

# Yggdrasil

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# Table of Contents

## INTRODUCTION

**Michael Ceraolo**

**Reversion, or Retro Rule #4**

## CONTENTS

**Perna Bakshi**

**So I Stood There**

**Scar**

**The Untouchable**

**Scott Thomas Outlar**

**Erupting Tide**

**Held Lovingly**

**Paul Tristram**

**The World According To Your Parents...Sucks!**

**Someone's Laced My Heart With Love For You**

**Pastel Pockets Of Warmth**

**Skinnier Without You**

**Jemima Nicholas And The Battle Of Fishguard, 1797**

**The Guzzler**

**I Need Another War**

**A Common Sadness**

**Robert L. Martin**

**Zzyrg**

**The Life of Life**

**The Stirring**

**Paula Lietz**

**Let Me Fail and Let Me Fall**

**The Spruce Trees**

**Blame the Wind**

**On the River's Verge**

**Barbara Phillips**

**While Basho Sleeps**

**Haiku #1**

**Haiku #2**

**Menage**

**After Love**

**Grand Piano**

**CL Bledsoe & Michael Gushue**

**I Guess I'll Go On. Why Not?**

**Poppa Enigma**

**Feathers, of a Sort**

**My Own Private Phone Booth**

**Donal Mahoney**

**Dangling Participles**

**A Singular Repast**

**Old People**

**Missiles and Land Mines**

**Yowling**

**POST SCRIPTUM**

**Michael Ceraolo**

**The Playing Surface**

# Introduction

Michael Ceraolo

## Reversion, or Retro Rule #4

The fourth retro rule came and went,  
periodically,  
    according  
to whether or not the Lords felt  
that offense was getting out of hand,  
    and  
that was the legalization of doctored pitches  
When such a change was deemed necessary  
each team was permitted one such pitcher,  
and that pitcher had to be so designated  
before the start of the season,  
    which  
was the only time such designation  
could be changed  
    (such designees  
were always grandfathered until retirement  
when the pitches again became illegal)

Defacing the ball with  
thumbtacks  
nail files  
emery boards  
sandpaper,  
    or  
any of the myriad other implements  
that had ever been used  
was not permitted,  
    and  
attempts to get around the rule  
by having the catcher or another player  
'accidentally' doctor the ball

disappeared with the advent  
of the intention-reading umpire

With increased awareness of disease transmission  
the use of spit or any other  
human or animal bodily fluid  
was strictly verboten;  
the penalty for any such use  
was immediate lifetime banishment  
if the fluid was carrying disease,  
a two-year banishment if it wasn't

And  
there was no need for taking such risks;  
increasing chemical knowledge  
and the development of new chemicals  
had made such methods obsolete,

with  
the only rules being the chemicals  
could not be hazardous  
nor could they discolor the ball

And  
while they never quite fulfilled the fantasy  
of *It Happens Every Spring*  
they always effectively redressed  
the perceived imbalance until the time  
they were again made illegal

# Prerna Bakshi

## So I Stood There

Beaming with joy, I said  
"Wow! What a nice bicycle! So happy for you.  
Can I ride it too?"  
"No, you might hurt yourself.", said the brother  
Feeling ecstatic at being gifted a shiny bicycle  
"Just for one minute. I promise, I'd be okay.", I plead  
"No. It's too big for you.", he said  
"I'll manage. See...it's big for you too."  
With a hopeful look in my eyes, I said  
"So? I am much more stronger than you.  
It's okay. Just stand here and watch me ride."  
So...  
I stood there

I remember, he was fond of swimming  
He would swim back and forth  
Like a champ  
While I'd stand  
At the edge of the pool  
Holding his stripy towel  
Staring into the water  
Wishing if I knew  
How to swim too  
So, one day, with a glimmer in my eyes, I asked  
"Can I swim too?"  
"No. You'd drown yourself."  
As he took the towel off my hand and left to change  
So...  
I stood there

On summer holidays

Late afternoon  
In the neighbourhood park  
He'd love to play cricket  
With the other boys  
From the locality  
Who'd all gather  
Come prepared  
With their gear  
Filling the entire park  
With no minutes to spare  
So like a good sister, carrying  
His water bottle and sometimes  
His beige cricket bat  
I would accompany him to the park  
To cheer for him  
When his turn came to bat  
Hoping he'd hit those lofted shots, and then  
I'd whistle and clap  
Hours would go by  
Standing on the edge of the park  
While the boys take a break  
I'd muster up the courage  
Finally ask  
"Can I bat too?"  
"No. You'd get hit by the ball."  
"Just once!", I request  
"How about you go there and field."  
Standing miles away from the pitch, and  
From everybody  
So...  
I stood there

On India's independence day  
Like every year  
The sky would be filled with colourful kites  
Twirling and dancing in the air, and  
Like every kid, we would  
Excitingly run towards  
The roof of our house to fly kites  
Except, I was naive to conflate  
India's independence with mine



'Cause whenever I asked  
"Can I fly the kite too?"  
He'd remind what might ensue  
"Seeing as I've always flown the kite, let me take care of this  
Since I'm better than you."  
Like every year  
Holding the kite spool in my hands  
So...  
I stood there

Today  
I'm still standing  
Standing alongside the bicycle  
That I can now ride  
Standing not at the edge of the pool  
But inside  
Standing not outside the Cricket park  
Isolated, unseen, waiting for an approval  
But on the cricket pitch  
With my bat  
Ready to fight  
Standing on the rooftop  
Not letting someone deny me  
As they alone own the kite  
Not letting them take control of it  
Just as they control my life  
For I now, let myself  
Fly the kite

## Scar

At the age of 30  
After having witnessed  
The men in my family  
And society at large  
Claiming sole rights  
On the wheels  
By denying women  
From their right to freedom  
Self reliance  
I decided to take  
The handlebar  
Into my own hands  
I decided to  
Learn to ride  
A bicycle  
On my own

Excited yet overwhelmed  
Nervous yet confident  
I sat on my bicycle  
Riding, under  
The stars late  
At night, feeling the wind  
Blowing into my face  
Peddling away from  
Patriarchy, savouring  
Every atom of that indescribable rush  
I peddled and peddled  
But not for too long  
(All good things don't last for too long as they say)

All of a sudden  
I fell off the bicycle  
Found myself  
In tremendous pain  
At a nearby hospital  
At 2 am  
In the emergency ward  
Bleeding, with a left

Fractured arm  
Broken bone  
That won't be healed  
For a good few months  
Wounds all over my body  
Especially this big Goddammit wound  
That stood out  
Of red-purplish color  
On the calf of my right leg  
Like a scar  
Of my independence  
Staring right back at me

And to it, I just had this to say:

*What took you so long?*

## **The Untouchable**

You call an idol  
Made out of stone  
So sacred  
And pure  
Claim whoever  
Merely touches it  
Will have all of their  
Problems cured

So when a few hands reach  
To do what you preach  
Filled with disgust  
You ask, "how dare they breach?"  
For they should know  
The God so pure  
Isn't to be touched  
By hands so 'impure'

So 'impure' those hands  
Even a stone refuses to be touched  
You call this stone hearted religion 'peaceful'  
--Hypocrisy much?

# Scott Thomas Outlar

## **Erupting Tide**

The angel of mercy  
returns in full splendor  
after a time beneath the sea  
as the tide  
is pulled by an eruption  
from the high moon siren call.

A wave of infinite windows  
flows in cascading deliverance  
from the flesh of her holy specter,  
opening the portal  
to any realm one can dream of.

There is no turning away  
from the saving grace  
which she offers  
to anyone whose eyes are open  
and whose soul is ready  
to leave behind this world of sorrow  
and drift at peace  
into the spaces of holy absolution.

## **Held Lovingly**

Sensations of pure bliss  
washing over my consciousness

Enveloped in the totality of the cosmos  
dissolving into the atmosphere

Touched by the hand of invisible forces  
connecting to deep primal electricity

The Source is everywhere  
felt intimately within my soul

A deep breath, an answer from heaven  
existential questions finding resolution

This moment is perfect awareness  
of a truth much greater than self

Caressed by a kiss from the wind  
gently held by a love complete

# Paul Tristram

## **The World According To Your Parents...Sucks!**

They are both mediocre and sheep-like,  
scared of doing anything  
remotely reckless or involving a gamble  
which is why they have never done anything  
with their lives except the blaringly obvious.

Don't you dare try to lower me down  
to their 'Don't Upset The Applecart' standards,  
I have an explosion of ambition and purpose  
yet to ignite.

## Someone's Laced My Heart With Love For You

...and it feels like,  
suede looks  
when stroked the wrong way.  
Goosebump smothered shudders.  
Smiles so wide  
they ache  
like the impact of a kiss  
after abstract days of yearning.  
Rollercoasters  
of energy and adrenalin  
racing around my veins.  
Colour, paint bombing  
away the shadow  
and Springtime in my eyes.  
The feeling,  
I imagine,  
Churches should bring.  
The miracle  
of two wedding rings  
and a 'Seven Brides  
For Seven Brothers' walk.



## **Pastel Pockets Of Warmth**

Deep inside her pastel pockets of warmth  
I relax into foetal position,  
rocking to and fro  
contentedly,  
rainbow coloured  
and teardrop shaped.  
Nerve ends a-tingling and a-buzzing  
a soft, humming symphony  
of delicate hibernation.  
Safe from the purple and black fray,  
invasive thoughts and memories  
kept in check  
by her careful heartstring pulling.  
Soul thumb sucking sighs,  
regressing back to neutral,  
a stripping away and cleansing  
of the day to day unnecessarys.  
Life's batteries on full charge,  
mind and action of limb on subtle standby.  
I win another soft victory  
with each precious moment not tampered with.  
My water levels rise again  
as to the universal buoyancy I reconnect  
to suckle slowly at the nipples core  
of an energy which lays  
under the curtain hem of understanding.

## **Skinnier Without You**

'I'm skinnier without you'  
the thought exploded  
into realization  
inside her head  
like Pop Rocks Candy.  
As she side-glanced  
the full length mirror  
with a frowning sigh.  
'Your friendly familiarity,  
mixing bowl and whisked  
with constant care and comfort  
is making me pile on the pounds  
by the dessert spoon  
(I mean shovel full!)  
It's insufferable and selfish of you  
being so God Damned nice.  
I cannot remember what  
anorexic heartbreak  
(Have a Kit Kat)  
tastes like anymore?  
Oh, he's just too perfect,  
he'll have to go.  
I need six months of lonely misery,  
then someone dysfunctional,  
a drunk maybe?  
with frustrating issues.  
Half fool – half madman,  
howling and deranged  
on full moons  
and enough to upset me  
back into my favourite pair  
of walnut cracking jeans.'

## **Jemima Nicholas And The Battle Of Fishguard, 1797**

“I spy at least a dozen of you  
drunken, French louts.  
Invade my Welsh land will you, indeed?  
Upon your feet, everyone of you  
or you’ll feel the sting of my pitchfork.  
St Mary’s church in town  
be where you’ll all be sobering up,  
before the eyes of God and all his Angels.  
By Damned but I’m making it your holding-cell.  
Now, come on, let’s be having you,  
start walking slowly before me into town,  
and don’t you be trying anything funny,  
I am more than woman enough for the lot of you!”

## **The Guzzler**

He is jolly in his red nosed haze,  
reeking like a brewery rat  
and smoking like a swaying bonfire.  
Happily sing you bits and pieces  
of that song and half remembered  
fragments of one or two others,  
if you'll only wink and smile at him  
looking over the top of your menu.  
His stool is the worn one on the far  
left hand corner of the bar,  
clumsily turned to its side  
to better view the inebriated arena.  
He's been a loyal customer here  
nigh on twenty five years  
and his word is as good  
as the golden beer that he drinks,  
by the pint, yard and bucketful.  
Arrives seven pm on the dot  
and is always the last to leave,  
normally stumbling backwards  
whilst waving goodnight  
to then stagger sideways, mostly,  
up the drunken street to his other home.

## **I Need Another War**

He stood up in the Dayroom  
as the Medication Nurse  
was doing her rounds  
and declared sincerely

“I need to see the Doctor immediately,  
I should be released this very afternoon.  
No more feeling sorry for myself,  
no more the victim and enough, please,  
with this zombifying tablet taking.  
I was given this energy and feelings  
for a reason, God Damn it all,  
The Past is dead...long live the King!  
and I have just realized the King is me.  
I want steak, hog roast, pheasant, duck  
and proper metal cutlery to eat it with.  
I want whisky, wine, port and mead  
and wicked kitchen wenches to pour it.  
I need another War, one more Battle,  
fighting cleanses and sharpens the senses.  
Unleash the dogs, saddle up my stead,  
give me eight or ten good men  
and I'll set fire to the yonder horizon!”

She didn't press the panic button,  
nor call for help and backup,  
she merely pushed him slowly  
back into his wheelchair,  
where he spent the rest of the afternoon  
of his 87th birthday  
asleep yet happily slaying Dragons.

## **A Common Sadness**

It is quite simply called 'Loneliness'  
it veins its way through society  
indifferent to class and standing.  
A harsh prison sentence for some,  
yet, a needful escape for others.  
A place where the past and future  
trade stations and memories become  
the gust of wind that drives the new  
days longboat of thought forward.  
A telephone that sits in blaring silence,  
rubbing your nose in the monthly bills.  
Every meal you make (Not cook!)  
ends with a boiling kettle or ding  
and no one makes a noise if you don't!  
When does it end? How long is  
a piece of rope (Let's not go there!)  
I saw an old man at the bus stop today  
he claimed that the bus drivers  
and people who work at shop counters  
are the only real people he speaks to.  
Then to my growing horror  
he started to weep into his sad smile  
and I decided it was best to walk home.

# Robert L. Martin

## Zzyrg

Don't ever look at me  
I have to stay near the end  
I keep the alphabet in front  
So I can hide  
I Wish I was invisible  
But all I can do is try to be  
So I do the best I can  
All the A's up to the Y's  
Can do what they want to do  
I don't give a damn  
What they do  
I just want to stay  
In the rear where  
No letters can  
Find me  
I wish I was as pretty  
As they are, but I'm not  
I want to go to sleep  
So nobody can bother me  
Don't even come to visit me  
And I won't come to visit you  
Just leave me at the  
End of the alphabet  
And forget about me

## The Life of Life

I see colors and shapes  
Dancing in space  
I see soft lines  
Moving through valleys  
I see mountains crying  
And orchards singing  
I see oceans bubbling over  
I see the night kissing the dawn  
I see the color of the abyss  
I see atoms dancing  
I see the other side of walls  
I see squares sliding out of circles  
I see mathematics turning to liquid  
I see the sun laughing  
I see lambs climbing  
Out of volcanoes  
I see giants pulling music  
Through narrow openings  
I see the moon talking  
I see voices in the tulips  
I see the snow dancing with fire  
I see the trees weeping  
I see heaven moving  
Through the branches  
I see tear drops in the poems

I see poets losing their wings  
And can't get off the ground  
I see fantasy with its  
Feet stuck in cement  
I see life being  
Stripped of its ornaments  
I see the skies emptied out  
Of tears and laughter  
I see the end



## The Stirring

Breathless masses  
Airless forests  
Choking leaves  
Ghosts of seasons  
Brittle skeletons  
Quiet tombs  
Love's requiem  
Amputated limbs  
Narrow prisons  
Dusty chains  
Blocked hallways  
Crumbling stairs  
Sluggish streams  
Dead waters  
Abandoned hopes  
Grounded spirits  
Antiquated laughter  
Stagnation of time

Merciful sunrise  
Vibrant colors  
Exquisite shapes  
Sweet jasmine  
Deep breaths  
Beautiful air  
Running streams  
Smiling meadows  
Pink clouds  
Musical wind  
Whistling maples  
Dancing barley  
Swaying skirts  
Beauty embodied  
Sensual melodies  
Rousing spirits  
Nature primed  
Cupid's arrows  
Love's playground  
Life living again  
Oh beautiful life

# Paula Lietz

## Let Me Fail and Let Me Fall

Feathers and wake  
shimmer upon tranquil  
water signifying  
the prologue  
to the gloaming period,  
unpretentious beauty  
never alike.

Drawn towards  
my centre it settles  
around my being  
rather like a favourite cloak  
that is familiar in smell  
lifting from my shoulders  
the weight of the day.

For a vague length of time  
I sup and become intoxicated  
by the tapestry you twine  
of my sense of self, where you  
accept me of all my mistakes  
of all my good.

I murmur but two words  
thank you.

The source always present  
is the way of all things.  
If this is darkness falling  
let me fail and let me fall.

## **The Spruce Trees**

We plotted a rendezvous from prying eyes,  
yes I wanted your attention to myself.  
I cried through boughs of moaning Spruce  
your name....and waited...  
and time indeed does stand still.  
Handsome in your uniform, I traced  
the crinkled photo now as thin as parchment  
until I feared it and I would turn to dust  
I had to hold on just a little longer.  
You looking so proud though stiff, belying  
your passionate nature.  
Decades late the telegram.  
I went and told the Spruce trees you were coming home.

## **Blame the Wind**

trembling  
in the garden leaves  
I read your letter

May wind made us feel fuck/n  
alive with every sense of the word.  
Time had not built us into anything,  
yet.

Sun and moon inconspicuously  
shifting the length of day.  
Time, time time....  
Fretting we took note of the signs  
that eventide set curling around us.  
Wind dying a slow death...  
like us...

temperatures  
falling meeting ground heat  
swirling ground fog  
trying to raise against  
the pressure denial.

The taste of the rain  
different on the breeze  
clouds lesser than  
the energy they portrayed  
moved with agony.

Currents gone adrift  
seeking  
direction  
seeking

we ripened  
to seed to burst  
to die to seed

I read your letter  
trembling  
words, tears and paper  
fell at my feet leaving me feel  
contemptuous of my own scorn.  
May to September, not even.

## **On the River's Verge**

Scanning the shoreline  
in want of clams or crayfish  
...and your wild willful way  
the southwest wind was on my side  
I heard and smelt you before  
you came into view.  
Glimpses of your lean legs  
sauntering toward me  
yet keenly through prairie sweet-  
grass, your hips and shoulders  
sashaying with each stride.  
A ferruginous hawk circled, surveying  
the scene below anticipating  
vulnerability, always an easy strike.  
Time and you came to an abrupt halt.  
Across the creek our eyes met  
in that never ending split second  
crammed to capacity with all things.  
Disseminating tangents how it could be  
and how futile it would be to make it so.  
Wind and want waned, barely a murmur  
in tributary or ether.  
You turned and followed your path  
you created merely moments ago  
into the dense shelter of the wolf willows  
you left  
at the rivers edge, me...

# Barbara Phillips

## While Basho Sleeps

### Haiku #1

bullfrog at midnight  
woos echoes orgiastically  
moon swallows pond songs

### Haiku #2

tadpoles ribbons weave  
fireflies dance to starry songs  
temple bell chimes time

## Menage

too hot day  
stifles sprinkler into  
dry magnificence

pale petals cringe  
into waffle edges  
roses bloom heartbreaks

## **After Love**

my New Yorker takes me into the spreading dawn

rose gold settles like a silk negligee

caresses the windshield and breathes promises

I coax the car into slowing at intersections

it rises to my commands

the engine sends whispers to my ears

the wheel holds my hands

we anticipate each other's rhythms

old friends on the road

we welcome impulses to modest adventures

bathe in glimpses of naked joy

## **Grand Piano**

It stands there in all its varnished glory  
a behemoth threatening to collect dust in jurassic proportions

you don't know about my neurotic fear  
about this masterpiece of yours

it swoons to your every touch  
obedient reliable predictable

so unlike your wife  
who spars with you with words

you don't want to hear  
in tones not found on music sheets



# CL Bledsoe & Michael Gushue

## **I Guess I'll Go On. Why Not?**

I can tell the future from the lines  
on Samuel Beckett's face. They say:  
joy wears on the soul the same  
as sorrow; who cares which you choose?  
Dust will gather between their folds,  
so at least you'll be insulated  
against the weather. But let me admit  
something right now: I've never read a word  
he wrote. I can't even read. But I can damn  
sure listen to a book on tape. But I haven't  
done that either. What I have done is fold  
this paper over and over, then open it out  
and smooth the creases. Exactly the same  
as Samuel Beckett, it's a Misfortune Teller.  
This horizontal line is called Krapp's Last Tweet,  
and indicates the bottom of the cardboard  
mailing tube where I live. It's warm in there  
and smells like woodlice. Like mama's skirts.

## **Poppa Enigma**

If you could count, you wouldn't be wearing  
three shoes. It's okay. Put on some pants;  
you haven't even been born. Listen,

when the end comes, I'm holing up  
in a Popeye's. You can join us if you survive  
the trials: namely, being able to pour a soda

without leaving a big gap at the top  
when the foam disappears. And you've got  
to be able to put the lid on without breaking it.

We'll make a statue out of lard to commemorate  
your memory if you fail. Come spring,  
no memory will remain. None of us is getting out

of here without some major gastrointestinal distress  
and several delicious biscuits. Watch for exploding  
sheepdogs. You could call it the end of the world.

I call it Tuesday. Ignore the sleeping cats.  
We have a deep fat fryer. We'll be free.  
Of our bodies. At some point.

A ceremonial pop quiz will be given  
in honor of Sisyphus finally getting that rock  
up that hill. Wait a minute. Never mind.

Nice try though, like pouring a glass of milk  
into a world of milk, a world you are born in,  
a world with nothing to lose, indifferent.

A world where you don't even count.  
The problem is one of desire. As in,  
I want to explode and also witness my

explosion. I want to sleep and also trip  
over the cat, go sprawling into tomorrow.  
Have a biscuit. You've been a good dog.

## **Feathers, of a Sort**

The buildings want to eat me not  
because I'm scared but because  
they've heard I'm soft enough to chew.  
But I'm undeterred, living carapace free,  
one mix tape after another. The elevator's  
throat gapes at my floor, a long corridor  
disguised as the doorman's seeing-eye  
twerk. I'm rising. Believe me. I pushed  
the up button twice. I can feel  
my jelly legs fold from the upward  
force. Soon, there will be pie  
on the roof, clouds to reel down.  
I'll make them into the softest pillows you'll  
never see.

## **My Own Private Phone Booth**

My other cape is at the cleaners, so all I have  
is my dashing good looks to demonstrate  
my superiority. My Ex-Boyfriend vision bores  
into you, my staple-thin mustache guesses  
your weight. And these teeth? They cost somebody  
a fortune. I'm a labradoodle slab  
with the ability to bend, fold, and mutilate steel  
rebar into a double heart pierced by a MasterCard.  
I'm able to run faster than a High speed internet  
connection blond joke. See this watch? The President  
of the World Bank gave it to me because I opened  
a savings account. Everyone wants to sleep with me,  
and I'm going bald from washing my hair.  
This fur collar is made of genuine collar,  
so rare only the dead suspect it exists.  
You know what my secret identity is?  
It's someone who doesn't know you or the hill  
of beans your problems will always be.

---

# Donal Mahoney

## Dangling Participles

Every time something breaks  
like the pipe in the wall  
we heard gushing

this morning  
my wife wants to call  
a repairman because

I can't fix anything  
except split infinitives  
and dangling participles

and I usually agree  
but this time  
I mention the kayaks

in the attic and say  
why don't we hop  
in the kayaks

open the front door  
and sail down the street  
wave to the neighbors

cutting their grass  
planting their peonies  
worrying about crime

and shout best of luck  
we're tired of the good life  
we're sailing away.

## **A Singular Repast**

We are to each other now  
many decades later  
what we were the day

we got married, a couple  
at the kitchen table on  
a summer night—she

a slice of watermelon,  
corners touching the ceiling,  
covering my face in juice

and I the corn she butters  
before she devours it.  
We eat as fast as we can.

## Old People

These are old people  
retired and driving slowly  
from small apartments  
in economy cars  
getting out on canes  
and walkers with  
hearing aids you can see  
attired in the best  
Goodwill has to offer  
arriving between 1 and 3  
weekday afternoons  
at Mid-America Buffet  
eating their fill for \$5.00 off  
piling their plates with  
chicken, meat loaf  
salads galore, veggies  
from childhood  
green beans, carrots  
eaten in a rush as kids  
listening to Fibber McGee  
and Molly on the radio  
eaten slowly now  
by folks who make it  
on crackers and snacks  
and one meal a day  
this one for \$5.00 off  
at Mid-America Buffet.

## Missiles and Land Mines

After the poetry reading  
the lights go on and a lady  
under a big hat rises  
behind dark sunglasses  
and asks the poet why  
he never writes about sex.

He says for the same reason  
he never writes about war.  
What more can be said  
about missiles in flight  
and land mines that need  
the right touch to go off.



## Yowling

Ed's wife found a sinkhole  
in the yard a year ago  
a foot wide, several feet deep

and she wanted it filled.  
No problem said Ed.  
The sinkhole is hidden

behind a big bush  
next to their garage.  
Sometimes a feral cat,

good as its eyes may be,  
falls into the hole at night,  
never to come out.

The yowling can go on  
longer than a week.  
Neighbors around

Ed's stockade fence  
ask where the yowling  
is coming from and Ed

asks them if they  
have a cat in heat.  
They always say no

and the questions stop.  
Meanwhile, feral cats,  
once a plague in Ed's yard,

no longer crouch  
in the foliage and leap  
to pluck robins and

cardinals out of the air.  
Birds can worship now  
at Ed's suet and feeders,

wipe their beaks in peace,  
serenaded at times  
by the yowling.

# Post Scriptum

Michael Ceraolo

The Playing Surface

The playing surface had always affected  
how the game was played,  
from  
the first lumpy unkempt pasture-like fields  
to the later beautifully-manicured fields  
to the pretend grass that was popular  
in the late second/early third millennium  
Rule changes after that period  
mandated only natural grass  
even indoors in the new domes,  
something  
possible because of the new breeds  
that thrived even indoors with artificial light  
Such fields,  
without chemicals added,  
were able to be maintained at a high level  
to provide true bounces on every ball,  
and,  
for player safety,  
gone were the two monstrosities:  
one  
a thing piece of carpet over cement,  
which  
damaged players' knees and backs and sometimes  
caused broken bones after dives;  
and  
the soft fake turf made of ground-up tires,  
which  
led to a cancer epidemic

from the many trapped chemicals  
The game still had its risks,  
but  
later-in-life damage from the playing surface  
was no longer one of them

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## COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

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