Thank you Daniel Niv and M.E.Keyes for publishing three of my poems, *Marine Park, Love at Coney Island* and *Sunday Night.* They appear in the anthology, *Moon Water.* The poems are below; here’s a link to the anthology: <https://www.spelljarpress.com/anthologies>

**Marine Park**

I am weary in body and soul

watching my mother

stuck on a couch

in a wheelchair,

a plastic chair in the shower.

"An aide washes me,"

she says, horrified.

Her face crumples.

I am weary in body and soul

watching the woman

who roiled and rallied,

rolled melons down

the supermarket the aisle

as if they were bowling balls —

every chore a game —

collapsed into bed

leaped out of it,

rose with the moon

still high in the sky,

walked five miles to Marine Park.

Do you know who designed this park?

Frederick Law Olmsted.

It’s nicer in some ways

than Central Park -- she says

I am weary in body and soul

walking five miles

to the park,

my mother now a ghost,

far away,

the sun already risen,

the moon long gone.

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**Love at Coney Island**

So many kinds of sadness --

my favorite accompanied by music

Maria bent over dead Tony

in a playground in Hell’s Kitchen.

I play tapes in my husband’s car.

He and my father loved Brahms.

By Piano Concerto No. 2, I cry,

step out of the car, knees wobbly.

I’m relieved – it’s over.

So much energy sorrow takes.

After all my lobs

on public courts by the ocean,

chicken wire for the net,

I ask my father how can you

enjoy playing tennis with me,

my balls out of bounds,

dead on asphalt strewn with glass,

the playground empty, forsaken.

"You’re my daughter," he says.

Living near the ocean now,

I hear his words in the waves,

whispered on whitecaps.

We’re bound by a tie as strong

as the force the moon exerts on the earth,

its gravitational pull on the ocean —

These waves roll in and out,

and now you are gone, and I am here.

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**Sunday Night**

The first time I count piers

I am in the car, my head

against the cold metal door.

Red lights flash on the road.

An accident, my mother cries,

Her face flushes fear.

A girl has been hurt, her face ravaged,

her future ruined: a girl,

some girl, all girls are me.

I count 105 piers as we crawl

along the West Side Highway.

Garbage by the docks

replaced by silvery green,

a canopy of trees across a moonlit street,

we are home. In bed I hear

the thwack of my mother's slippers

on the basement steps,

relieved to get the laundry done.

It’s Sunday night – the dread

of school, of Monday.

Numbers drift through my head

like piers, like pairs of socks,

like moonlit leaves.

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