

## Golda

### Thanksgiving at Grandma's

Grandma  
burns pies,  
roasts turkey dry.  
Flecked  
potatoes drool.  
Crock smells.

Gravy  
lumps.  
We frown  
at mangled food.  
Not a scene like  
Rockwell's.

### Angel Flights

Angels  
dangle  
over my head,  
fly  
in my weird mind  
near me.  
Book case  
shelves—  
landings,  
host and cage them  
I smile as they  
clear me.

### Cosmic Connections

James came  
(comet-  
umbilical-ed  
tail  
trailing). His head  
was seen-  
yellow  
moon-  
cheese cap.  
Earthling landed;  
turned pink when he  
was clean.

### Free Poems

Free poems  
in box  
in the front yard  
lure  
passers-by to  
take one.  
Poet  
hopes  
they will  
read one, think some,  
ponder, wonder  
make one.

**Golda:** Created by Golda Walker. Can be broken into two or three stanzas or no stanzas. Title is mandatory. 12 lines. 6<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> lines rhyme. Syllable Count: 2-2-4-1-4-2a 2-1-2-4-4-2a

### Halloween Black and White Night

Goblins,  
ghosts, ghouls  
haunt in ghastly  
white.  
Witches, warlocks  
wear black.

Evil?  
good?  
Who knows?  
Under those clothes  
bared souls carry  
spare pack?

### Culinary Contrasts

Grandma  
doesn't  
bake very much.  
She  
microwaves foods—  
take-outs.  
Grandpa,  
he  
prepares  
real healthy goods.  
Organic treats  
make shouts.

### Incentives

Writers  
nibble  
snacks for sugar  
high.  
Creatively  
they muse.  
Minds race,  
chase  
new thoughts.  
No word diets.  
Attitudes won't  
refuse.

### Prayer for my Grandchildren

Angels  
guard them  
enlighten them.  
Peace  
surround and truth  
make right.  
Blessings,  
joys,  
carings, sharings,  
love bring beauty  
and may their muse  
take flight.