

# *Yggdrasil*

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Life is but a show?  
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# Introduction

Paul Tristram

## **...After Dumping Him**

It took her just three and a half months  
to almost completely destroy him,  
even his teeth had started rotting.  
Then awaking one fine morning he felt  
that an inexplicable change had happened.  
We went off to the pub to celebrate  
instead of trudging to The Samaritans as usual.  
Fate introduced him to a nice lady there,  
and they are still happily together,  
they mostly smile and want the best for each other.  
The Ex took this news very badly,  
her victim had escaped the torture chamber  
and her cruelty now released could not be leashed.  
Like a cancer it started to eat her from the inside out,  
in the end 'Rotten Teeth' were the least of her troubles.

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# Paul Tristram

## **Treating People With No Sense Of Honour With Fair Play Is As Ridiculous As Setting Fire To Your Own Face, Twice!**

Pettiness is to be ignored completely  
before it gets darker and out of hand.  
The person perpetrating this malignant act  
needs to be ostracized without pardon.  
You are not horrible for weeding  
destructive influences from your life.  
There are lines in friendship and acquaintance  
that once crossed remain crossed.  
Everybody makes mistakes, but here I am  
making up excuses for the bullies and saboteurs.  
Don't go turning the other cheek  
and be surprized when the sucker punch comes.  
Meanness is never a mistake  
or something that was not really meant  
but a vicious, even if subtle, attack  
which is aimed strategically for it's target  
and that target on this occasion is YOU!  
Why? the short and simple answer is  
that you have something that they have not got  
or you have more of it than they do  
(Look back to the first word of this poem!)  
It is not your fault, Yet...it's theirs  
and likewise the problem of it remains theirs...  
but only if you nip it in the bud to begin with.  
They are not going to get better or over it,  
the person you once knew is now lost for good.  
The rot is already festering and plotting,  
there is only one goal now and that is  
to destroy the thing that's making them miserable  
and that thing is YOU! (Well, actually it's them  
but they are never going to admit that,  
who holds their hand up to being pathetic?)  
There are only two options here,  
stay negatively in a battle that's not yours, yet.  
Or sever the cancerous emotional limb cleanly,  
optimistically smile at your escape and walk away.

## Escaping You

I just built a thick wall of ice  
around my 'had enough' heart.  
After first sewing together  
a suitably thick fir coat  
from the roadkill strewn about  
your 'temper tantrum' feet.  
Already stocked up on isolation  
I was much more prepared than you.  
I sat there unemotional and unmoving,  
a spectator almost, to a fading battle cry.  
As you slammed raging, bloody fists  
against the frozen surface,  
curling lips into snarling blasphemies.  
Then pathetically coaxing  
with fake loving arms asunder  
until finally begging and pleading  
for me to stop being so selfish and cruel  
and to step back into your torturous noose.  
I was shocked to learn how little  
stamina emotional bullies actually have.  
Whilst my determination stood uncrackable  
and as defiant as a plague.  
I witnessed you Fail miserably,  
wander away lost and purposeless  
and the glorious Springtime Sun  
thaw every stinking trace of you away.

## **Sigh & Hide Away From The Poison**

Her Soul is simply too nice  
to become another Miss Havisham.  
She bravely refused bitterness,  
settling for the healthier option  
of manageable, short-term resentment.  
She has eight cats and fourteen chickens,  
the weeds and brambles are head height  
in the garden which moats her hidden bungalow  
and she very much likes it this way.  
She has no time for bingo, dancing,  
holidays away or church outings,  
is far more interested in solitary peace of mind.  
She suffered and learnt hard but well  
from her earlier earthquakes  
and the Wolves (Of any kind!)  
lost her naïve scent a long time ago.  
Refuses to listen to the news  
or read the daily papers  
and she does not keep the time of day.  
She has many projects at work at once,  
each a link in a half century fence,  
built to withstand any emotional battering  
and keep the 'Cold Callers' of life at bay.

## **Sabotage My Sanity**

Oh Dear God, It has only just dawned on me,  
I understand at last, how very foolish I have been.  
Instead of escaping from my tormentor,  
I stayed and tried to work out why?  
I tried to stop them by showing forgiveness,  
ease their anger with my empathy and compassion.  
And when I crashed down onto my broken, bloody knees  
time and time again, it was them I raised my petrified,  
desperate hands towards for help and mercy.  
But they pushed and pushed, digging their squirming heels  
into the cringing, unbelieving face of my soul  
until I exploded with an energy I have never felt before.  
I now realize, far too late that half the blame was mine,  
I should have simply walked and stayed away.  
Instead I set them physically free from their horribleness  
whilst at the exact same time slamming shut the door  
upon every chance and nice thing that life could have offered.

## **Don't Nail Yourself To This Or That**

Unless they are completely supportive  
and are happily coming along for the ride  
instead of trying to hold you back.  
Only You know, if you need to change?  
and you will find a way to do that without  
being browbeaten into passive aggressive submission.  
If the person You are arguing with is mean,  
spiteful and selfish because They are not getting  
Their own way and that involves You  
swallowing Your pride, and giving in  
out of love, caring and goodwill?  
Take immediate steps to never have that person  
in your life no more, of course it is difficult  
but it is also simple and necessary,  
they are toxic to You and need to be flushed away.  
Love someone who is happy to see you happy!  
When you first meet, get drunk and fight,  
look at them carefully, warts and all,  
rose-tinted spectacles is foolishness not optimism.  
If they gossip to you they will gossip about you,  
close the door on sneaky, snaky tittle-tattlers,  
for they are the lowest of the low,  
there is nothing clever about bullying nastiness.  
And remember, when you can no longer see  
the 'woods for the trees' anymore, it is really time  
that you put some distant between you and there.

## **Instant Illness**

Whenever she sees him in town  
she freezes as stiff as a board,  
like a rabbit in the headlights.  
Her soul starts falling backwards  
in upon itself and the stitches  
holding her battered heart together  
start to buckle and twang apart.  
There's wave after wave of nausea,  
a delicate, frightened splash of urine  
followed by the snowballing shakes  
clinging onto the browbeaten back  
of her enormous panic attack.  
Thoughts jump, scratch and flutter,  
all colours but red drain away.  
There's a Flight not Fight voice  
booming "RUN!" like a thunderous  
aneurysm within her but her traitorous  
feet, just as pathetic and self destructive  
as they used to be keep her rooted  
to the shock-throbbing ground.  
But the worst is when their eyes meet,  
even though he never no more approaches,  
it takes her hours to stop dying inside  
and weaving despair into chain-smoking.

## **Watching The Scum Evaporate**

“I am a hundred and three years old today,  
it’s 8:30 in the morning and I am just finishing  
my first glass of Gold Label Barley Wine.  
The secret to my success is quite simple;  
Soup for the body, Hatred for the rest of you!  
A bowl of each of those a day’ll brush out  
the cobwebs and keep you keen and focused.  
A good homemade broth won’t make you fat,  
make you unhappy or clog up your arteries.  
A healthy slice of vindictiveness spread with spite  
will sharpen your senses, give you a goal in life  
and unlike sodding bingo is absolutely free.  
I didn’t just want to bury them all before me,  
I wanted to have a damn hand in the proceedings.  
Now, they’re even wheeling me out occasionally  
for Grandchildren’s Wakes and Funerals,  
I don’t know the bloody names of any of them?  
It’s the only time you’ll find me polite and smiling,  
I put on my best floral frock and look down on them  
all with disgust, snivelling and crying pathetically.  
Counting the heads and toting up my successes  
whilst happily watching the scum evaporate,  
it’s the only thing that keeps me still going!”

J. H. Johns

## **PROGRESSION**

At one time,  
my father was "Daddy;"

and, then,  
he became  
"Dad;"  
after that  
he became  
"Father"-

and then  
it was over-

he was gone...

## AT THE BRINK

Step over the railing,  
step off of the rocks,  
step into the water-

all is forgiven,  
nothing is lost;

step over the railing,  
step out of the past;  
step into the future-

you've come home at last...

# COME, LITTLE CHILDREN

Gather around  
the old cottonwood tree,  
what do you hear,  
what do you see;

people and things  
over  
hundreds of years-

come little children  
forget about your fears;

high up inside,  
amongst the trunks  
and branches,

the five of you are safe-

no risks and no chances...

# Eric Allen Yankee

## **The demons ride out**

*- for a friend*

The Stars sing  
For the black silk sky.  
The Earth's song  
fills the belly  
of the universe.  
Everything  
That has happened  
To me has made me  
What I am  
In this moment.  
Fate falls into place,  
But we must gently  
Guide it.  
We must see the patterns  
And nurture growth  
In destiny's direction.  
No fear or doubt  
To lace our tongues  
With hell's sulfur.  
The demons ride out  
From our minds tonight  
And we see infinity's curves  
As she welcomes us  
To our reunification  
With our holy connection.

## **Deep Water**

She holds up her art  
My hands tremble

Prophetic sweat  
Burns with future unions

Stolen under twisted fabric  
Tripping the light fantastic

## Winter's End

Winter kisses nightfall  
As we are transformed  
From trembling candles  
Seeking solitary  
Intoxication  
Into Roses leaping  
From Shaman's hands.  
We drink cups of moonlight  
To summon the mysterious awe  
Built from  
Our prayers for summer.

**Fear is**

A body imprisoned  
by defection  
of mind

An abstinence  
of hunger  
for colors

Bayonets of greed  
burying beauty  
to please ideology

A fanatic  
evacuation  
Of faith

Asphyxiated by obsession  
For structure  
Leading to abandonment of free will

**For Initiation**

*-after W.B. Yeats*

Our blood & bones are gone  
We are no longer made of heavy iron  
The binding flowers and deceitful birds  
Have become the stars hanging over  
Rivers of eternal non-being  
We are done with it all  
Celestial bodies no longer guide us  
The moon is frozen over  
Night belongs to Babylon  
Day belongs to the Poet  
Whispering in your ears:  
"You once were. You once were."

# a.d. winans

## **POEM FOR A GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN FRIEND**

the mind silent like a whisper  
in the still of night  
you stiff as a mannequin  
laid out in hospital gown  
eyes fixed to ceiling  
silent poems spin in your head  
weave present into past  
until you're back on the docks  
lifting crates with hooks and beefy hands  
waiting to clock out  
hit Gino and Carlo's Bar  
with other white cap longshoremen

young women eyed your masculinity  
devoured your loins  
your head buried between  
nectar sweet limbs  
now laying in solitude  
fluids not whiskey  
race through your veins

nurses pass your room  
pay no notice  
tubes in your nose  
labored breath  
this is the way of life  
the angel of death  
no angel at all  
but a minion from hell

growing old was not supposed  
to be like this  
dreams reduced to confetti  
fall slowly to the ground  
stepped on or around

death waits like a sadist  
plays your mind like a card shark  
your breathing ragged as a rat's claws

the hours pass  
at horse and buggy speed  
the bones bleed  
death a faceless mugger does  
a two-step shuffle  
like a gypsy woman selling her wares  
in the shadows of the tattooed dawn

## RAIN POEM

the rain beats a rhythm  
against the windshield  
the wipers flail helplessly  
like a fish out of water

demons to the left of me  
demons to the right of me  
demons in front of me  
demons in back of me

my brain a barbecue pit  
fees on the rolling thunder  
spits out bits and pieces of poems  
words of emptiness  
words of despair

shadow creatures lay mutilated  
in nearby ditches  
a Highway Patrol car speeds past me  
red lights spinning  
the sky black as an undertaker's tuxedo

**GOING TO MAKE POETRY  
AN INSTITUTION**

the preacher man  
don't believe in evolution  
the conman don't believe in revolution  
the priest has run out of absolution

no more autographs  
no more forced laughs  
no more hanging around the zoo  
swapping stories with failed gurus

going to smoke me some dope  
with the new Pope  
going to make love nice and slow  
read me some Edgar Allen Poe  
lose myself in the "late night show"

going to make a cameo appearance  
on the 11 PM news  
play me some John Lee Hooker blues

going to penetrate a prerogative  
play a Van Morrison tune while  
I bugger the moon

going to evolve evolution into a revolution  
put anarchy on the stock market  
nuke technology outlaw e-mail  
make Da Da the official  
English Language

going to turn outlaws into in-laws  
Landowners into donors  
put Bukowski's face on  
Mount Rushmore pay homage  
to a street whore

going to name a bus after  
Rosa Parks  
put a little nookie in  
every fortune cookie.  
going to expose Saint Nick  
as a chick with a 12 inch dick  
going to invite Sarah Palin

to ride through Chinatown  
in a see-through gown

going to talk to the fly in the soup  
alone or in a group  
going to sing a ballad with Lorca  
and a band of gypsies  
stop off at the manger and have  
a talk with the Lone Ranger

going to put an end to hemorrhoids  
outlaw humanoids  
going to offer the government a truce  
bring back Lenny Bruce  
make politicians ride the caboose

going to go back to school  
erase the golden rule  
going to feed a vulture  
starve off mass culture  
going to turn evolution into a revolution  
make poetry an institution

## **POEM FOR MY FIRST LOVE**

Seven months  
into my 77th birthday  
I slip back in time

I'm driving down highway one  
where California's fertile hills  
wink at me

**POEM FOR ROBERTO VARGAS  
AND THE NICARAGUA FREEDOM FIGHTERS**

This poem is for you Roberto  
And for Ed "Foods" Lipman too  
This poem is for every poet  
Who ever paced the cellblocks  
Of San Quentin, Folsom, Attica, and Neil Island  
Or fought the people's struggle in Chile  
Cuba or Nicaragua  
This poem is for those who walk the dream  
Of freedom with guerilla vision  
In their hearts and eyes

This poem is for those who gave their lifeblood  
To wash the streets free of oppression  
For those who rest in heroic and not so heroic graves  
In the struggle for human dignity

I sit here in my seventy-fifth year  
Thinking of young boys who have fought the real war  
Of grieving mothers and widows  
Thinking of young girls with color-book eyes  
Young women in black suspender belts  
And knee high leather boots  
With revolutionary roots  
Thinking of how the words come too late  
And never say enough  
Knowing that in the Buddha Temple of life  
All things must die  
Knowing there is no survival  
No tarot cards horoscopes or incantations  
To bring back the dead  
I walk the midnight supermarket of death  
Thinking of Lorca and that long dirt road  
Thinking of the execution wall  
The hangman's noose  
Ethnic cleansing ovens and genocide  
Hearing the gypsy ballad that sings to the heavens  
Knowing there is a strange code to this language  
We are addicted too

As Gene Fowler pointed out to me  
Evil spelled backwards is live  
Being made into a State automated robot is evil  
But dying is not evil  
For it is in its whole the disintegration  
The Bacterial feeding which in turn is a live process

And so the fight goes on and must go on  
Until every street has been cleared of assassins  
Until every newborn is encircled in a poem

The spirit lives on in those passed the baton  
The vision can't be killed  
Even as we retreat into the depths of our being  
Listening to the blood beat solid against  
The walls of the heart  
Knowing there are secrets in the bones  
That cannot be denied or sold out  
To the whims of others  
Sleep well my departed comrades  
Only the flesh is gone  
Your strength lives on in those who dared  
To reach out and kiss the sun

## POEM FOR TRAYVON MARTIN

who would have thought  
skittles and ice tea was a death sentence  
light rain sings its night song  
death folded away like a black rose  
clamped in a buzzard's beak

a boy with a dream  
walks home alone at night  
a shot rings out in the air  
like a popped popcorn kernel

a young black boy's body  
lies on the ground  
gunned down by a wanna-be cop  
and Florida's "stand your ground"  
license to kill law  
justice denied by a judges  
tortured jury instructions

no appeal for Trayvon  
no appeal for the dead  
in the State of lifetakers and deathmakers  
where a young black boy  
must forever fear  
to walk home alone at night  
always within a legal  
sniper's gun sight

lock and load the chamber  
no safety on the gun  
make it as black as the night  
holster it at the back hip  
to keep it from sight  
know the law is on your side  
black is black white is white  
it's OK to shoot on sight  
when a black boy with a dream  
walks home alone at night

# Daniel Y. Harris

## Sequitur 2015

His subfield of colloids: foams, gels and the rarefied liquid crystals of soft matter—such a common and neglected trait of heartless rapture among layered goo. If he's hypnotized, so are we in gloop, gook, gunk and glop's gummy muck of sticky stuff. Eating gruel, burgoo and cawl with butter and salt, connects bonds and polymer melts. Predictions fail to motor the nerves of bubbles above his cartoon lips. By contrast, rubber in tires, etc. He always overreaches left in spite of enthalpic smiles—right in spite of a lipid's found object. Eddy's internal degrees will never placate the *not afraid* heroic us drawn across these test surfaces. His passion segues to derive from the *passus* of pillow. Tilts to derive. Tilts to adagio with affix cum (= with), by a string left standing to suffer ranked unholied non.

## Fatale 69

Release starch to local mates whose 69 nanometres,  
between the infrared, break middle clauses with red  
kerosene lamps. Eddy lives in/on *bioluminescence*:  
nobody's *chemiluminescence* reacts with his flask's  
limited emission of heat. Confess, Eddy's a vibronic,  
excited state of reactants imitating being our human  
man, our being a human woman: *hominin clade* erect  
in posture to fuck *australopithecine* or related *genera*.  
Occupy extinct Eurasia. No one lives there, mothers.  
Did anyone really want a mother, lobe of first fatale,  
last womb? *Wifmann* to *wimman* to *wumman* feely.  
Eddy was always Eddie. Tag the Norman Conquest  
when the labial changed to a man's *wambe* conquer.  
Eddy's alchemy of copper bleeds menarche's she.

## **Babalú 401**

Why is the true Eddy witness named Tadeusz Babalú? Why is the name *Babalú-Ayé* translated as Father, Lord of Eddy? Toss a curative ailment, link-loving the feared demic of cowry shells. He never claimed victims, never demanded that they be infected by the outcasted shines of since. Do you remember Lucille Ball's Ricky? Club Tropicana? The seventeen candles? Tadeusz is a hop's jump to safety: all hail the Eddy of Desi Arnaz, synced with tens of thousands of devotees honored in *grimage*. Stop a dying of exposure on a beach where he is badly scarred by crabs. Summon the nurses of back-to-health. He's protected from disease. His lair dresses an *Orisha*. Secrecy and revelation won't do. The pedagogical guide is read, he means the lauded mentor of these new lungs.

### Cluster 34

Clustered, easy-lit to caress a light-*Iocese* divided into four—Eddy's bulk is blooded to receive *venae cava* goodbying the dumpster's throne. Carbon me if sustained *rele-unt* an aorta me: dies the heartbeat of stasis with the slow transport of a thoracic meme all body parted to *pumpsto* a scheme. Can you hear the breath of the nasal cyclops? Eddy will jam into a late *stele* at a rest stop to wave adieu to a silvered benz. 2015 is 1615 *feikspīər*. Stratford-pon-Avony's Sierra Vista concedes a fuhgeddaboutit towards air. Eddy the Apex drives in air of flight *cum* tarpaulin. Eddy's mother will source the on/on viscera of go, colored with so/last/centuried *coeur* of a one man. Mrs. Vereiosky heard it early—34 years ago, *ibid*.

## Emoji 12×12

Eddy's in a 12×12 pixel grid, the sequenced two byte of encoded threes: not the set aside blocks of a legacy set, but freed from a caged showrat's truancy—only to feature a draft of clean U+1F3x dingbat *partur* in burrowed *urthers*. Eddy catches the bacteria shed in liquid droplets during a Paris operation in 1897. Paris, or tissued out in Chicago, mits bright with abandon? How airborne are blue masks? Such *nitation*, such false magick: mercy me Ercy or non-woven and discarded after easily transferred to droplets of Eddy's misspelled name. He landed in bacteria, sneeze-wearing gilded Lily to please the anyones of her. He can't stay to milk the light, udders squeezed for *Eretz*. Come back Rebbe Daemon your *tigrons* are crying in where.

## Cast 2237

Casting the common rupestric then, plucks the native nous of recalling Ya and Worky jiggling with shades of the pale mausoleum—call the flutterby the head's hinged felt this once before. Try and see the portals through the grime of serial joy: the heart's sweet bad cess' *tu me taquines* faked to be true. I hear the *ekes* of take it longer than any daughter of breed should take the *liefest* pose. I hear congas beat the Cossacks of dabble and repent. Eddy's now a *selflound* of the I: I-grow, hearted larger than Ukrainian *pysanka* dyed the single color of anointed color. Mary Magdalene's basket serves as a repast. Friend Simon the Peddler on Morse in *Chi-vary*. They are divinity's rare shells, each committed to Eddy living for a few more years.

## Esperanto 1895

The *be-éhtml* codes of dark language keyboards help misconstrue the empirics of L.L. Zamenhof's Esperanto as *Internacia Lingvo* of moded weight. Eddy lurks in an antechamber guarded by goyles named Ludwik and Lejzer. He works at Theater Białystok on Sunday nights, gleaning an extract from his 1895 letter to Nikolai Borovko. Bio-lit outposts of antiquity spark his halos: not clinical, not outsized, not even as a motive's unseen goal. Still courting these imps of obfuscation? Dodgy ball-cuts aren't they? Eddy needed. Is kneaded to form gauges in ends. The warded *appi* leans into me. Neither of us are prostrate to the hedge as bets that Eddy's price drop is circumstantial.

## Listener 150%

The opposite of dystopia is *pherō*. Really? On what planet, Lieutenant Eddy “Illian” Ell, do gifted kids jones for *Cortexiphan*? Rap da steal Ms. Beta Moxy. Lega of the Ol, Eddy croons, is emptying rust-glass in the alley. No one dare mock the Ol. No one dare cross the beauty of gates. Eddy’s a reverse-empath, hearted, kind ones, to pressure the belly of two feel be sure. I’m in love with Hannah Barthedor: ways were extreme. When was Eddy a man? When it fell apart I knew that I would live to don a tallit, or use it as a laptop cover. Hobble a daven? Later at night, no. The Mercenaries of Bolic impede three tenders. A lepsis? A clarity of tone in the PSE? It may stand for nothing. We can’t help it—the brux-lifting rays.

## Capet 16

Gamesh, you here? To rip out the morphed ectos, or say belt down some new *treyf*? Hardy har har, Har-Edi the Platypus. No one's jacking implants. It all went cafluey when you backed brain wave receivers in ears. Did you patent extropy? Come now bud, can't give an inch on memeplexes? No. +um. You're it. You're the true stink of genity. I, credo. I, countdown to the final boredom. Give it up for Manuel "Manny" Hands, the one working the gears from the asylum. He wears a Louis XVI *culottes* with straps and buckles. He and Gamesh stop to buy t-shirts with a zebrafish and a tadpole. Somebody stole the *Raiment of Pleasure*. Eddy, was it you? It's a mild case of acid reflux, chill.

# Judy Katz-Levine

## Night Swim

The scuba divers gather by the pool  
in black tanks and tank suits. We  
swim our laps in aqua water.

Other swimmers stroke past us, breathing hard  
as they glide. Arms flashing.

We leave the pool, take in  
cut-grass scent in the dark, enter  
the car, cruise home, the crescent moon  
hung in the sky, our first night swim -  
a translucent autumn sable falling  
through our eyes, crowning our lips.

## **Notebook October**

Of saffron leaves. Anticipate  
meetings. Faces. The prayer.  
Cruising down a road. Remember  
chords at a jam session. Leaf  
across a street floats. Trees  
like humans wait. Reaching  
into the past, hunger. The players  
joke and fall. Congas  
give a pulse, Meetings  
of musicians. Towards  
noon the sky lights up.  
Conversations become  
tense, and we try  
to work things out. Alone  
then gathering. Walk towards  
the forest, where flutes  
rise like branches of birch.

## **This Voice**

This voice like an aspen leaf in autumn light -  
and cedar chips around a cypress. This voice  
that promises an abatement of hunger, rises  
in the heat of September as eyes chant  
and strengthen in mourning. We could always  
give more to each other, listening hard  
and the ears ache with trying to understand.  
This silvery chant, this voice that makes  
my head nod, my heart ripen and grow warm  
joining the crowd. Tree that sheds voices  
like aspen leaves, and cedar chips whirling  
with forgiveness.

## **An Old Friend**

Great Blue Heron glides over the pond. I'm thinking of my friend with newly diagnosed breast cancer. It is a tough road she has to travel now. Cars pass on the avenue behind me. I'm sitting on the bench praying for her, the chemo exhausting and the side effects devastating. Hair loss- and radiation, surgery. I've spoken to almost no one about this friend from college - the apartment we shared. Still have the dancing clown diorama music box she gave me at a party. Remember the parties at the apartment, and the walks against the Viet Nam war, and the artists climbing the stairs to the parties, and the other laughing young women in the apartment. Our youth shared. Great Blue Heron glides over, far across the pond. Two swans are still, in the mirror of the pond I remember my mother who lost a breast to cancer, and lived on. May my friend brave this fight and win with decades dancing before her.

# John Kaniecki

## Michael's Mother's Funeral

Michael's mother met her maker  
Buried in the Earth  
She walked since birth  
May the good Lord take her

Meticulous corpse prepared so elegantly  
Lying as if sleeping so pleasantly  
I never met her before  
Except perhaps by chance  
In a peculiar circumstance  
I knocked upon her door  
I cannot now be sure

Queens and kings have apparel of silk laced with gold  
Pearls, emeralds, sapphires, treasures so bold  
But in humanity the greatest art  
Is a contrite spirit and a loving heart  
Choose wisely before you depart

Michael is crossing Jordan  
As his mother before  
Michael is crossing Jordan  
Wading to yonder shore  
Sometimes waters run deep  
Endless nights void of sleep  
Other days our feet get barely wet  
Good times never to forget  
Michael is crossing Jordan  
My how the years have grown  
Mother taking hand to cross the street  
Cooking some dinner food to eat  
Michael is crossing Jordan  
Oh how life can be empty and alone

A final prayer the last amen  
Handshakes hugs and then  
The body lowered into the ground  
But the spirit is readily found  
In the caverns of the mind  
Whispering memories soft and kind

## Grocery Girl at Shoprite

She is tall, not gawky, but elegant despite her size  
Adorned in a red apron, her lady like style  
It does not compromise  
But ah, the wage slave's face is lacking a smile  
My eyes search out embracing her remorse  
As I check out the spinning price total of my groceries  
I am sure monotonous item by item packing is the source  
Of her obvious miseries  
I imagining she could be a lawyer per chance  
Or an engineer, anything other than this dullness  
Perhaps a ballerina in exotic dance  
Something encouraging wellness  
She is of African descent  
As the majority of her fellow employees  
On the issue of slavery our nation did repent  
As if we ever had any real liberties  
As if I could truly speak my mind  
Or organize  
Huey Newton , Fred Hampton, many of Panther kind  
Slaughtered as they proved Amerikkka lies  
The Land of Opportunity so they proclaim  
But at Shoprite scant are the trifle wages paid  
To waste a brilliant, beautiful woman, a testimony of shame  
But this is the reality our corporate masters made  
Ah I will be scolded, rebuked as a child  
*Pomes are for flowers and sad love affairs*  
*Harness your talents, unleash not wild horses*  
*We wonder why anyone cares*  
*For she is relegated to a race condemned*  
*Would you be her substitute?*  
*Why lower yourself to be called her friend?*  
*She has not been graced by any institute*  
My paper bags have been packed the detergent with the flour  
I refuse to utter a complaint  
In hoping, in dreaming, in caring, there is immense power  
We have but to fight on and not grow faint  
So from heart to pen to paper  
I tell of a vision a million times multiplied  
Where ever you go there she shall be  
Like your shadow you will never escape her  
And in return, she shall never be denied  
I pledge to continue to fight  
My lovely grocery girl at Shoprite

## Rape

Raging rags of glory  
Observe the trumpet  
Sneaky fingers on a clumsy second date  
Sacred salvation of dawn  
Desecrating the House of the Unholy  
Mankind offending every nanosecond  
While laughing as if God was some idle threat  
The runt bully taunts  
Until finally the victim in savage righteousness  
Dispels all pretense of glory  
Ah tomorrow  
Slaughtered corpses rotting for the ego of today  
Our brotherhood  
A mockery of magnitude seven  
Mass producing poverty  
Rich men deplore  
Fodder for a future war  
Reggae rejoice in revolution's realm  
Soldier versa Rasta Man in a double sized issue  
Man of death, man of life  
Only if only  
The cultic captivated mind  
Of nationalism  
Could be saturated with the simplicity  
Of Lenin's image  
So seekers seek  
As true Christians turn the other cheek  
Possessing neither we are blind and bleak  
Infantry man hustle  
Snazzy uniform  
Loud mouth sergeant defiantly declares  
"Today is the day you were born"  
Hear your country call  
While psychopathic narcissists  
Owning multi-national corporations  
Insist  
On dark demise of nations  
More to accumulate  
Unleashing the festering of unbridled hate  
One day the circle shall be complete  
For all total defeat  
Until then  
I'll fight with paper and pen

## **Tricky Traci**

Leering haunted eyes  
Definition of sin  
More than they wanted  
Skin, skin, skin  
Hey sweet heart all-star of the bachelor's night  
Every elegant inch stunningly dynamite  
Licking luscious lips seductively seducing grin  
Mini, mini skirt, inviting one and all in  
Shirt tight soon to be tossed away  
Kit Kat Tiger, roaring, soaring in play  
Lights, camera, satisfaction  
More, more, more, consume each and every fraction  
Triple X rated  
Applauded celebrated  
Groan and Moan  
Focus on alone  
Intimate desire  
Fornicating fire  
Why does the West wind blow?  
From whence do waters come?

# Post Scriptum

## John Kaniecki

**Life is but a show?  
Only to some**

I know a secret little girl  
I can tell a plastic pearl  
Hurt turns a tornado in a twirl  
Not even raw cocaine  
Could ease your pain  
Tempted twisted torn  
Pierced by porn  
See the mirror  
Mascara, lipstick, glow, is it clearer?  
Maybe you kept control  
But you sold your soul  
A perfectly painted picture face  
Devil in disguise  
Sweet little lies  
Fallen from grace  
Life lasts till the end  
You can fake it, but never pretend  
A well paid whore  
Rise soar  
Tricky Traci no more  
Or?

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