

A COLLECTION OF POEMS FROM MULTIPLE POETS

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2026 EDITION
POETRY
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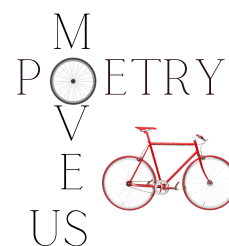


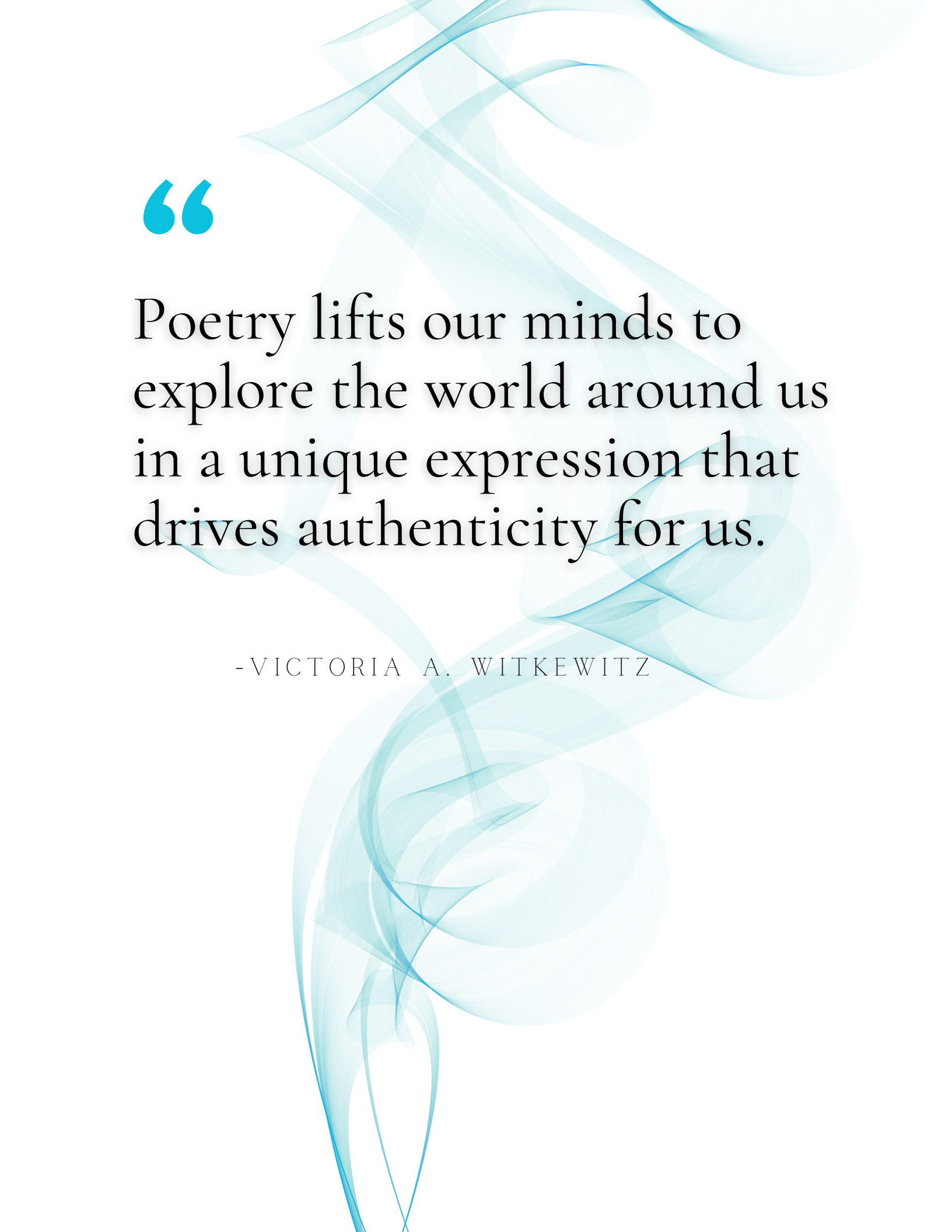
A RED BICYCLE BOOKS
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Poetry lifts our minds to
explore the world around us
in a unique expression that
drives authenticity for us.

-VICTORIA A. WITKEWITZ

welcome

Words surround us in our daily lives. Poetry is an art form that expresses our thoughts and feelings in rhythmic movement that captures a journey of introspection.

Welcome to our second edition of *Poetry Moves Us Magazine*. Whether you are new to poetry or have been reading poetry for a long time, we are delighted you have stopped by, with or without a red bicycle.

The collection of poems you are about to read have been carefully crafted by the voices of poets from around the globe. Let their words move you, inspire you, capture emotion, challenge you to think and reflect to explore the unknown, and perhaps, spark the pathway of passion to create your own poetry.

Remember, the most salient story you can write is your own.

Cheering for you every day.

What legacy will you leave today?

A stylized, handwritten-style logo for Victoria A. Witkewitz. The word "Victoria" is written in a light blue, cursive font. The letter "V" is larger and more prominent, with a small blue dot above it.

Victoria A. Witkewitz
Author & Founder
Red Bicycle Books, LLC

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This year features the talent and artistry from the following poets.

LINDA M. CRATE

CHANTE-MARIE DANTE

MATTHEW SISSON

JULIA KULCHYTSKY

TRACI NEAL

IRENA GROCHOLA



LINDA M. CRATE

Linda M. Crate (she/her) is a Pennsylvanian writer whose poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has seventeen published chapbooks the latest being: *only the future knows* (Alien Buddha Press, November 2025).

i simply want to be

what am i to the universe,
but a blink of a moment?
a brief star whose
light won't echo
centuries from now?

i don't want this to end,
don't want me to
end;

i don't know what
beginning is i simply want to be—

for me existence is not
enough,
i want to know
everything;
feel everything; and feel a
love even time cannot
stop—

my heart full of poetry,
and my soul full of short stories;
the mythology of my bones
i want to be remembered—

to be as immortal
as a vampire.

colder seas

i like it when the
cold buries itself into
my bones,

feels more real to me
than spring and all
of her blooming and birdsong;

let me dance in the
sunlight a snowflake knows

or in the laughter of an autumn
day whose beautiful leaves
still are dancing in the trees—

i know some admire spring
for all her beauty,
and while she is pretty;

i always dread the
overstimulation of summer:
all the sweat on sweat and all
of the insects that bite—

let me be kissed with the
sweetness of colder seas.

psalms of love

i dreamed we were wives,
you were my sun and i
was your moon;

and together we danced
in a sky where flowers bloomed—

there were white roses for
you and red lilies for me,
and every adventure only
made our love strengthen for
one another;

we danced through every
storm and every sunlit
day—

i am sure there were disagreements,
battles, tears, and misunderstandings;
yet in my dream it solely focused
on the dancing—

because in the end love heals
us all with its understanding and magic,
in the end we are all sewn together
and into the fabric of the universe
with psalms of love.



CHANTE-MARIE DANTE

Chante-Marie is a poet, and writer who was born in the UK. In 2019, and 2020, she was published in the Young Writers Anthology. Then, in 2023, she was published in T'ART magazine. When she isn't writing, she loves spending time with her Jack Terrier, Oreo.

Apricot farm

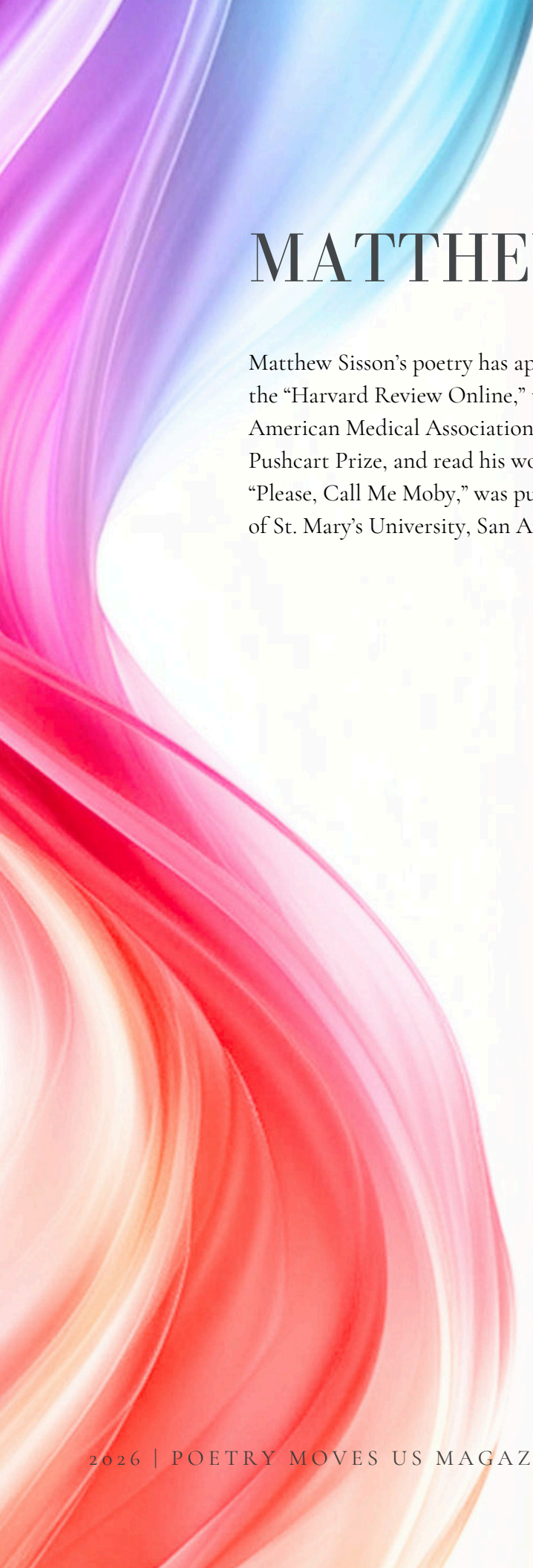
Optimism grows
Sunsets bloom where trees foster
The heart becomes warm

Fall of a free bird

Once filled with invigorating energy
Lush green mixed with
a blinding yellow
An ambitious dream
that it carried on its wings
to fly to the sun
to melt it in its heat
to be as memorable as it can be
to have the ferocity of a falcon
the work ethic of a hummingbird
and the cutthroat nature of a crow
to be able to flock among better crowds
and be as loud as a bird of paradise
pluck its wings
in order for it to grow better
A perfect being
is all it can imagine
for it to fall

Ivory

platinum tiara
squishy wellingtons
milky quartz hair textured like a mop
prancing around like she was the princess of Narnia
blushed skin under the rain and sunlight
ready to roleplay her favorite fairytale
kiss the prince of her dreams
become who she desires to be
come home as the rain prospers
eat her favorite snack
a sliced crumpet with warm butter



MATTHEW SISSON

Matthew Sisson's poetry has appeared in journals ranging from the "Harvard Review Online," to "JAMA The Journal of the American Medical Association." He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and read his work on NPR's "On Point." His book, "Please, Call Me Moby," was published by The Pecan Grove Press, of St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Texas.

Bicycle Wheels, a Marriage, and a Marcel Duchamp Readymade

Wooden hubs and wooden spokes. Fixed steel axles. Shrink fitted iron tires. The first bicycle wheels must have bounced the hell out of you- I took up cycling a century later- with my wife. A lot more comfortable.

We bought *Great Bike Rides In New England*. Guided rides along the Cape Cod Rail Trail, Dennis to Wellfleet. The Emerald Necklace, here in Boston but grew tired of biking. And each other.

Duchamp's *Bicycle Wheel* has always been my favorite sculpture. Inverted front fork and wheel attached to the seat of a stool. He liked to make it spin- So I built one too. Took my bicycle apart, bolted the assembly with a couple of 1" nuts and washers to the "Element 24 in. Stool" from Home Depot. It's so big, I had to replace my coffee table- I bought a Noguchi at Design Within Reach. Another modern icon. Expensive. Why not? I live alone. There's no one to complain.



JULIA KULCHYTSKY

My name is Julia Kulchytsky, and I am 14 years old! I love to perform in theatre productions, recite declamation, read books, and write poetry. Writing poetry allows us to express any feeling and communicate in such intricate ways. I love poetry because it enables us to dream big and splash creativity in our own perspectives.

Thank You God

In the Morning we arise, and look at the Sun.
In the Night we fall asleep, gazing at the moon.
And we wonder how You created our Earth, our Home.
When we play outside and feel the soft, plush grass
And inhale the trees incense, our mind forgets to pay oblige to You.
For Your creations.
So, Thank You God for every triumph and victory.
Thank You God, for every medal and win.
Thank You God, for the victorious virtues that we hold so close to our hearts.
But, sometimes we overlook the simple.
Sometimes we don't even realize what we grasp for granted.
Thank You God, for trees and the prosperous woods.
Thank You God for our limbs and hearts.
And Thank You God for our families either biological or chosen; broken or
paved nor too little for companionship.
Later, tables turn and Pain evokes
our struggle mentally or physically.
The devil wants to control and personify Who We Are
but never will that become our present because of You.
Thank You God for every struggle and ache.
Thank You God for our challenges.
So we can rise above and overcome. To grow and become stronger than ever
before.
Thank You God for the truth.
Thank You God for life.
Thank You God for Faith.
Thank You God for me.
Thank you God.

Reputation

Binding together all our experiences in life
from the buzzy Fridays to the showery Saturdays
Some days a smooth drive.
Others a crack in the road.
But we recover...
We are on God's Plan.
His plan is a fruitful symphony
Made especially for us.
It can never be outran,
Nor can it just restart where it began.
Because it is designed intricately for us.
It is our legacy; our *reputacion*.
And Legacy is crafted in *Les Cieux*.
We even wonder about our character,
sometimes we don't have a clue.
We earn our reputation based on who we are as individuals.
Perhaps, a staircase of who we were.
Reputation depends on how we make someone feel
And that is all the difference.

-Inspired by Maya Angelou

Life's Vibrations: In a Peel

Yesterday, I stared at a tangerine.
I peered at its ombre, vivacious marmalade
And I thought, how is one fruit capable of holding a true personality?
The tangerine's tangy pores and occasional bumps
cultivated the road map of where and what the glossy fruit experienced.
Its texture plump and smooth; birthed from the roots of a plant,
The tangerine peeled into a room of diversity.
Each piece a new attitude, a new persona.
My heart flushed with interest,
I stared even more, but what was different?
The fruit did not seem like a fruit anymore.
No, no! That mustn't be true!
How could a fruit be a living clue.
It's life so fragile, yet content.
Where does the mortal life begin, and the curious fruit end.



TRACI NEAL

Traci Neal is a neurodivergent poet residing in Columbia, South Carolina. Neal has shared her poetic journey and late diagnosis in *USA Today*, *Newsweek*, *Good News Post- UK*, and *The New York Times*, to name a few. In 2025, she had over 50 poems published in 40 different publications. On March 11, 2026, an excerpt of Neal's poem, along with writers A Memi Sei and Brittany J. Green, was part of the Letters to America project to highlight America 250 from the black woman's perspective. The words were composed into a song sung by Soprano Karen Slack at Carnegie Hall.

Add A+ Ingredients

Be sure to survey these substances with love. As a woman of color, I wiggle my fingers, attracting an attitude of restoration. Three steps stick with my neurodivergence. They are neurons I nurse for nourishment.

Ingredients:

Acceptance

Authenticity

Attraction

- Acceptance is the internal expedition. Soar through the body. Some days will feel bitter. Other days will seem sweet.
- Authenticity is a unique aspect of us within the universe. Shine and shatter the darkness. Hate has to vanish.
- Attraction occurs by what or who we want within our atmosphere. Choose how to hone in on happiness.

All it takes is adding the three A's. Any order will do as long as they are together. Let them bake and brown. Spread flavors without adding flakes. The soul expands into a smooth sensation. Show the human side of a finished product. Good food comes from a willingness to work. Experience the exceptional. Become the exception.

Tornado Turns Around

I worked at a preschool years ago.
The cafeteria held a huge tornado.
Third graders left trash everywhere.
No one seemed to notice or even care.

I knew something just had to be done.
I decided I needed to be the one.
Preschoolers would eat their lunch,
They stood out from the older bunch.

Four and five-year-olds picked
up whatever fell on the floor.
This is what clicked
for older students walking
through the cafeteria door.

Some spoke to me about it.
I would calmly say,
“You’re not ashamed one bit
that little kids are
showing a better way.”

They did not like this at all.
They started to feel small.
From third to fifth grade,
students began cleaning
the messes they made.

Pretty soon, the tornado ran.
Older students became leaders.
The preschoolers were
their number one fan.

It only takes one person
who has a big heart
to cause others to join in
and do their part.

Come Out of the Cold

Shelter shares its doors
with spirits, speaks through
frozen bodies, sets, blazes,
blankets our hearts as we
regain breath from the
harsh winter.

Chilly seasons chip at ice,
but one thing cures the
cubes confounding us
into solitude, melts icicle
tears at the right moment.

It is a gift, happiness within
our hands to calm every hard
blockage, seeping into souls,
willful wings in the snow
to smudge misery, while we
sing, dance, invite others
to join in, the remedy to
fix snowy surfaces.

Search to see beneath
what shovels shame.
Show what is inside
when the outside
hopes for something.
Hold on. Hug tightly.
To feel at home, the world
has to come out of the cold.



IRENA GROCHOLA

A mother of three enjoying retirement. Love writing poetry and reading, and mostly enjoying family life.

Mind Full

How wondrous our minds work
Creations born to share
Many different quirks
Defying words we blare
Thoughts flood into stories
Giving ideas birth
Let us spread our glories
Enlightening our worth

Precious

Innocent and fragile are they
No guilt, no shame, no choice, no hate.
Needing love and care while they lay,
As we will determine their fate.

Such high honor to be witness
To this wondrous small creation.
With their lives we can be reckless,
They give us such a sensation.

They bestow much as no other,
Giving love we can not describe,
Through eyes and heart of a mother,
Can we understand and decide.

Oh, save them all, the precious ones.
See their purity and justice
Let it be known that man has won,
Their pure souls belong not to us.

Know their value is more than gold,
They gift hope and richness of love,
Let all their life stories be told.
Watching them grow we can sing of.

We hope you enjoyed this edition of
Poetry Moves Us magazine. May poetry
quench your mind and heart.

Keep exploring, creating, writing, thinking,
and reading. Let poetry move you in ways
you never knew were possible...
one word at a time.

POETRY LIVES ON 

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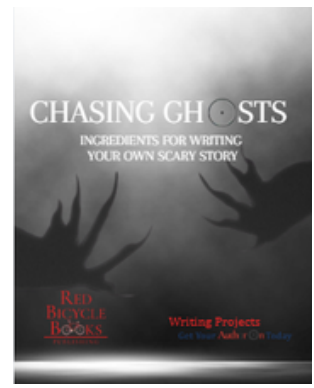
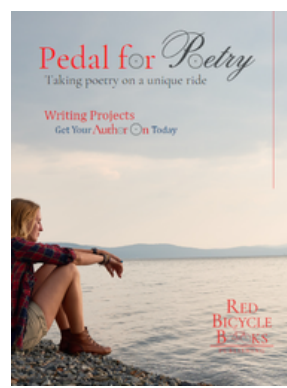
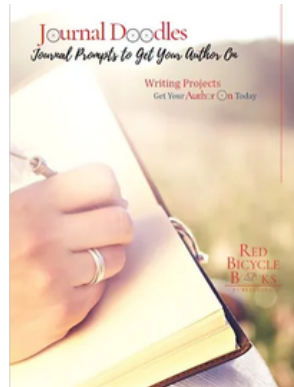
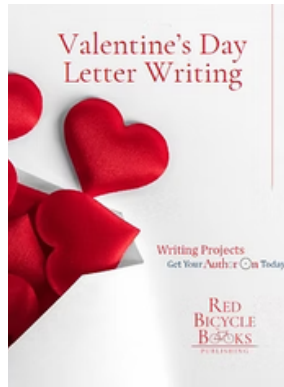


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Authors' Notes

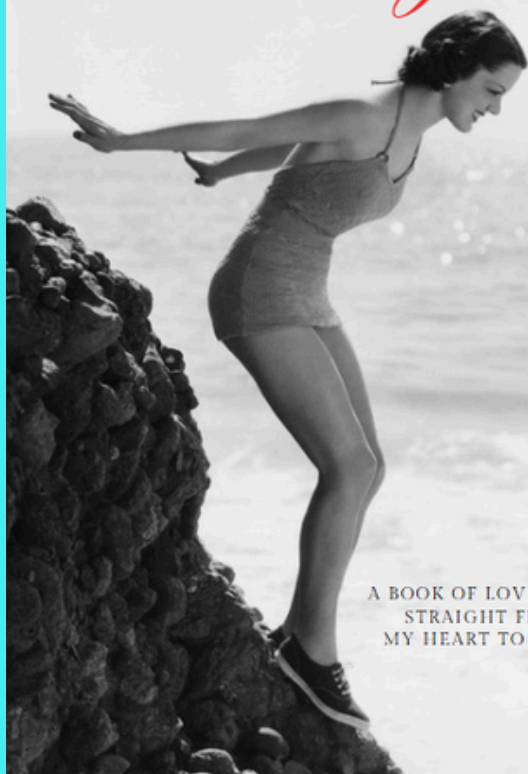
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30 BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS OF 2025

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