

# *Yggdrasil*

---

A JOURNAL OF THE POETIC ARTS

June 2013

VOL XXI, Issue 6, Number 242

*Editor: Klaus J. Gerken*

*European Editor: Mois Benarroch*

*Contributing Editors: Michael Collings; Jack R. Wesdorp; Heather Ferguson*

*Previous Associate Editors: Igal Koshevoy; Evan Light; Pedro Sena; Oswald Le Winter*

ISSN 1480-6401

# Table of Contents

**Timewave Zero**

**Second Part**

**by**

**Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

# Introduction



Sleepwalk with me  
by Rebecca Lu Kiernan

# Sleepwalk with Me

Here ripples cherry on violet sky  
Fluid as the soup of space and time.  
Observer trying not to choose sides  
Between clinging sun, invading moon.

Heliotrope will replace lilies  
By this house new owners paint chartreuse.  
The bent cobalt willow will be struck  
By lightening, moan all its crippled life.

All of these windows will be stained glass.  
Stone lions to guard the lancet door,  
Chess figurines, ivory and jade,  
A claw-footed couch in black eel-skin.

Darling, it's too much to understand  
How this world fractures, what I will be.  
Let's call what falls between us a dream.  
Bring your old plaid robe, sleepwalk with me

---

# The Wolves of Mars

Tungsten key in my platinum door, you shiver,  
In scant light of Bellatrix through terra-palms.  
I lift an empty goblet to my lips,  
Rake a hand through my helmet-flattened hair.

You've come with Plan B's scrawled on scrubbed flight plans,  
You have my final navigation on computer,  
Play my hazardous landing over again  
Trying to catch fear. It's never there.

Don't suffocate, float to the hexagon window.  
Watch the dance of terrestrial silhouettes.  
I sway in your arms, abandoned star  
Until I feel your heart has stopped knocking.

Your irises are flecked robin's egg blue.  
Your runaway dog is razor grey,  
And other crumbs of our old world I hold onto...  
Melt down this damn key and forge a silver bullet

Which ends even the loneliness of werewolves  
And wives terraforming Mars into Edens.  
Without permission.

## One-Way Trip

He avoids my poems like the plague,  
Does not wish to spy himself through me.  
He refused to come to launch simulations,  
He says I am in denial, in need of counsel.  
They are giving us time off now.  
Our training is complete.  
Countdown clocks glow on billboards, on T.V.

I rouse him to check out a noise in my head.  
He stalks the labyrinth of our house with a gun.  
He shoots between my memories of platonica  
And blood-lust,  
Is disarmed by the cradle  
Of my trembling legs.

We wake. I don't even need a suitcase.  
He is hypnotized by tamarisk tea.  
Perfunctory kiss at the cherry door.  
He knows I know he knows.  
Polite nod from my military escort.  
He sees I see he sees.



## **Anesthesia**

**by Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

# Mirror World

Do I yearn for the lost world of you?

Only when

The piano punches a flat tone

Which hints at apology,

But evokes silence.

Only when I cannot avoid myself

Between drowning the cactus

And starving the violets.

What happens in the hothouse?

I can only say,

Orchids have faith in such tenderness,

I must turn away.



**Katniss in Lake of Fire  
by Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

# Reflection

In my gold opera cape pocket  
Twitches an egg-scented, dog-faced bat,  
His once sharp shriek, an agonized growl,  
Undignified, sing-songy long vowel.  
Half-eaten butterscotch  
Glues shut one sunken eye.  
Mold has brazenly begun to grow  
On claws that coaxed avalanche from scant snow.  
He is deaf, he is blind,  
Not the prince that haunts my mind.  
I'm a kind soul, ooh, I swear.  
I forgot I trapped him there.  
I'll hang him from the chandelier  
Upside-down with a garbage tie,  
Feed him field mice and icy rain,  
That he might rise to say goodbye.  
Closure, I didn't get it.  
The Bite? I don't regret it.  
Revenge? I'm quite above it.  
Creature? How could I love it?  
Lost prince can't soar, he can't walk.  
Breath so labored, he can't talk.  
He flips in circles like a toy,  
A broken one I can't destroy,  
For I was lost, he made me laugh,  
An empty space in mirror and photograph.



**Nymph of Hemlock and Cherry**

**By Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

# Spells of the Chameleon

One hand to save your place in Pushkin,  
(Limited edition antiquarian leather)  
One hand brushing my hair behind my ear  
(Pear-hyacinth scent rising from my neck)  
Leaves you no appendage for self-defense  
Against the whips and chains  
Of my advances,  
Leads me to believe  
You have no survival skills,  
Puts your virtue at my mercurial mercy.  
The security tapes have caught you seven months  
Plundering through my house  
While I was on Mars,  
Fumbling through my cherry wood drawers of lingerie,  
Crimson leathers, black laces,  
Amish pink, cotton florals.  
What a chameleon a woman must be  
To convince a man  
By happenstance, he has stumbled  
Into his fantasy.  
Thank you for folding things  
So obsessively.  
Do you ever wonder why that window is unlocked?  
I could take you as my mistress,  
Set you up in a cottage by the sea  
Decorated in shipwreck-theme.  
What fresh hell you would find that to be.  
Your book is on the floor.  
My hair likes to fall in my face.  
How long can this sham of civility stand?  
Ah, you have already lost your place.  
Find the line where you left off,  
Read softly to me  
How women are at the mercy of men.



Uncharted Worlds  
by Rebecca Lu Kiernan

## Love and Other Poisonings

If I were you, I would surrender to me  
The way a starling breaks from its brethren V.  
Having seen something glitter in the bog birch.  
Slow-feathered, zig-zaggy glide,  
Overworked heart  
Slicing a Payne's grey, titanium white sky  
Hot-breasted, twitch-winged,  
Snapping petal from bark.  
Shake my branches, leave claw-marks,  
Forget you can fly.

If I were you, I could love me,  
A burst of light in a bent tree,  
A taste of unstrained, violet-streaked honey  
Betwixt vampire-orchid, goat-root, killer bee.



**My Love is Nothing Like the Sun**

**By Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

# The Melting Pot

Dare you ring the tungsten bell and blink away  
To the lost world's spark in the plum-grey sky.

Dare you melt the tantalum we mined on Mars.  
Into a necklace in the shape of a heartleaf vine.

What fuel fed the flame to 5463?

I speak fahrenheit, you say celsius.  
What alien conversion will marry us?  
Our imposturous spy coats are useless.

What amaranth and wolf-kiss orchids have you brought  
To wilt my novice faith at the melting pot?



## Stalking my Doppelganger

by Rebecca Lu Kiernan

# The War Room

One last kiss you taste  
Like arrowroot, clove,  
Apricot and fire,  
Militant calm disaster.  
Nuclear launch codes are confirmed.  
Our keys are inserted.  
Could I shoot you and end this outcome?  
Elsewhen that variation has unfurled.  
I wish the asteroid would come sooner  
To erase us.  
Blessed be that this event  
Be not trembling between our fingers.  
Perhaps the key to my destruction  
Is not also the key to yours.  
What a clever fail-safe that would be!  
You could shoot me.  
But there is someone in line  
To turn your key and mine.  
Our posts are too far apart to kiss.  
The designer thought of this!  
I knew it would end up this way,  
The day after the interrogation  
And psychological tests,  
You asked, cradling a brandy glass,  
"Could you really do it?"  
I sighed,  
Sprinkling blueberries into pancake batter,  
"It is not my job to think."  
We kissed, we cried, we did not blink.

You hand over  
Your only key to our home.  
How is it possible our fingers do not touch?  
You stumble past me  
Bumping the buttercream walls  
With your bullet-proof suitcases,  
Opening our hyacinth-wreathed door,  
Zig-zagging into nuclear winter  
Without negotiation, a coat, a splinter.



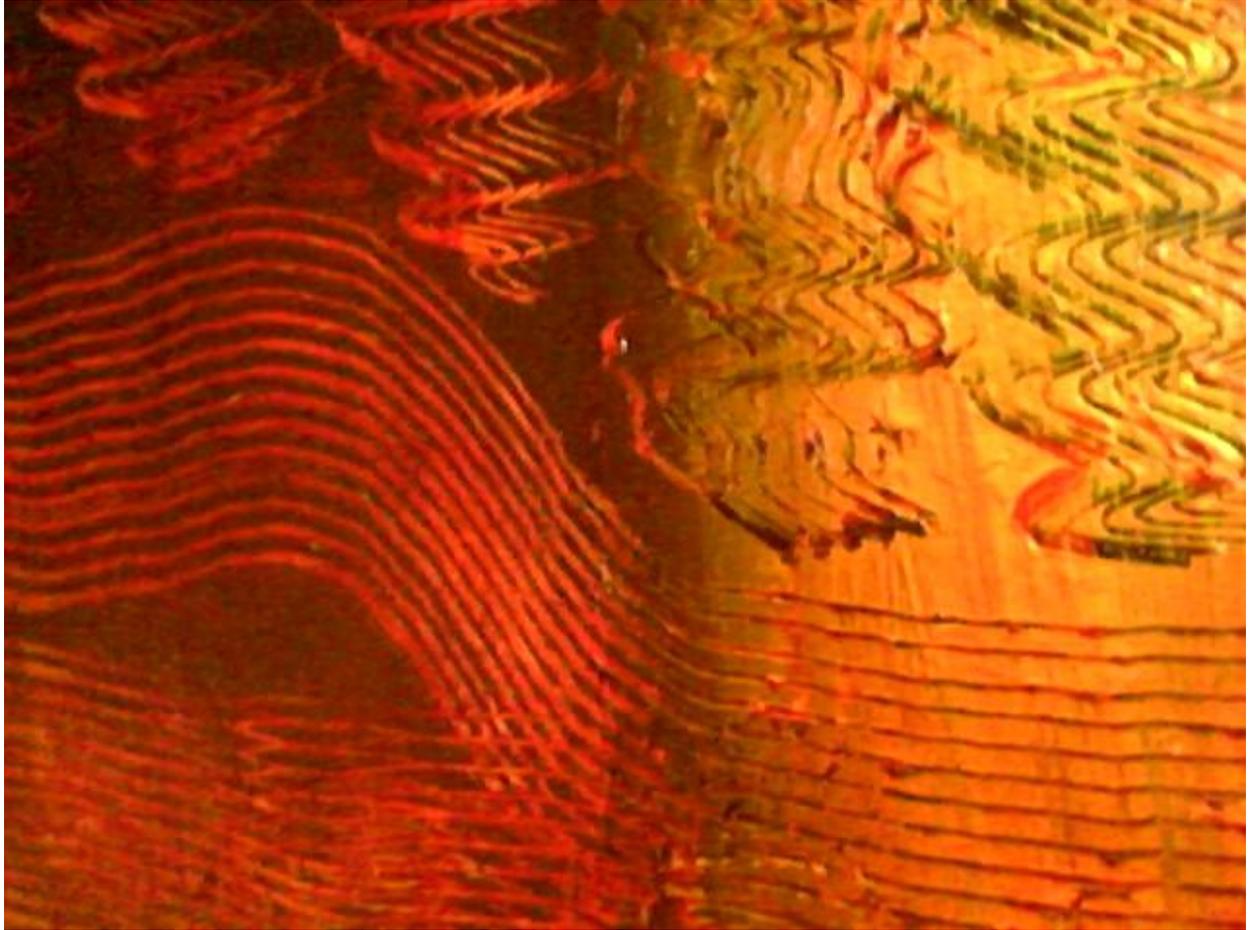
**Arrows of Time**

**by Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

# The Safe House

This house of lunar rock and willow bark  
Sounds like trap-wounded wolfsong in the dark,  
Tastes like unfiltered hornet honey,  
Smells like burnt leaves, counterfeit money.

This house of mood-stone floor and stained glass  
Says footprints fade and sharp grudges pass.  
Is love a chess game, minefield, trapeze, a tether?  
Have you a jacket for apocalypse weather?



**Timewave Music**  
**by Rebecca Lu Kiernan**

## Glaciers Come Slowly?

A silence, a bird being crushed  
From the clairvoyant violet sky.  
The mind breaks the body awake  
From a falling dream.

Numb kiss, grey breath, swollen fingers  
Shake years of snow  
From the lover's imposterous plaid coat.

Glaciers come slowly?

What invites an Age of Ice?  
The ash of a nuclear holocaust?  
Asteroid with non-negotiable math?

Less and less information,  
You will find  
Can be harbored  
In the crooked wires of the mind  
As systems, sputtering with denial  
Are shutting down.  
What is misplaced?  
A map of Qatar, key to the safe-house,  
A dead dog's collar.

Glaciers come slowly?

Phone a friend.  
A computer says all systems are frozen.

Glaciers come in the sting-blink of an eye!  
Our life together  
Has always been painted  
With its temperature.

Now the panic of attempting to open  
An ice-welded door.

A silence,

A bird being crushed from the sky.  
If we could bend time  
Would we put on Claire De Lune  
To fill the void?  
Rearrange the sky  
To make room  
For the rumors we heard?

What would You do  
To undisaster a world?  
Uncrush a bird?

# Post Scriptum

## 7 Signs You Might Be a Poet's Muse

You exist because I scrimshaw your name  
Into the blast-fractured Chokeberry tree  
With a wolf's fang,  
And program my robots  
To dispose of the poison sap  
Before it bleeds  
Into our conversant garden  
Of snowdragon, shamrock, amaranth.

You return safely to Earth  
Because I scratch out alien stars  
And rearrange them,  
Bend the complicit fabric  
Of space and time  
With an arrogant smile  
When you spin  
Galaxies offcourse.

You love because I leave shark teeth,  
Volcano ash, nuclear launch codes  
Under your tie-dyed pillow.

You are an addict  
Because you are at risk  
Of becoming poetry  
Every time you are inside me.

You feel cuckolded by every word I wrote before we met.

You survive because I deflect the asteroid  
With the muscles of my tongue,  
Unravel the war with an untranslatable whisper,  
In the angelic octave that entrances

Gladiator,  
Thief,  
Vampire,  
Wolf.

You are sorry  
You tore my red fishnet stocking  
With your teeth,  
Fainted when you came,  
Concussed yourself on the ceiling fan  
And were so artfully framed,  
You woke up on Death Row  
For drowning a mermaid.

What alibi am I?

What tamarisk tea  
Will crush your immortal regret?  
A day without a thought of me?  
It hasn't happened yet!

# Copyright Information

All selections are copyrighted by their respective authors. Any reproduction of these poems, without the express written permission of the authors, is prohibited.

YGDRASIL: A Journal of the Poetic Arts - Copyright (c) 1993 - 2013 by Klaus J. Gerken.

The official version of this magazine is available on Ygdrasil's World-Wide Web site <http://www.synapse.net/kgerken>. No other version shall be deemed "authorized" unless downloaded from there. Distribution is allowed and encouraged as long as the issue is unchanged.

## COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

Submission and comments should be sent to Klaus Gerken, Chief Editor at [kgerken@synapse.net](mailto:kgerken@synapse.net)

Submission must be in the body of an email unless otherwise agreed on.