

Plotterkill Ode
Joseph A. Carosella
November 11, 2021

The Plotterkill, Schenectady County's gem.
The ridge trails, north and south, combine to hem
the steep ravine, the waterfalls, the kill
(an old Dutch word for creek, they say). And hills
above give views that elevate.

The fairies no doubt come to recreate
and revel. Angels, when they're near, must glide
and sigh. And hikers such as I can bide
at overlooks along the northern rim
and gazing, think they ought to pen a hymn,
a paeon to the Plotterkill Preserve.

But - no words I know are fine enough to serve.

Plotterkill Magic
Joseph A. Carosella
January 27, 2021

A hundred steps, on snow, in woods,
I feel it. I think, Frodo could
perceive this magic, Sam likewise.
Listen - you can hear his cries:
"Adventure, Mr. Frodo, elves!
Today they might just show themselves,
you never know." See - Frodo smiles,
and nods. The wending way beguiles
and I expect that Sam is right.
The woodland elves and fairy sprites
don't leave their prints, but they are near
and if I'm still they may appear.
If not, no matter. I can wait
for other days. I trust my fate,
like Frodo's, will conspire to bring
the joy of me encountering
them in a glistening winter glade
or in high summer, in the shade
of fir or oak. What speech between
us there will be, of air pristine
and woodsy bliss and skies above,
and all in nature that we love.

Stopping for Beauty

Joseph A. Carosella

June 13, 2026

We set out on our Stockade walk
which is the time we use to talk,
to share, compare and to relax.
But beauty, sidewalk plantings-style,
stopped us in our Stockade tracks:
in high beds purple blooms were piled,
and yellow roses, trimmed yet wild.
*We need to write to thank whoever
has gifted us with this endeavor.
Do we have a pen, and paper, too?
(Writers out walking?) Oh, we do.*
As I, upon the front porch stairs,
knelt formulating grateful pairs
of verse, the lady herself came home.
So in addition to this poem
we complimented her. *How bright
we feel just being here.* Delight,
surprise and joy were hers. *Come here -
do you want to see what's in the rear?*
she offered. *Oh, we do, we do!*
Small miracles at times come through.
So Mary - sharing her blooms and name -
brought us back to view the framed
and sheltered, bordered green retreat
behind the house, oasis-sweet:
a pond, and rose-scent on June's air,
a walk with hedges, a coffee chair.
The privilege of the open gate,

the cozy beauty there - ornate
yet simple. Like a secret sultan's
garden. *Oh...* we breathed, exultant.

With words that spoke themselves, I said,

I'm inside my own heart, I feel.

Such Beauty in a garden bed:

fullness, riches, nigh surreal.

To shout *I do, I do* I'm led
as eye and soul and blossom wed.

Spending Monday morning at a nice café

Joseph A. Carosella

May 11, 2026

One said that every Monday she is there.

Another said she'd come this week,
is what a friend relayed to me.

On Sunday I was ready
for: an hour over coffee
and a glimpse of who they are inside.

Which then, of course, gave me the prompt
to think about the kind of glimpse
that I'd give them of me.

They didn't come,
so never mind.

I sipped and wrote a little,
checked the time,
and took advantage of the great big windows (Arthur's)
and the sun-lit view.

I waited without waiting,
glad enough in life to sit alone and be

A Writer

spending Monday morning
at a nice café.

Second Second Table

Joseph A. Carosella

August 12, 2026

Four weeks later, reconnecting.

Lives and vectors intersecting:

poets at the Second Table

writing, sharing as we're able.

Lived events and lived emotions -

all can put a pen in motion.

In a world so practical,

poets feel - and launch - a pull

to inner seeing, distillation

of this life. Our verse vibration

opens hearts and minds to see

our need to live creatively.

The View from Arthur's

Joseph A. Carosella

May 4, 2026

Chocolate, Salads, Beer and Cider, Gifts -

for me they're backwards on the window panes.

I look past those enticing words,

out on a view of our Stockade:

the old brick houses painted teal and cream,

St. George's steeple if I lean and crane,

old Lawrence on his pedestal.

I know a graveyard's by the church,

the river's only down the street.

This Dutch-Colonial stockade

has lots of charm all on its own.

Then Badiana comes.

We drink our coffees,

get to know each other some

(we met a week ago, just here).

We find we have a common vision

of this life and of the world as well.

We find out that this sharing's pretty nice -

two poets, ninety minutes, laughs, a hug.

Another thing that I find out:

the view from Arthur's Market's

even better if you get it

as you make a friend.

Rabbits
Joseph A. Carosella
April 28, 2026

The rabbits in our yard don't doubt themselves.
Since they are smaller, always they look out
for anything that's big that could mean: predator.
And sudden sounds and movements startle them.
Their vigilance must cost them energy -
where would they be without it, though?
They watch, they eat, they hide, they mate.
When things seem safe, they are at ease.
They nibble seeds beside the birds and
other like-sized backyard folks.
They maybe play when I'm not there to see.
I guess the Goodalls, Fosseys or Cousteaus
could figure out, with time and study,
more of what goes on in rabbits' heads.
But even so,
not knowing much about their inner lives,
I watch their outer lives from time to time
and I'm convinced
that we who doubt ourselves
could learn a useful thing or two from them.