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Introduction

A.J. Huffman

Hearing Insomnia

static from a screen gone
blank—a blackness known as white
noise. the whispers of a ceiling
fan spinning nowhere.
the ticking of a second
hand—a haunting
reminder of inevitable ring. the creak
of bedsprings responding to the latest
shift—the strange frictional brushing
of skin against sheets. the slow drip
of a dying rain. my voiceless prayer
to turn it all into hypnotic metronome.

My Mind Feels

distended, as if it cornered
at an awkward angle, stretched
itself too thin. My thoughts are swollen,
bruised from bouncing around
this temporarily expanded space.
My words are agonizingly vivid,
explications of pain. My tongue
is teetering on the abyss,
contemplating swallowing itself.
I fear the impact, snapback of this
elasticized sprain may be the blow
that sends us both over the edge.

Waiting for the Third Strike

He is the fast black of midnight.
Around valleys filled with salt
water, she speaks behind smoke.
Both are less than mythical
monsters with body
parts pressed against windows.
His gestures attempt to illustrate
that he is not Frankenstein.
She smiles, pretends
to believe it was not her
hands that created him.

Don Thompson

Standpipe Epiphany

Water is a god out here
and no unbelievers
refuse to kneel by its side
and drink
from their cupped hands.
We taste it, churning up
from somewhere much too deep
not to be pure. We see
in that explosion of cold sparks
another light, not the sun's,
which rises from the earth
and illuminates us,
whenever we slake our thirst,
from the inside out.

Desolate

This place has turned its back
on moisture,
refusing to put up with
anything even vaguely green.
The wind is a dry cough.
I feel parched here, convince
my bones want to unload me--
to rid themselves at last
of that fifty percent water content
and lie in the sun, bleached
and uncluttered, simple as sticks.

Be Still

Watching a lizard hold on tight
to sacred stone
and flick its tongue in and out
of the silence,
I want to become a disciple
and learn from that mute priest
and from the mica-flecked granite
how to shut down inner voices
that never shut up.

The Last Time

The last time I saw the rain,
wearing its ragged Franciscan robe,
it wanted me to listen
to the gospel.

But I had other things to do,
things no one wants to do wet.
I keep hoping it will come back,
shuffling along barefoot
through the dust.
I'm willing to listen now.

Sheikha A.

Supplementary

Your earth holds no mysteries
for me anymore, the stars gleam
dully as if having been rinsed
of its glitter, the clouds have fallen
off their post, and the waters
cannot be held by the strongest
adhesives; your raucous contains
no substance, none the wiser are birds
that announce change. Your blasé
monochromes, systematic analogical
derivatives, splash of colours across
different skies; the gloating flamboyance
has dissipated my attentive worships,
none of your fancy wisdom
pins me to the soil with paralytic
wonderment anymore. It is your
abode that you have transited to,
the house that sits on clouds,
the four rivers of bountiful pureness,
the wings I may grow on my back,
all of these where you are right now
have become the bane of my desires.

12.05

Traces of a day has begun; or, perhaps, a fallacy –
fantasy – if I tamp it down with euphemism.

But the sun has been abhorrently honest in imparting
its truths to the minion seeds that lie covered under
layer upon layer of coddling. I haven't heard the light-
steps of tenalach yet, the air has stifled in its own
body, the sky is waterless – tearless – season-less.

Time will move like the routine at a tube.
Rides come and go, cards punched and waist high
revolving doors ease their rigidity, allowing through
the many adrenalized feet, without question,
without speculation.

The minute hand has advanced, and somewhere in
the open galaxy someone's dream takes a fall,
while a planet retracts its retrograde for another;
the world spins on an appointed axis while I wisp
into this staid hour – traces of a deliverable tomorrow –

nearby, the tube rests its steel, recuperating,
while I watch the traces toss and turn on the seething
wood of my pretend bed, like the steel on the rail
would feel under morning's friction.

The Life Online.

Life shows us many ironies –
on social networking sites.

The day has compacted
to trawling through thousands
of posts, and complaining the hours
in the day are dissipating
of time.

Causes become central,
passions surge from one
geographical map to another –
as a frenzy takes on
spotlight – the feeds fly
all over walls and pages,
faster than thought.

And with just as rapid ease,
a different meme enters and hijacks
a running cause, punching
the voices down to whimpers,
soon healed to forget.

Countries vie for space –
on social networking sites.

Capitalists and communists
come together until they don't
remember why.

Religionists make safe banter,
print or otherwise, offering
support but no hope.

There is no history –
because there is no remembrance.

There is no present –
because there is no constancy.

But there is a future –
because there is no permanence.

And, time. Time stays right

where it is, until we wake
and see it has moved, but tells
none differently.

The ironies of life –
we have our priorities sorted
on social networking sites.

Look at me

Look at me,
postman bird, unwanted by day's end,
the camera lens shuts in a static zip
and I ruffle my feathers messy again,
screeching incoherently, now, I yawn,
tuck away the velvet voice for the night
as I nick and peck the itch on my body -
a flea infested yard of skin buried under
over-brushed fur. Corrected structure in
a new day of provoking, posing, roguish
flashes zoomed as I lift my snobbish beak,
propping, hopping, strutting, chirping,
getting screened amidst glorious terrains
by the gold of the dawn, noon and dusk
till the stars pronounce the show's end
and I writhe myself to sleep.

Aloft

Aloft,
unerring, insentient, unaffected,
stoic, deliberate in form; pallid,
frugal like a Scrooge to a Twist, bent
backed, bones shrivelled like a pruned
fig; patched grey, precipitating, orbiting
figure prowling through window panes
like an Inspector to a Panther, spectacled
prodigy poised resplendently in its domain
like Gaudi to arc of architecture; baroque
in structure, divine in demeanour, harried
and aged, callous in dispersion; ye moon
still tender but detached. Oh moon, I
flummox at thy projections – inexplicable
theatrical moods.

Sort me

Sort me

asunder,

hither thither,

scattering

yonder, longer,

apiece

broken, frozen,

piling

shards, chars

apart

ashes, catches

drifting

me – afloat,

fading

beams, dreams

ashore.

John Grochalski

the accidental racist

we're running on half a sick day
pushing it forty-eight hours before vacation

riding the slowest 6 train uptown
to drop off a set of keys to my wife's parents
at the cancer center

because they're staying with us
for three days or five days
or we don't know how many days

until the doctors give her mom the okay
to go back home

my wife is a goddamned wreck with all of this

their doctors' appointments
other shit, her shit, work shit
the shitty small apartment we spent the morning fighting over

neither of us want to be on an uptown 6 right now

there's never room to breathe on these trains
no matter the time of day

the girl between us is hugging the pole like a stripper

she's draped on the thing
a lollipop in her mouth
playing on her cell phone and teasing with her boyfriend
getting the slime of millions on her clothing

she weighs maybe one-hundred pounds
but she won't give us an inch

new york, new york in the late summer blues
it amazes me that there aren't more murders committed here

my wife finally gives up and pulls her hand away
she goes somewhere else to stand

the girl looks at her, rolls her eyes at her boyfriend

he says, she don't want to stand next to you
because you ain't white

like that's it, asshole, i think

as his girl continues to hug the pole
spinning around now and knocking into everyone

because a bitch like her, she owns the 6 train

yeah, she don't want to get your brown on her, he continues
if you was a white girl she'd probably be all huggin' up on you

white people too good for the train, the girl says
she laughs, keeps sucking her lollipop

i look over at the boyfriend
he's got that clueless cro-magnon look
tattoos up and down the arm because he's a bad ass

he's glaring at my wife
who maybe does or does not know
that's he's talking about her

all i know is that she looks scared shitless
and more tired than her thirty-seven years should allow

fucking honkeys, he says under his breath
as i take a step toward him

his girl goes, shush

while i start to fantasize about smacking
his fat face off of the glass doors of the train

taking that big mouth of his
and wrapping it around that pole

sliding him to the train floor
one tattooed arm behind his back
pulling it up toward his thick tattooed neck

as his girl screams and tries to bat me off

whispering in his ear like a lover
tell me all about your racism now, my friend
please tell me.

a vacation to antigua

trying to kill
w. somerset maugham

but the television in the waiting room is so loud
there's no point in even compiling
an independent thought

there is another celebrity on the screen
some bubbly blonde who's been around longer
than her talent should've allowed

she's forty-one but looks twenty
and everyone in the waiting room is wowed by her

we're obviously not at the plastic surgeon

the actress is talking about her new movie
a comedy, a sex comedy

you can see everything, she says
ev-ery-thing

a few people in the waiting room tisk
one lady shouts, if you've got it flaunt it

we're lobbing hackneyed phrases out there
on a hot july afternoon

the interviewer asks the actress about children
she shakes her head and laughs

motherhood is too hard, she says. i could never do it
then she giggles and shakes her million dollar ass

in the waiting room there is a mutiny boiling

mothers, aunts, grandmothers, great aunts
and mothers-to-be are all scowling at the television

they suddenly hate this actress

she's selfish, one of them says

who does she think she is, another shouts

prancing around on screen with her tits hanging out?

grow up, they shout

my children are my greatest joy, one says to another

they both nod the gentle nod of motherhood
as their kids continue to run around the waiting room
knocking over magazines
and smacking at the glass door with their fat palms

i look up at the television
the blonde actress' face is wide with contentment
her eyes sparkle and her teeth are white

she's everything we've ever paid our money to see

then i go back to
w. somerset maugham

as the interviewer asks her
about her rock star boyfriend

and the vacation that she took to antigua.

don't go to 9th avenue

the sound of her shrill voice
pulls me right out of the frank o'hara

she says into her phone
why didn't you pick up by the 2nd ring?

and i find myself looking at the cellulite
on the back of her high-kicking thigh

it's not a judgment
it's simply where my focus lands
instead of on the frank o'hara

oh, don't give me that shit, she says
you're supposed to be heading to 9th avenue
to pick up your son

because he's been waiting for you all day, she says

i look away from the cellulite
to the boy standing on the orange plastic seat
watching dull brooklyn go by on the d train

he's smiling
either clueless or like a buddhist
he just accept his life for what it is

if he's smart he misses no one

that's fuckin' bullshit, she says
i mean what exactly are you doing?
it ain't like you have a job

and now others are watching the evening show

i look into her face
haggard, too much eye make-up

i have no room to talk
today two separate people told me that i look like hell
and they were most likely right

she squints at me
i figure if i don't turn away
i'm next on her hit list
but she's like watching a car wreck

yeah, she says into her phone
well, you should've thought of that
when you knocked me up

and don't take that tone with me, asshole, she shouts

her boy stops looking out the window
she turns to him and gives him an eskimo kiss

in twenty years he'll be on the other end
of a phone call like this

then she says,
if you're going to be like that
we can just go to my mother's

we all wait on bated breath for his answer

what do you mean good? she shouts

look, i don't give a shit
you just get your ass down to 9th avenue right now
or i swear, anton, i fucking swear, she says

she hangs up the phone
before she can complete the threat

she grabs her standing kid and puts him in her lap
smothers him with kisses and future psychosis

while somewhere out there
anton is sweating bullets over 9th avenue

or he's sitting back and cracking open another beer
happy with the buzz of silence

before the phone will ring again
and he has to suffer the cadence
of her wonderful, motherly voice.

it is what it is

maybe it is what it is
you stop counting the drinks
and let it ride
because when you count the drinks
at least after a while
you forget who's keeping tabs
you think
well, fuck them
then you crack open another one
or pour another tall one out of contempt

it is what it is
your old man visiting from pittsburgh
talking about his cancer
telling you, you're forty now
you need to start thinking about the prostate
some doctor's finger up your ass
telling you that this might be uncomfortable
manana, manana, you tell him
like a lettuce picker in salinas with the sun going down
waving a beer filled hand
or maybe when i'm fifty

it is what it is
the daily abuse of this life
internet trolls with literary ambitions
giving you shit because they can't handle their own
and everyone pays on credit
or with their cell phone
the girl at the grocery store
who lets you stand in her line for ten minutes
with the food you need for dinner rotting
flipping a glossy tabloid with her razor-like fingernails
before telling you
that the line is closed
then laughing into her little gadget
out of spite

it is what it is
this life
that death
beheadings by the week
and drones galore
the infect of government
endless anniversaries of bloodshed
a dead kid laying on the street

in the hot missouri sun for four hours
while the cops scratch their chapped asses
and play at being macho
america being enthralled by another sports hero
beating the shit out of his wife

the internet abuzz
like a brain tumor
over starlets with their tits hanging out
while you sit on the couch
listening to a symphony of sirens
car alarms, and barking dogs
crying over john lennon songs
telling yourself that it is what it is
that nothing will change anything
save the sun burning out of the car exhaust sky
forgetting to count
how much
of the poison
it was
that you put down again
today.

hating the 3rd avenue festival

standing in front
of the health food restaurant
with heavy grocery bags

waiting for my wife to come out
with health food wraps

i'm hating the 3rd avenue festival
going on right in front of me

the parade of men with beer guts
in football jerseys and baseball caps

their women in shorts up to their tits

the bottleneck traffic of baby carriages
and young parents eating ice cream

young girls letting their ass cheeks
hang out of shorts in an early autumn heat

i must be maladjusted
or my parents didn't do something right

or maybe some people just don't
like festivals on humid sunday afternoons

because i hate the hickory scent
of skewered chicken sticks and italian sausage

the kids eating cotton candy
and sucking down lemonade

the super hero balloons and love beads
the local theater group putting on a melody
the bar drunks spreading bar drunk joy

i look inside the health food restaurant
to see where my wife is with our health food lunch

so that i can get away
from the fried ice cream and arepas

go back home and shut the blinds
turn on the air conditioning
and get myself straight on a bottle of wine

wait for monday morning
when we'll all be back on that miserable level

a whole festival of obligation and hate
tired eyed and sullen at the crosswalk

heading toward buses, subways and work misery

as the nypd tear down
those joyous barricades

while the garbage men sweep away
the coke cans and funnel cakes

the last vestiges of
another unsatisfying summer

that we're bound to repeat next year.

Ashok Niyogi

STACCATO

pot belly in car seat
Indian ego is chauffeured
wrong ergonomics

intense
blue eyed devotee
salutes setting blood red sun
prickly grey flotsam
walks into sea
heaving

new sparkling future
eyes on crooked smallish body
injected pain free
temporarily

it will rain
black cloud staggering drunkenly in
small car in mountain saddle
upturned leaves

wind

I talk too much
and then meditate my guilt
so bipolar

this war

parrots and squirrels
bleakly
life thrown out
weekly
where will garbage go
meekly

Rose- milk
ankles outside Narita
planes take off
saffron silk
orison

if you spy
an occasional lie
it is because
I sing in tune
this June moon

in lotus buds
high frogs
cricket legs
mosquitoes
sweaty sun

laps cacophony

high drama
at dusk

upturned
these back-waters
suck in
lotus leaves to violent sea
coconut
will float
for eternity

DURGA PUJA

drums go sadly past
with weeping wailing brass angst
your autumn festers

back in our village
will my babies have new clothes
will the money last

mother is dazzled
many twinkling Chinese lights
our cool autumn wind

my village station
dim twilight will walk away
with drum on bent back

one earthen oil lamp
the crop is in stars are out
dry stumps of paddy

You with golden womb
what value your creation
depreciation starts now

so ephemeral

Note: The autumn festival of the Mother Goddess, Durga Puja, is celebrated with great pomp by Bengalis, more in social than spiritual exuberance. In India, it often coincides with harvesting the Kharif crop and an annual bonus for industrial workers; the poor are fleetingly 'cash-rich'.

The Kolkata Statesman reports, "Durga Puja does not assume its festive aura without the maddening beats of the dhak, the large drum that men hang around their necks and play with two thin sticks to infuse frenzied rhythm into listeners."

These drum beaters (dhakis) come to our cities from impoverished villages in Bengal, mingle with the revelers for four days and then retreat back into their seemingly endless and hopeless penury. Before they go back, they beat their drums and walk our city streets, seeking tips, almost begging.

Paul Tristram

Summer Disses You

as you spiral uncontrollably
upon that harsh ledge of fate.

Precarious stumble frown,
feet teething the cracks,
clairvoyantly.

A swish of demented
undercurrent.

A cold, hard shock
holding your back
as you violently push
temporary front nothing away.

Course is fickle and unfaithful
leading to a goal of true
desires, dreams and wishes.

As yet unattainable conquests
lay baking warm
in The Summerland.

Whilst you fight the binds
holding you chained
to the dark underground
and diligently search
for the pathway
to bridge the
in between.

Your Duty Free Eyes

Your duty free eyes are irresistible
to this old, battle-worn heart.
Like bright, magic beacons
dragging me in and shaking off
the stifling heaviness of the every day.
A mental massage with a glance.
A delicate sport with conversation.
A gentle yet rapid cleaning and cleansing
of the numbness which builds up
like tooth tartar skyscraper high
over years of mostly looking away.
A dance of remembrance, back to
carefree times when you only looked
over your shoulder to see how many
of your friends were approaching?
Your duty free eyes, like an adrenalin
shot straight to the chest, unbuckles
the bending back of my crooked soul
bringing my youth back with a spring
and swagger in his step to temporarily
punch down my masterful frown.

Dive Into The Deep Pools Of Thought

Headfirst, whenever you can
and wallow there soaking
within your own essence.
Float and drift for awhile,
cruise control with style,
yawn, purr, stretch and get
your comfortable groove on.
For there is your nucleus,
your soul's core, real home
not those brick walls which
you just happen to inhabit.
There is your special place,
no one can go there but you.
Decorate the endless walls
of your living sanctuary
with additional fresh smiling
pieces of your magnificent self.

September's Song

I shall daily keep on singing
proudly this September's Song.
For with the knowledge
of your return date
there is absolutely nothing
that can break the strength
of my determination
or the focus of my granite will.
I will be unstoppable and undefeated
right up to the very second
our magical reunion takes place.
Then invincible with your thoughtful
gentleness alchemising my stride.
Two hearts aligned in perfect,
natural, reciprocal marriage
have more power
than any army of war out there.
Self contained and perfect
is the emotional knot
never yielding to become undone.
Majestic is the blessed pairing
which makes two separate souls
clasp together in harmony as one.

Out Of Nothing Comes Me

Everest sized inside.
Regenerative, Adaptable,
Fine-Tuned, Tunnel-visioned
and in Life's Prime.
Ambitious for Experience,
Emotions Playful but Leashed.
Survivalistic, Knowledge-Bound,
scaling Library walls Daily.
Appetites Vast and Controlled,
a Seeker not a Follower,
a Tribesman only by Name.
A Reclusive, Energetic
Pupil of the Senses.
Self-Sufficient and Adequate,
Born Equipped and Armed
to see the Task through.
A Documenter of the Spirit,
a Surveyor of the Heart,
and a Map-Maker
of the Human Soul.

I Stopped Believing In Belief Years Ago

“I stopped believing in belief years ago!”
Said the Stranger sat next to me at the bar
to no one in particular.

“Oh yeah, how’s that working out for you?”
I inquired bored...not with him exactly
but with the day and life in general.

“I have a bedsit and I am on the dole.
I answer to no one, no nagging wife,
no sadistic boss or overseer.
I have enough money to eat simply,
to sit here 4 afternoons out of the week
and for the remaining 3 I take walks
down to the library where I read for free.
Or I lay in bed counting myself lucky
that there is no one in my life to hurt me
and that I am my own master completely!”
He stated with a air of dishonest contentment.

“How old are you exactly?” I asked.

“I will be 30 years old this coming November,
but hang on a minute, where are you going?”
He both answered and asked as I stood upright
and proceeded to put on my hat and coat.

“Off to live my life, I’ve wasted far too much
of it in here already but thank you for giving
me the momentum and energy that I needed!”
I said whilst quickly leaving and never returning.

Seeking Out The Sun

I stuffed the bursting drawers of my heart
full with old childhood photographs,
all battered and creased around the edges.
Along with flavours, aromas, feelings,
remembrances and moments in time.
Grampa's ring made out of an old coin,
the Old Man's stonework fireplace
and the taste of a cider lollypop upon
the Caewathan streets, Summer 1978.
Rissole and chips from The Ritz chip shop,
ice cream from Cresci's with some lime pop
and a steak and kidney pie with Aunty Nelly
before our Monday bus ride into Town.
A cold pint in The Terminus, The Harp,
The Rock & Fountain, The Miners Arms
The Colliers Arms, The Cross Keys,
The Dog Track and The Travellers Well.
Jenkins of Skewen, Jefferies Stores,
The Dram Road, The Three Arches,
Drummau Mountain, Neath Abbey Ruins,
Skewen & Tennent Parks and Penlan Road.
Pope's Off-licence, Southall Avenue,
Cwrt-Y-Clafdy and a walk along the canal.
I took it all with me that day I stepped upon
that runaway train and went seeking out the sun.

A 2nd Chance 9th Time Around

You ask for the impossible...yet again!
Maybe a slightly different mistake next time
instead of the exact same one
would not bore me to the very core.
Actually, I take that 'Next Time' back.
I'm not slamming the door of our friendship
shut in your face
it's been slowly grinding closed for months now.
My sympathy and patience have limits
and you've bitten past the quick of both
more than the common 'Once Too Many Times.'
The grains of time that I once gave to you
have finally ground down to this nothing...goodbye.

Ian Martin

roots

father built a ranch house
a fingernail jutting out of a dirt road
father built expectations
father built hardwood floors
on which i coughed up
and the homesick splotches looked like stars and galaxies

that whole afternoon i walked the cuticle
along its boomerang curve

before bed i ripped out my index nail
i watched it float in the drain
then spiral down

recursions

mother is bed-ridden
and coughs forth a breath that crawls briefly
and coughs again

you and i shook on a shivering cliff edge
shuffled spruce needles with cheap mittens
dripped prayers like tar into the quarry
and spoke quietly to hide within the whisper
of an exact (but not distinct) position in time and space
like perhaps pestilence would skip a generation

caribou migration trails swirl glamorously
but the heart recycles old blood
but the heart was different this time
but the heart was different every time

party foul

poetry is a warning

no,

poetry is a mirror

that slipped off the toilet tank
that i apologized for
that gets brought up over every beer

and,

like poetry it is said
not quite the same way
each time

poetry is something shattered

and,

all the spaces between the pieces

Lewis Lewis

You

What sense of you i have
is diluted
by the mass exodus
of Memory's Passion

The way you sit
upon your throne
is different than I remember

The way you speak
is now a tongue unclear
as a matter of happen-stance

The way you look
emanates forced entry
carrying w/ it a magic
replete w/ sour cracked mouths

Your voice
Once a harbinger of lustful
desire & completion
has reversed itself
into cries of
garbling Youth

You,
Stained Cathedral,
whose musical murals &
trapped litanies clutch
the whole of my compunctious
antiquity

am i remembering correctly?

Are my recollections correct
or am i creating

Christ
out of cigarette butts?

Are you listening
or are your guitar
strings too plentiful
to pluck needed words
from clenched teeth
of our entwined
Beast?

You wear your face
like a mask well
only it is askew
crooked,
like a Gull
flying into a
Storm.

8/4/14

Reflection

You look different
Now
at this distance,
at this age that
can no longer spy
the difference between
Reality
&
that obscure other place.

Still,
You sparkle
but only at obtuse
impossible angles.

When i blink
the sparkle is gone.

i spend my days w/ wide eyes.

Gem & Ruby

We met briefly once,
you & i;
A dark coated demon-shroud
wrapped like a broken
corset
split down the middle
exposing a red, beating
Heart.

& as for me?

i was nude w/ anger
swimming the speckled
future
that dissipated
w/ every exasperated
breath
like a pollinating
Flower
Wilting to want
Wanting of need.

Fragments

1.

i am tired of
my insected psyche. The

Fragmentation of the
Self into many, scattered
like stray Poems
Writ in pencil.

It is raining again
&
i begin to smudge the swipe
of a lying thumb print.

2.

It should have been
me atop that cross.

My arms would've fit
the length perfectly
as god stared w/ Death
gleaming in his criminal
Eye.

It should have been me; i would
have been able to prove
the fallacy of commitment
like
Catatonic Fellatio
Better than He.

3.

Guilt on this
Day that mirrors every
Other; the antiquity
of my dance is sandwiched
between the embarrassment
of stale bread.

Why guilt for the Innocent?
Why guilt for dry cups &
burning stomachs?
Why guilt for the erection
The Lost
or
The Found?

Why guilt?
Why guilt indeed.

4.

That day that came
Garnished w/ blood & mucus,
Slippery like Truth.

No angels sung. It was
only You that sung. A
melody of harsh pain &
Torment.

Didn't i harmonize well
in my first wails
of my earth's orbit?

How perfect, how it was
Decided that
That day
would be celebrated
for years ever after
Death.

That day that came
Garnished w/ blood & mucus.

5.

Everyone in me is everything
in me. Not a one is Sacrificial
Lamb – bleating & buried
By the Wolf's Tooth.

You can only eat so
much sky before
Desert's Parchment un-folds
like a billowing kite
In a windless expanse.

6.

This is where i write
The voice: Mimicry is
My strong suit.

i get up to look in the
Mirror
To ensure i am still Here.

7.

If i wanted to believe in
God, i would have asked
You to pluck out your

Red hair & plant them in
my pockets. As it were,

You couldn't part w/ such
Devotion, because you were
Bald from the start anyway.

8.

Your sex never mattered
to me. It was there to
keep us busy, to Away
Us from the Reality
Outside the window, staring
doggedly In at us. Its

Vicious lesson couldn't
fit between your spread
legs & i was too Thirsty
to run after your run-away
Soul.

9.

& now this, Pantomiming
Medicinal normalcy. i

Catch the waves between
my teeth. They are as

Salty as tears & as hot
As your schizophrenic breath
On the nape of my crooked

Neck. Would you believe it,
That You & i are One in the
Same Island in the same
Hole in the sky? What Breath

Is stickier than ours? Or
more sour?

10.

i am as much a part
as the sum of parts
Presented in Past due

Time. Constructed by the
Hands of Frankenstein,
my limbs are mis-matched
Pieces, puzzling out rheumatic life
&
i walk w/ a limp inside

History's Prayer. It
Is devilish, i

Say, the way my veins
Carry & Connect to the
Obscure – a paradise, a
Mirage, a Bird perpetually
by my side.

i am fragmented by these
Forced steps.

Fragmented by my own
 Amphetamine Salted fingers,
twirling in circles & fidgeting
 Your Memory like Molestation.

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COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

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