

Just Write

Gloucester County Library System

Logan Township Branch

Writers Group

Selections

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Freeholder Director, Robert M. Damminger | Freeholder Library Liaison, Lyman Barnes



Table of Contents

TOUCH ME NOT *by* AJM

Where's Rosie *by* Caroline Kalfas

SUNFLOWER SURENESS *by* Jane Harre

The Fall Is Past *by* John Witkowski

TOUCH ME NOT¹

By AJM .

"Touch me not", she said, her eyes glaring.

He looked at her expression for a while. Then he said, "That's the name of a plant... a vine actually. It is found on sandy beaches near small streams.

"It has dark green leaves," he continued. He stood up and started pacing. After a while he continued. "The leaves look like they have been cut into neat, thin strips. If you touch the leaves, the strips immediately fold up. Hence the name "Touch-me-not".

"I don't believe you," she said. "How do you know all that?"

"I grew up with them. They were rather common by the small river I used to go to quite frequently.... in the village where I was born, and grew up."

"Maybe they were plants that captured insects when they landed on the leaves," she said.

"Could be. I never thought of that," he said. "I was too engrossed with the nice purple flowers."

(Submitted to Just Write Journal. 3/14/2012)

¹ Prompted in-meeting writing from 11/12/08. Prompts: hear, see, smell, taste, touch.

Where's Rose?

1/30/12

During the dry winter months, my children know where to find the hand lotion.

"Where's Rose?" they will ask.

Rose is the name of a woman we've never met, but she made an adorable bottle dress that I keep draped over our family hand lotion. When the kids need moisturizer, they look for the dressed up bottle and call it "Rose."

As someone who sews, I've become attached to the cover. I know how much time Rose put into choosing the fabric, cutting out the pattern and sewing everything in place. I also know the satisfaction and joy she felt when the project was complete.

Rose made the dress out of yellow calico material. She added lace around the edges and collar, two pleats in the middle and ribbon ties in the back.

Her finished product is homemade and a part of our home. Thanks Rose, wherever you are.

Caroline Kafas

SUNFLOWER SURENESS

Jane Harre

The lesson of the sunflower is utterly simple. The sunflower grows from a small seed, produces a tall stalk with big leaves to nourish the brilliant, eye-catching bloom.

No matter how “eye-catching”, almost startling, in its appearance to others, the sunflower, itself, never once looks at its on-lookers. The sunflower faces the Sun.

The sun, for its part, moves across the sky, causing many other things of which the sunflower is blissfully unaware. The sunflower simply faces the sun.

It does this day after day until its season is over. And then, it dies to itself, and in its dying yields its seed which is food for others and, buried, begins the story all over again, multiplied.

The Fall Is Past

In this locus the present is sleeping
For the frolicking dropped leaves with colors of delight
Have buried themselves for the night
Some living things go to slumber.

Why then do these obstinate beings
Not likewise not lumber
Avoiding instead of _ the use plunder
Harvested into the silos rings

Wait its easier to slip and slide
Instead lets advantage this glide
Downhill all the way without stumble
Satisfying our cries in flight

For it's not another Spring , these things
It's time to limber the lumbar rings
Provided to peons and kings
Abide now these beings.

Insert here what is light
If not blend/merged colors in flight
If you believe the Master Painter is here
Indeed the grays, the whites, the blacks appear.

They dance through fear
The evidence given twice
To provide time here
This ponder done trice.

Accepting where we art
Crouching with our part
We go into winter and tingle
Even this jingle.

©

25Jan12Winter
John Witkowski

Just Write

Meetings Held 2nd & 4th Wednesdays @

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