

Three Poems by Charles Portolano

A great way to start a day

I love the feel
of the moist mist on
this early spring morning,
it tingles
like little kisses

upon the skin of my face,
it envelopes every inch
of my body
like I'm walking
in a cooling cocoon.

Into the woods
I walk
with not a soul
to be seen,
serene silence,

suddenly there's a deer
and her two does
feasting on the green grass
that is starting to sprout up
and out of the softened earth,

they dart away
as I come near, then
they quickly disappear
in the thick fog
found around the trees.

Down by the lake
it makes sight impossible,
I can't see three feet
in front of me,
like I am the invisible man.

With not a sound, except
the constant lapping
of the tiny waves
against the shore line
of the unseen lake,

I make my way home
with my thoughts
cleansed by the mist,
to wake my wife
to start this new day.

An albatross around our necks

Our garbage travels far
across the ocean,
floating on the current
to the tiny atoll of Midway,
dead in the middle
of the Pacific Ocean.
Our throw-away culture,
where everything
is disposable,
impacts the inhabitants,
killing many thousands

of albatross chicks
after they eat chunks
of our plastics that
they mistake for food
that we just toss
away without a worry
of where it might end up,
tossed away after
being used only once;
if only we could all
bear witness firsthand
those baby birds
flapping around,
gagging as they choke
to finally flop down dead
on the sandy beach
to quickly decompose
due to the heat,
the rain, and the insects,
thousands of dead birds
litter the beautiful beach,
their decomposed feathers
and the eaten plastics
are all that remains...

Searching for sanity

Steve found himself down
by the shipping docks
where he had spent
countless hours swimming
in the filthy waters

of the Hudson River.
It was his second home
when his parents
were always fighting
and before his father
finally left for good.
He swore he would make
a better life for himself.
And he had, now a big shot,
a partner in an uptown
law office, with two
secretaries and two paras
at his beck and call,
but somehow he had
lost his way somewhere.
His wife and kids
hardly ever speak to him,
unless they want something.
He wants to cry, but
it was far too cold.
When he looks up
homeless people are
huddled together along
the river banks to keep
warm on this cruel night.
He sees a mother and child
shivering, he finds himself
giving them his cashmere coat.
At first he feels a shiver
race up and down his spine,
then a warming glow
emanates from his soul as
he walks away into the night.

Charles lives in Fountain Hills, AZ. He started writing poetry 17 years ago to celebrate the birth of his daring, darling, daughter Valerie. He wanted to preserve all the memories of the first time she walked, talked. Valerie was born with many obstacles to overcome giving him much to write about. Writing soon became his way of saving his sanity and, then, poetry became his way of life. Valerie is doing great now; she is quite the young writer. He has a new collection of poetry out, *The little, lingering, white lies we allow ourselves to live with.*