

Member's Poetry Corner

The Crows

Insistent, coal clichés
ritualistic harbingers
and heralds and fools
stately, seasonal ambassadors
pall bearers for confined souls

The crows, garrulous
cacaphonous,
not to them, but to us,
flap down from the Sandia and
Manzano Mountains in
the last week of October
from ten thousand feet
to five thousand
the week of our Halloween.

They seem deliberate
unhurried, not driven
like snow, out of
the mountains into my old
pecan tree, to yak and caw
about, as they beak and hammer
(philosophers) through hulls
and nut casings
into the sweet meat.

Their black coats, patched
in glossy, metallic violet by
the sanded, southern and
bitter glare, defiant
hungry messengers
deliberate and sidelong
gawkers.

They carry winter
on their backs, flute
deep, chuckled humor
by the peck
plan tricks on
dull and dying humans
ashiver, trembling their
pinon woodpecks shrunken
the ground too hard.

Gregory L. Candela
Albuquerque Chapter

Sestina—a seven stanza poem that is based on 6 words. Each of the first 6 stanzas has 6 lines that end with the same 6 words repeated in various combinations. The 7th stanza has 3 lines that each use 2 of the words.

Sylvia Ramos Cruz

Poetry Bio - 2010

Sylvia Ramos Cruz was born in Puerto Rico and lived in the Bronx, New York until she moved to New Mexico in 1990. Professionally, she is a general surgeon who specializes in the diagnosis and management of breast diseases and lymphedema. She practices parttime so she can spend time with her grandson, Santiago, garden, travel and write.

Although she has admired poetry all her life, it was not until recently that she began writing poems. She is fortunate to have joined a group of local poets, the Albuquerque Word Weavers, who inspire and challenge her. Her goal as a poet is to explore the essence of her life and translate it into the life of everyman. She knows that is a life-long journey.

Blinding Friends (Sestina)

My coffee table is piled high with books
of such variety, perhaps they cover
the gamut of interests in my life—
their contents so enthralling it's hard to choose
among Lister, Hopper and Dickinson, all friends.
Sometimes, it's easier just to let them lie.

Medical history, modern art and poetry tomes lie
side-by-side with hiking guides and picture books.
Babar and Nancy Drew, by now fast friends,
wander in Romantic Gardens covered,
as I, in woody leaves of fantasy. Should I choose
between illuminative books and chiaroscuro life?

My mother often told me you can't learn life
from books. It's true, I'd say, and lie
outside reading and thinking— if I just choose
the right ones, I will learn life from books!
So far I've learned never to judge a book by its cover
and always to read people to find friends.

Books, like the best of friends,
help balance the tenor of my life;
though I have malingered behind the cover
of a book when forced to lie—
preferring to stay home traveling in books
rather than visit places I did not choose.

Finger Memory

She sits alone on cushioned, swivel stool
caressing broken keys, connecting strings
corrupted now and rusted, out of tune.

She plays with pride some long-forgotten notes
from childhood lessons, few and long ago
when lovely hands were strong and back was straight,
long fingers curled and knew which note was theirs,
wrists rose and fell with hoped-for grace and ease.

Her eyes no longer focus on the page,
as fingers curl to match her curving back.
From deep within, some buried music place,
she still discovers finger memories.

Hilda Wales
Albuquerque Chapter



....Binding Friends Continued

I never find it difficult to choose
between lectures in books and being lectured by friends.
Whatever opinions I may hold, books
never chastise me; or condemn my life,
ill temper, love choices or occasional lies.
Instead, they always give me erudite cover.

It's my habit to read a book cover to cover,
put it down as often as I choose,
forget it, allow it to lie
unread for days. Not so with friends,
the flesh and blood kind, who, if here for life,
demand attention and affection— Not so with books.

In myriad books I find ample cover
when the course of life is not what I would choose.
Each, a firmly bound friend on whose words I can rely.

Sylvia Ramos Cruz
Albuquerque Chapter

Purple Clouds

Sometimes we walk through fields of thistle
wearing sleeves and gloves
sometimes without.
With scratched and bleeding arms,
bouquets of purple clouds in jars,
sometimes we choose the pain
of bearing beauty

Hilda Wales
Albuquerque Chapter