

# Yggdrasil

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# Introduction

## Michael R. Collings

### Wind and Stone

I am Stone encompassed by soft Wind.  
We share damp shores, hear waves break on knots  
That stud bleak charcoal shells of rotted logs.  
We taste wild strawberries in the arcing cove.

You are Wind. You flurry, disconcert  
Raw emptiness, stroke its vaporous smoothness  
Into glass, release, withdraw, disperse,  
And—caressing waters—supple-shape again.

You are Wind. You touch and warm and subtly  
Breathe into fissures too delicate to see.  
You bring the living water from without,  
Invest inert with patient energy

You are Wind—I thought myself immune.  
You penetrate dark, hollow hearts of Stone.

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# Michael R. Collings

## Tsunami

Far distant, waves coil waters beneath themselves.  
Miserly, they gather wealths of flow  
And ebb, drag the Continental Shelf  
For rasping sands—array their arcs in pristine rows.

[The everlasting rock has shaken roots,  
Twisted fissures, gouted fire miles  
Beneath the waters' patient skin, mute  
Evidence of Gaea's subtle guile.]

They poise. They seem to pause, inhale, expand.  
They tremble, eager for release. The shingle  
Stretches landward—dispassionate waves strand  
Living detritus...cohesive tensions mingle...

Explode—avalanche—hostile—chaotic—  
Devour hapless land—omnivorous—hypnotic—

**On Taking a Red Cross Lifesaving Class  
Carmichael, California, 1963**

Water became an active enemy,  
At first in image, as we pictured saving  
Hapless souls from watery jeopardy,  
Succoring them as they floundered, raving;

Then image became 'true' as we sham  
Rescued drowning fellow-candidates;  
Learned to jump in, clothed, inflate long pants,  
And use resultant buoyancy to float.

But at the lesson's end...we had to tread  
Cruel water, heads held high, for what seemed  
A day at least—exhausted beyond tired,  
Muscles strained, minds dazed in the extreme.

Home that Tuesday night, I slept until  
The Thursday evening class, numb and still.

## **Drought, California, 1990**

The worst drought in three hundred years struck hard in May. It crisped rose petals black by mid-morning; withered iris spears; turned spring peas to gray-veined purses, slack with rattling change. It loomed titanic: portended firestorms—twelve million trees wracked, chaparral dead, seedlings dead, dead eucalyptus. Reservoirs dry and cracked.

And yet at five a.m., still almost night, just before another searing day, the coastal air, uncaring of its blight, wafted promises along its way;

it rustled sweetly through each mountain pass, water-laden, as it ever has.

### **At the End of a Drought, Idaho, 2007**

Parched skies stretch, unwrinkled periwinkle,  
pinned at cardinal corners by lonely peaks.  
Below the stabbing sun, grass blades crinkle,  
glassine leaves scorch tissue-thin...and break.  
Heat ripples upward, mocks cascades long gone.  
Then. Secretive. Beneath the sweltering air—  
Wisps of gray. Now white. Frail chignons.  
No one hopes...lest they disappear.

More wisps. Still more. Miles distant, along  
the highest slopes, drought-resistant braids  
accumulate and twine, thunder-clouds throng,  
grapple, topple, and flow in cannonades,  
herding flocks of singing, stinging rain  
before them to the darkling, thirsty plains.

## The Tyranny of Equilibrium

Along this rim of beach, cold sands sing  
Subharmonic counterpoint to rushing  
Wings of gulls. The day is grim—gun-metal  
Gray from land to sea. Waves curve and curl  
Like mercury—glinting heavily in lulls  
Between the ebb and surge, and inching up  
Web-weathered breasts of faithless, shifting dunes.  
Beyond the cove, I cross a sheaf of blackened  
Rock hung with shaggy jade that floats  
Like dead men's hair from blunted bones. The keening  
Wind holds gulls in static symmetry.

Midway between worn cliff and tide, a bleached  
Palm trunk rocks feathered, salt-stiff fronds against  
A whitened core that mocks true bones—it seems  
A beached and desiccated plesiosaur,  
Some half-forgotten Nessie dying in  
Quick-silver seas. I walk the length, south  
To the final spit of toothless boulders, stand  
And stare, then sit—for longer moments than I had  
Planned—on damp unyielding sand before  
I trace my footsteps back. My soles are black  
With clots of tar—they resist attempts  
To scrape them off and will stick unpleasantly  
In my tight-laced shoes as I drive away.

It is noon. The off-shore wind is stronger,  
Colder, and the cold sands...silent



# John Grey

**1958**

In 1958,  
a fin meant a car  
not “Jaws”  
and the Welcome Motel on route 6  
greeted couples  
who paid by the hour.

In the dark of midday,  
that place was like a rodeo  
of humping  
from novice riders in their late teens  
to local lotharios  
who barely knew the names of their mount.

Lots of chrome on the bumpers of course.  
It was the gold standards in those days.  
And hair on the guys slicked back  
and glued  
while the gals pegged pants to legs  
like a second layer of skin.  
And then there was Elvis.  
When wasn't there Elvis?

I get this from the old man –  
his youth, for better or worse  
but always forever.

In 1958,  
he was the coolest kid on the block.  
Now he's old  
and scheduled for a hip replacement.

He never tires of talking up the 50's.  
In the present, everything's a blue, a haze.  
The past is where the details are.

## **PINE GROVE**

Rubbed with a few green brushstrokes,  
through the fog's standing presence  
a pine carries outside and in,

all brave silence on its shoulders,  
the winter we are buried in  
weathered wild and wise,

fulfills a need for comfort  
from whatever's out the window,  
a grove in full flight,  
a ground cover of cones and needles.

## **NO DEAR, I WILL NOT BE GOING**

There's no such thing as an innocent family picnic.  
The food aims right for my craw.  
the alcohol comes on like a compress.  
Open the old hurts. Cut through the insincere smiles.  
Get down to the absolute.  
Dropping in from my shattered relationship,  
it takes more than courage to take the hand of brothers.  
To eat with them  
To sit between those great boulders  
and not call them bastards.  
I mean what else do I have to say?  
I still know the reasons for my saying it.

You urge me to set aside my differences  
for the afternoon.  
Sure, like green, given the occasion,  
can convince itself that it's really blue.  
It's okay for you. You're only a family member  
courtesy of the diamond on your finger.  
My brothers and I drown in the same blood.

In my dream, I crash the event in my car.  
In one great sweep, down goes the grille, the hotdogs,  
the glowing coals, the ash.  
No my dear, pretending I'm someone else won't wash.  
Won't wash the words. Won't wash the deed.  
And if you think there'll be some kneeling involved,  
a little begging for forgiveness,  
you've been watching the wrong drama.  
The wounds cut deep.  
The blades are still in me, still jiggling about,  
in search of a more tender spot.

There's no shared memories  
to flutter a cooling breeze.  
No ray of sunlight in a web of darkness.  
No natural bond that will pull us all into line.  
Just baggage. Just a sapping of my strength.  
Just being a good husband and father  
as if all this family business begins here.  
It has no past.  
And only we can have a future.

# Jonathan Beale

## Today's reason

Today they crucify  
Upon the cross - of an atom  
Of the purest white

The hammered nail  
Against the wood  
Leaves the question of should

Hung against the morning  
Breeze: the palaces of skulls  
The places of dawns

Or where 'they' do not  
Rise again. This is not  
The same: this is not the same

Their feet lay away  
Their heads supine toward  
Between life death they ford

So who will rise?  
or who will fall  
not you or I can say

Laying figure: figure laying  
in the circularity trying  
gods in his heaven: waiting

fleeing states - defined  
an impatience of life  
eroding or punctured by a nail

as the dust absorbs  
their blood bleeding  
the new where the cross conjoins

## **An uncharmed life**

Condos, houses, & places of abode.  
Punctuation points.  
Ashtrays – for unemptied for days  
Here in this kitchen sink drama  
Of the every days daily domestic  
Dangerous dramas drama.  
A silent sadomasochistic  
Bell annoys a soul.

## **Going first**

Step toward the untrodden way  
Beneath your moon and not mine  
Looking backward not facing emotions  
Go, go, and go...until they look at you.

The sunrise is as the blind step  
New steps, new doors, new days  
Going first that – that nascent step  
First breath, first life, going on, going first.

## **This vision**

Seas of eyes  
Each a pearl  
Woven in a silver night  
Each eye too.  
Waiting for the sumptuous  
Forest of the Chinese Orchids.  
Each a jewel  
Each a gem....  
A wonderment  
in this mystical air  
Waiting for another moment  
And another....  
As the spider hangs in the air.  
Waiting to capture  
The dream  
The idea  
Lived.

## **The crush of days**

All wedges have their thin ends.  
See them, in their daily crush.

The pistons strike.  
The freezing morning.

The freshly inked paper.  
Coffee steams meaning on.

The pistons strike.  
The freezing morning.

Cobwebs of invoice's hang.  
Silently from the night.

Expectant in the dead office.  
The cleaners have blessed.

The previous day.  
The silent cameras.

Whirr their private song.  
To one – another.

Until the pistons strike. Shattering  
*the freezing morning*. Once more.



## **The Waterfall**

A place of immeasurable privacy  
The vapour rises  
Here is where, is where.  
Poetry's perfunctory somehow (meaningless)  
At the acme  
Of every waterfall  
Is a monument to  
Apollo and Venus  
In their circularity  
Then there are books written  
Or just started to alleviate  
However, will never be finished  
As layer upon layer  
Is added and the thread  
That grows on until today  
The pool is always replenished

By Ben Bulen  
This mystic avenue  
This magical arena  
Where everything and anything exist  
Before the horsemen.

## **The Four Visions**

1.

The next place to be : Hogwarts or Middle Earth?  
Trains lick the steel in this depth of winter  
Seeing as only the snake can only write their name.  
As have, and dogs who've passed by and never pausing.

2.

Behind a border of the rectangular  
These images: effectively the same:  
Slightly different in how one can be different  
Still they go on - and on - there just to be broken r

3.

She was as vast as Venus looking back at you  
As in [Kieślowski's 'Three Colours Red'](#) Irene Jacob  
Stood for total availability and total unobtainability  
Upon every street in every city: pulchritude's pulse beats on

4.

The polished brass - of the old steam trains  
Seeing backing down a line of a time  
"that simple?" dreams memory. Until they  
are locked away, outside of sight: out of mind

# Eric Mohrman

## Circadian Hypnotism

& rising tomorrow, reconciled

to the shining  
light in the eastern  
sky &

the western hallucination—night is

a panther lapping at our  
eye, its own eyes moonlit marbles, its own  
dream of  
granite teeth grinding, sliding  
down like loose  
stalactites, our eyes

dotting rotting cities of  
structured stalagmites, shelter

from rain, from lightning's electric  
veins

stasis sweats from our pores in the nighttime & static dances  
in the daytime wherever  
we do not  
shave

clouds  
inked on  
secret squishy spots of flesh, we are all marked

as dark comets across  
a bright sky, smiling

dumbly with  
comfort in piety or inured to  
the way ivy  
keeps so  
quiet as it climbs—faith resides

in coffins sized  
for the mythologized & we are all worth

our weight in  
wasted  
time—

the future dangles, the drop  
from a leaky faucet, it  
falls &  
sends ripples through our dreams &

replays forever, but

there is a way to make the night  
linger indefinitely, there is  
an endlessness when we  
sleep in a circle, there are circles in the halos of celestial  
bodies, there are bodies

in the beds angled toward tomorrow, they  
are bare & barely  
breathing, snoring abrasive  
songs, gasping apneatics, somnambulists,  
slumberly cumbersome—but

the amnesiac sun  
is a lullaby

## Submersion

I.

you left us,  
off to drink

hibiscus  
tea

II.

sun  
set  
in the  
shot

glass footprints on the wind

III.

your hair was

yellow ribbons

are sunsky delusion

IV.

celestial eyelids  
open

revealing raindrops

V.

drawn to reflections like  
Li Po,

silence

is  
the information you  
gather

## **Movement**

in  
the hunter green hills of  
Virginia, the

cows & crosses cast  
dusk flame  
shadows but  
the road

winds  
like sin  
& you

play it  
like  
electric mandolin

## Genealogy

Silence, stillness: abyss. She. Wades naked into the tepid pool of melanin. It matches Her skin, perfectly. Her eyes waver in & out of view against burnt sienna sky, perfectly. Down the steps, one, two. Three. Floor. The undisturbed surface just covers Her navel. Except its apex. Or, it's a trick of the moonlight; or,

a moon of the tricklight. Celestial belly. With a glimpse of it: all serenity disrupted.

Broad hips He grips from behind and maneuvers impatiently into position. He gathers Her long, starless-midnight hair, twists it twice around His hand. Pulls it taut. Thrusts. Erupts. Impregnating Her flesh silhouette. She gives birth to Herself: an impossible blossom of inversion. An orb of sepia mist, dense, impenetrable, where history perpetually omits Her head.

Men and women slither into the pool. Leave no tracks in the sand. They eel all around Her. Drinking. Until nothing's left to drink. Arid. Barren. Nomads. She. Doesn't speak to anybody. Not without fucking them first. Their forms destabilize during climax; they remain only as vibration. Their waves touch Her, producing distortion. He listens, He transcribes the sounds, a litany of sorrows. Unutterable. Imprinted on Her blood vessels; etched on the walls of

Her womb: shadows of swaying trees molest this internal terrain. Though there are no trees. The echoing caws of crows have no source, though there are sporadic slight disturbances of the air, as if from strong wings. Flapping. This is a place of legacy & prophecy. Time speaks insincerely of foreign, distant eras. Lines converge on the horizon to promote the illusion that anything is linear. She.

Sings, but not with a voice; sings around His transcriptions, but never reproduces the notes. Hymn lulls the atmosphere. It elicits Her tears. Works Her into a sweat. She perspires not from heat or fever; from fervor. She leaks amniotic fluid. Secretions of primal arousal drip down her legs. The liquids absorb the color of Her skin as they flow over it; retain its taint. They

pool. Stillness, silence: abyss. She. Approaches.

# Julian O'Dea

## OLD PHOTO

So, says the girl in the old photo,  
another calendar year ticks over,  
and you are further away than ever.  
It is hardly my fault that I was young  
and pretty and in every way your type,  
one hundred years ago.  
And she seems to say, I have seen  
you looking at me, still young in  
black and white, bone of your bone.  
It isn't fair.



## **SOLAR SYSTEM**

Who was there when the planets  
spilled from God's pocket like marbles?

Did He go back looking for the big  
cool pastel ones or the brave rust red,  
or maybe the big cloudy whopper  
with stripes and swirls and spots?  
And the pretty novelty with the ring?  
Was He like a fickle child and left  
them behind in boredom; or is He  
still seeking and weeping over  
that rare lost blue agate,  
small but unique  
in a forsaken galaxy?

## **GEMSTONES**

You tie your hair up high and clasp  
that bracelet of heavy dangling gems  
around your narrow wrist, hard and  
cool like the matching necklace  
of stones set between your breasts.  
Thus would I dress  
you with only the stark charm  
of timeless stone and nakedness.

# Carolyn Gregory

## SHIP OF FOOLS (after Hieronymus Bosch's famous painting)

In an overcrowded boat with a fool  
posted from a cask of something sinister,  
each carries his load of words  
or music with a message.

A nun with an earnest face sings with her lute  
in praise of the Virgin Mary  
to a doubting monk with a red nose.

They bicker over a plate full of half eaten fruit  
as the boat's cask springs leaks filling a bowl  
carried by swimmers sailing by.

A second nun grasps the shoulder of a man  
huddled passively in the cargo  
while she holds a flask for baptism over his head.

Oh, ship of state on timeless seas,  
you sail through the empyrean.  
A tall man stands orating Plato to the boat  
as no one listens.

## **THE LAST HORSES**

Will this be the last time  
I take the ferry to the Vineyard  
where the carousel still takes up  
its children and a calliope pumps them  
up and down through summer?

Will I come through these waves  
again with grace  
as age arrives and measures  
the time ahead past buccaneers  
and fancy dancers  
riding their horses home?

## **THRONES AND BARRICADES**

She moved back to the golden tower  
to the sky, complete with its leopard pelts,  
citing her need for independent living  
while charging taxpayers  
one million dollars a day for the upkeep.

She supported the barricades  
surrounding her money  
as she shopped for a Marie Antoinette wig  
to wear to the masked ball.

"Let them eat cake" she practiced  
with Lâncome lips parsed for the media,  
drifting back into her platinum throne.

## **WITH HIS INDENTATIONS**

He carved the stick with his indentations,  
offering it to the child in the village of cobblestones,  
made love to her mother secretly  
before the war lined up men in trenches  
like jacks to be tossed in the wind.

Sharp-minded in business,  
his instincts were stronger still  
as he followed desire by its hot flames  
into his lady's heart  
though her radiance dissolved  
when the howitzers struck  
and tunnels buried the men alive.  
What was her smile, how did you  
spell her name?  
The men thought about cups of tea, instead.

The underground was plundered,  
a teacup's Delft pattern shattered.  
They wore helmets with lamps attached  
to survey the buried damage  
as they wondered if there was any purpose  
left before them at the tunnel's end.

## **ABANDONED**

A potted tree tips over on dead roots  
near a long stalled escalator.  
Palms droop brown and fallen  
where no shoppers linger.

In the empty mall,  
glass crunches beneath  
dangling electrical wires.  
Blue sparks come and go,  
signals at night.

There is no social flurry  
where chain and designer stores  
drew weekend traffic,  
shopping for furniture and labels.

Once music pumped in  
above marble floors  
where chic couples glided,  
their arms loaded with shiny bags.

Now wild grass fills  
the dry and cracked parking lots  
and glass splinters underfoot  
as echoes roll  
from one floor to another.  
Crows squawk overhead.

## HOME OF SALT AND MARBLE

The marble taken from the walls  
has turned to salt and might explode.  
The canals have seeped through  
and taken over.

More skeletons in yet another closet  
where famous ghosts chat  
about Ms. Guggenheim's nude march  
into the canal to remember  
her father sinking with the Titanic.

Oh, Venice, you are topsy turvy  
with white gloved waiters,  
balustrades and fires!  
Masked balls, lawyers and the Mafia  
all riding gondolas!

An aria is sung through the burning opera  
now painted by an artist  
wearing his own suit of flames!

Lord Byron broods in the piazza  
while Ezra Pound teaches his daughter  
how to translate the Cantos.

The society of masks proffers fans  
as the sunset flares over sinking palaces  
and pledges to build more.



# Donal Mahoney

## 13 Ways of Looking at Some Polyps

He asked and so I told him.  
The "cancer" poems stem  
from cancer in the family.  
Daughter's terminal.  
Son's a five-year survivor.  
Mother died at 59.  
I had 13 polyps, all benign,  
snipped a year ago.  
I go back next month  
for another roto-rooter.

As one grows older,  
neighbors, friends and folks  
one doesn't know  
die from it.  
That's life, isn't it.

One never knows  
but the question's not  
"Why me?"  
The question is  
"Why not me?"

Think about it.  
We'll all pop something  
now or when, won't we.

## **A Knockout at the End**

**My parents were  
far from preachy.  
They went to church  
separately and I went  
to the children's service  
separately as well.**

**But as a family we  
went to many Irish wakes  
that enabled me  
last New Year's Day  
to look death in the eye  
when my daughter died  
after a long fight to live.**

**I'm old enough now  
to listen for the bell signaling  
my own last round with death.  
Hard to believe I've made it this far.  
I may even lead on points  
but any bookie will tell you  
death by a knockout at the end.**

## **A School Bus Is Coming**

**On weekday mornings  
on a quiet corner  
three moms with small  
sons and daughters  
wait for a school bus  
they hope is coming**

**The children laugh  
play a game of tag  
three moms are silent  
three feet apart**

**One reads a book  
another smokes  
the other checks  
her cell phone**

**The bus pulls up  
the kids pile on  
and rush to windows  
to wave good-bye  
the moms all wave  
as if in sync**

**The bus takes off  
makes its turn  
three moms  
walk home  
three feet apart  
down the block  
without a word**

**three moms  
with children gone  
are free at last  
white, black and brown**

## **Answer Me This, America**

**Took the wife  
to a pancake house  
the other day.  
National franchise  
good food  
fine reputation.**

**Skipped the pancakes  
had bacon, eggs,  
hash browns, toast  
and coffee.  
Wife went fancy,  
had an omelette.**

**Grabbed the check  
because the busboy  
started clearing  
the table early.  
A young dervish  
new to the job  
swirling his cloth  
for minimum wage.**

**Bothered me  
to realize he'd work  
three hours and a skosh  
to pay for the same  
breakfast, more  
if he left a tip.**

**Reminded me  
something's wrong  
with our great nation,  
how we do business.  
Have both ears open.  
Hoping for an answer.**

## **Coffee with Mr. Conscience**

**There are a lot of people like me  
neither rich nor poor, idling  
in the middle who have never wanted  
for anything in our lives.**

**We were reared by parents  
who fed us and sent us to school.  
We graduated and found jobs  
and then moved on to better ones.  
We raised families of our own.**

**We have pensions now  
and can pay our bills.  
We can buy a new recliner  
when the old one breaks.**

**Which is why I hate to stop  
for coffee at Pete's Diner  
and find Mr. Conscience there  
sipping his and waiting to ask me  
what I've done for the poor lately.**

**He's an old caseworker who  
worked in the projects until retirement.  
He volunteers now with a group that  
caulks the gaps public grants don't cover.**

**He never gives me a moment's peace,  
always after me to help a needy person.  
He'll take cash or a check, isn't fussy.  
He's Mr. Conscience and he drives me nuts.  
But I wouldn't have coffee with anyone else.**

# Sheila Barklay

## Nan Day

early noon while the sun shone as bright as it can  
sort of sun upon rising reminds me of Nan  
I left on a walk having nowhere to be  
'Cause a bird by my window told of much more to see  
and I wasn't hungry or sleepy or stalled  
had no food and it felt like a dream after all  
into sympathy seemingly rested the devil  
elevated but with all the world I was level  
distant mountains of molecules moved in their system  
you could still fry an egg on the rocks if you missed them  
I saw artifact shrapnel a gleam in the sand  
saw two little paisley twins skip hand in hand  
it was time for the bells to chime on with your day  
but it all rang out so right on cue though to say  
that this day is for all of us feeling as one  
lasting forever just follow the sun  
behind and before you lay sleep and disaster  
and now is to say only you make what's after

## **spores**

Spores entering the nourishment of darkness  
Knowing the moon like Mother's face  
Breaking free from my lunatic harness  
Falling up backwards to grace  
Currents and ripples drag through  
Molten plasticine of memory  
Moments felt and held onto as soul once held flesh  
Light emits from perception emotion through sensory  
Patterns emerging as memories mesh  
as love mathematics and beauty persisted  
While an art cannot possibly stand on its own  
Patterns so perfect they already existed  
A footprint is not something someone can own

## **She'll castle.....**

My head's made of sand in the shape of a shell,  
Top caved in, see inside, see and tell,  
My shell drinks the sun down it's spiral curls well, carving my story, transforming my hell,  
Spiral river inside me and out through the mouth,  
From south to north then around back to south,  
Aiming on the way up for perpetually north, we all grow so tired from all this back and forth,  
Flying up to the sun to become what the rays, feel of my shell and the end of my days, sandcastle body  
sitting upright, doesn't crumble goes warm in the wet of the light, from my chest a drawer opens and out  
my heart fell, now await for my love to climb in to be held, dying is hatching I peer through a crack,  
projecting my thoughts and then bringing them back, nothing's alive no such thing as dead, the stream  
shapes the sand that makes up my head, seeds in my hand the words that she said, to rearrange the river  
bed



**"family matters"**

Further from beginning  
Further from the whole  
Further from the family  
Make the world a whole  
Fight for an eternity  
Already won  
Fencing in your crops  
Nurturing no one

## **"Pride of Nothing"**

Completely alone was a nothing that felt, intuition desire for the ultimate self, where not alone but now separate and needing be whole, the empty place for reconnection with the rest of the soul, dignity grace in each entity's name, and the freedom received when released from the game, even questions that both sides would equally blame, pleasure from the pain of the shame,

## **"Where my lungs used to be.."**

The conception of art hugs the forms we observe as tho dipped into soul pool defining each curve perception it seeps into crevices cracks erodes imperfections then bringing them back to the baselines thru which souls look out all around baseline distorted by memories of emotion taste sight touch and sound collected projected reinvented saved held in place by perception from home in the cave collaboration resonance thru sight eye to eye waves to come back full circle are sent down the line close your eyes and feel the gentle persuasion of a light so kind that we know so well it still sits in our mind falling warm upon closed eyes and vision to keep in the dark of returning to beginning to sleep every line that u traced thru molten plasticine of memory is explored freely as light projects. emotion thru sensory. how will I breath again where are the trees heavy brutal desire where my lungs used to be but the light I remember falls right over her.. Still believing in air so much soul where her lungs were. so the warmth and the pull of the light on the dirt lifts the dirt into streams stretching open the earth in the memory of love for origin of soul in the atmosphere echo I'll feel the earth whole. Form who u are knowing ull never be gone welcome home welcome back Fractal Art Beyond

## **"poison"**

The soul is infected with poison  
As people who don't feel their reason  
Fill the void with force  
And filth as extremes are sought  
At all costs  
The entirety I hope and believe keeps its form

Unaffected but for it's stomach turning  
Pain but only within a wholeness to wake to  
A dream in the fractal womb  
And futile our attempts to be anything but exactly as we have created ourselves  
Asleep and fetal within it

**"not the end"**

Division from the fear, decision from the pain  
Division from the hunger and the wetness of the rain  
Division from the pleasure  
Reunion of compassions  
Division of the walls that separate what holds our passion  
Reunion of the spirit  
Reunion of the friends  
To truly separate what simply should and should not end

# Post Scriptum

## **Smooth**

by

**RD Larson**

I was speaking  
With a Blackbird  
Sitting on a rake.

A worm crawled,  
Slow and slimy,  
From his eye.

Green with envy,  
Slow with sloth,  
It meandered

Into it's split beak.  
The blackbird says,  
Swallowing,

“No future for him.”  
“From in your eye?  
So is he blind?”

“Not at all. A fool  
For his lifetime,  
As many are.”

I nodded, turned  
Away, a tear for  
Fools, all of them.



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