crimson leaves
And bright hard berries

Leaving — the sculpture of naked trees
Against an ivory sky

Autumn Light

Tom Deiker, Iowa

The sun shines wintry warm,
A northern breeze blows brisk.
Leaves lie on the lawn
In a quilt of red and gold.

Our work is done for now.
So grab yourself a sweater
And meet me in the garden.
We'll see the robins off!

I'll bring those silly letters
We wrote when first we loved.
We'll read them all out loud
And blush, and laugh, and cry —

Till shadows sneak across our chairs,
And darkness blurs the page.

In Search of Unicorns

Elizabeth Szewczyk, Connecticut

(for Allison)

This morning over coffee, I can't help
but notice how shiny and thick
your chestnut hair appears,
like the unicorn's mane you created
at three, her spiraled
horn a cerebellum of ideas.

Did you want to be her? Leave
everyday earth, gallop
with your thoughts, effervescent
illuminations of childhood?

This was our favorite time,
head to hip, plunging paper
and pen to my breast,
your persistent voice spilling
words faster than my fingers
could dance across the width.

Today I reassure you she's not lost,
just bound under a mattress or locked
in a chest, her cone of stories waiting.
Tilting toward your face, my hand
a wand brushing your cheek,
the unicorn appears, dancing.

"Leave Me Some Peace"

Ken Fisher, New York

Along the wind-strewn block the blowers curse
Never-ending bedlam of annoyance
Spit at fallen leaves whose piles intersperse
Pampered vision of green lawn's emergence
From underneath discarded beauty's death.
The racket from their motors echoes rage
At being forced outside, and wasted breath
On cleaning up time's message on a page
That's seldom read, and quickly torn apart
To bury fragile sense of Man's control,
Instead of soothing murmurs in the heart
With dancing leaves whose brilliance I extol.

I lean upon my rake, absorbing all
The beauty poised just moments, soon to fall.

Of Pomegranates and People

Dr. Aaron W. Hillman, California

We arrive at the airport in Madrid
at six-thirty in the morning on the
holiday for Christopher Columbus.
There will be no flights out for Granada
until six-thirty in the evening.
Most everything is closed. We are tired.

We walk the halls. We find what food we can.
We find chairs and benches and try to sleep.
Nothing works and we are exhausted. We
take a taxi into the town and The Prado
is closed. There is no place to rest.

We find a hotel, sit in its lobby,
nod off to sleep and awake miserable.
We return to the airport and wait for
six-thirty. At seven-thirty we are
airborne, still sleepless and feeling groggy.

Friends meet us in Granada and we are
quick to say we need our hotel and room.
Through endless streets, check-ins and goodbyes,
we are in our room with a beautiful
view of the valley and the Sierras.
We go quickly to bed and it seems the
telephone rings by the time our heads hit
the pillows. In truth, it is twenty-four
hours later and they are checking to see
if we are alive. We are much refreshed.

We hold meetings all week in a red room
below the lobby. The translator and
I work well together as do the men
in the group. They hold a dinner for us
and I become aware that the toothpicks
I chew on are thought to be drugs. I pass them
around so that each can taste and know truth.

Autumn on the River

Wilda Morris, Illinois

Though water still flows warm
and robins sing,
summer has begun to creep
from the river bank.

The maple is changing green robe
for burnished red.
Chameleon leaves
steal orange from the sun,
stretch so far for color
that they fall.

Monarchs

K. S. Hardy, Ohio

In Mexico
The trees are fruited
With butterflies,
Kings of the insect kingdom
Who have traveled
From as far north
As Canada
Upon their leaden
Window wings,
Finding their way
Without maps, or green
Interstate signs,
But the moon may
Be their geographical
Positioning satellite.

Autumn

John Gruber, New York

The hills are painted
with a golden hue.
Some wispy clouds
sail in a sea of blue.
In the distance
a loon calls
from the lake.
Nearby, leaves
wait for the rake.

Road

Julie L. Moore, Ohio

On the other side of the road
a red maple balding crown first
quavers as morning sun
rinses away night. Beside it
the bare birch drops
its last gold leaf like a handkerchief.
Still full our white ash just now
switches on amber. My neighbor's russet leaves
outnumber mine sprawling
toward our newly paved road,
the only thing we share.
He will scuffle through them later, then
cross the street to get his mail.
My dog will bark. I'll go to the window
to see who she's warning, watch him walking,
swaying like a leaf buoying
in a stream of air. I'll recall how he told me
folks say I look like Burt Reynolds,
tell the dog to hush. And in a week or so
ash leaves will gild the ground. Ohio wind
will pick them up send them across the flat fields
like letters delivering each one
with the others to common ground.

Deep Courtesy

Michael Larrain, California

(for two-year-old daughter Wilder Kathleen)

Here is your second first day of spring
but now you know the names of things
Whatever's round and might be edible's called apple
Tramping over a rumpiled field's called hi!
Now every grass blade is reading you aloud
and there's just enough water lying close at hand
to reflect the deep courtesy connecting us to the sky
Here are hours so sweetly serious
it's as though the last prayer in a dying language
had solemnized the air in passing
Stand perfectly still
and a white pony will walk right up to you
like the first time anyone ever saw the sea



Drawing by Patricia Sarazen

Golden Hue

Patricia Sarazen, Pennsylvania

The earth's array
this golden day
In mid-October,
spread wide — God's glory!

With its elusive, mystical, inmost soul,
this infinite beauty gently stole
Across the land of wild earth flowers,
hushed and silent, on golden hours.
Afield with goldenrods' tangy scent,
a wanderer of golden wonderment.

God's magnificence exceeded all inward joy
when the maples turned a golden hue,
Dropping leaves, one by one 'round the tree,
creating a world of autumn fantasy —
when, in the garden, fairies cast a spell
with loving prayers, bid the flowers a farewell.

For the earth's array
this golden day
Brought a joyous peace
for all God's beauty!

Poets from the Past: Anna Shipton

Though she is little remembered today, English author Anna Shipton's devotional poetry was well known in Britain and the United States during the nineteenth century. Born in 1815, she flourished as a writer from the middle 1800s and died in 1901.

Anna Shipton published more than a dozen works of devotional narrative or poetry. The famous London preacher C. H. Spurgeon included texts by her in a hymnal produced for his church, the Metropolitan Tabernacle. American evangelist Dwight L. Moody, whose work gave rise to the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, was fond of quoting her verse in his sermons.

Shipton's best-known title seems to have been *Whispers in the Palms*, a book of hymns and meditations, which first appeared in 1855 and was reprinted at least four times. Other titles include *Hidden Springs*, *Precious Gems for The Saviour's Diadem*, *The Sure Mercies of David*, *Watch-Tower in the Wilderness* and *Waiting Hours*.

The popular devotional *Streams in the Desert* (first published in 1925) includes a selection by Anna Shipton, and a translated text of hers even found its way into a German hymnal published in 1931. The twentieth century, however, seemed to have largely forgotten this author. Until recently little information about her was available on the Internet, or even in some university libraries, and not much information seems to be readily available concerning her life.

Today, Anna Shipton's fortunes may be recovering. An online search on "anna shipton" yields seventeen pages of links, most of which refer to this writer. Her book "*Tell Jesus*": *Recollections of Emily Gosse* is available from a publisher, and *Whispers in the Palms* is available online from Google.

While one might not be inclined to number Anna Shipton among the great writers of the nineteenth century, her work was popular in Christian circles in both Britain and the United States and was, evidently, a blessing to many. Even though she is not judged an outstanding poet, the simplicity and earnestness of her writing endeared her verse to Christian worshipers during the period when she was active as an author. Therefore it is good to note some renewed interest in Anna Shipton

The following is an example of her devotional poetry, from *Whispers in the Palms*:

The Soul's Alarum

Arouse thee, laggard Soul — awake — awake!
Rise and depart, for this is not thy rest;
Bend meekly down, and then as bravely take
The Cross, God lays on thee. Tho' sore distress
And weary be thy way, fear not ! Look up —
He mighty is to save! He whispers, "Come."

Another wine shall fill thy brimming cup,
In the bright mansions of thy Father's home.
To hosts of Heaven, unseen by mortal eye,
He giveth charge, to fence, to guard thy ways:
They do their Master's bidding joyfully,
And mark each triumph with a song of praise;
Not for their sins He died — He did not take
His cross to bear for them. — Arise, oh Soul, awake!

Dried Forms

d.n. simmers, British Columbia, Canada

*“Come in, stand in the room
a bit of the column of it alive.”*

— *Anne Carson*

They dance in dust, flutter in sunlight of store windows,
waltz with the wind drafts, near doors, while shadows
sow them, into darkness.

Some are large as a hummingbird, they prowl edges of twilight
loose in groundless, edge of timelessness, silence.

Others society has tamed, so they pile up against the sides of wall,
swept, tidy into piles, as
hot fires warm the inside of the walls, neatly painted.

They have a place, but the time they spent with us as real is *gone*
they are the ghosts of memories, dreams, and places
we would have gone, if we had not passed by.

November

Lora Zill, Pennsylvania

November's melancholy calms my sighs
with somber grays. Her muted beauty speaks
of rest between October's flaming skies
and gold December's rush of frenzied weeks.
My hectic senses pause, each in its turn,
as snow's white calmness stills the slightest sound,
and passive, smoky skies let me discern
majestic grace in softened light. I've found
the touch of moistened wind a crisper taste,
a sweeter breath in early-shadowed days.
Breathe on, November, wrap me in your chaste
low clouds. Bereft of color, you hold my gaze.
 Enthralled by ageless charm I walk your length,
 throw wide my arms, drink deeply of your strength.

*First published in The Lyric, Fall 1996 issue.
Lora Zill is Editor of Time of Singing.*

The Bearcamp River's Autobiography

David Stuntz, Maine

High in Sandwich Notch, life began.
My youth was turbulent as I rushed
 through narrow canyons,
 down steep gorges,
 around sharp bends.

For a time I lost my way
in a confusion of channels,
 swamps, thickets
 and beaver dams.
A plethora of temptations
not easy to resist.

But the spring flooding
and call of the red-wings
set me on the right path,
leading me into open expanses
of sky-reflecting water
and the mellowness of maturity.

For a last fling I hurried exuberantly
over a carefully constructed dam.
Then meandered, a small, elderly tree-lined stream
much admired by walkers along my banks.

I see the end in sight as I approach Ossipee Lake,
to be swallowed in its comfortable embrace
and mixed with waters from many sources.
All of us on to the Atlantic,
and memory.

First published in Still Crazy, July 2008 issue.

Breakfast in the Park

Janet Goven, Pennsylvania

More than time was shared
 that glorious October morning,
 when out of the bluest of skies
 the sun was shining brightly
 through the flaming trees,
 to bask us in just enough warmth
 to keep the chill from the whisper
 of the mid-morning breeze
 at a comfortable distance.
 Warm rays descending
 at just the right angle
 rested on us as we sat
 at the wooden picnic table,
 enjoying the sound of serenity
 singing everywhere.
 The leaves, in their myriad of colors
 were undressing the trees
 in the glory of their time
 of dying departure.
 The clarity in the clean, crisp air
 spoke into the dulcet stillness
 to confirm that indeed
 our father God was with us there.
 Bowing our heads
 in humble thanksgiving,
 awestruck at the original
 airbrush portrait
 of God's magnificent autumn,
 breakfast in the park
 had become for us
 a beautiful memory midst the hush
 of the goodness given
 from the hand of our Creator God.

Haiku: Briefs

Vivian Bolland Schroeder, Texas

Air lane diversion:
 Geese transmit weather reports,
 Narrate travelogues.

The Four Seasons

Mark Crosby, Maine

Clear reflections on a spring-fed lake
 Jagged fragments in that grey loon's call
 Restless spirits in rebellious rivers
 They take from and give to us all

Sink deeply into miles of farmland
 Cool breezes whisper through the pines
 Rusty leaves betray the dying ember
 A dream takes refuge in time

Diamond crystals fall in the darkness
 Ancient pendulum shines cold yellow light
 Rainbows flash off those silvery fingers
 A still as deep as the night

Flower burst with the morning's passion
 Nature echoes from the soul and the sky
 Waves tumble and explode on granite
 The sweet breath of heaven slips by

Fields of Lavender

Raymond John Flory, Indiana

When the winds are high
 and the sun is low
 there is a place
 where I wish to go . . .
 in fields of lavender.

Memories of love so sweet
 take me to that place
 where we would meet
 and silently steal away . . .
 in fields of lavender.

The aroma of those happy days
 lingers in so many ways,
 the scent of Heaven's dawn
 where angels sing and dance . . .
 in fields of lavender.

*Forced March**Randall Marquardt, Massachusetts*

I round up Leah for a book store jaunt —
 she knows that whether she wants to or not
 she has to keep me company for the walk:
 no matter how cold; no matter how hot.
 Like Gaul, our trip is divided into
 three parts, and we need conquer each in turn.
 The level course is first, and as we go
 we keep an eye out and try hard to learn.
 We plot our campaign for the daunting hill
 guarded by Dalmatians that bit me good
 by giving them wide berth, and by all our will
 we reach the top just as we knew we would.
 And now it's all downhill, so we relax,
 forgetting in our joy the journey back.

*I Err, Therefore I Am**Jim Brearton, New York*

Big fish, small pond?
 How about
 crazy fish
 when everybody has left the pond.
 That's me.
 Recently decided to publish
 my life's work,
 a collection of poetry,
 online.
 Jude, you never were
 this obscure!

Some advised against
 this bold scheme.
 But respectable print publishers
 far and wide,
 close and skinny,
 said, "No way."

So, I thought,
 is it better to
 spend an eternity
 six feet under
 without an online book?

A grave's eye view?
 Yes, this is excellent —
 decide things based on how
 it looks from the grave.
 We all know
 how hard it is to
 get online post-death.
 Probably, after I'm dead
 no one will notice
 and I won't care.

*Goodbye, Teddy**Larry Granger, Minnesota*

Poor Teddy. All worn out from
 years of hugging and chewing
 and sibling tugs of war. Finally
 he's a dust collector after being
 replaced by a stylish new bear.
 Poor Teddy.

Teddy was a basic brown bear who
 was plain and homely in a cute
 way when he first joined the
 family long before custom bears
 were available. Now a discard.
 Deserving of a second chance
 still to be decided.

What to do about this longtime
 kids' favorite who now lived with
 a grown up family of unsentimental
 throwers of whatever hadn't been
 used in the past few months?

Luckily Teddy had a few family
 defenders with whom he had grown
 up many years before. They did
 not want to see him incinerated
 in a backyard fire pit or
 landfilled or bagged up in garbage.

A better future became possible
 when Teddy's defenders cleaned and
 fluffed and patched him up for
 possible adoption or a trip
 to somewhere in a shoebox.

Somewhere turned out to be the
 attic where he became a time capsule
 to be opened on the birth of the
 first grandchild. By then Teddy
 would be a collectible antique.

Books

J. Alvin Speers, Alberta, Canada

The books that sell portray all hell
 Let loose in modern fashion.
 We entertain what causes pain,
 When we should study compassion.

If we read less of mortal stress,
 To dwell on things of worth,
 Each day at morn the past is shorn;
 New hope is given birth.

The pain will fade from error made;
 The lesson learned can sow
 Productive seeds to fill our needs
 When they to substance grow.

The stories told in days of old,
 In books that did inspire,
 Uplifted thought and good was wrought.
 The trash went in the fire.

Now things have changed, been rearranged,
 Not always for the better.
 Yet if we read of noble deed
 We can escape the fetter.

The grip is strong, so what is wrong
 Should just be laid aside,
 Instead of told in books, for gold,
 As though 'twere glorified.

Will-o'-the-Wisp

Donald G. Harmande, New York

As the stars suspend from the sky
 And humankind is dependent on earth
 So do the order of things
 Emanate all of their worth.

The trees give us glory
 Summer and Fall till they're done,
 While the snow enriches winters
 Countered by the warming sun.

Each day is precious
 And like the will-o'-the-wisp
 Sometimes unreachable
 Yet yearning to be kissed.

Master Poet

Marlene Kaye Bonney, Michigan

Nature is God's poem to all,
 The rhymes for us to see:
 Flowers and the trees of Fall
 And heaven's galaxies.

Through it we can read His heart —
 Such a clear reflection!
 Seeds and plants His works of art —
 Verses of perfection!

Weeping willows, elms and oaks,
 Daffodils and roses;
 Rolling oceans, masterstrokes
 Of creation's poses.

Daylight, moonlight, sun and stars
 Flowing from his stylus;
 Mountains, valleys, hills and bars,
 Visions to revive us.

Thunder, lightning, ice and snow,
 Frigid air that cleanses;
 Fallow fields and all that grows,
 Tickling all our senses.

Ceaseless beauty on His scroll,
 Painted for our pleasure;
 Metered stanzas to extol
 Our God and King, forever!

Graffiti

Joy Harold Helsing, California

graffiti —
 the writing on this wall
 is not the hand of God
 but of God's children —
 our children

For All These years

Tom Rich, Montana

I thank you thank you for all these years —
the walks we take now that the children are gone.
Holding hands, breathing fresh air,
and for the two rocks you once pulled out of a creek,
tumbled smooth stones, the perfect pair,
like us, warm in my hands and against my cheek.

Though they seem really worthless at the time. less than
a shiny new coin, they are at least our age and worn
smooth at the edges like life's washing-outs.

And by the time I finished that mile, turned back to go home,
they were my most important possession — these talismans —
fingers rubbing in circles, for the good luck and the fortune
of holding onto a very good wife, a very good life.

A Lake in Twilight

Bobbi Sinha-Morey, California

Your mind is like
a lake in twilight
a stillness and
surrender when
the moon rushes in
and with it a clear sky
so you can quietly
swim under the starlit
heavens. If you listen
you can hear the winged
flight of an owl even
when it's hidden, its
feathers soft as the
jasmine that scents
your skin. Your voice
lively as a waterfall,
its echo heard in the
breeze. The sky hasn't
forgotten you. You
belong in the sunlight
when daybreak begins
and you are a snow
petal brightened by
the spring rain.

Music Moves the World

Laura A. Steeb, New Jersey

Music cures it all
no matter how big or small,
picks someone up when they're down,
erases everyone's frown.
If the world harmonized
issues would decrease in size.

Rotating round and round
nothing is lost but found.
People of all diversities would get along
with one meaningful song.
Every day should be musical,
utopia may be universal.

This one pleasure
is something to treasure,
breaking down walls
issues can resolve.
Stop believing all is hopeless,
listen to the perfect opus.

One conductor is responsible,
balance everything instrumental.
Even words bring a oneness,
the world can express forgiveness,
shapes the world with positivity,
helps the mind keep sanity.

Music is meant to soothe one's soul,
it will fill up the blackened hole.

Who Should Happen to Hear

Shawn Bowman, Ohio

When you're writing,	still sing
writhing,	with a ring
the words smiting	as sweet
you	as you can,
because it's true	a treat
this is what you do,	for any man
in a form	who should happen to hear
forlorn,	and of course God's ear
treated with scorn,	

Looking at a Young Man's Face

(Rondeau)

Eve Blohm, New York

As I look sadly at a young man's face
I wonder, does everyone have a place?
People walk quickly through the city streets,
neighbors work, going their own way, rarely meet.
Who looks at the building, keeping a fast pace?

A young child takes paper and starts to trace
the pictures of men and women in outer space
who look at the war ships in the fleets
as I sadly look at the young man's face.

A child, crippled, walks again with a brace
who looks at a doll all dressed in lace.
Young children playing games move their seats.
Who dares to conquer to do daring feats
as a group of children run in a race
as I sadly look at a young man's face?

Seasonal Changes

Lenore Mathews, California

When seasons change one may smile or frown
that winter wearing a crystal while gown
given plenty of sun will melt.

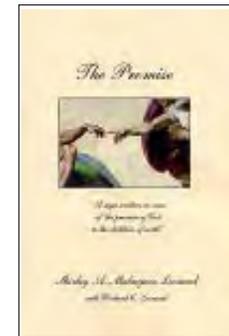
Spring in greens bearing blossoms white
with a breeze helping some fly a kite,
leaves when summer heat walks in.

Then autumn's colorful phalanges all around
float face up or down off the ground.
Seasons, like people, visit only to depart.

WestWard Quarterly's Editor, Shirley Anne Leonard, has published five poetry chapbooks. *Remembering Eden* is a collection of poems honoring Christ and recounting God's plan for the restoration of all things. *Creation's Song* brings together poems celebrating the beauty God has created in nature for our enjoyment. *The Journey* includes poems about the perils and joys of the journey from the Kingdom of Darkness to the Kingdom of Light. *The Promise* celebrates God's historic work to bring about the restoration of His creation. *The Compass* meditates on the voyage through the seas of doctrinal dispute into the secure port of God's Kingdom.



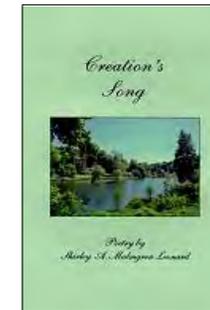
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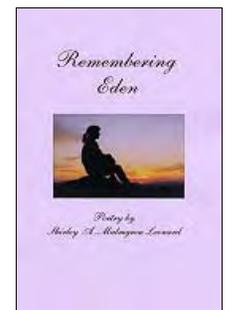
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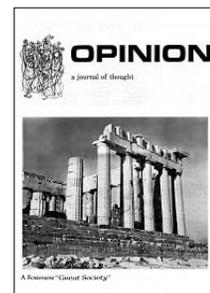


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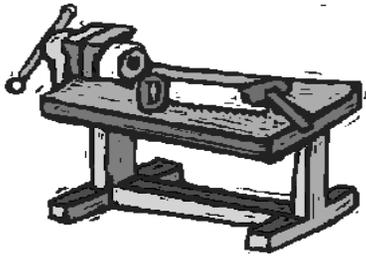
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Writer's Workbench



Tips on Getting Published

Before you submit a poem to *WestWard Quarterly* or another magazine for a contest or publication, pretend that you are an editor and you are reading the poem for the first time. The following tips will help you see what an editor is looking for and if your poem will pass the test.

A few poems may get cut right away because of obvious lack of skill, dull content, sloppy work, offensive words, or too obscure a meaning.

A second reading involves subject matter—with those that have especially appealing topics rising to the top, and those with poor or lifeless topics discarded.

The third reading involves feelings. What kind of emotions does the poem evoke? Will it fit our theme of “Adversity happens. Find the eternal purpose behind it,” and reflect an uplifting, positive or gently humorous attitude?

Some poems receive lower placement because, although they may have some special meaning to the poet, other readers may not understand them.

A well-written poem may suddenly get “preachy”, or a technically correct piece may have nothing really interesting to say.

Subsequent readings shuffle each poem’s placement as we keep in mind the philosophy of the magazine and what we want to convey to our readers.

Poems that receive greater attention show precision and musicality in word choices, a workable style for an interesting topic, and a fresh point of view. Such poems often provide an engaging story or a highly observant comparison.

Even at the last reading, placement continues to change. Close scrutiny shows whether each word works, whether sentence structure flows, and if the poem evokes images, insights, feelings, music, or memories for readers besides the poet. As Mark Twain said, “The difference between the right and the nearly right word is the same as that between lightning and the lightning bug.”

And, last of all, a major determining factor is whether the poem is, in some way, memorable.

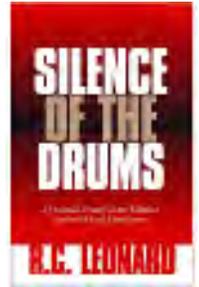
Happy Writing!
—THE EDITOR

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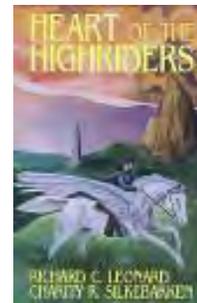
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