

# Yggdrasil

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# Introduction

## Dave Shortt

### When Damona Like a Gallic Psyche Gave Herself to Jules Dupré, Painter

Cathar folk've come down in the afternoon  
to regard the cattle in their swale,  
a pathos scene of Peloponnese altars transubstantiated  
in dumb beasts drinking, knights  
left the country  
to search desert sands for the minotaur's hoofprints,  
sky chaos (like secular societies) is pieced together  
revealing a frontier of troubadours, south  
of the mind's pigments mixed into  
the vegetable kingdom, they  
sing of the multifold Lady  
of the Trees & Waters  
disguised as seasonal rains, springs or (now)  
earth's stretched orbit, her  
dominance-easing arts  
created in the verdant humid plain  
where once Shiva (imagined)  
imagined himself western ('Cernunnos'-like) fauna  
& flora that grandmothered  
the globality of his lover diplomacy,  
a godlike distancing  
composed in provinciality  
pictured in his skin's stratospheric hues,  
while his 'milk-cheeked' his  
'chai-cheeked' Parvati consort duality  
follows him everywhere  
(to 'Rosmerta'?) as he wanders  
far from castle keeps  
in his role of helping quench the thirsts

of pine & oak,  
while more to the north  
Demeter reaches ('Nantosuelta') the shade of beeches,  
able to hear the machinery of the cities, but must rest  
near a few stragglers escaped from the manger,  
following an eastern music growing stronger  
the closer she gets to her daughter, probably  
kidnapped by enmity formed in the steppe  
to a faithful reproduction of nature,  
or she was sold  
to hungry dwarves unmoved  
by any layer of vestigial Color  
in 'white-veiled Berecynthia' 's wepongrip-loosening form,  
shadowed by ghosts of Charlemagne crossing  
in posthumous search for a daub of earth  
containing the raw material of art,  
lifted out of a life of pillaging  
kitchen garden images of '*deae Matres*' the Mothers  
& the poor stars, into the ire  
of iron

the defiles, the poorly drained private  
land not susceptible to invasion 'for 2000 years,'  
where foreign ideas would become mired, bored,  
consciousness was of little or no use there,  
(the cow she'd come home each night innately,  
the war was ending again by chance today, under a  
pink sky splayed into position  
for cosmopolitan or *Völkerwanderung* rapes

post-revolutionary green was showing, risqué,  
while the barbarians (hidden) begin collecting everything  
(their pottery wasn't worth bringing along, not as pretty  
as they'd like,  
on bleeding horses they descended  
into the shade of a giant oak,  
eventually riding off, disappearing  
under an image of human equality

finally the sea was to become brother & sister  
to an aesthetic looking west,  
when the tired boats like penitents  
were called back to Bonaparte  
from legendary fur & fish,  
after forgotten brushes with vikings again,

black & blue obsessions  
festering beneath aquamarine nixie-bodies,  
coming back up the rivers?  
(best settle the motherless bastard nightmares  
on a sandy beach appraised  
at a mercenary price, under a truce  
tinting a crêched coastal plain,  
the boats lazily receiving for the instant  
Poincaré's hydrodynamic equations questioning existence(s) down  
to a quick brushstroke in the background  
where Rimbaud bivouacs

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# P.C. Vandall

## Full of Crow

She packs crows in her freezer.  
Wounded black soldiers hard pressed  
in crosses and rows. In spring,

a flurry of crows take flight  
in her kitchen where she divides  
them into piles. She slices

off soft plum heads, plucks violet  
washed wings and snaps beaks and claws.  
She slits the knife down, glides it

to the anus and pulls out  
innards, entrails and gizzards.  
With ice chests open, she spoons

out rich blackberry centers,  
mashes bits of pulpy flesh  
into mason jars, preserved

in pectin. Crows taste best on toast,  
bagels, hot cakes and honey  
buns. They migrate to her. Flocks

of children, women and men  
cloak a highway in a plume  
of smoke crooked as swan wings

yet black as mail. She serves out  
a murder of crows made just  
right from that paltry roadside

stand. They chew bitter sweetness  
from the white picket fences  
of their dark ravenous mouths.

## Idol

Maybe she's bored of being the Blessed Virgin,  
being placed on pedestals and pulpits, adorned  
on alters and chapel ceilings. She's had enough  
candles lit at her feet to burn Heaven down

forever. Maybe, she'd prefer to drape her blue  
self over a bar stool, ponder life without  
the drapery and hardware. She must be tired  
of being hailed like a cab, evoked in the night,

and preyed upon by sinners. What she needs is  
detox for the divine --to rehab old habits.  
I imagine her lifting the veil and falling  
like a rain cloud onto a street. She follows

footprints into a watering hole, surrenders  
the life preserver and orders a Bloody  
Mary. She tries to forget the eternal tides  
that moon over her each night. She's fed up with figs

and fish, wants to suck the blue marrow from a rib-  
eye steak, dip wings in hot sauce and let devilled  
eggs dissolve in her mouth. She doesn't want a man  
who makes things from scraps of wood, nor one who totes

nets and tackle. She wants to tremble like wild  
wisteria, throw olives into a parched wind  
and no longer appear as the nun getting none.  
Maybe, Mary just wants to be idol no more.

## **Something from Nothing**

We revolve around zero, the distance  
it takes to go nowhere fast. An island  
takes root to an ocean floor while life bursts  
around its rigid neckline. We hang in

the balance, could leap off pyramids  
but it doesn't matter. There's nothing  
above or below. We are liminal,  
neither here nor there, particles of being

fixed to a moment that no longer exists.  
When you think of zero, can you think  
of anything besides nothing? I think  
of a telephone operator

at the end of the line who reaches out  
numerically. This is when I am  
at my lowest point, have no measure  
or value. I have a difficult time

being positive or negative.  
Then I remember that I own the sum  
of nothing. I can't be bought or paid for,  
can't be replaced. I am free to wander

the invisible bedlam of my mind,  
question the multiples and divisions  
of factors that screw infinitely with  
my equilibrium. What doesn't add up

is this thing between us. You can't see it  
yet it's there. A constant that continues  
for eternity like how nothing matters  
but does. Isn't nothing really something?

## **Cougar Pie**

When preparing cougar pie, fresh cougars are best. Check your local mall, diner and parks. Cougars tend to be found lounging in hammocks of tree, outside laundromats, pubs and supermarkets. Once captured, keep in a cool dry place till ready to use. **WARNING:** Declaw cougar and let simmer before starting.

To Prepare: Place cougar on table, bed, desk, floor or any other flat surface. Cougars are tamer when tenderized. Some cougars can be very tough so it's important to pick out the right one. Leaner is usually a good choice or trimming the fat first. Cougars taste heavenly with the bone left in. Your first instinct might be to give it a good pounding but this will bruise the body. Cougars respond well to being kneaded, preferably with the hands until tender. Rub using soft strokes, working from the center out, drawing the flesh to the bare edge. Give it the attention it needs. When you've given one side a good once-over, flip it and repeat on the other side. Be careful. Don't be overly enthusiastic. Your goal is to massage meat, making it easier to chew. Once pliable, marinate flesh in red wine, plums and liberal amounts of oil. Lather the body and let stew in its juices. Cougar pie tastes great with multiple fillings. Drizzle your finished pie in chocolate, honey or mango sauce. Serve Cougar pie warm, topped with thick cream that's been whipped until stiff. Bon appétit.

## Aviary

You were a boy on a bike  
pedalling through  
Mother's flowers.  
wicked grin, peacock eyes  
and the call  
of a mourning dove.  
I watched,  
knew my mother  
could wring your scrawny neck,  
snap it like a blue bird's.  
She told me to stay  
but I flew the coop--  
took flight in a field  
and let you  
have your way.  
I can hear you  
whistle  
through a maze  
of corn stalks.  
A song  
that melts  
in the cold shriek  
of Mother's hands  
in the aviary.

## **Lion Dogs**

In the streets of Salmiya, evening  
prayer clamors out with the setting sun.  
Egyptian cats perch in pairs like lion  
dogs off the edge of dumpsters, guardians

of the garbage. Men in white dishdashas  
scurry with glass beads, heads bowed to Allah.  
Later, in a Bedouin tent they give  
her 'fruit cocktail,' ethanol with a punch

that lays her out face down on the desert  
floor. She becomes feral, starved in the thin  
ribs of sand where falcons pillage and sift  
the Bedlam of her mind. Her thoughts trace back

to green washed light, snow-capped peaks and eagles.  
If she could fly home on a Turkish rug  
or rub Aladdin's golden lamp she would.  
Her words are lost in flowering winds, cries

that fall deaf on Persian ears. They want her  
to cover up, hide ankles and elbows.  
Now she's flattened paper, soiled papyrus  
that blisters, pulps and peels in whorls of sand.

She's bruised fruit. There's no milk left in the dark  
nipples of figs to bleed down. It's her own  
fault. They warned her: if you leave uncooked meat  
in the street, the dogs will come and eat it.

## **The Second Coming**

Does he ever get eternally tired  
with his all seeing, not-so private eye?  
Does he ever just want to say, "The Hell  
with it," leave it in the holy hands

of his one and only, superstar son?  
God knows, he's seen enough. Does he watch us  
like reruns on late night television,  
heavenly hosted from his Lazy Boy

recliner, feet in the air? Does he see  
episodes repeat, season after season,  
no finale in sight? Does it play out  
like a scene from Gilligan's Island

where seven deadly sins are cast away  
in paradise, praying to be saved?  
There's Mrs. Howell who drapes in the shade  
of her parasol while Thurston plays golf

with bamboo clubs. He's got avocado  
pits for balls. The skipper weathers the storm  
scarfing down coconut cream and minnows  
while the professor putters with get-a-way-

plans. Ginger oozes 'lust', the word Mary-  
Anne scrambles into something else. Does God  
ever wonder where man's faith went and why  
only insurance agents believe in

'Acts of God'? Does God laugh at Gilligan's  
bumbling antics or does he already see  
who his 'little buddy' is dressed up in  
a fisherman's hat and flaming red shirt?

## **She Urns his Keep**

She's bare footed with rounded rose hips, love handles and a slender neck that stretches up to flared out lips. She has age lines, mild crazing around the eyes and hair leafed in a silver birch trim. She would do...

she thought, all the things he wouldn't. She'd say things that needed saying and some that didn't. He'd have a chance to finally know her inside out. She'd dance in those newfangled red shoes she hid in the closet, unearth

that little black dress and bring home a stray off the street, have that threesome he wanted. She'd hold him like a prayer in her mouth leaking light into the darkness inside. When she retrieves him all that remains

is an apple bags worth tied in a knot. She infuses chai tea with a spoonful before gulping it back like a school girl crush. A cup of tea with a splash of ash. No milk. He was lactose intolerant.

## An Impression

You're too raw for touching,  
a concrete canvas in front of me.  
I want to stroke you but I don't  
want you to break into rubble,

so we stand, pillars apart, watch  
tension paint and frame the air.  
We're Monet and Van Gogh, inches  
away but never really touching.

I'm the blind girl with fingertips  
of soft sponge, mad in blurs for green  
garden dresses, parasols, weeping  
under willows with lilies. You slice

off sound so we can slip beneath  
the noise, lie on a warm claret  
pillow. Orange blossoms and olives  
feather the night. You wear me out,

an iris pinned to your breast  
until I hung my head, swollen  
and purple as a crocus in morning.  
We try to encompass body

and space in a mottled fog. Sun melts  
a slurry of stars at our feet,  
wheat fields drag and drip. We remain  
stoned, cremated angels in ash

fault. You are charcoal, ready  
to crumble and I feel through  
my gray fingers the unravelling  
as we tear ourselves apart.

## Dislocated

He broke my arm when I was three.  
Not on purpose, he just pulled too hard  
and it dislodged from place.

I remember it hurt which made him mad.  
He tightened his grip, tugged harder.  
It swelled into a ruby crescent moon.

It healed that way--bowed, slightly left.  
A camel hump in the middle of my arm;  
a hill my palm traveled for years.

Flakes of bone rub off. They float  
within the well of my arm. Sometimes  
they get caught in the socket.

Frozen in place, I imagine a lake.  
Silver fish swim and settle,  
too petrified to move.

A slip knot of bone grows a fist  
tender, bruised and swollen.  
A distorted highway

that veers in dark without warning,  
a slanted sun ray, a soft twig  
on the verge of snapping.

I may have lied, might have slipped  
on pavement or was born that way.  
He never did say sorry.

I still live with a crooked arm  
that cocks out like a rifle  
and locks into place.

Sometimes, when it's armed like that,  
I raise it, look down the length,  
move it slightly left, make sure

it's in range of his head  
and then I fire.

# John Grey

## **A WIFE IN WINTER**

Winter afternoon, she lies on the couch  
next to the radiator, imagines those clanging  
pipes as a man beside her, touching her cheek.  
The valve hisses steam, a soft ear whisper.  
The metal rings with heat, such strong enfolding arms.  
But then her husband enters, Mr. Chill-in-the-air.  
"It's too hot in here," he says. "I'm gonna  
turn the thermostat down."  
As if he hasn't already.

## ORDINANCE

The wallpaper, bright yellow,  
like the sun we will never warn you  
against flying too close to -

and the bug you caught,  
trapped in your fist,  
buzzing its way down to death,  
while you grinned,  
wouldn't open your palm  
until it was officially a kill -

river and woods,  
one near drowning,  
cuts and bruises from  
one foot-race with a fox,  
painstaking examples of  
where life leads you next —

candles, feathers, windowsills, windmills:  
all reveal themselves in time,  
touchstones on that zigzag road  
to understanding conception  
and how and why you arrived  
just when and where you did -

but, before then, there's pigeon shit  
to be accommodated  
and spiders crawling up the bathroom wall,  
and your pink, nude body in a mirror  
and lightning bolts  
and the taste of castor oil -

did you ever imagine there'd be this much variety?

then seawater,  
a toad's precise eye,  
men working in a field,  
a woman sitting on a rock and painting;  
what did I say,  
there's stuff I can explain to you  
in a sentence  
and there's stuff that no amount of sentences...  
not even this one -

## **GHOST MORNING**

The warm does nothing  
but make mist of ice-surface,  
reunites every creature  
with its phantom.

The hoots of the owl  
from high in the oak  
are ghosts of sound.  
The coyote at pond's edge,  
clawing at hard surface,  
is the apparition  
of twenty dead ones.

Most haunting of all  
is the giant buck,  
stalagmite antlers,  
its shaggy brown coat,  
black nostrils.  
flickering white.  
Yet it trembles in place  
as if I am the specter.

# Steve Stone

## PURGING.

At various times  
There seems to be nothing  
left but realignment; throw  
one thing out, put another  
thing up there, over here,  
*keep the line moving*, substitute,  
switch, put it in a bag, or a box,  
the games go on. Precious  
little gets thrown out: old napkins  
of course, pens that don't work,  
pencils that overpopulate the  
office, errant staples, stained  
coffee mugs, expired ibuprofen:  
*keep the line moving*.

At one time or another,  
Something valuable gets found:  
A photograph. An old-fashioned  
utensil. A notebook lost for  
weeks. Foreign coins. Lincoln  
pennies with the wheatstalks.  
Tea bags I didn't know I  
had. Some highfalutin fish  
seasoning in a little bottle.

To consign things to the  
dustbin of one's history is  
not an enviable task. What  
about that scarf, that book  
of poems, the artwork you  
never sold? The multitudes  
of clay figures patiently  
waiting for their homes?  
The Rice-a-Roni never  
cooked?

If I threw out half of what  
I have, I would not miss  
it. If I threw out the other  
half first, I would have to get  
rid of everything. Time will  
get rid of me soon enough.  
Maybe it's time to retire  
from the realignment  
business, sit in a chair,  
drink coffee and read a  
book, one of hundreds  
that know only this place

as home, forever at the  
wall, forever up against  
it.

June 2013

## SKIN DEEP.

It's a callus. So thick  
I can pick it and feel  
nothing. It grew around  
my chest cavity, made  
thumping noises, shed  
blood (my innocent)  
and recycled itself on  
a slab of ribs; mine.  
It's a heart, or else a  
muscle, so tough to  
eat out, just basically  
chew and spit out, or  
laugh, or cry.

It's a head full of  
a beige substance that  
tries mightily to grow  
from the dead follicles;  
Put a Frankenstein  
together and you get  
basically me. The scars  
play against ripples in  
the skin, vinyl memories  
of the locked-away  
years, the dashing  
fantasies all in a row  
like depraved ducks.

What do you christen  
the ship on its massive  
journey; what do you  
throw to the waves that  
can come back to you?  
The whole shooting gallery:  
the dreaded ducks lead the way.

July 2013

## **BORN.**

Floating out into the bulrushes of  
an embrace;  
born from the singing collage of  
voices, timeless entreaties,  
Mixed emotions:  
*Push push push*

From the eye of the  
sun, the late cerulean of  
a spring afternoon.

*The New York Times*  
says it all, all the time,  
every day; except for you,  
who took an unsung  
course through foreign  
streams, who jettisoned  
himself from the safe  
cove of transition;

you who are ripe red with  
all of us, on the common  
vine, the strings snapping  
with each scream  
*one more push one more*  
You are on time, but ah,  
the world is too late.

July 2013

# Joseph Farley

## **The invisible line**

There is a line we cross.  
We do not see it.  
No one tells us  
It is there.  
You step across  
Unaware,  
And only learn later  
There's no way back,  
No way out,  
And all the fingers  
That point,  
And all the faces  
That mock and laugh  
Say, "I told you so,"  
even if they did not.

## **after the tsunami**

looking out from twisted highway  
at the bodies floating in the sea,  
the camera can not weep  
or utter any prayers  
or words of mourning,  
that is for you to do  
alone in your room  
watching the unthinkable  
become just another  
weather report.

## **sand castles**

two thousand bodies  
on the beach

thousands more  
floating in the sea

ants with masks  
and gloves

move though mud  
and sand

searching wave crushed  
castles

for fossils  
and living ghosts

## **At The Station**

A man in a suit  
And a bowler hat  
Stands on the train platform  
Reading the Financial Times.

He seems oblivious  
To all but stocks  
And futures,  
And you,  
The only other person there,  
Ignore him.

You hear the train  
Approaching,  
And turn to watch  
It pull into the station.

Suddenly you feel  
A powerful kick  
Propelling you  
Towards the tracks  
And probable death.

At the last moment,  
You regain  
Your balance,  
Surviving,  
Just barely.

You turn around  
To stare at  
The bastard,  
But he pretends  
Not to see you.

He calmly folds his paper,  
and boards the train,  
standing in the doorway  
so you cannot get on.

He tips his hat  
As the doors close  
In your face  
And the train pulls out,

Leaving you behind  
With your anger.

It is only after  
The train has gone  
That you realize  
The man has  
Taken your wallet,  
And, somehow,  
Your shoes as well.

You do not know  
Just what to make of this,  
And know even less  
When the police arrest you  
For reporting the crime.

“Something has changed  
In this world,”  
You tell yourself,  
As the chains are set  
To wrists and ankles.

You are thrust  
Into the hold  
Of a galley  
And ordered to row.

While the lash  
Licks your back,  
You see your nemesis  
From the station  
Up on deck  
Sipping cocktails  
With his friends.

The captain says,  
“We have finally gotten  
This vessel headed  
In the right direction.”

“Here, Here,”  
Chants a chorus  
Of bankers.  
You look carefully;  
See one of them

Is wearing your shoes.

The whip cracks,  
And you pull harder.  
What else can you do?

## **pissing match**

the right hand  
and the left hand  
do not talk.  
they only meet  
in the bathroom  
to hold a wiener  
while it pizzles.  
each finger thinks  
it has good ideas,  
but only shares  
its thoughts  
in the comfort  
of a single palm.  
there can be  
no applause  
or joint action,  
only the sound  
of one hand  
clapping  
without any  
mystical benefit,  
the loud sound  
of nothing good  
getting done.

## **Holding the bag**

Who is on first?  
Where did he go George?  
Over his head,  
round the bend,  
it comes.

Lost in the lights,  
unlooked for,  
unseen,  
but here.

So the blind,  
the drunk,  
and the mad  
call the shots?  
So what?  
Deal with it.

The big boys  
always make  
the messes  
and leave it  
for the poor  
to clean up.

Cut here, cut there.  
Soak up that  
radioactive water  
with a sponge.  
Hand out those  
lollipops and  
rocket launchers  
in Libya  
and Afghanistan.

The poor will  
always be  
with us.  
It has been said  
before.  
So what's another  
unfed mouth  
or lopped off head  
more or less?

There will always be  
a lot more  
where that one  
came from.

## **redecorating**

the furniture is in revolt,  
chairs run across the room  
demanding sunshine  
and a change of draperies.

the coffee table and the lamp  
huddle by the stairs  
plotting the murder  
of the wall paper.

there is nothing left to do,  
but toss a match  
and watch the whole house  
go up in flames.

a lean-to in the woods  
will do for a fresh start  
until the grass and mushrooms  
start to whisper our names.

# EMILY BILMAN

## THE JOURNEY

Her mother wore a cream-colored head-dress coiled around her forehead.  
You cuddled, hugged and  
kissed her blond baby-daughter  
holding her hands in yours,  
yours. (A boy, we both wrongly thought.)

- "Her head-dress shrouds  
her head as if she were a pilgrim  
on her way to a purifying spring. Why  
is her head swathed so?"

I asked, asked myself  
and then you. You moved closer.  
"She is pregnant. Her head-  
dress hides her head,  
hairless after chemotherapy."

We walked together on the cobble-  
stoned old town under your umbrella  
sheltering us, your umbrella  
strolling, striding, pacing with us both,  
our channel-words streaming  
between two river-tides, racing  
with the river's undertow,  
though tied to us.

Like Sappho's visitor,  
you've come and gone and left me  
darkling with questions.

## THE TRAVELLER

“My love-life is a drag” you said.

Like magnet-mirrors,  
our eyes met the night  
as you spoke about your parked car  
that remained water-proof  
in the high tide while  
you were partying. I offered  
you my poetry’s balm, my love.

I felt the bluntness of your car’s metal  
roof protecting your hurt heart from  
the hail, your heart hurting silently  
in its callous cage, waiting  
for a wild wound to free you  
as it once freed Adonis, the hunter.

A thousand wind-drawn doves  
flying towards the sun  
bond me with my memory  
my ecstasy of you,  
and I feel light, so light,  
sun-playing with the star-edged  
Aegean waves. My heart,  
my veins, my lungs, my blood  
throbbing, trembling, quivering  
like Venus’ anemone, wind-born,  
for your redemption on the prairie.

I still remember your voice  
sheathed in its coat-  
of-arms, yielding  
to your gut-voice  
as you later cried out  
on the phone: ‘You, rat-  
bag, you!’, your gut-  
voice torn by the furies,  
torn by your demons,  
by Titans, torn.

## **WATER ON MY SKIN**

Like orchid-bulbs bursting  
into light in their initial impulse,  
my skin's pores open up to  
the warm water, each warm jet,  
loosening up my vertebrae into  
free-floating chains; water, the purifier,  
cleans my body, fresh, like the sea-spray  
gleaming my skin, quenching my thirst  
so that I, no longer, thirst for you,  
who once courted me, bent  
on your knees like a knight,  
wondrously delivered from tidal  
waters swollen like a woman's womb.  
Elated, I soared over the roofs.

## RENUNCIATION

Like old Frost, solitary,  
broken and blind, consigning  
his despair to the frozen moon,  
as he renounced to his light in saccades,  
yet keeping up his dialogue with the ice-  
struck night, a quiet light to no other  
but ourselves, we renounce  
simple things, sugar and salt,

almost virtually. Disembodied,  
our solitudes lie, besieged by the winter moon,  
as we rename the silence of our homes.

Others gather their expected  
fruits yet, after nurturing so many  
on rooted trees, I wait, still wait.

## THE MORNING HAWK

The hawk cleared out  
of the tawny bog-field,  
the world-womb fogged  
with steam and water and air,  
and came down into the soil's chest-  
nut fullness, wearing its wide wings  
against the grey watery sky,  
fretting its wide wings against  
the chestnut tree like the uneven  
metal teeth of two rusted gyres  
scraping against each other  
in the dense water-air – then,  
the hawk flew out into the morning  
gliding out of my eyes' memory.

# THE OCEAN

The ocean swells with vital currents.  
Silver-skinned waves stir my imagination  
Dolphins dance and swerve with the waves.

Mottled pestrels fly out with excitement  
I daydream with the dolphin-songs  
The ocean swells with vital currents.

An albatross shrieks open the sky.  
Anglers slide; eels slither into deep caves  
Dolphins dance and swerve with the waves.

Eels writhe their bodies like serpents,  
Chasing shrimps in the chirascura sea.  
The ocean swells with vital currents.

Whales sing, whales whisper, whales cry.  
Sea-bass swim above the dark abyss.  
Dolphins dance and swerve with the waves.

Waves weave my daydreams into a poem.  
Plankton glimmer in the ocean-warp.  
The ocean swells with vital currents  
Dolphins dance and swerve with the waves.

## APOCALYPSE

A dark deep wound settling  
inside me like mud-in-water,  
settling as you fly off for more comfort  
for your wounded leg – a dark deep  
foreboding omen severing kith  
from kin, children from their mother –  
your victim-hands dissevered  
from your gangrened arms –  
the eater, in ambush, eaten in time,  
as in the Trojan holocaust –  
sacrificial limbs consumed –

Agamemnon against Memnon –  
young stabs, young sores incorporated  
for more land, more horses, more food –  
Nestor dragged through his brother's dust –  
your women, your children, your names  
made my own – a bone-heap burning  
daily – my pyre-dirge, your Trojan vigil-urn.

My dark deep wound of doom –  
seven serpents springing from my waist –  
my maiden-metamorphosis into the sea-  
monster Scylla, my wounded hands  
gripping the spawned fish – your dogs  
barking inside me. My dark deep  
wound warning me of the moving mud  
where you, as a maiden, fell, losing  
your childish candor like the Charybdis  
whirl-pool swallowing my six seamen,  
turning my bronchi, my sinews  
to turmoil settling inside me  
shearing me from my petals  
like a poppy in the wind – bereaved –  
as towards Hades, in fatal light, you  
who always stood by me, flew off.

# A.J. Huffman

## **Alligator in the Sky with Diamonds**

As we were walking a bridged path  
through swamp-filled waters, the reflection  
of sky and sun on the water was so clear  
it looked as if the reptilian beast was tangible  
constellation, an alligator floating in the atmosphere.  
I had to restrain my impulse to connect  
dots that weren't really there,  
as the refrain from that Beatle's song  
echoed in my head.

## **Because Silence**

descends with anvilled chime  
of midnight, I lock my self  
in a room as afraid of the light as I.  
It provides temporary shelter  
for my ears, embracing inability  
to decipher purpose from perceived  
persecution. I tremble in emulation  
of the ticking I know should be there,  
compose an internal prayer that will never be  
answered by any fa[ucet  
of sleep.

## **Egg Pimps**

On the corner of Nova and nowhere a Walgreen's sign reads: eggs 99¢. That's cheap. Really cheap. And it never changes. Always eggs. Always cheap. Always 99¢. Three blocks down, another Walgreen's. No sign of eggs. Round the corner, two miles east . . . still no sign of eggs. Are they penning them in the back of this particular site? I imagine disgruntled cashiers secretly forced to hustle feed into closeted coupes. Little beaks released to swallow then silenced once again. There must be profit in the pillaging of nests. The sun is up again. So is the sign . . .

## **I Am Print**

Thought manifested from paper, a play  
of words. I am risen. Textured  
tangible, transferred to fleshed totem.  
I breathe programmed opinions. Actualized,  
I am dream, purged to walk on earth.

# Post Scriptum

Greg Schilling

## Idle Poem

ideologically

i believe

somewhere between

admiral morrison

"obedience is duty"

and

poet morrison

"obedience is suicide"

perhaps

lies utopia

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## COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

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