

SPRING RENEWAL REVIVAL HOPE



POETREE PROJECT



BROOME COUNTY ARTS COUNCIL



The Artisan Gallery created the first ever
"POETREE"

In celebration of April's National Poetry Month,
we asked for poetry and verse written by
writers, poets and anyone inspired by Spring,
renewal, revival and hope.

The 50 words (or less) writings were printed
and mounted on parchment and handmade
papers and hung on our lighted cherry tree for
all to see. Since this coincided with our annual
Flower Show in the gallery, the tree was a
beautiful addition to the exhibition.



The page is decorated with several green leaves of varying shades and sizes, scattered around the edges. The leaves are stylized with a slight gradient and a central vein.

A limerick by Jim Boyden

A birder of note named Bob G.
Can his feathered friends always ID.
In light bright or dim
They cannot escape him,
For he hears all the ones he can't
see!



The Love Note

When I write my love note, I use colors as my alphabet, paint a masterpiece such as the world has never before seen.

My signature is an elegant etching of curlicues and filigree and flourish that fills the blank spaces on the page.

The finished piece I tie to the bathroom mirror with ivy and creeping myrtle, glossy leaves shining in the glow of the night light. I move to the other end of the hall to watch his face light up with discovery.

Here is what he reads:

My lover, I know that when I am too confused to know why I sit alone on the porch, you will seat me with care, allow the light to fall gently on my face.

You will have birds, wind, and rain provide music when I can no longer grasp a knob or touch a screen.

You will send someone to listen to my memories as they pour out or talk to me, read to me, if my own stories lock up inside my brain. If my ears fail me, you will drum a rhythm into the palm of my hand. You will let me draw or paint when I lose my words, with colors as my alphabet.

- Carol Mikoda



Crab Apple

For your drenched fingers
sweeping my hair,

your tears
of rain and light,

thank you,
my slightly taller sister,

who once held yourself
stiff with anger,

but learned
to unclench the first

muscle, the next,
till all your

pleasure fanned out
fluted, glistening.

-Merrill Oliver Douglas
(previously published in an online
journal called Eunoia Review)



Fall & Rise

We feel trapped as
testing soldiers
on surveillance,
masked and distant.
Antigens, antibodies, anti-vaxxers.
What we hear
is what we see.

Off screen, on ground
seeds sprout
branches climb
terrains can shift.
What we think
is what we choose.

Let our peace
come in as the tide:
indomitable as spring.

-Bunky

"A Letter Written to Me by the Night"

birch,
give me morning

bloom like a song

evening thunder
whispers of summer

happy plants everywhere

harvest the night,
a journey

into hot skin

live through green breathing
investigate

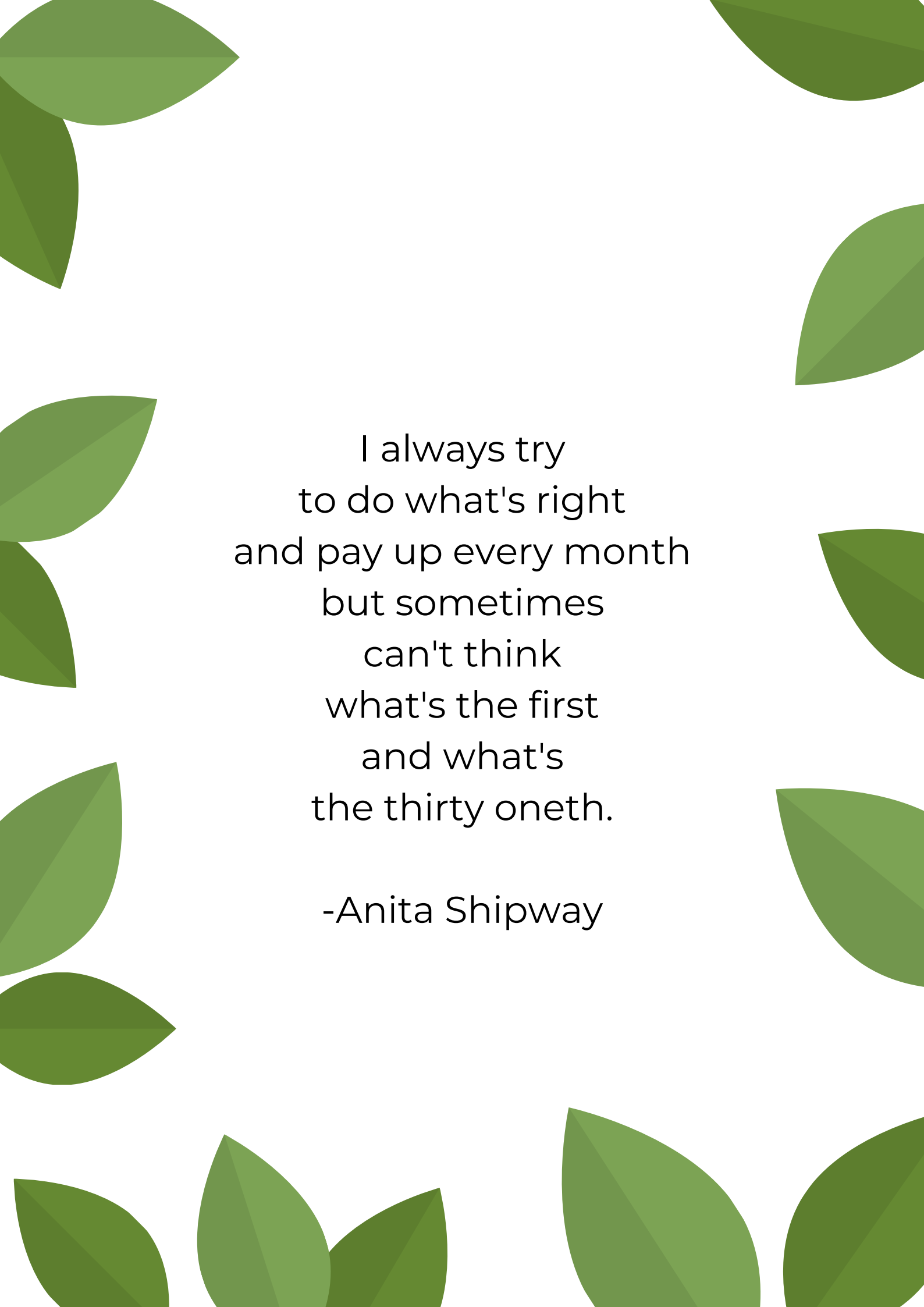
the garden

people like weeds
rise houses

bark at the moon

laugh, howl
wild spring has come...

Joshua H Lewis



I always try
to do what's right
and pay up every month
but sometimes
can't think
what's the first
and what's
the thirty oneth.

-Anita Shipway



Squirrel Talk

"Chirrel, chirrel, chirrel,"
calls the squirrel,
when he wants everyone
to know
that he is using this tree
right now
and that pretty soon he'll go.

-by Anita Alkinburg Shipway

The page is decorated with several green leaves of varying shades and orientations, scattered around the central text. The leaves are stylized with simple gradients and outlines, giving a fresh, natural feel to the design.

Why We Will Never Use Weedkillers

Every spring, we watch
the jagged-edged three-ness
of strawberry leaves emerge
from the snowmelt-soaked
lawn, the white five-petaled
blossoms attract the bees
to their sunny centers,
the green-white berries
ripen to red in June,
the squirrels feasting.

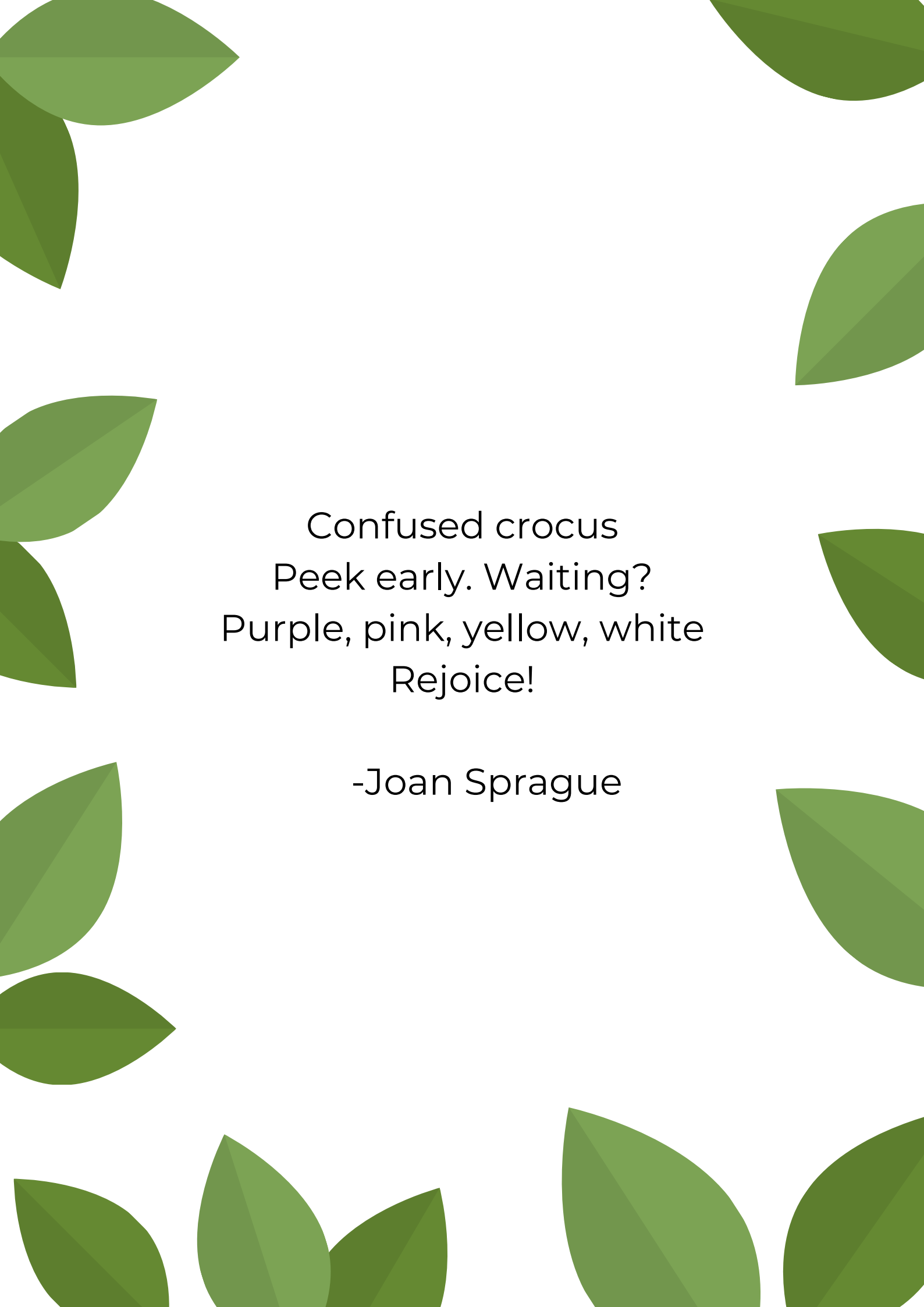
-Joanne Corey



2021

Nearing the end earth appears,
a bare old tree spawning new leaves.
the walls are breaking down.
unity becomes the current song,
breaks the silence of a silent spring.
we are after the rest that comes
when cannon melt and lead
is nowhere to be found.

-Mike Foldes

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Confused crocus
Peek early. Waiting?
Purple, pink, yellow, white
Rejoice!

-Joan Sprague



Walking in the Morning Sunlight

Shadow leading the way

Walking in the morning sunlight

Oh, I know it's gonna be a good day.

Oh, where did he go?

Oh, he's walking behind

Playing hide and seek you see.

Walking in the morning sunlight

Just my shadow and me.

Bill Gorman



Time

After a while
time has no meaning.
My father is gone
ten years.
My mother, ten months.
My friend, ten days.
As I type
there are sirens.
In ten minutes
someone in surgery
may not make it.
A rasping ventilator
may prove insufficient
in five.
I do not know
how many more moments
I will be here.

J. Barrett Wolf



Buds In-The-Ready

The leaves of a large rhododendron with buds in-the-ready were so withered that it was unimaginable the bush would spring to life. A dead oakleaf tumbled across a mound of snow until it was caught by a branch. The leaf would not revive but would decompose and feed the rhododendron.

Pamela Gay



Fluorescent

Beneath the firmament of a glimmering
inclusion.

Sky of a diamond light;
a vigor moves among the foundation caressing,
cajoling
trees of ivory. Supplicating the seeds of a new
turn among the fields of my vitality.

Belinda Tennyson



Hypnopomp

I feel it in the air;
the urge to wake, to
lace my arms in embrace
of change.

The birds chitter truths of
self love in moments of
long assumed silence,
snuffed
below sheets of
quiet white.

A tender warmth courses
from leaves to lungs.
I cry, as if
liberated.

Joshua J. Grosse

The page is framed by several large, stylized green leaves in the corners and along the sides. The leaves are in various shades of green and are arranged in a way that they appear to be part of a larger plant. The central text is centered and reads:

I Want You

Your life is the exclusive event so get dressed up
for it!

Style the tresses of your crowning glory.
Rock that fly ensemble like only you have the
swag to do.

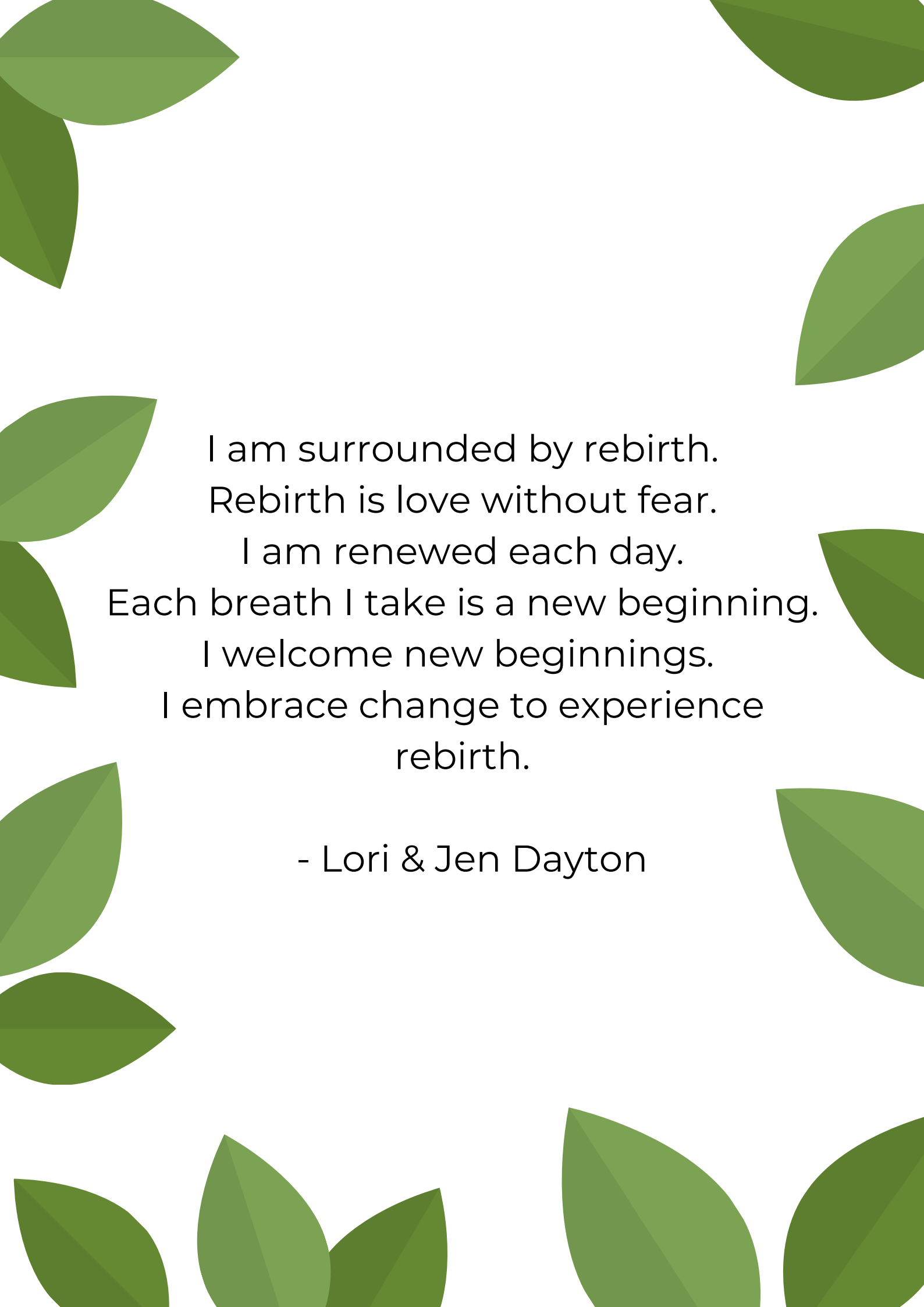
Swell your chest.

Take a good gaze at your gorgeous reflection.

Strike a pose!

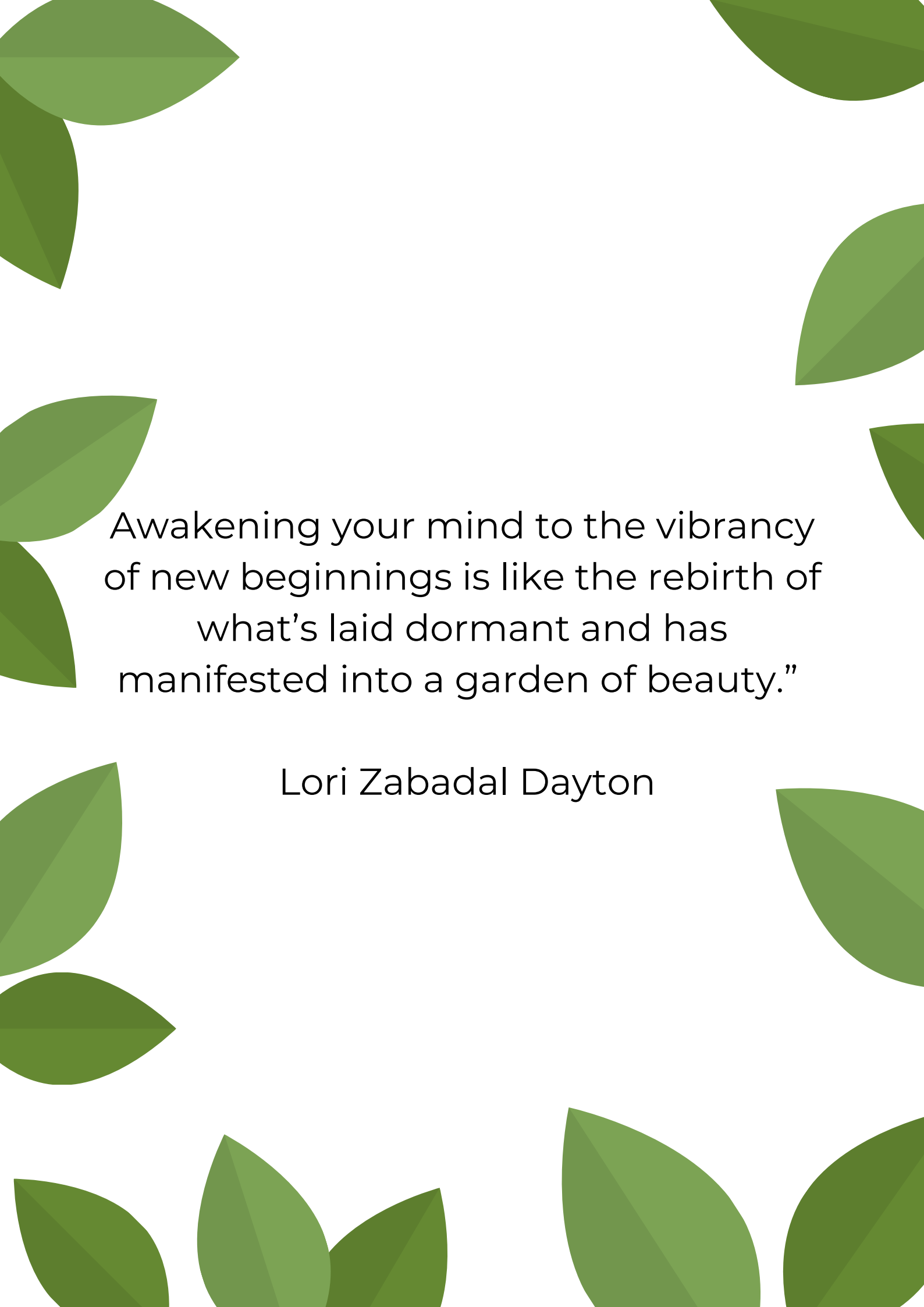
Lift your chin sky high and strut into your gala.

Rindi Tas

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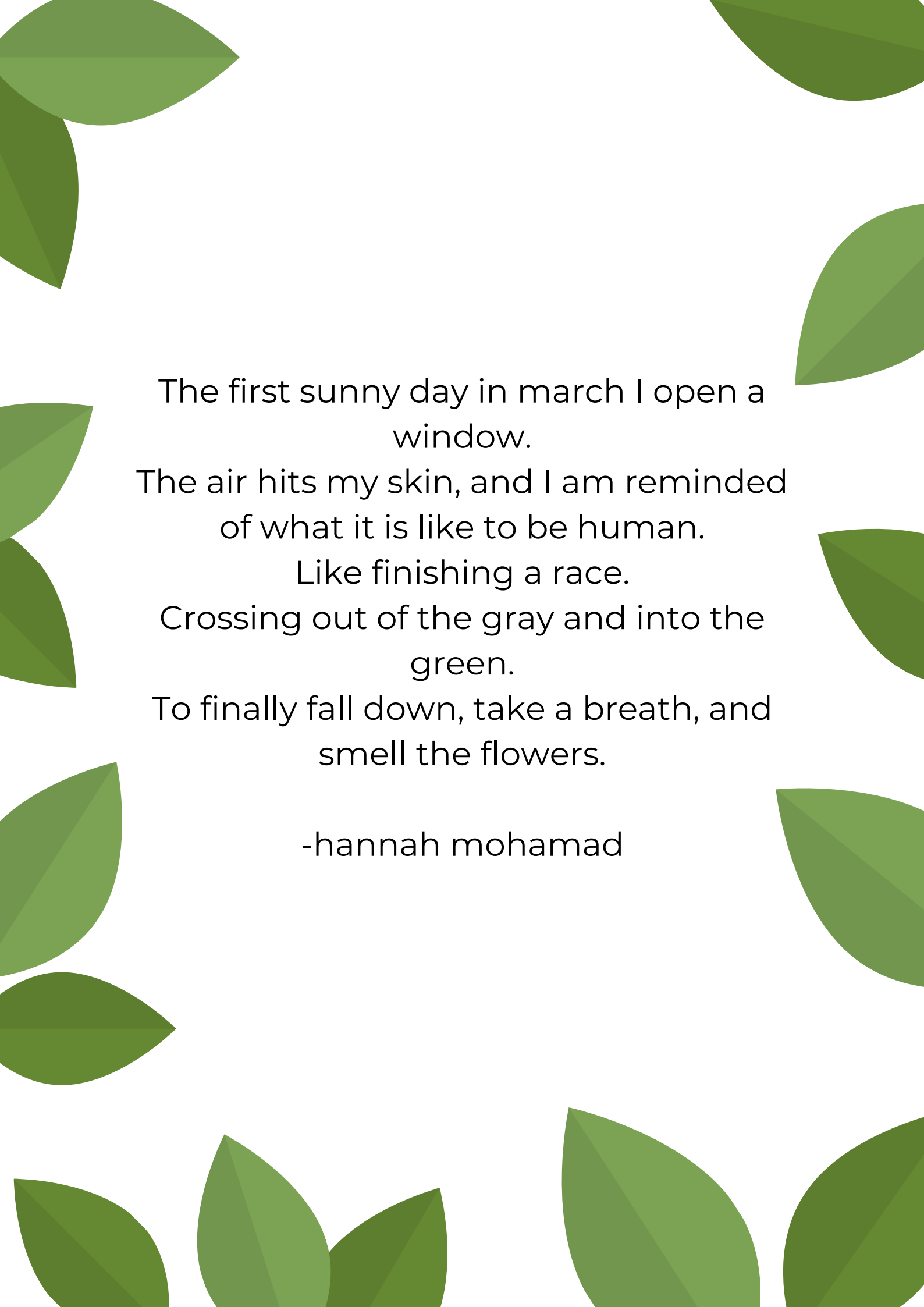
I am surrounded by rebirth.
Rebirth is love without fear.
I am renewed each day.
Each breath I take is a new beginning.
I welcome new beginnings.
I embrace change to experience
rebirth.

- Lori & Jen Dayton



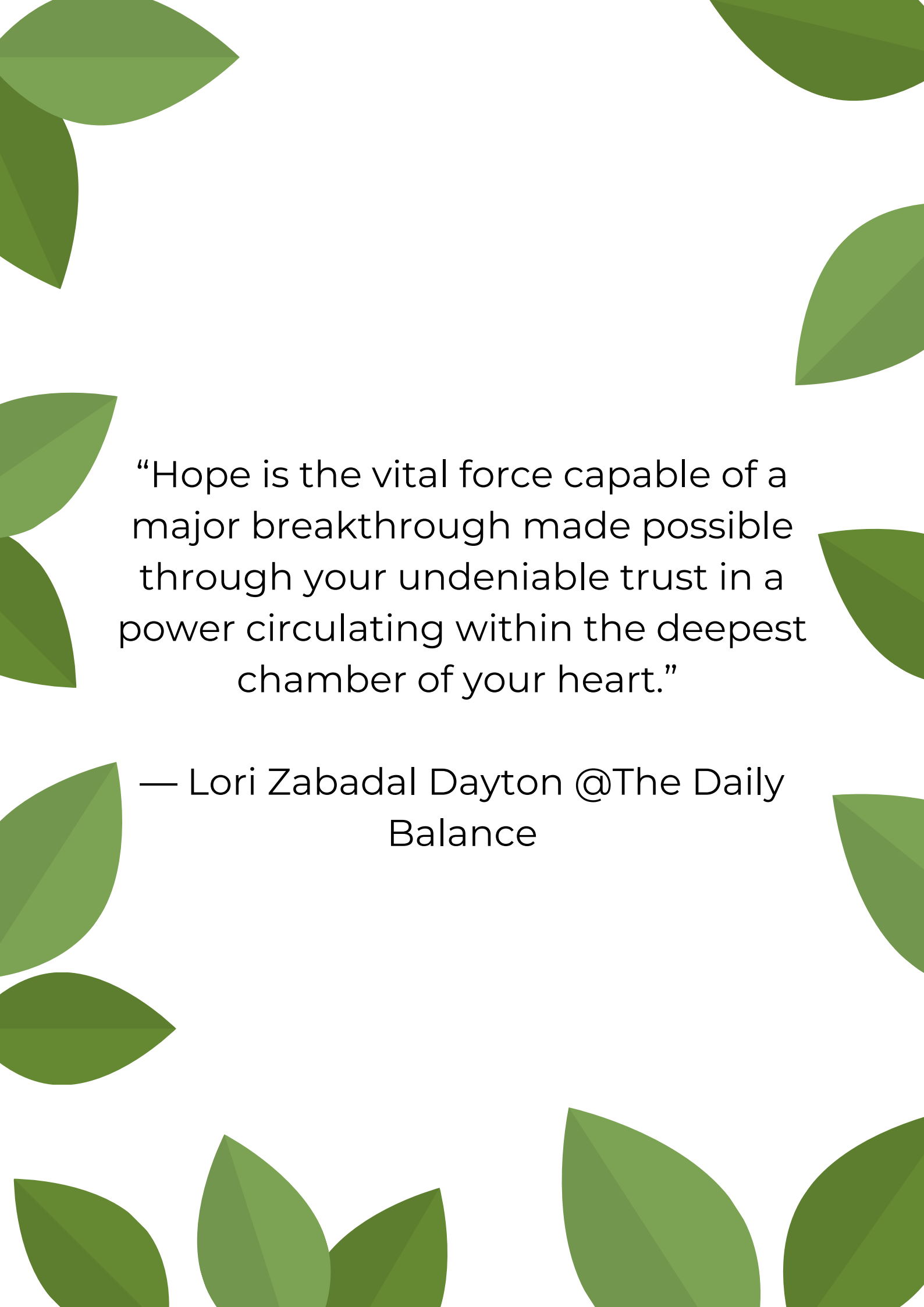
Awakening your mind to the vibrancy
of new beginnings is like the rebirth of
what's laid dormant and has
manifested into a garden of beauty.”

Lori Zabadal Dayton

The page is decorated with several green leaves of varying shades and sizes, scattered around the central text. The leaves are positioned at the corners and along the sides, creating a natural, spring-like border.

The first sunny day in march I open a
window.
The air hits my skin, and I am reminded
of what it is like to be human.
Like finishing a race.
Crossing out of the gray and into the
green.
To finally fall down, take a breath, and
smell the flowers.

-hannah mohamad

The page is decorated with several green leaves of varying shades and sizes, scattered around the edges. The leaves are stylized with a slight gradient and a central vein.

“Hope is the vital force capable of a major breakthrough made possible through your undeniable trust in a power circulating within the deepest chamber of your heart.”

— Lori Zabadal Dayton @The Daily Balance



MASTER GARDENER

Hope may hide beneath the white of snow -
Higher power trumps a losing hand -
Muddy tangled grasses share our memory
of the color green
I almost hear earth- piercing thorns
opening the way for tardy blooms -
reminders of the father who insists on placing
wild roses -
not allowing their demise.

Sandra Rozek



OLD TREES REMEMBER

Living, thriving trees remember all –
Feathered branches reaching
for the sky
carry our memories
ever upward
toward unwritten time to come.

Softly greening buds
impatiently hope and dream -
Guardians of the future
breath thanks to those
who walked these paths
planting wooded spaces.

- Sandra Rozek



SPRING'S WARMING TOUCH

Now is the time when God's hand
touches the earth

Spring comes to hill and dale
Flowers and trees give birth
to leaves and lovely blossoms –

Beauty and fragrance rare

May His warm hand
touch your heart
so you see Him everywhere

Nancy Berry



Shelter from Harbor

Remnants of scars decorate our thoughts
Together, we paint them anew
No one knows how this concludes
With me will be all you have given me
A sense of Victorian elegance
and antiquated sensibility
Shelter from a winter's
devastatingly freeing chill
Seeing me through the dark
Loving us, unconditionally

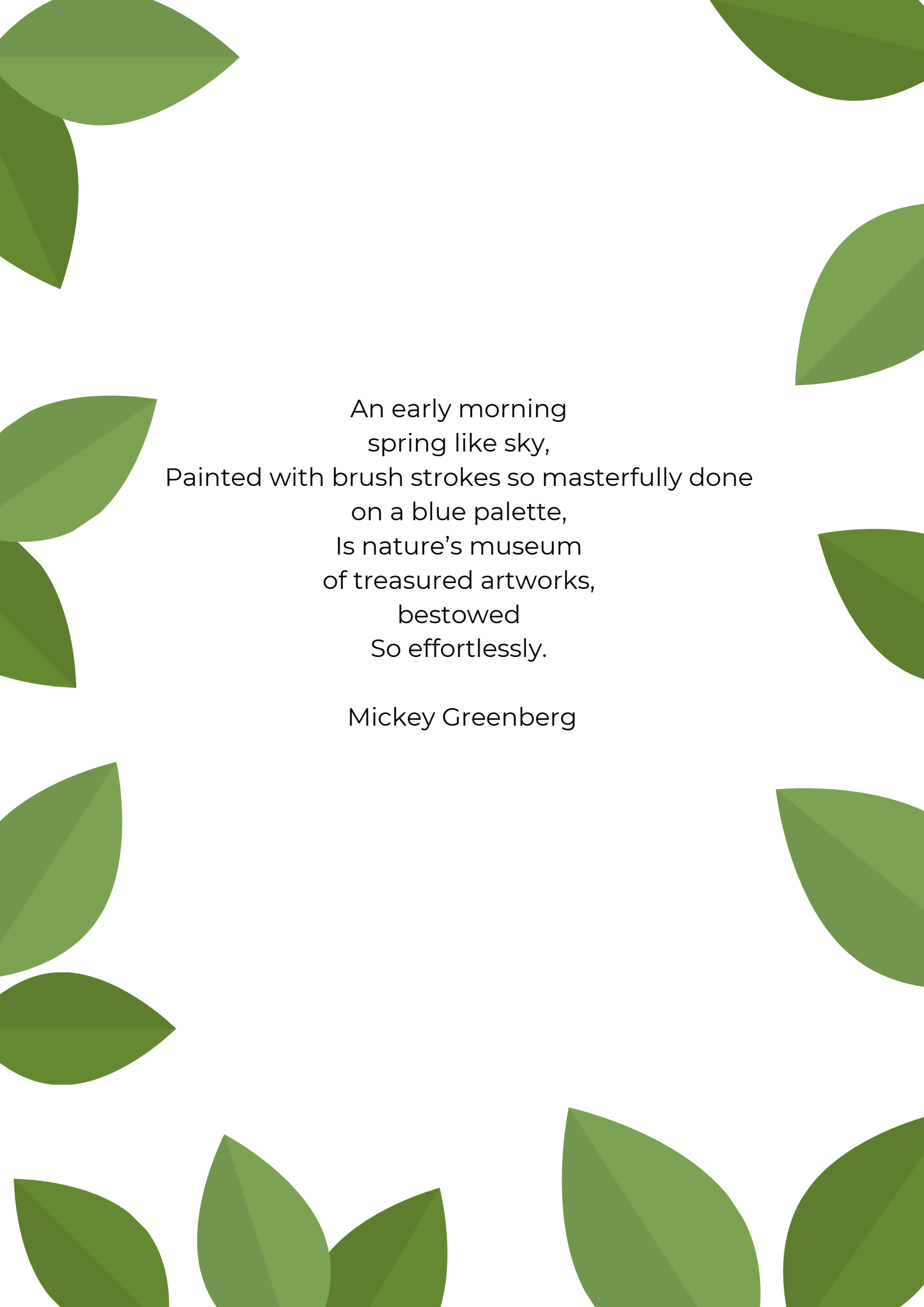
Amanda Truin

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March is moody

As it hesitantly
maneuvers
towards spring.
Like each season,
when at the cusp
of change,
It seems to scratch
its head,
Pondering,
“Dare I take the leap
That has so many consequences!”

- Mickey Greenberg

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An early morning
spring like sky,
Painted with brush strokes so masterfully done
on a blue palette,
Is nature's museum
of treasured artworks,
bestowed
So effortlessly.

Mickey Greenberg



Our pup will roam about in green foliage

Once again,
When spring
is in full bloom.
Cold and whitened days
will no longer
fill the calendar.

As seasonal warmth promises sweet hope,

That this arctic season
will move on,
So woolen layers
of clothes
Can be stored away
In the greening time
of the year.

- Mickey Greenberg



Just Saying

Nothing compares to sitting
on a flat rock, feet in sea foam,
back to the shore,
eating a guyabano--
tang and sweet under
cloud cover and sun,
spitting black pearled seeds
into the waxing tide without a care where the
sea will take them.

- Laurie Kuntz



Purpose of a Rose

After an axiom by Thich Nhat Hanh

Perhaps the killer on the run,
a ruling despot, or the warden of all sins
will never fathom the rose's purpose
in its crinoline of perfumed petals,
but the rest of us are aware of its intentions more than
the rose is of its own coming demise. The resolve of the
rose is that of the snail, the osprey, the wind, a snaked
river
or the slug of our collective reasons
to take a whiff of the momentary bloom
of a red so wild it lends us a purpose to forge on.

- Laurie Kuntz



June's Song

June performs an early March sonata:
hail lashes the Iris's purple tongue,
glistening under the volley of icy diamond
stones. Weather settles everything,
violet petals recover,
flowers are never angry.

- Laurie Kuntz



Unfinished

I give the string
a tug
as it unravels
into ringlets.

I stitch bits of fabric together
leaving its edges raw pulling layered threads
until it fringes.

I have a breast,
shaped by surgeons' hands,
its nipple-less state is unmatched.

- Sharon Bryant