

2nd Annual Collingswood Book Festival Poem

The excitement of the day fell on us
With coffee in hand, strolling down the avenue
As B101 plays tunes that make all smile

The dark clouds blinding me
The dead leaves swinging in the trees
An overcast sky belies the festivities to come
Until at last, we knew, we thought
The children smile, I laugh, we play

The bumble bee is sweet as day
The sights I see, as never seen before
Flood the senses with truth and lies alike
Love God, live, be free
Skimming in shimmering poetry sounds

80 degrees – mid-October – global warming? -- Naaah!
Nothing is as it appears
Followed Therese through canyons, woods and rails,
Walking upon concrete, book-laden trails

Dancing and prancing through the words of seers
Alone, alive, an awakening
Dancing with an angel in a path of flowers strewn
Together we will all unite and be all born, renewed
With gold dust scattered at our feet
Even at the center of fire there is cold

Life is great and the book fair does rate
Searing heat pounding sidewalks in October
Sometimes it snows in April
It's more than I can bear, this joy must be spread through the year

Oh, Collingswood, how I love this town that owns me
Collingswood Marching Band rocks

Winds blow the wilted leaves about the stone paved streets
Marking a day in both time and place
Haddon Avenue changes but the spirit stays the same
And though I may travel, this will always be home
Concrete and paper on a sunny day meet

Grinning goblins, fighting ghouls witches on their magic brooms
We traveled across the Universe, we chose a solo revolution

Books, books, books who needs TV?

How high can Collingswood climb? Clamor on board and go for the ride
Stop and listen, words speak to us, books have a voice – embrace