

MCRPA Member Spotlight



Echoes of Expression: MCRPA's Poetry Showcase

Celebrating National Poetry Month

APRIL 2024



Celebrating the poetic talents of our members...

April is National Poetry Month, a time dedicated to celebrating the joy and beauty of poetry. Established by the Academy of American Poets in April 1996, it's an occasion that recognizes the essential role of poets in our culture and the significance of poetry itself.

Over the years, it has evolved into the world's largest literary celebration, engaging millions of readers, students, educators, librarians, and more, underscoring the importance of poetry in our lives.

If you've ever wanted to explore writing but haven't had the chance, this month provides the perfect opportunity to start. Remember, there are no strict rules or formats for writing poetry; it's about expressing yourself freely. Poetry offers a wonderful outlet for emotions, thoughts, and reflections.

National Poetry Month is a chance for people of all ages to unite in celebrating the diverse voices of poets. Visit your local library to discover featured poetry collections this month.

This month, MCRPA celebrates our members who excel as poets and writers. Through this spotlight, some of our members share their poems and the inspiration behind them. We hope you enjoy reading their work and consider picking up books by these talented authors.

Additionally, we invite you to join us on Monday, April 29th, from 2:00 to 3:00 p.m. for a Virtual Poetry Open Mic, where we'll come together to celebrate National Poetry Month.

I Love you.irrational expression constant transcendental love...

I Love you.transcendental constant irrational undying love...

1 line poem based on the 3.14 Pi number / Showing 3.14 syllable pattern, while using the mathematic terms that describe Pi, while also playing on the theme "infinite love".

Tracey Little

Horizon

If you've come this far,
get ready to go further.
You didn't come this far
just to enjoy the view.
The view is only the beginning.
The beginning of your story.
Your story is a gift.
A gift that can inspire change.
Change that can bring peace.
Peace that you can appreciate
when you're ready to grow
beyond the horizon.

We all have had moments in our lives that served as a breakthrough moment for us to make a decision that would positively impact the rest of our journey. When we decide to value and appreciate ourselves, your life story can change.

You can make that transition in life from I would like to do that to I've achieved it. You can start to look at your life with gratitude because no matter if your cup is half empty or half full, you are the cup, and you can refill as you'd like because you've done the inner work to approach life, to approach the pursuit of your dreams as the alpha you were born to be because you have the potential to do it.

Waterfall

I rise every day to answer my calling.
Today I'm stronger from falling.
Peace comes from walking through the fire.
The only thing that ignites my desire.
After so many sunsets, I can finally see.
I see what it means to be me.
I rise today because it is my choice.
Never forget the value of your voice.

Everyone has a voice, a story, and gift to share with the world. Sometimes we can go through life and it feels like we're not making progress, but just as we approach the horizon, we see that we have more inspiration to give and service to do.

From Wolf Cub to Alpha: Poems to Awaken the Champion in You (<https://a.co/d/5UcDL-hP>)

Raul Marin

The Journey (A Sestina)

by Elysse Meredith

Make in mind image of ancestral home:
a soothing, gentle, warm, and humble place.
Now open I the door, and stepping forth
into silence, I solemn stand alone,
seeing before me years, months, and minutes,
and leave on a long-expected journey.

I call discomfort friend on the journey,
where humpbacked ships are temporary home.
Scrunched by strangers, I make myself minute,
yet find comfort in this liminal place,
where we are all together but alone,
as the creaking carrack continues forth.

I find new friends along the Firth of Forth;
each one wanders on a diff'rent journey.
Clasping hands at ceilidhs, never alone
although outsiders from far remote homes,
we meet ourselves anew within this place,
laughing lose our past conceits in minutes.

My branching path turns in just a minute
as further functions call my footsteps forth.
Although upon these Crags I carved my place,
this is not the envoi of my journey.
Half a decade dear Dunedin was home,
but I must fly my friends and walk alone.

Upon another shore I stand alone:
watch the ebb and flow of waves and minutes.
While newer friends opened to me their homes,
I gather heart and hopes again for forth-
coming travel, another life's journey,
my wistful transience now commonplace.

Now I know I may not find any place.



Each new land is briefly mine on a loan,
wonders engraved upon my heart's journey.
Writing verse to act as mindful minutes
when memory fails, these words can bring forth
The dearest friends I found in far-flung homes.

I stay each place from years to mere minutes.
Alone, I open to strangers. Henceforth,
I gladly call this endless journey home.



I wrote this poem after a group I was in set up the prompt (write about a journey) as a writing challenge, and I wanted to challenge myself with a difficult form.

Elysse Meredith

There are moments in life when we encounter rough patches, feeling as if nothing is going our way. Such was the sentiment that inspired my poem, "Carefree Days." During a stretch of challenging months filled with stress, I found solace in expressing these emotions through writing this particular poem.

It's natural to experience periods where we yearn to rewind time and alleviate our problems, or at least address some of them. In acknowledging our mistakes, the important aspect lies in learning from them. Despite encountering obstacles along the way, I am grateful to have navigated through them. Moving forward, it's essential to embrace the lessons gleaned from our journey.

Nobody leads a flawless life; setbacks are inevitable. Yet, it's imperative to remember that stumbling is part of the process. The key is to rise again, resilient and determined to forge ahead.

So, embrace the essence of those carefree days you long for, where you can kick your problems aside and revel in the freedom they bring.

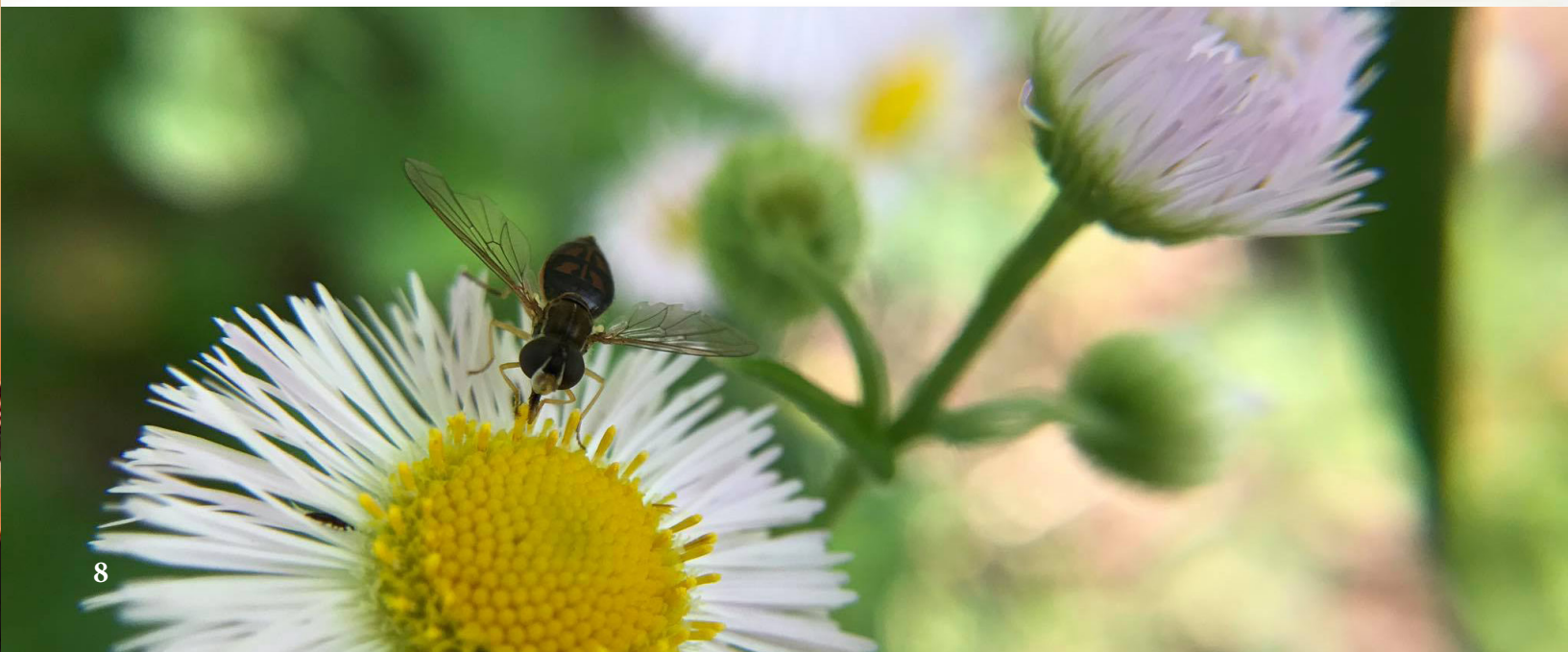
Into the Night: A Collection of Poems (<https://a.co/d/63YNHbk>)

Nghi Nguyen

Carefree Days

by Nghi Nguyen

I want to go back to those carefree days when the sun rose over the horizon and the morning brought me lots of happiness.
I want to relive those nights when I smiled and there weren't any problems to worry about.
I want to go back in time and kill all of my troubles and problems.
There were so many happy days then, not like today.
Today, I worry, feel sad, and find depression.
I know I cause all these issues in my life, but I want to change everything.
I wish I could close my eyes, fall asleep, and in the morning, the wind comes and brings a better day.
I wish I could close my eyes to fall asleep and then someone wakes me up in the morning to tell me everything I've experienced was only a bad dream.
I want everything to go back to those peaceful days when all the troubles that worried me were school and work.
Today, all my troubles come and come.
I turn left and right, and they're standing there waiting for me.
I cause my problems, and I need help, and no one can help me but myself.
I wish I could turn back the hands of time and never sit down on the table.
I wish I could go back and put away the cards.
I wish I could pick up from that very first moment and start something better than what I'd decided then, because it has now destroyed my life.



Into the Night

by Nghi Nguyen

Sometimes I wonder where all of this is going.
I have hopes and dreams, and I take these hopes and dreams with me into the night.
However, when the lights go out, no one is here.
There is only the light from the outside streetlight shining into my window.
The streetlight moves in the wind and into the night.
The streetlight moves gently with the light in the sky, and this is how I know another day is here.
I hold on to the night pretending everything is okay, and maybe everything is alright.
Nevertheless, I wish when the lights go out and the night comes to visit, there'd be someone here whispering to me.
I wish it were someone who loves me and whispers words of love and not the wind telling me to close my eyes so another day would go by.
I listen to the clock ticking downstairs as though the minute was counting by itself and telling me the night is long, but it's much longer when I sit alone in bed thinking about love.
I long for someone to love me, to hold me, and to kiss my lips into the night.
However, when the darkness wraps its hands around me, all I hear is the silence of the night.
No one here to hold me; no one here to say hello or goodnight.
I don't ask for too much.
All I need is a little warm touch when the lights go out.
Then, when the evening arrives, the night reaches out to grab and pull me into the darkness.
Right away, I know another day is over while I lie in bed alone watching the streetlight flickers outside my window.
The streetlight signals that dreams are sometimes better than reality when it comes to love.

I wrote "Into the Night" about seven years ago when I was going through a tough time. It's based on my memories of growing up in Washington, D.C., in an apartment building. I remember seeing the streetlight outside our window at night, especially when it flickered. This image stuck with me because it reminded me of when we first arrived in the US, when we first got to the apartment, and I saw the same streetlight shining through the blinds.

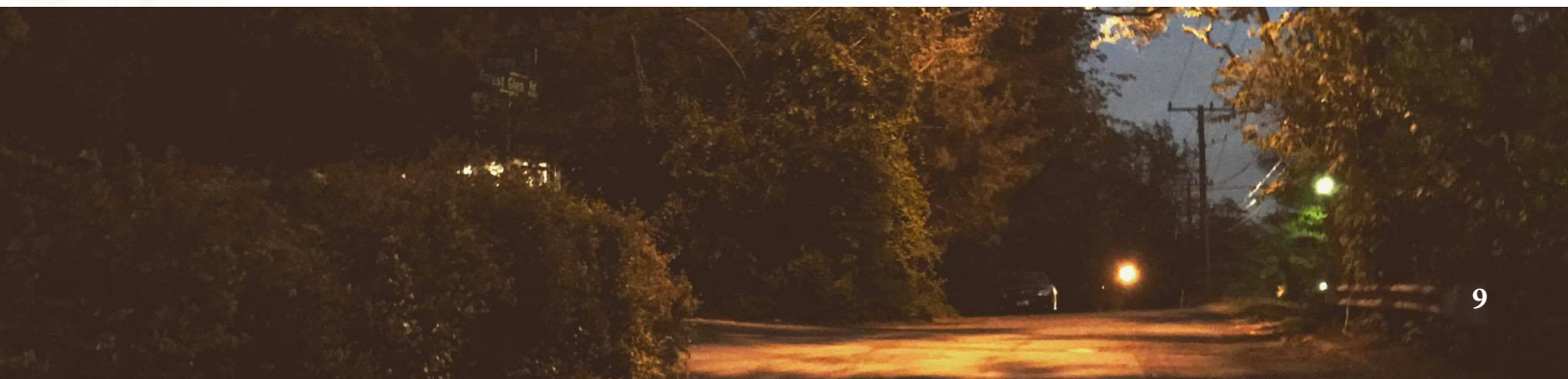
I included this poem as the title piece in my poetry collection a few years ago, and later added it to my novel of short stories. In the novel, I used "Into the Night" as part of a story called "Red Oak," which I dedicated to a friend who committed suicide during high school.

Some people who read the poem think it's about heartbreak and longing for love, but it's more about wanting to escape life's troubles. It's about craving love—whether from friends or family—without all the pain and difficulties that life can bring.

Into the Night: A Collection of Poems (<https://a.co/d/63YNHbk>)

Red Oak: A Collection of Short Stories (<https://a.co/d/9J6UX3Y>)

Nghi Nguyen



I wrote "Fireflies" when I was around 18, inspired by a moment with someone special. We were walking by a pond at sunset, and as it grew dark, the fireflies illuminated the night around us. It was such a magical sight that I couldn't shake it from my mind. When I got home, I immediately penned this poem. It went through several revisions before being published in the poetry collection.

Unfortunately, I lost contact with the person I wrote the poem for. I did send them a copy of the poem years ago, so I hope they still remember that special moment as vividly as I do.

I also included "Fireflies" in my short story, "A Mother's Love." Some readers have found the ending to be sad, which I understand. While many wished for a happier conclusion, the story was always intended to have a somber ending. I considered altering it to match the happier tone of the poem, but ultimately stayed true to the original concept. If you read the story, you'll see why the ending is as it is.

Into the Night: A Collection of Poems (<https://a.co/d/63YNHbk>)

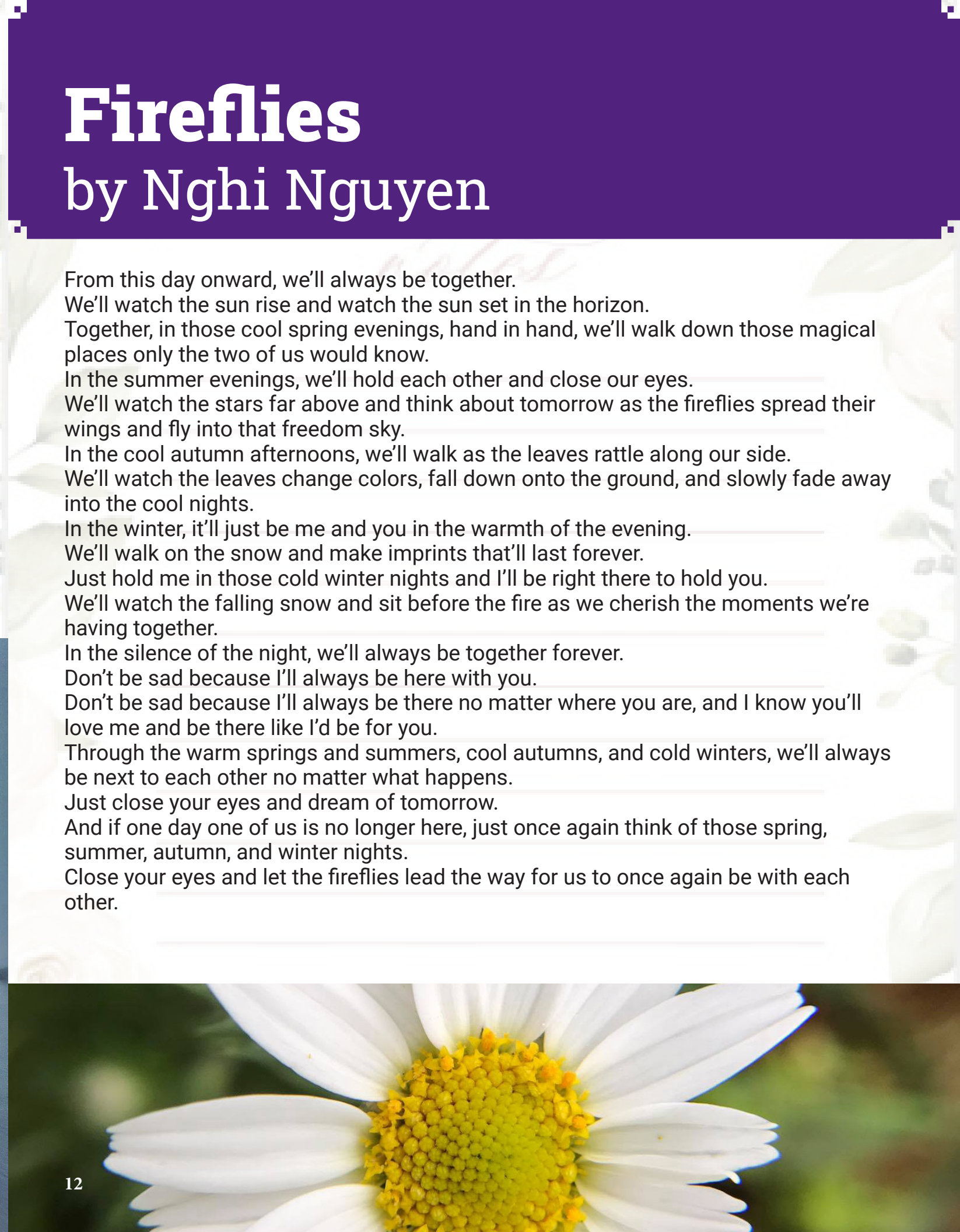
Red Oak: A Collection of Short Stories (<https://a.co/d/9J6UX3Y>)

Nghi Nguyen

Fireflies

by Nghi Nguyen

From this day onward, we'll always be together.
We'll watch the sun rise and watch the sun set in the horizon.
Together, in those cool spring evenings, hand in hand, we'll walk down those magical places only the two of us would know.
In the summer evenings, we'll hold each other and close our eyes.
We'll watch the stars far above and think about tomorrow as the fireflies spread their wings and fly into that freedom sky.
In the cool autumn afternoons, we'll walk as the leaves rattle along our side.
We'll watch the leaves change colors, fall down onto the ground, and slowly fade away into the cool nights.
In the winter, it'll just be me and you in the warmth of the evening.
We'll walk on the snow and make imprints that'll last forever.
Just hold me in those cold winter nights and I'll be right there to hold you.
We'll watch the falling snow and sit before the fire as we cherish the moments we're having together.
In the silence of the night, we'll always be together forever.
Don't be sad because I'll always be here with you.
Don't be sad because I'll always be there no matter where you are, and I know you'll love me and be there like I'd be for you.
Through the warm springs and summers, cool autumns, and cold winters, we'll always be next to each other no matter what happens.
Just close your eyes and dream of tomorrow.
And if one day one of us is no longer here, just once again think of those spring, summer, autumn, and winter nights.
Close your eyes and let the fireflies lead the way for us to once again be with each other.



Montgomery College Rising Professionals Association (MCRPA)

MCRPA was established in 2011 as an employee resources group. We collectively seek out opportunities to learn and grow as individuals and as burgeoning professionals. Our members are enthusiastic supporters of Montgomery College's mission and community. If you have a desire to get involved and participate in hands-on personal and professional development activities, networking, and community service, you are a perfect fit for MCRPA.

Each MCRPA member plays an important role in our structure. Because our activities directly result from our members' shared interests, we encourage our members to engage with MCRPA programming. Members determine the intensity and time commitment of their involvement. We realize that members have other commitments, both personal and professional. Explore our committees, events, membership and leadership team. MCRPA always welcomes suggestions for new roles and/or committees.

Join MCRPA - <https://www.montgomerycollege.edu/offices/mcrpa>

Contact Us - mcrpa@montgomerycollege.edu

