Ygdrasil

A Journal Of The Poetic Arts

October 2016

VOL XXIV, Issue 10, Number 282

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ISSN 1480-6401

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July Journal: Saturday, July 27, 2013 July Journal: Sunday, July 28 2013

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Introduction

John Ladd

"INANIMATE OBJECTS"

A Play in One Act

by

John Ladd

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CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

MILLENNIAL NUMBER ONE

MILLENNIAL NUMBER TWO

SETTING

A room, anywhere. There are, minimally, two chairs standing side by side at center, down-stage. Since cast size can be arbitrary and discretional, there can be as many chairs on the stage as there are cast members.

AT RISE

MILLENNIAL NUMBER ONE and MILLENNIAL NUMBER TWO are seated in the two chairs. They are dressed casually, perhaps in college t-shirts or their old high school hoodies. Surrounding their chairs are millennial accourrements- whatever they

may be. They have their earphones plugged into their ears and into their hand held smartphones. Throughout the play, they stare at their devices and sit perfectly still. The play can last an indeterminate amount of time since the passage of time means nothing.

THERE COULD BE A CURTAIN

THERE MIGHT BE A BLACKOUT

(but, in all likelihood there's)

A SIGNIFICANT CHANCE THAT THE

CHARACTERS MAY NEVER MOVE, AGAIN

R. N. Taber

ADDRESSING THE ART OF BEING HUMAN

Triumph of the spirit, come Earth Mother truly excelling, transcending creativity Magnificence of fertility against its critics, surely rebelling; triumph of the spirit An essential spirituality above any cultural-religious calling, transcending creativity An expression of equality, disability of its humanity availing; triumph of the spirit An all-embracing dignity with its human prejudices engaging, transcending creativity Ambassador for family, no art of motherhood more telling; triumph of the spirit, transcending creativity

[Note: Inspired by the sculpture of disabled artist Alison Lapper by Marc Quinn that stood on the 4th plinth in Trafalgar square during 2005/6 and later took pride of place at the opening ceremony of the London 2012 Paralympics.]

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH DARK FORCES or GETTING THE BETTER OF DESPAIR

Darkness coiling around, a wintry wind hissing at the ears, the world like a snake poised to strike, confusion suckling its fears Black sky descending, a shroud on battered mind and body, wishful thinking cowering in a corner, inner eye straining to see Huge puffballs threatening to smother even Hope's weak breath, as she struggles with a near blind spirit to outwit an untimely death Suddenly, out of nowhere, a winking, blinking star appears, unnerving the snake, nurturing mind and body with history's tears Revived by its light, touched by a centuries-old enduring lust for survival, inner eye recovers its sight, time triumphing over dust Pin-pricks of light in the black, challenges gathering momentum, calling on the spirit to stir its host body, and find its way back home

G-A-Y, FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

The bell tolls, a single cry in the night, summoning all my senses to reply as if to some lonely body taking fright at having to contemplate it may die The cry, it painted me a dream one night, of a graveyard lit by a weepy moon where someone knelt in a pool of light as anonymous as some faceless stone The ghostly figure looked up at the stars, following a trail past even the moon, where the bell carried news of us to Mars, old God of War, Reaper come too soon The cry, it was your heart calling to me, the ghost, a living metaphor for love, assuming your fair form if, oh, so briefly, urging me to let go, move on, and live So it was, a dream bell, chiming we two (as one) across all time and space, berating the how, why, where (and who) denying gay lovers a deserving peace

ISLAMIC STATE: RIVERS OF BLOOD, SEA OF HATE

A raging tide, Islamic State, (creating floods of fear); rivers of blood, Sea of Hate Religion, at the Devil's Gate (password 'power' here); a raging tide, Islamic State Good people left to their fate (even the sun sheds a tear); rivers of blood, Sea of Hate Women and children but bait (up for grabs, world media) a raging tide, Islamic State Islam dragged into disrepute (its peace lovers in despair); rivers of blood, Sea of Hate Poisonous radicalism at root, (no care for Earth Mother); a raging tide, Islamic State; rivers of blood, Sea of Hate

PROFILING SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

I've run the gauntlet of love, life, fun, and tears, trying to make the best of things rather than complain about the worst years, struggling to rise above the pain human beings inflict upon each other time and time again I turn to nature for comfort and brief respite from a daily torture humanity asks me to endure with all the dignity and stoicism of someone always expected to put other people's needs before his or her own I lie awake at night wondering who or what is wrong or right amongst all that's been said and done in the course of whatever merry chase mischievous Apollo and outcast Cassiopeia care to lead us on Worse for wear, custom tee shirt; logo, loss and hurt

SANCTUARY or THOUGHTS ON GROWING OLD

When I walk in the Valley of Memory, all those I have loved greet me there, light in their eyes like the sun in summer skies, past harsh words, beyond pain or care When I walk in the Valley of Memory, I rejoice to be all that I can, mistakes redeemed, life all that it seemed to the child I was and young man When I walk in the Valley of Memory lambs among wolves play at ease, rain washed clean, the grass growing green, flowers, icons of love and peace When I walk in the Valley of Memory, a breeze recites poems in my ears, trees sing songs about rights instead of wrongs and all raison d'être reappears Whenever I leave the valley, as I must, for the world as it is, a sorry place, I feel safer for knowing it's there for the going as a north wind rips at my face

Stephen Bett

Back Principles (1): you have my back

You have my back, will teach me buddhist principles for non-fretting

If you have my back, nothing to fret about (non?)

But seriously, even backs have a learn ing curve

--none has

been bent to break point till now

You can heal it ...?

I am astonished

—& begin
to believe you
(...yes)

Back Principles (14): Keats & Rilke coming up again (& damned Spicer, too)



completely, am struck dumb in your buddha love

Where is my ground, where is my Heysus spinning to now

This (heady) gain is nerve loss (also)

It is mystery
one enters
—terrified
(& possibly
alive ...)
Witless &
spooked,
& unafraid

to say so

(god help

me)

Look in mine
eyes & give
me your
strength,
I have none
that doesn't
shake the bases
loose in the
night

Look in mine eyes, I have forgotten how to see

Back Principles (19): sapien & cowardly heart

Been through the agoraphobic's desert, Yuma at 117 degrees

Life in the furnace under a terrifying open sky (no place to burrow)

You say I need to endure the sweat-lodge, sleep with snakes & scorpions at my side (every fear alive)

Live a full week
w/ the Terrors
(find the buddha ...
or the christ
magnified?)

You say ... you say ...

```
And in you I
surely trust
(god help
me ...)

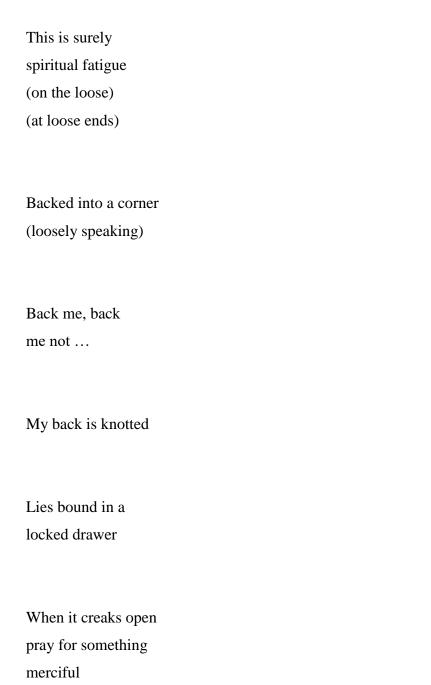
True soul
touch me,
```

ease me

(somewhat ...)

Horror wherein lurks the desert of my sapien & cowardly heart

Back Principles (34): spiritual fatigue



Pray there is something there

You will not have my back beyond this point

It will be loose at ease, or it will be broken

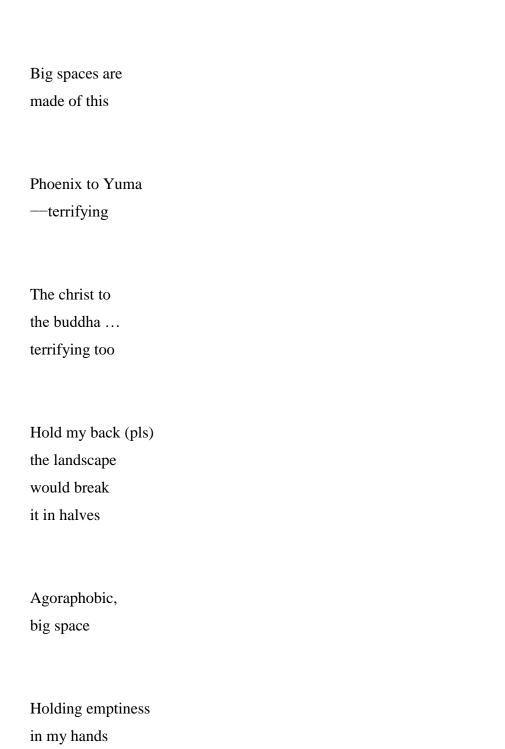
Back Principles (39): pockets empty

Yes, we have each other's back
... till death do us part

I have no other "principles" left

Back left & back right pockets sitting on empty

Back Principles (52): agoraphobic



Back Principles (58): more than life itself

mile of rong
remembered
wind on his
face
Shake him closer
than ever
The christ love
& buddha love
are one
Get him there
You say to him
I love you more
than life itself

Your breath like some

kind of long

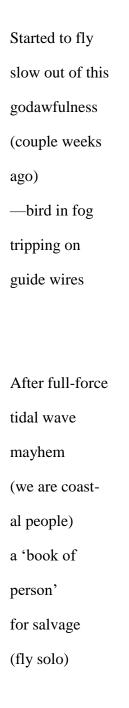
It is miracle

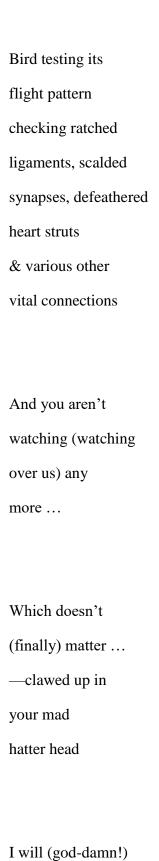
enough

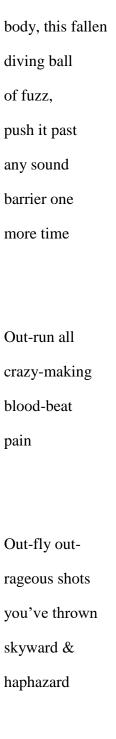
The Divine lives here, call it what you will

Though we are incredibly small the path just got shorter by two breaths

Lift Off 1: and you aren't watching







Lightning bolts

fly this thing

this down-filled

to glide by
(Missing you

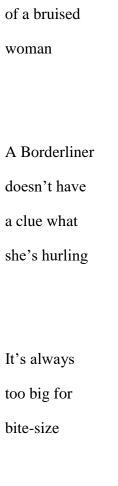
missing me?)

Lift Off 10: bite-size

(after Olson)

Was it gurry	
or offal?	
A bird at sea,	
surely	
Gulls all over the	
edges of my	
childhood	
Never expected	
to be one	
The scraps she	

throws me



And it's always

filled with a

jelly of raw

hurt

the innards

Lift Off 11: it is done

Let me say it
just once (&
be done with
it—it matters
not if she
can possibly
even "hear"
it, so far
gonno
gone
out
of her
frickin'
georgeous
head—
I would

actually

have

my
life
for
her
There,
I have
said
it, &
it is
true
It is
"the
truth"
And it
is done,
finito

given

Lift Off 13: grow a new one

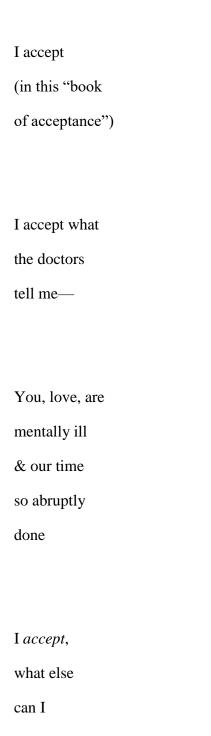
The only uning
that can kill
a poet's
heart
is a
woman
with an
astonishing
soul
turned
off
She'll break
it in so
many
pieces
he'll
never
find

The only thing

it,
flung
far &
away
Grow a
new one
he'll
need
to say
Find a
petri
dish,

quick

Lift Off 16: textbook



And you are dying daily within me by slivers (like they said you would,

such smart
people &
we are
simply
text-
book)
Moving
across its
sheaths
of paper
Though the
Though the slivers feel
_
slivers feel
slivers feel like shards
slivers feel like shards at times
slivers feel like shards at times —glass
slivers feel like shards at times —glass cutting this
slivers feel like shards at times —glass cutting this very page

Lift Off 17: our own stunned heads

TTI: 1: 1	
This bird was	
blindsided	
in a cartoon	
sky	
Feathers blown	
out in all	
directions	
floating	
ground-	
ward	
Like a rain	
of fluffy	
mass	
abandon	

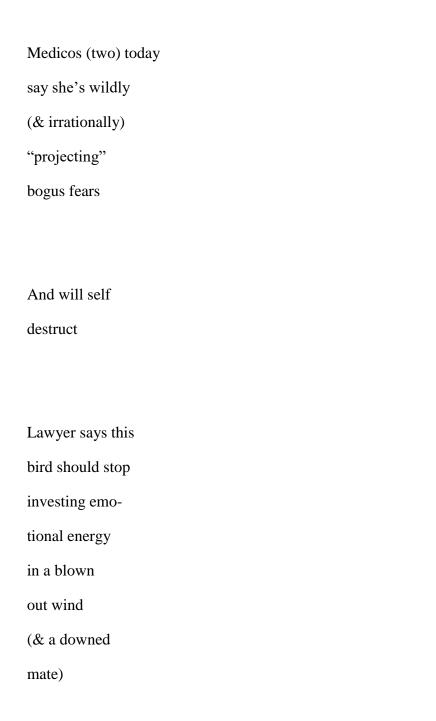
snow
fall
On the
tops of
all
creation
Especially
on our
own
stunned
heads

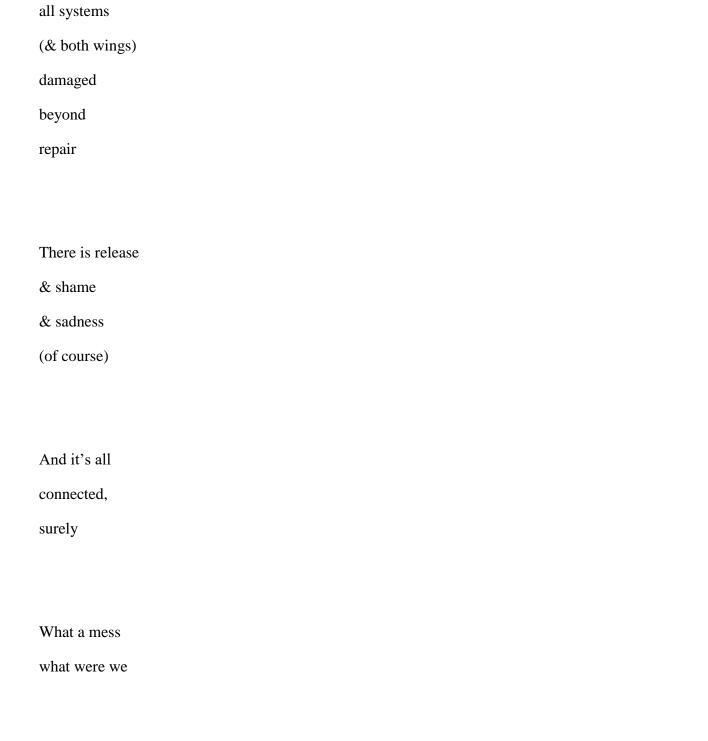
And then

fine

white

Lift Off 38 : what were we thinking, love





Do not let

her back in

your life

(they say)

thinking
in the
first
place
(love)?
Yes (of course)
that was
what

Lift Off 47: of love

Cruel streaks		
Anxieties		
Catatonic exhaustions		
Paranoias		
Dead libidos		
Binge drinkings		
Chain smokings		

facial
beatings
We endured
all these for
the love
of our
life
Our lives
Of

Blind drunk

Lift Off 55 : trying to keep our eyes

Good a place as
any to end or
stall mid-
air
Pieces around
stopped
flying
jagged
into
our
(my)
face
The wind moves
forward,
options
appear

Sky"			
Far to the			
south			
(of us)			
inching			
north to			
here			
While we			
wait			
Trying to keep			
our eyes open			
this time			

She is completely

unexpected,

out of the

blue

"Big

Fly low off

the ground

Lift Off 57: damn it

I am through this
I have flown
She has gone
You have
(totally un-
expectedly)
arrived
I am told
this is
called
life
(or some-

thing
like
that)
And damn it
I want you
And now
(maybe)
I know
how
And maybe
know enough
to know
why

Donal Mahoney

A Widow and Her Pekingese

Summer evenings after the news at 6 p.m. the Widow Murphy comes out

of her tiny bungalow and sits on her front porch swing with her ancient Pekingese

yapping mournfully in her lap. She waves to certain people, just a few, while ignoring most

although she knows every neighbor after her long reign on the porch as the queen of our block.

We live next door but she never waves to us or says hello to me not even back when I was 10

and offered to mow her lawn free for nothing, as I used to put it. She simply looked away and let

the Pekingese yap her answer. My father told me then not to worry about the Widow Murphy's ways.

Her husband died in Korea, he said. They never found her son in Viet Nam and she had a daughter doing life

for murdering a man the jury must have known had beaten her for years. The man was her husband and a cop.

Later in my teens my mother said the Widow Murphy had every right to be a private person and live out

the remnant of her life as she saw fit. But when I was 10 cutting our grass, I thought she was a ventriloquist and the Pekingese her dummy yapping for all the world to hear: Life isn't fair, isn't fair, isn't fair.

A Hollow Tale

A mountain man is Fillmore but there are no mountains where Fillmore lives deep in a hollow.

He's never had a job and doesn't want one now spends his days huntin' coon squirrel and possum and that catamount lore says is black.

At night he reads by lantern light with pit bull Satan poised at his feet. Folks in town know Fillmore doesn't feature people so no one comes callin'.

He feeds Satan but not too much.
He wants Satan hungry when the thief of night comes through the window the way that stranger did a few years back and Satan had a midnight snack.
Since then Satan waits poised at Fillmore's feet primed for another snack.

Stranger Comes to Town

Beautiful fall day
in a potter's field
outside a small town.
A funeral is underway
but that doesn't stop
the leaves russet and gold
a few still green
falling among the stones
without a name.

The minister reads a verse over the grave of a man found by deer hunters. No idea who he is or where he came from, a body dumped.

Four people from the clapboard church with the wayward steeple over the hill gather 'round heads bowed, hands clasped.

An old worker with a shovel stands like a soldier near the shed and waits for everyone to leave so he can finish up. It's almost lunch time.

One by one cars pull away and now it's just us, the dirt and a gold leaf falling on me.

As Wally Explained on the Locked Side Later

Another day at the zoo and Wally's new job was to feed the apes. Old Stanley had fed the apes for 40 years and loved the job but told Wally he was retiring. He was showing Wally the ropes when Wally got hit with a coconut lobbed by JuJu, the oldest ape, who liked Stanley but not Wally.

Stanley drove Wally to a dentist to check the damage to his teeth but the dentist wanted to be paid in advance and Wally had no money, only a bus pass and a bag lunch back in his locker. He had never had a credit card.

The dentist looked and sounded like Mel Brooks and kept saying he wanted his money before drilling. Wally's father came to the office and started writing a big check to the plumber who had come over the previous week to fix the toilet.

Bleeding from the mouth Wally yelled, "Dad, write the check to Mel Brooks, not the plumber," but his father said, "Wally, shut up for a change" and he kept writing the check to the plumber. His father had been dead for 30 years but he and Wally never got along well when his father was alive either.

An Urban Tale: First Job Interview

Let's check the terminal and see what jobs might be available to match your skill set, the interviewer said.

The young man sitting next to the desk was wearing a plaid shirt and his first tie.

I know you'll take any job but let's see what we can find. A young man like you, Deon, just starting out, has his entire life ahead of him.

Here's the personal stuff you gave me so let's go over it and you tell me if I have everything right.

Your father left your mother when you were two and then your mother died when you were four and your granny took you and your brothers in. But she died in an auto accident when you were ten.

An uncle took you after that and he had trouble finding work. Food was scarce and you kept moving place to place. He tried hard, you said.

An aunt in another city took your little sister and she sounds fine on the phone when you get a chance to talk. Your brothers went to foster homes and you see them now and then. Things aren't going too well for them.

You graduated from grammar school, then dropped out of high school

and went back to get your GED.
You're 18 now and have never
worked anywhere before.
You have no car, no driver's license,
and no record with the police.

You live deep in the city but are willing to work in the suburbs. Transportation's not a problem because your church has bus passes for anyone who needs them to get to work. Let's hope that's you, Deon.

Bus passes are important because most jobs you qualify for are out in the suburbs, a long trip, but our city buses do go there. From your address I'd say it will take an hour or more each way, maybe a little longer in winter weather with the snow plows and all.

Now here's a restaurant chain with seven outlets in the suburbs looking for young workers with a GED and no experience to wash dishes and bus tables.

It's minimum wage but no benefits and you'd start on the third shift, apply for the second shift when an opening occurs, and then apply for the first shift after you've been there at least a year.

Then you'd wait for an opening on the salad bar and after a year with the veggies you'd want to look for an opening on the grill but that's third shift again.

I'd be happy to set up an interview but that's all I have at the moment. You want me to call now, Deon? Or do you want to sleep on it. This is America. It's your choice.

Denis Robillard

The Buddha runs hot and cold

1-

In the Chinese restaurant I stroke my warm hand

across the stone cold pate of the Serene Buddha.

The cold fen shuia of its ying yang repose

controls my fortune cookie fate.

TWO children ate

FOUR left over fortune cookies. leaving me with

ZERO yummie prognostications.

An unfortunate math and fate equation at

EIGHT in the morning.

BROKE DOWN TREES

In this dusty book, my mind recalls all the names and dates of generations past, all the flesh forks that went without issue these human leaves, roots and stems receding back into the ground, their seeds barren and unknown to me. We known them only by name, these dark ones on the annantaffel their asterixed names leave dark dots and dashes a semaphore for early death. Their's was a soiled over vertical dream that only touched the sky briefly but never the earth. A trod upon parenthesis vine of light whose wishes went sideways into the dark. In my mind, I see a broken forest line just tag alders and brambles a dark tangle of Gothic script forcing their way from forest of pedigree into now. How deep is the blood sewn into the land? How far is the vine that contains your name? How deep buried the bone that time and history has gnawed and skimshawed?. Who will know you?

Who will know me when the future touches hands with the past?

A Tea Sonnet with Issa

I love to drink tea with Issa from time to time
Right now I am drinking Strong Arm tea.
Or drinking basic revenue tea
Last night I was drinking Sanora Tea
And now I'm drinking the dregs of the Iron Buddha.
Last week it was Fujian Green tea
With its fragrant aroma and mellow taste
A homely refresher and valuable gift.
It says so right on the tiny green box.
Sometimes I like to drink dank dark secret
cups of Subliminal limbs
Sometimes crenulated abstractions
My favorite old time tea is Horse Radish Infinity.
Its full bodied aroma I return to again and again.

I imagine sunshine washing the shadows of your face leaving luminal imprints like some holy veil or Turin shroud smuggled in from a far way land. while the birds in the yard play orthographic hopscotch on the crumbling driveway your shadow, immutable and clear races across this page.

RIVER IN YOUR BONES

Sometimes we devolve into silent tactics where only landscape remains in the wandering eye. In tides against sleep ideas pour forth like water from a wound. Now it is time to write out the storm.

To seek new waters and go forth.

To duck under cold waves and memory's dark primordial plunge.

It's all rather frightening and blue to hold your breath and wait.

But we must all go towards the lake father.

Immersed now and cold, you strive for those furthest waters, seek to build a life beyond the dry refuge rivered in your bones.

Anca Mihaela Bruma

MeYou

How do I love you?...
With all your astronomies and eternities with all your uncharted geographies, and left unstudied philosophies!
With your different constellations, supernova desires and gravitational collapses inside your luminosity, outside your debris...
This is the Astronomy of Love!
This is the Astronomy of Life!
This is MeYou!...

Elysian Transcendence

Your pastel sunsets incandescently intertwine my velvet dreams, and my verbs know how to whisper gallantly your prepositions. I have even learnt to have fluency in your body language, inhaling your line breaks, structuring the sentence of our Saga... Staccato notes and runic destines are hovering my peripherals with cubist twilights, Venusian madness and supernova desires, passionate crescendos weep in rhapsodic existential reverbs, dismissing yesterday intangibles... welcoming today freedoms! An iridescence craved by seraphim passions and aeonic embraces! Breathing you... breathing me... in curved celestial impressions with stellar glimpses of thirty thousand empyreal souls, mysteries colliding with wonders in shadows of evermore! This Love! Oh, yes... this Love! Keeps re-birthing me! In retro films, silenced streams and harmonic breezes, out of nothingdom my poem rises up and never ages steadily reminding you: I was there... before I existed!...

Cogitation of a Soul...

Your Look concaves my retina... Truth... dripped from my Eye!... Each moment is moisturized by fractured fractals. Engaged in your disengagement in this residual stillness, my past Self... still spins inside an alabaster universe... Choice?... just an illusion in these phosphene empyrean dreams, the place... where your Name shines in parallaxes!... I know... Now... Your words cannot satisfy my thoughts. I am left here... reflecting thousand times your feathered images... Logarithmic mirrors watch me how I climb my own bibliography of a Wish!...

Cyberspaced Truths

I am not here to trade anymore the cosmic runes and liquid dreams, as Universe stumbles into its own photons... I am here to renounce my own spectrum with all its refracted words, rhythms and sensationalized perfect imperfections... Yes!... I am here... and I can hear all these mental asymmetrical matrices as an Ancient soul living a contemporary odyssey... You... on the other hand still encrypted in your structured signature anxious of losing the conceptualized notion of your Self!... Between Me... and You infinitesimally spiralling indigo pulsating cyberspaced Truths of our dichroic hearts!....

.....

Just for you to know:

I am not an ordinary street walker!

I Dance Your Silence...

I dance your Silence, so you can feel my inner context between our heartbeats... I dance within your Silence, to remove the crowd between Me and You and find the Beauty behind my eyes... I dance your Silence, so Life will not have the same stroke within this storm of Light... I dance for your Silence, and my syllables build rotating words between your lines with sleepy sunrises... My mind... poems form to match your breath... I dance your Silence, within your whispering wing, while second still snows inside my eyes, a fleeting reality... piece by piece... I dance within your Silence, with thick lines of Reality... mornings are no more prohibited... by You!... I dance your Silence, with slices of our own chemistry... so... you can find the sum of my heart, when Time strikes with its inner rhythm... I dance your Silence, with my unwritten poetry, whispering through three seasons, so the Sky may not forget its Existence... I dance your Silence, with musical steps between us, an overture of two worlds... ... a ballet of the Hearts... I dance your Silence, with kissed hellos and embraced goodbyes... With deep thoughts juxtaposed between Us... A requiem of dreams within white spaces... A soundtrack for a Life!...

Eternity Within My Reach...

Time is too much in my days, millennium of mornings, aeons of evenings... and Vedic hymns fill the spaces between You and I with clandestine rendezvous and platonic reincarnations. Time is too much in my days, millennium of mornings, aeons of evenings... sipping my re-births in apotheosis of future tenses, alchemy of Time calibrated by the universal mind's eye. Time is too much in my days, millennium of mornings, aeons of evenings... time continuum of my heart imbued by sacred sameness, without tomorrows and separations between within and without! Time is too much in my days, millennium of mornings, aeons of evenings... ...I have this quench: "If Yesterday is Tomorrows' Today then... answer this: WHAT am I when I am not Me?..."

Willie Smith

ABANDONED TO MY WORK

Joy is the only person ever to strap a watch around my dick. The Bulova is hers – I've never been able to wear a watch. She tightens the band one notch only. Her wrist that slender.

She bends the shaft down. Frowns at the crystal to determine the hour. Only with herculean effort do I contain the wad.

She chuckles through the frown. Announces it's time for me to tuck herby back in my shorts. Removes the Bulova. Buckles back on the timepiece. Kisses my forehead. Departs the house for work. Leaving me with day empty, load full, page blank.

FINAL POEM

I'm walking along one day in the middle of the night drunk as an aint lost an apostrophe, when I tumble to a B. Musta fell off a sign for maybe BEER or BEANS or BUG SPRAY. Pick the letter outta the gutter, avoiding the stinger, copping a buzz. Wipe PVC dry on the back of my thigh. Now all I lack is rain, so I can put together a brain to think my way out.

Break into a pharmacy. Swipe a gun; bottle of reds; benzedrine. Run out high as a kite tugging the string around a finger to remember to forget my rapid vapid id.

I'm doing fine, making a monkey of myself, monkeying with clock sprockets, dancing off my back the monkey, withdrawing from a holster over the junkyard into the junkless dawn; when it dawns like forever blowing sailors on a fine tooth comb wrapped in Kleenex three sheets to the gegenschein: The answer is blowing in the window. Shards litter the bed, lightning flashing.

I swallow the sight. Cock the hammer, hammering Willie's cock faster'n Jack Meoff can apostrophize. For the first time ever shoot my big fat mouth off.

When the maid comes, around noon, just after midnight, she sighs. Smiles a finger off her nose. Sizes up the vinyl. Activates a disc of Dizzy blowing Bird. Sets about making the best of a bed gone bad.

GOD IN HELL

Dear God in Hell:
Make my life big and swell,
like a thumb hit with a hammer.
Make my life dumb and
crammed with yammer,
and with death and all its glamor;
because, oh my dear God in Hell,
it is so good and well
that I am what I hammer.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

I'm smoking midnight special on the night train, waiting above the market on a corner on vine in vain for a lift beyond the half-dream of nicotine and wine. Another puff, another glug, no other goal than to drain the pain.

.

Rain streaks the fog in the cone of a streetlight whose pole I lean against alone, feet on the curb, nothing to disturb the soul, save the spice of that unattainable plane. Another glug, another puff on another link to the chain, no other goal than to myself to complain.

Maintain the rhyme, repeat the beat, hold an old gold inside the mind. Stain the teeth, cure the lungs, pickle the brain. Just so my complaint remains this refrain: I'm smoking midnight special on the night train.

DON MAGER

January Journal: Thursday, January 31, 2013

The sun's breathless lava blaze sings an aubade to longings for the night to disappear into the clarity of morning's bracingly crisp hello. Eager to get on with the job at hand, it climbs over the threshold edge of earth and spreads its vast hibiscus bloom between the silhouetted trees. As its scarlet face balances just above the tree line pausing to catch its breath before mounting the white sky, the bus stop's squinted eyes cannot tear away. With gloved hands fending blindness and welling tears, gazers simply gaze.

July Journal: Saturday, July 27, 2013

The sunset squinies into penny small incendiary eyes. Direct hits hurt. Like incandescent sheets of ice across roof tiles, yellow-white boils its sinking flare. Long lean parodies of shadows emaciate themselves. Sky retains its blue in darkened pools. Arriving and departing vapor trails widen in wakes of carmine—gold—lavender. They are sotto voce flutes and oboes piping quietly above the trombone and tuba march down into the horizon. Half-flared peacocks melt to blue oblivion

July Journal: Sunday, July 28 2013

Beneath boisterous frog choir rehearsals, night spawns tiny inconveniences.
Back in the woods, half drowned water-logged old tires swarm while nearby the wheelbarrow's stagnant green water swims with squiggles. Their wee genetics tick off quick nights of metamorphosis. Their tiny black-white Asian tiger stripes plan next week's itineraries for muggy afternoons of sniffing out neck sweat and backs bent over bush bean clumps. Their hypodermics plan attacks. For welts to accost an hour with itching, their codes already know where best to strike.

September Journal: Wednesday, September 4, 2013

As it lets go of the shadows' hold on murkiness, the ebbing breath of night brushes with cool soft fur. The shadows' folds uncover varieties of gray that reemerge in the pre-dawn chorus that purrs like cats draped over backs of sofas or on the sills of windows. Meanwhile, like popcorn at full throttle in a wire shaker on campfire coals, the frogs have been firing off all night. Shadow purrings and frog cackles walk hand in hand along the narrow balance beam toward a bleaching sky that clears dawn's stage and sets its props.

September Journal: Thursday, September 5, 2013

Their stalks snap. They overflow their wire baskets. They sprawl on gangly arms. They drape their coarse enervated giant spider vines along the ground. Parched leaves twist on nooses in the breeze. Like small forlorn balls left on a derelict Christmas tree thrown to the curb, along the chaos of their spindly branches hard Lima green tomatoes gleam in the afternoon sun. Don't pass us by, they say. We fry up nicely. Give us a try. In a parallel cosmos, gnawing the tannin-reek of Hickory nut husks, squirrels go about their frantic chores.

Natalie Crick

The Garden Outside The House

She was out there again that morning. Talking, laughing, singing, The garden filled with sweet birdsong And the aroma of summer. The sunset leaked red blood, Annihilating him. A love gift or a Romantic invitation. She had one eye, he had two. He was waking from a fitful dream. It soon became dark, The sky full of storms. He saw her solemn death dance, Wet and electric, An Autumn widow wearing grey. It was starting to happen again.

For You

My Love,

I want you.

This month her depression began.
He obsessed her.
She tied her heart with ribbon like a present,
Licking his fingers and kissing his feet.
Words failed her.
She breathed him in like a terrible secret,
A childless woman beneath the ivory moon.
But what about his eyes, his eyes, his eyes.
Walking in the Winter trees
Were his shadows in the fog.
He was innocent as a lamb.
Sleep, my Angel,
Deaf and dumb
As the drugged summer sun.

This Dark Thing

This dark thing that sleeps in me,
It steals from me so I am left with nothing.
I am blameless, Godiva.
The murmurings are alive.
Watching you dully from my bed
I have taken the pill to kill.
I mourn my own death,
Drowning into the night.
My tears could devour
The ocean. I want, I want.
I have lost myself. But that is not enough.

Love Me

Two friends.

Chalk and cheese, gelled with want.

The shy one with silver sticks

That clunked on wooden boards

Skipped to a secret song.

And him, a gauzy giant,

The bitter scat his excuse.

It shines for special occasions,

Shouting about life of biting tongues:

I am history reinvented.

Blink twice. I am not out of the ordinary.

He tells me how I have a nervous laugh

And how nice

The mice looked, strung up in grey wire.

An easy spear through each socket.

Would I like to walk with them?

It would be like kissing the flute

With my eyes smoking and hissing,

Ash sinking in each pit.

Let me roll in icy pools.

The Other does that,

Hair wet and black,

Tossing acid.

Do you ever sleep?

He wants to be loved.

I do not react.

The sun lets them in,

The moon breaks in two.

Bell, once.

Bell, twice.

One is finished.

Young Love

When you were five And I was six. We would hold hands Iust like this. When you were nine And I was ten. We made a pact To never tell, and then: You began to tell me every word That escaped from your lips, with cold secret stares. A look or a glance through long Fingertips. Your beautiful face. I see you sitting by the stair, your body Tight in hot sun, a sad lamb On stage. And when I have passed you Flushed red raw, I want to remember How young we were. Splayed out across the pitch Like baby starfish, pink and pinched As tongue's blood. Our father and mother are in silent reverie. With knotted wrists and electric hair, Nodding and clapping, as dumb waiters do To our games. When we are together we are together. Today we are family as the ill Walk in lines, with shaken smiles that marry us. Mother, to me you are a figure of fun.

Father, you are a child when you wake up each morning.

And We Are Hiding Now

For some time they sat in the cornfield

And spoke like dull mice

About what would be done.

When the sun, a ruined fruit

Ripped the dilute garden growth

And spread a red alarm over tall shears

The eldest was heard to say

"Bury them in the cellar."

Skins of lice lamented

Over the pulsing stalks,

Their drones blanched in the air

Curdled and hot.

The house was distant and brown

Weeping a creeping shadow from within,

That seemed to warn: 'Keep Out'.

A blaze from the forgotten.

Old plastic swing swung over the perimeter,

A goodbye, flinch.

The sky was high and blue.

In the giant shoots

Lurking softly and surreal,

Two ducklings on the gilded shore.

The sea was swimming with flushed young men

Severing feathered heads

With long silver scissors.

Pointed throrns in a paper box.

The woman roared like the man.

"Stop", said the girls

With frilled socks.

Once the heavens were purple

Like a bruise, the corn

Grew cold and wet.

The house stood waiting, a deadened bulb With a swift march
They advanced through the field,
Cutting stems.

She Chose Red

It is Winter.

He dragged her through the snow,

Her heart in her hand.

She was trying to be special.

In her room

Is a barbed cage.

She made it herself.

She waits inside with a needle in the dark.

Exiled.

Chewing her own hair.

They don't talk to her.

Her mouth is full of hair.

She chose red.

Dreamer, how did you get so low?

Anywhere you go,

She will follow.

She is a slut called Jezabel.

There is sunshine in an empty place.

Her birthday: a black death.

The rush she gets. Machina.

Her cousin is a spider.

Withdraw.

Now give her an inch, a mile.

She is a beautiful liar.

Aphrodisiac.

She crawled out from the sea.

A horse drinks from the dark water

Dieing, vapourous.

The Pandora Lady

She was like Morgan;
Very pretty, though grey
As Autumn rain
And rigid and pale in mood
Like Lazarus or a different Goddess.
Her sparkle fell in a flurry of stars
From a beautiful boat in the sky.
She dreamed she was married.
Sometimes she wished her name was Pandora,
Then transformed into herself again in shame

Shawn Chang

Full Circle

A Sonnet

Beyond the moon of mem'ries forlorn And lost in spits of sunder'd stars and tears, Reborn once more on shores the shades adorn -The narrow hopes that die as Nightfall nears.

No dreams to contemplate, and none to catch; No thoughts to hear, and none for one to hold -Afloat in lava rivers under latch Of atmosphere of bale and beasts untold.

With soul and spirit standing poles apart; And cleft in half, the crack a million miles -Is but the hinder'd and unheeding heart, Which Ignorance by night with wiles beguiles.

Full circle back to kingdom come; and from The tomb of womb to womb of tomb we come.

Bruce Dale Wise

The Broken Lute

by Blue Cedar Siew

Above the pale wooden floor of grainy curving lines, upon the table's straight, unstable, lofty, leg's designs, securely settled on the red, triangular, top's home, along with hyperbolic vase and light-gray metronome, beside the note-filled sheet of music, crumpled at the ledge, a muted-brown mahogany lute, broken, o'er the edge, sits in a canvas oil by one Klaus of Ygdrasil.

Three birds are flying overhead beyond the window sill.

One brushes up against Picasso, Braque and others found in Canada, like Browning drowning in the pond of Pound.

Michael Lee Johnson

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THEME: Tranquility

The Seasons and the Slants (V2)

I live my life inside my patio window. It's here, at my business desk I slip into my own warm pajamas and slippersseek Jesus, come to terms with my own cross and brittle conditions. Outside, winter night turns to winter storm, the blue jay, cardinal, sparrows and doves go into hiding, away from the razor whipping winds, behind willow tree bare limb branchesthey lose their faces in somber hue. Their voices at night abbreviate and are still, short like Hemingway sentences. With this poetic mind, no one cares about the seasons and the slants the wind or its echoes.

Iranian Poetry Lady (V2)

The first time I saw your face, cosmetic images, dust, dirt, determination

fell across your exiled face. Coal smoke lifted with your simple words and short poems.

Your meaning drawn across a black board of past, rainbows, future fragment, still in the shadows.

Muhammad, Jesus twins, only one forms a halo alone.

One screams love, drips candle wax, lights life, shakes, love.

I encrust your history in the Ginkgo tree, deliverance.

I wrap in the branches the whispers in your ears a new beginning.

I am the landscape of your future walk soft peddle on green grass.

I will take you there. I am your poet, your lead, freedom clouds move over then on.

I review no spelling, grammar errors; I lick your envelope, finish, stamp place on.

Down with age I may go, but I offer this set of angel wings I purchased at a thrift store.

I release you in south wind, storms, and warm in spring, monarch butterflies.

Your name scribbles in gold script.

Night, mysteries, follow handle, your own.

Sundown, Fall (V2)

Fall, everything is turning yellow and golden. No wind, Indian summer, bright day, wind charms with Indian enchantment, last brides marry before first snowfall, grass growth slows down, retreats, bushes cut back with chills, retreats, haven of the winter grows legs, strong, learns baby steps, pushes itself up slowly against my patio door, freezes, and says, "soon, soon, Spring I'll be there." Winter is sweeping up what is left of fall, making room for shorter day's longer nights. I hear the echoes of the change of seasons, until next sundown sunflowers grow.

California Summer

Coastal warm breeze
off Santa Monica, California
the sun turns salt
shaker upside down
and it rains white smog, humid mist.
No thunder, no lightening,
nothing else to do
except sashay
forward into liquid
and swim
into eternal days
like this.

Common Church Poem (V4)

Sitting here in this pew splinters in my butt I spend hours in silent prayer. I beg Jesus for a quiet life. Breathing here is so serene. Sounds of vespers, so beautiful dagger, so alone, unnoticed. You can hear Saints clear their eardrums Q-Tips cleanse mine. I hear their scandals I review mine.

If I Were Young Again (V3)

Piecemeal summer dies: long winter spreads its blanket again.

For ten years I have lived in exile, locked in this rickety cabin, shoulders jostled up against open Alberta sky.

If I were young again, I'd sing of coolness of high mountain snow flowers, sprinkle of night glow-blue meadows; I would dream and stretch slim fingers into distant nowhere, yawn slowly over endless prairie miles.

The grassland is where in summer silence grows; in evening eagles spread their wings dripping feathers like warm honey.

If I were young again, I'd eat pine cones, food of birds, share meals with wild wolves; I'd have as much dessert as I wanted, reach out into blue sky, lick the clouds off my fingertips.

But I'm not young anymore and my thoughts tormented are raw, overworked, sharpened with misery from torture of war and childhood.

For ten years now I've lived locked in this unstable cabin,

inside rush of summer winds, outside air beaten dim with snow.

Flight of the Eagle

From the dawn, dusty skies comes the time when the eagle flies-without thought, without aid of wind, like a kite detached without string, the eagle in flight leaves no traces, no trails, no roadways-never a feather drops out of the sky.

Fabrice B. Poussin

Warm soul

I wonder how many 2 mes you sat in this room listening to the heavy rains upon the steel roof weaving away, dreaming of the seed to soon sprout. A Dre raged in the hearth to keep your bones dry speaking of days in a forest you knew so well lively 2ames re2ec2ng their might onto your soul. These walls loved you for three decades and now turn a blind eye to the intruder in me as the wet logs you cut burn away to you. I wonder how many 2 mes you thought of the beauty you would some day bequeath the world your legacy so vast and make it grow. The drops are cold and heavy as ice tonight carrying with them the smile your always bore and through them again, I hear you laugh. It was a good evening for you even in the wind in a deep breath and a sigh, you inhaled a life took an unknown bow and quietly went to sleep.

Moving consciousness

Looking forward to losing part of himself in full contempla on the ageless old man remains mo

onless day a "er week" unsure of the reality of a body no longer recognizable leathery envelope 2ckled by the youth of the dragon2y. Pupils so dark and deep project Pery sparks all around while despondent a soul wonders in and out slowly seeping through pores of doors opening in every inch of a ②esh being ques②oned by a bri&le cage without purpose. A stellar organ of dense passion is set for sleep once more redected on the wall of a brain in awe to what he only sees the illumina2on is certain on lips somber smiling within the li&le boy of a hundred centuries awaits pallently. He alone is conscious of a beginning journey fantas2c many stare in wonderment at the oddity he has become man perhaps, remnant of who he used to be, yet so much more for he is fully possessed by the cocoon of his metamorphosis. The morrow means no more, to them sell he may appear to be statue to the past millennia of myriads just like him having reached the perfect being of sublimalon consciousness has moved with the stars, keeps on.

What lies ahead

The force is strong as it pulls forward into a future I am not quite ready to a&end. It seems a million arms are playing tug of war with a will ②ring of a heavy leaden past. In the present the surface is too smooth; the cleats slip as they dig a li&le deeper. Leaning back with a last a&empt to resist the e)ort takes over the pleasure of the day.

Post Scriptum

Glen Armstrong

There Are Not Enough Chairs for Everyone

Duke gets deep dark spots. Meredith speaks of horizon lines that will accommodate a sleepy river. Skin and repentance play as if around a Maypole, as if twin sisters. If I sing will you join in with that awkward harmony that got us banned from all those open mic nights so many years ago? Many were forgotten. Uncle Cotton says that God studies women in their rooms. My memories of oil keep me up at night. I can't help but run on a single low mood, but in the parlor the others compare things unheard to those that they mostly deciphered. They sit around a jar of lavender and sea glass. **Sundance Channel Cento** Say what you want about the tenets of National Socialism, Dude. At least it's an ethos. We've got chicken tonight. Strangest damn things. They're manmade. You must be double-jointed. And you must be Hungarian. (Who does that guy in the coat think he is anyways, Bo Diddley?) This famous linguist once said

that of all the phrases in the English language, of all the endless combinations of words in all of history, that "cellar door" is the most beautiful. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go on an overnight drunk, and in ten days I'm going to set out to find the shark that ate my friend and destroy it. Midsummer XXX Afterwards there were questionnaires And parasagittal MRIs Some brains sparkled Like Christmas trees Some lit up Like a map of Athens I don't remember much I think I cashed the check For participating In this study and spent The money on a copy Of DeSade's Jus tine At one point she was running Through the woods With bruises on her thighs At one point the situation Was so perverse That she slipped into

Another dimension.

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