

New York Spell

By Gregg Dotoli

like that forgotten song
that's reheard , sweeter and richer sounding

when leaving NY, the spell goes too
as Manhattan patient and regal rests
like a lady-in-waiting
on return, the awe and freedom falls
on the spirit
the breezy island whispers stay
this is the only place to be
this is the only place to be
this is the only place to be

70s, 70s Where Art Thou?

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Wanna see those bluebirds again
gotta hear that stream song
need to feel that spark and
grooving in Kingsland park
decade of colors, love and youth
troubles a foreign land named Vietnam
as we preached passing hand to hand
and looked deep into our new soul canyons a seventies calm of good-vibes ,
forever

The Observer of Silly

By Gregg Dotoli

Flash Shower , dried and dressed
snow again? another NY hell commute
while I scramble for my keys
A tree perched squirrel
smiles as I enter my car.

After Night Snow

By Gregg Dotoli

White snow,
Piled four fingers high ,
pine branches, coated, once green
the tree a white caked couch
for the bright red cardinals
a muffled silence and chill-breeze
whisper morning peace
the red dots rearrange themselves
by nature's clock.

Tanka/No Thankya

By Gregg Dotoli

Vanessa
remote goddess
beauty , sex and love
distant invisible girl
dashed cyber-hope, a bot or true?

Gregg Dotoli bio: Gregg Dotoli studied English at Seton Hall University and enjoys living in the NYC area. He is a white hat hacker, but his first love is the Arts.