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Cover design by Art Spikol
“THE BLUE RACCOON WEEPS BLOOD
AND THE COLD FOX DIES”

— Li Ho of the 9th century

Man’s world is black even in daylight.
Ice chars the tree, the nest, the roof.
When the owl swoops over town it sees
small lights from hearth fires.
It smells our cold dwelling.

Hand in hand, people link their loves and murders.
It’s a long way down the hills to drag a corpse,
heels leave a carbon track in the snow.

The fires burn even when a heart stops.
The cold fox dies while a boy chops wood.
Freezing rain hisses in the ashes, god’s spit.
The blue raccoon with a girl’s face
weeps in the trap’s black jaws.

Sonya Dorman
FARE WELLS

Goodbye, Andrew of dawn kisses.  
Goodbye, Carmella with the flute

In my pocket I carry  
two tent pegs,  
I leave the tent to you,  
our heavy skillet  
and squirrel pelts  
left from desperate stew

Goodbye, Aunt Razor  
and Uncle Scythe,  
my cuts have healed  
and down at the pier  
fifty sailorbirds  
wave me off on my ship

Goodbye, Father Blood,  
the tide's going out,  
it's half past time  
to leave you  
with all my books and speeches  
and Mother Salt  
for a lantern.

Sonya Dorman
STARVING

My daughter says a prayer
for the bread before we eat.
In the newspaper it says famines
have begun, the land’s cracked,
the devil issues from a baked crevice.
It looks as if he drank the cattle’s blood;
they lie dead.

I think of my cousins’ ghosts who hang,
starved, around the Dachau gate.
It was only a beginning when
good citizens closed their doors.
Vietnam made me a good citizen
and the famines, like the wars,
take place somewhere else

My husband says a prayer
for the dead, citizens of nowhere,
a list of names
crystallizing in cold space.
A prayer for the earth, for the wine,
for the souls.
It sticks in my craw.

Sonya Dorman
OUR SOULS ASPIRE IN SPITE
OF TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

Good Cod, the sea is clam today,
on sliver maples the sun almost touches,
and clod air settles.
All winter, storms at sea
are raving small boats home.

Birds, fluing from chimneys’ shelter
land in the snow, leave pointy tricks
like blue claws. Nit a breath
on the sea, while our breath ruses smoky,
inerted pyramids going before us

Weal as morning, the pale sin stretches
along the low arc of winter.
Our day closes codly, avout still waters.

Sonya Dorman
EARTHWORKING

What a shoveler my father was,
what depths he dug for shelter,
pitching high his mountain of heavings.
Botched, patched, and beautiful,
his burial mounds work
a dirt and stone maze
over my map.

He sank shafts from which I pocketed
bad pennies of basalt, threw up
hills of shale that avalanched
down again. You dream figure
with jackhammer, sledgehammer, pickaxe,
with resinous veins like blue ore
on your hands, look this face
you hacked from green love
smiles in my soft pine casket.

Sonya Dorman
WORDS INTO WORDS WON'T GO

There are no things the rain is like.  
The trees are like brick walls.  
But there are no things the walls themselves are like.  
I am like you. The contents of a book  
is like margarine. The hard green surface of my car  
is like a forest fire. There are adventures in things  
I cannot pinpoint—like the snow, the storm, the sleet.  
The handyman who sweeps the leaves in the yard  
is not like himself. German fiction is not  
like African fiction. The umbrellas are like birds.  
They fly in the rain storm. The radio, that says we can expect  
snow, is not like itself.

There are no things the rain is like.  
I am not like myself. I am like you.  
More or less. I am less myself.  
But I cannot touch the change. Even change is not itself.  
There are no things that change is like

Clarence Major
CHICKEN AND EGG

in the garden next door the hen
has laid an egg she flaps her wings
as she sits on it and cackles proudly
look at the egg I have laid
it is so warm from my body heat
so smooth and white there's only
a little shit on the shell
everybody look I have laid an egg

Emmett Jarrett
MOODS

1

how an empty mailbox
can spoil the day
even a printed notice from
The Manhattan Theatre Club
is better than nothing

2

sitting in the garden
in shirtsleeves
drinking beer and reading
Plato’s myth of Atlantis
the end of February and it’s
spring already the early birds
are solo flutes rising
above the din of trucks
on Belt Parkway almost

3

dreaming of what I would do
if I were made editor
of an important magazine
the telephone rings
I am afraid to answer it

Emmett Jarrett
SOMETIMES I'M ASHAMED

sometimes I'm ashamed to stand before women
I think of the times I have failed them
I think of the fat girl in Paris
who cut through my infatuation for her
skinny and fickle roommate with simple need
we made love one afternoon in her hotel room
but her gratitude terrified me and I fled
from museum to museum for days avoiding her

or I think of the old friend in New York
who whimpered and laughed so fiercely
beneath my clumsy attempts to satisfy
not her but my vanity
    I didn't know then
how easy it is to please a woman who wants
no excuses who can forgive anything but not
being there
    or the girl on the ship
coming back from Greece I couldn't see her
until she fanned my desire with a hash pipe
then got me in the shower to make love under water
but I came too soon and never called her

when I think of these women and others
I'm ashamed because they know what they want
and it isn't my soul or my money
then I am almost persuaded to stand naked
of pretense discarding my shame like a necktie
and let myself be drawn slowly and simply
without fear or vanity into the action of loving

Emmett Jarrett
AEGEAN AUGUST

the heat scrapes our mouths
like sand
the static air is
filled with its tension
we are dry leaves
about to catch fire
in the sunlight

when we try to speak
our tongues are black and swollen
the darkness behind them
swallows our words

we know the wind will come
a few more days and cool air
will rush down from the Black Sea
as it did before
scattering the Persian fleet
off Sepias

Emmett Jarrett
GIVE-AND-TAKE

You've taken everything for yourself.
the bitches

of dishes, the lithographs; kids; delf
earthenware,

our dead cat's old dollar photograph;
quilts I'd put
down like my own signature. Horse-laughs
from your throat

canted in these rooms as if grafted
from quarry.

Abandoning your handicrafted
love-movements
towards the end of your leaving, you yelled
like a rip

in stiff flesh on fire. You said, "Sell
the damn house."

(which I did the next week). But you took
everything.
When I come to you, I'll simply look at your lips
then maybe question you half-sweetly, "Should those I send to slay you enter by twos, threes, or singly?"
Or maybe, affirming us riven, might I hold
fast my revenges my ungiven, constant gift

Rhoda Gelfond
TRANSOM

There is a space that spans change
and change that takes us
from loss to lost.

I see, there, our sun-heights
dusked
in light.

I hear, there, your voice
in low pitches
of night-thicks

A space where you say,
"I'll need you more
the next time I see you."

A space where it is
the next time

Rhoda Gelfond
Masks

I know what a mask is skintight on the face.
it’s the prayer on your lips your mind forgets
you doze off in it like listening to a speech.
I pass for my mask by now alive in it for thirty years
It’s the bits of truth scattered broken rock under railroad tracks that trains run over.
With a mask on it’s all flowering lie underfoot.
Not only my face my hands are masked too.
Hands that feel between legs, rub chest, spread hair away from frightened eyes, place the lock of a finger over lips My mask has gotten to me.

In the museum
a hundred masks masks to dance in
masks to call gods in masks to turn men into gods
masks to chant night music in masks to bloat adolescent faces with fear masks to flash evil eye and kill.
Masks to dominate women with
masks to stand conqueror in
masks to take on the sex of tigers,
  sex of lions, sex of hawks:
  the predator masks.
Masks of gold, masks of cowrie and ebony
masks of false bronze and human bone
  the money masks.
Masks made of skull, the most real,
masks do not cover the face
they become the whole head.

The Mm'wo mask of the Ibo:
white for death
white for death to Africans
the way black is death
to white Americans.

The tall Kanaga mask of the Dogon
super cross, square eyes, tubular mouth
small as the accidents that bring death
its cross the parted hands of God
pointed Skywards and Earthwards.

The gold pendant masks
of the Baule and Ashanti.
lines on the metal and
underneath on the face.
Since masks always scar
lines of mutilation, self-inflicted
by the spirit you choose to become

Bear paws track blood scent
across the cheeks of the Tlingit mask
they glow in bright colors
their maker an honest man.
All these and more remind me of my  
False Faces  
my deformities  
lies I’m sick of telling  
concealing my life.  
So you will not recognize me,  
middle class America,  
I wear a conformity mask.  
Baser than metal, harder than wood  
it absorbs all your scratches, licks  
the salt from your insults’ wounds  
its ears suck in your words.

You’ve carved wrinkles of  
self-hate into my chin and forehead.  
If you stare closely you can see  
Mm’wo  
Bajowkwe  
Balega  
Balumbo  
Ibibio  
Baule  
Ashanti  
Kwakiutl’s sissiutl  
Haida  
all in me.

I’m throwing my mask down now  
though it’s hard to tear off  
pulling flesh scabs and blood kisses  
with it, leaving what’s left  
defenseless as baby skin.  
Your hands in my hands  
eye to eye  
enemies and friends  
I’m starting all over again.

R. Daniel Evans
IN THE TEETH OF THE VOID

1

when the world is quiet
landscapes fall into place
grow vertical and horizontal

expanse of green
and
the side of the barn

the unpainted wood is
gray silver and orange
full of knots

2

in the twisted
oak's trunk
time crackles

and sheds rays
on the split
stones of the fence

in the cracks
dust gathers
eternity
sprouts
the still lake
is a dull gray
mirror
or a window

either way
the sky is
murky
and runneled
by clam spoors

night's gyration of stars
and day's cauldron
are immense questions

the conflagration at twilight
is an unfathomable riddle

the crickets glistening
black in the green grass
are perhaps an answer

Eric Sellin
THE REVERIES

those
where our mouths
clasp and we're
overcome me continually
in the midst of important
matters
    Off in the Caribbean
    sky I'm taking a breath
    taking dive over the beautiful
    cliff and the
flower soaks through me I
fantasize terrific
longings in color
    spending it all you
    become fruit in my
veins soaking through soaking
through I
hit water
swimming for life

Alexandra Grilikhes
LISTENING TO THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE

Overwhelming, the torpor of your twisted lives how you lay back revealing your timidity all
day you had been fishing with different baits As you thrust your arm over your wounded by the light eyes I

lowered the shade, gently, drank your extended presences, took your languidness, let it grow momentarily for both of us, ignored the tangled lines, found my hands working the lampshade down for your wounded eyes, slipped the shadows deep into your garrulous mouth kissed you goodbye when you least expected it, we were both happy.

Alexandra Grilikhes
So Annie Oakley has done it again.
Her boots remember *La Fanciulla del West*, an opera
in three acts by Giacomo Puccini
Her throat remembers water. At the last moment she tastes
a tumbleweed and feels an exquisite
quite inexplicable pleasure. Her gloves remember death.
They also remember music, although
not *La Fanciulla del West* or Giacomo Puccini
either. Annie Oakley remembers us
She remembers she must save the life of the man she loves

Ken Bluford
STRAWBERRY BLONDE

Night-fallen and silvery moonstruck
luminously rain-driven, she turned
her Galaxy through westbound traffic
spiraling in and out of brightness—
cloudburst headlights in the dark of night.

First light  I imagined she was you
your mother-of-sperm, your tortoise shell
in leather, naked and red-headed.
Last light  I think therefore you are

You are the moonshine playing Clair de lune;
either that or music of the spheres
meeting West Side Highway near Chambers St

Ken Bluford
A Dream
Having my cock sucked at Times Square
At 12 noon
In a pup tent
Surrounded by reporters
Unable to get an erection
I read the funny page
And send out for a coke

Janis Joplin:
Rock star
To star dust
On Monday it is cheaper to go to the Art Museum
Than to many public restrooms

I had a friend
Who had a crucifix
That glowed in the dark
We would go to his basement
And turn off the lights

Last time I went mad
I was halfway through my Psychology Today subscription

Joel Colton
from THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

San Francisco to England
    . Honest Indian to God—
    lamby fleece-light cloud spread pumped
    in frolicy scrolls on bay sea breeze
    across the Abbey Road—record sleeve blue
San Francisco sky—
    children of many colours
    squall careening every-which-way
    digging many spaces/ filling holes of the day
    that cannot end
    in California
    till the morrow
    breaks
across the waves/ upon the shore
    of Albion's
—green & pleasant Sunday dance
of greens & pheasant (I saw one strutting free
in Berkeley Hills the day before
the day before yesterday—pacific here—
today let's vault the heavens of all mind
—Amerika to Europe—Gloucester vale
where owls do cry & foxes mate—pacific
there.
    & evening sun
    go down
    — Lil Armstrong died
    in mid-bar—playing
    St. Louis Blues
    in memorial concert
    for St. Louis bluey Armstrong
down & up—
bowing—”outasite
to fat planet—
  (newly staked out)
goddess of night
  . . earth man’s time
  passes
  in work in sleep in love
  in music
  —pacific delight

O WHITE O SURF STRIPT CLEAR
‘TWIXT BLACK’N BLUE & MORTAL GOLD
—O SANDS —O TIME
OF ASSASSIN WARLORDS’ BLOOD-RED SPANGLED
BANNER HANDS
. . . O STAINLESS STEEL OF ENGLAND GRIP THY LIMBS
& FLEX THEM FOR JERUSALEM
  —EMBRACE THESE STATES
O FABLED DAMNED OF NATIONS
—O BEULAH’S LAND AWAKE—UNITED STATES
—OF BEING!
—FLEX TO SPACE TO SPHERES & UNDC THE WRATH
THRU BEAUTY THO MAN BENT IT TO DESTROY
—NOW RECREATE & EMANATE
  pacific eternal delight—

Michael Horovitz
(written in the Fall of 1971
Hopefully: IN MEMORIAM:
THE WAR IN S.E. ASIA)
MOTHER,

It was Mrs. Aja, who happened to be
In the infirmary one night when
I could hardly move from the pain
And I moved like a turtle
On the lawn, getting my feet wet,
Tapping on the window, waking her.
She gave me rhubarb and soda,
Kept me the night.

And Ellie, preparing two daughters,
And Dorothy, giving life to lists of names

Mother, the lioness has
Retractable teats, for hunting and feeding.
You made a contract with death,
Mother, and saved me when I was small.
The nuns let you in, every day, to hold me
And I told you (no language yet)
About the pain.

Mother, we won. To turn is to change the view.
When I was 15 I would have said:
"What’s the moral here? Nothing that would have occurred
To Mother"
I hated you then.
Everything you did annoyed me,
Mother

Kathleen Norris
A VIEW FROM 85th STREET, IN HORIZONTAL PERSPECTIVE

The faithless, their endless preparation
As if they want to hurt themselves,
Not too much, feeding on magazines,
Inventories of despair.

A beagle with his face and paws out the windcw,
Shoppers with children (one on a leash!)
The motorcycle hoods
Who keep vaudeville alive,
Three movies advertising two rapists
And one amnesiac.

Emblems of the spirit this morning
Are an air shaft
And blackened toast.

The couple going to the methadone center
Are teaching their son to walk.

Wordless, barely human
We ride the bus to work
And caged, obedient, lock ourselves in at night.

Kathleen Norris
NATHANIEL TARN

FOSSIL SONG

for P. R. T.

You live inside me
hung from the roof
of my skull

the rope knot
in the region of my throat
where thoughts tangle

with the need to speak
born in chords of fire
voice burns

your belly sleeps
among my loins
there is branding also

with embers
that have almost lost color
but cut deepest

this burden
of body fallen & of voice
still rasping on

as if the green shoots
of their own accord
filing thru amber

 depended on it

Nathaniel Tarn
THE MICROCOSM
   for P.R.T.

The land is larger than itself
breathing beyond its normal girth
in the light-hearted air

it takes a bird even of prey
many wingbeats
apparently still to cover it

it is heaving as if with voices
throats distending to throw words
ejaculating from all the furrows

the mole has fallen like a star
into the inhabited world
pushing the lawn up into rills

the everestine rose
her roots put down to boil
throws up a cloud of flowers

between the tree-tops’ waving fingers
the virgin telescope achieves the sky
quietly like a confident husband

and at the apex of the firmament
ringed with a crown from another sphere
Saturn is spinning on itself alone

in the unwavering summer light

Nathaniel Tarn
THE AURA

for jas, if she ever sees it

I look in the mirror
what is there is surrounded by aura
why shouldn’t that aura contain
not only all the beings I might want
but also the you I might want

why always another

Waking remembering your shape
smile at the thought of you
Gea the triangle the heavy earth
your base of hot lead on its pins
holding everything down

up top the beautiful small head

I want to jerk my seed
drop by drop into your lap
attached to those lips
I kissed first yesterday
in a frenzy of perfumes

old Leonardo face with shades for eyes

it’s happy being with you
and who can say that of most lovers now

Nathaniel Tarn
A NOTE ON G

for Gerhard Samuel

I can't make the st
Rings any clearer
Stand on the st
Reet and Rook
Are both my bays
And Mayakowski
Hangs in my mouth
Like a word,

Swallowed.

Paul Mariah
THE GRACKLES

More savage birds flock the lawn each April,
Some with spears in their beaks and all with beaks.
I remember Aprils when they came to build
Nests in the landscape, grackle by grackle
In oak or elm, as perfectly as a crystal
Laying its points.

They are more human now,
Unbridled in their conclave on the lawn
Where they sit swaying in the honey of fever.

I cannot tell from here which is the master bird,
And a closer look might fasten them on me,
And soon that bird will start up anyway
From off-center or the far edge and wing
Round to an oak, the others in his wake,
To resume the broken conclave vertically

Where are the songs of spring? I think of birds
Fattening in its warmth, climbing, threading along
The invariable vineyard of its praise
Outside windows. Where is the spring of song
In which these sad migrations have no part,
Their birds so hard?

Summer last year was calm.
Against what season do these grackles arm?

Henry Braun
of the fish of the mirror

on reading Imaginary Beings
by Jorge Luis Borges

oh, you try and you try and what comes up first
turns out to be what you wanted to believe
slot machine paradise american dreamscape scheme
schemata diagram hologram double vision schism

or, how what you didn’t want to think
turns out to be a big fish
like the fish I used to believe
lived in the mirrors
and would surface
and would become the surface
and would become no longer undercover
underwater unstated underspoken unmentioned and
unmoving
but years later, by the time you have forgotten
even that near invisible ripple the fish leaves
when it passes through the edge of the surface
the fish keeps swimming up
in the bathroom and the bedroom mirror
in the stainless steel pots and pans and in the window
and you begin to wake up in the morning to face
a flat-faced pair of eyes glinting at you
and you begin to make up conversations in your head
that turn you around and turn out to be true

easy enough to explain in the great flat plain
of cause and effect, isn’t it? I mean logical,
almost, as all nightmares and broken emotions
can tend toward becoming something else
something
one, some a b c extension of something
only you? is it only yourself? but of course
you want to doubt everyone else’s sanity first.

maybe the answer is
everything comes back to sex.

the sex of the typewriter.
the sex of the typewriter in the office
the sex of the office in the typewriter.
the sex of the typee on the typewriter.
the sex of the type that becomes the letters.
the sex of the words that come out of the letters.
that come out of the typewriter in the office.
and is

even always female?
will we be stuck for the end of our days with yin and yang?
do I have to believe that the fish of undersides
and undercurrents and unspeakables
can only be exorcised if I speak that magic word:
is sex the answer in fact, the only solution,
the key to magic, the cure for madness
and if I hook it to the fish
will it sink?
what do I mean by bring out my fish?
(do I, can I have the audacity to call it mine?)
this invisible spectral creature, this fish among
eyeballs, hands, legs, elbows and ugly knees,
this fish in fact whose only crime is its assault
upon the dimensions of my world, o albatross of fishes,
harbinger of mixed minds and fragments,

WHAT DO I MEAN by calling it up to the world
it has never inhabited,
mixing its sleek scales
with the ugly world of typewriters and offices,
its curved and oval profile with the clumsy clout
of pecks and ringing bells and that word
that word among words, that every-person slogan
o lord we cannot escape it, everything comes back to it
it all has to do with it, o americana paradise lost

but perhaps, after all, it is not the fish that is the problem.
not the flat angry eyes, the invisible passage.
all that, after all, is less than a motion
smaller than a word, more quiet than your breathing.
perhaps it is the mirror that is frightening.
the mirror, yes, and the thought of the other side.
the place you have tried most hard to put out of your mind.
that dimension you have now, unhappily, moved into.
and only the fish is left of what you were
just as it always was, an omen and a warning.

Susan Daily
SHOE STRING

A broken shoe string has been annoying me all day
as I walk the streets
job hunting.
My shoe is loose.
My foot drifts in outer space.
I stop at a stand and buy new laces from a huge blond man
with a job who stares at me.
I sidle away and stop at a fire hydrant beside Provident Bank
where I rest my foot and change the broken lace.
A policeman Pretends not to see me.
I tighten the lace and amble off.
The shoe bites into my foot with a double row of shark’s teeth.
I bend to loosen the lace and let the shark escape
but it continues prowling about, nudging me with its nose.
If I don’t hurry on it’ll snap a chunk out of my ass.
It’s after five and I should return home to my wife
but she will only stare at me.
I walk on and quickly look behind me.
No shark,
I glance down at my feet
I am nowhere.
How can I ooze cold sweat when I have no body,
when I don’t exist?
A derelict sprawling in a doorway looks drunkenly up at me
as if he could see me.
I’d smash his ugly face but I have no fists.
The dirt in the street blows through me.
Suddenly I find myself tightening my shoe propped on a
garbage can.
I yank and pull at the lace until the shoe cuts into my foot.
I continue to yank and pull,
yank and pull.
Finally I tie a triple knot
and walk on.

Del Molarsky
THE LANDSCAPE

I draw a line from
edge to edge
to provide place, a land-

scape within which
to begin. Writing. Birds

float down from a great height
across the page, wings
like paper kites

brushing air, eyes
flashing the

landing lights of the 747
gear unfolding seat-
belt warning holds

our attention the squeak
stomachs clutching
as cement grabs rubber

you touch my hand it’s
been nice Jim maybe we’ll run

into each other someplace honey.

James Bertolino
HOME CAN BE ANYWHERE

They come in clots the abused buildings
with boarded windows, abandoned shops
and bars that barely function.

Between them squashed houses
sink in lots, frantic with the Dance of Shiva
that suffers the parodies
of scrub pines, or with deciduous runts
whose fat bouquets of leaves
fuss in their discontent
against indifferent walls.
All these along the edge
of a fed-up ocean,
dabbing at the shore by habit,

whose beaches, three parts soil to one part sand,
breathe an unlikely green
against their raw sienna.

A fossil, still alive
in squalor? The crisp, blue buses
racket through its veins,
carrying no advertising,
even for miracles

But the proud plaques in every park weep
the gilt loose from the grooves
of letters, that tell the count of those who died
in two world wars, Korea and Vietnam
for Staten Island, but never
note Staten Island’s death. Be sure of that!

They burnt the certificate
that made that real and lie about it brazenly
on air-conditioned buses. Home
can be anywhere at all, they say,
even in Staten Island, and they mean it.

Barbara Holland
A WALK IN THE WOODS

"do not remember me as a bridge"
—Audre Lorde
From A Land Where Other People Live

Young, tense, trying to control
The rhythm of our breathing,
When we made love
On the soft pine needles,
We were other people looking for a magic ring
That would show us how to become our selves
Like happening upon Christmas future
Trapped in a circle of holly wreath.

In the sifted light
We walked past the rough-barked trees
Pulling off handfuls of the long needles.
The sap marked my fingers for days,
My hands like my body
Sticky with remembrance of you.

Far above, calling to each other
At the edges of that day
Blackbirds were at work measuring the woods
Into evergreen patterns
Understood only by them.

Now we meet again as old friends
And you analyze time past.
I want you to know I am not a way into life.
I am your life.

Louise Simons
TAking in your bookstore

You had on a khaki shirt
three buttons unbuttoned.
You belonged to someone else's poem.
To get you, I had to steal you.

It's true you had a cool manner
while I was standing close by
nuzzling the racks of magazines.
Were you on the look-out
for shoplifters and maybe
I was one?

I was. Besides you
I am taking over your little shop.
I always wanted a bookstore of my own.
I can curl myself around the books
scratch them across my shoulderblades
rub them up and down against my snatch.

Louise Simons
WINTER LIGHT

Thick skag-winged cloud bank sliding across the pacific, black dancer filling the whole view, sweating hungry for the land Water hissing in the rocks, grey breath licking me. Water green foil crinkling dirty white scuffies ruffling and panting.

Salt on my face draws flesh into a jerkied tough sheet burying me in crystal grey light frozen onto my skin.

Gene Fowler
Recollection lies still and restless.
At this came near to us.
She splintered light
with her taut silver skin,
casting shadows of strange color
into the marble discs
under our coffee cups,
among the blue-white eyes
her eyes were bronze hyperions.
Candles spit
into night; coffee darkens;
i should be thinking of where
i’ll sleep when night’s cold
comes in the dark, not where
this glimpsed pale slip will
be lying asleep.

Gene Fowler
ANCESTORS

on reading Hester Storm’s
Shadows From The Wu-T’ung Tree

I climb a hill
to keep a tryst with the moon.
Old cultures
struggle to their feet to walk with me
on such a venture.
There’s no profit in it.
Just an ancient wind
curling through me
and leaving me with the feeling
i’ve eaten what Gods eat.

Gene Fowler