

FIVE GRANDSONS IN A CINQUAIN TALE

by Michele Abshire

Austin
Loving grandson
Now a teen, sweet sixteen
Growing up overnight, young man
First one

Gabe-rel
Second grandson
Mischievous but sweet
Yes, full of surprises
Boy two

Baylee
The third grandson
A delight and blessing
Lovable, smart, always smiling
Boy three

Ethan
The fourth grandson
Tall, blonde and blue-eyed
Loves to hunt, fish and rodeo
Boy four

Aidan
Newest Grandson
Born two-thousand fourteen
Cute as a button, happy tot
Boy five

FACING THE WALL

By Georgia Downer

Number of items still on my Bucket List -
Too many
Not enough hours
Not enough days or months
Not enough years.....

TO EDUCATE, ENCOURAGE AND INSPIRE!

We meet at the Carnegie Memorial Library in Lake Charles, LA (411 Pujo Street) on the first Saturday of each month from 10:00 am – 12:00 pm. We then adjourn to Jason's Deli on Ryan St. All members and guests are welcome to join us for lunch!

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EXERCISING THE GRAVEYARD

By Chris Baldauf

Walking the concrete
laid for hearses and mourners
each morning my two miles.
I meet the others – strangers,
familiar by routine,
whose customary greeting
echoes in their footfall.

Between the mausoleums
we're safe from speeding cars,
but not our mortality.

A cloud of witnesses
shroud the new mown lawn,
sprinkled with metal markers,
reminding us – walk faster.

EMERALD ACRES

By Linda Hurst

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty," Jennifer called out. She walked slowly through the open barn, looking for her tabby friend. Kitty was nowhere in sight. As Jennifer exited the barn, she noticed a strange animal in the back field. It looked like a German Shepherd. Jennifer strolled toward the gate. The field's lush grasses were knee deep, since the horses had been moved to a different pasture. Jennifer loved how the grasses swayed in the fall breeze. A closer look at the dog in the distance made her heart jump into her throat. Coyote!

There was no need to search for kitty now.

1977 FIRETHORN RED GRAND PRIX

By Cliff Seiber

Passing a seedy motel a few blocks off the Galveston seawall, I notice a familiar shape. It's a 1977 Pontiac Grand Prix. One of the favorite cars I owned. I remember the broad arrowhead of hood in front of me, culminating in a pointed grille of chrome, flanked by four square headlights. My red Batmobile.

The rakish side view was sleek with a line dipping gently behind the door, curving upward along the rear quarter panel and sloping slightly down to a hint of a tail fin. Between the fins vertical rectangular tail lights served as parentheses enclosing the pointed trunk, an echo of the front point.

The Firethorn Red finish was bright but soft like tomato soup.

It was a sad day in 1978 when my car disappeared from my office parking lot. The insurance settlement helped with the cost of my next vehicle, but it didn't replace my 1977 Firethorn Red Pontiac Grand Prix.

I pulled beside the forlorn replica in Galveston, its tires rotted and flat, the coating of beach sand a half-inch thick on windows and that classic body. My heart beat faster after a swipe of my finger revealed faded Firethorn Red finish.

Can it be? After 37 years?

I ran my fingers along the inside of the driver's-side rear wheel well. There it was. The magnetic box holding the spare key, just where I left it.

I almost cried when I woke from the dream.

ECHO

By Tara Elizabeth

My life was filled with magic and joy until the day I saw him. A handsome youth lured me down from my mountain and past the foothills. I followed helplessly.

His beauty was extraordinary—a strong jaw, crystal blue eyes, wavy hair and a sculpted physique. He was perfection, and I wanted his love. I was desperate for it.

Every day I watched him, and each day I crept a little closer. To be with him and tell him of my love was my only wish, but I was cursed. He would never know my feelings or me. Did the goddess know that she would cost me love when she dealt the curse upon me?

"Who's here?" he called. He heard my footsteps on the foliage.

"Who's here?" I echoed. It was all I could say, though I yearned to shout, "I love you!"

"Come to me," he said.

My heart surged. "Come to me," I repeated as I revealed myself.

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?"

"Stop playing games. Go now!" he demanded.

My heart broke as the words "Go now," fell from my lips. He went with disgust on his face.

Devastated, I returned to my mountain and found my sleeping-stone where I wept on its surface. My soul lost itself in the mountainside that day, and now I am forever trapped in its embrace—though I still call out to those that call to me. Perhaps one of them will hear me and set me free.