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Introduction

Anca Mihaela Bruma

The Autumn of Our Spring

My autumnal words fell on the sidewalk of Love!
You looked like Autumn... I behaved like Spring...
I found you when I had lost you
In this autumn... of our spring.

I re-arranged my rustic colors
so Love might gain a new anthem
with fluid steps and no numb regrets,
forgotten overdue epiphanies,
lost stolen rainbows
and red echoes with tangerine taste.

In this autumn of our spring
with its golden trail and acoustic wings
the season paints its words as a grand finale
while your leaves whisper secrets to the World
and a puff of wind lingers our photographic memories
as journals left and long forgotten on the path's end.

A stolen cry, a remembered loss of innocence,
as my desires hung on Sun's shoulder,
I see a repainted canvas of us
with cycled memories on the hills' canopy.

How sensual this autumn is!
Spiraling its space... tumbling its distance,
prolonged myself by flaming orange leaves.

During this autumn of our spring
my World turned into a September embrace,
October tinted your presence
With blossoming hues of green-orange undertones.

A dreamy dream... an autumnal fugue,
during lost Summer epopee,
and I breathed... with November pulse.

My soul's crimson is ambered and rubied
And I feel... autumned...
I left my cinnamon spice to learn more about your beauty
the citrine embers of your eyes under the raindrops,
watched the cosmic dance on your skin, a whisper in time,
my temple of words still carry a forgotten white procession.

And love again... and again... dawns upon my future self
with rain scented winds, thrumming my life in your heart...

Words still scream the nuances of your disappearances
sailing across my punctuated flight...
Of so much yearning... I have sharpened more wings...

In this autumn of our spring, I will stumble no more
behind your voice... as Life cannot be half sung!...

A stolen cry... a remembered loss of innocence,
and I have learnt how to die... by living!...

Anca Mihaela Bruma

What Rose Wanted

What rose wanted...
to be caressed by many summers
under its eyelids,
where humans
whispered so many breaths...

What rose wanted...
to connect the dots between thoughts
and demystify all in between,
read the abstractions
of the Existence
where time line
does not expire!...

What rose wanted...
to learn and live
in an erotized dimension,
in the shade of a sonata
sung by a seraphic proclamation.

What rose wanted...
to spread a symphony
of Life's lyrical sentences,
like a mute testimony
of andante grazioso.

What rose wanted...
to recite the scent
of rose-colored illusions...
a Debussy in the moonlight,
raising its femininity,
like a perfect symmetry,
within the Eternity!...

Paul Tristram

Dogs

If there's trouble or disaster...
follow a dog.
If there's a way out of danger
that dog will find it.
And a lot quicker and quieter
than anyone else with a nose will.

**Looking Straight Down Her Nose, Always
(She Blames The Very People She's Being Mean To?)**

There is an unnatural fury inside, hippopotamus size.
Cold, murderous stares
from a ridiculously unfair, judgemental mind.
Her little black book is quite fat in size, actually
and is full of victims/punch bags not lovers.
Yes, that's a husband scolded again around her
in several different ways
over several different imaginary offences.
Mirrors are for scowling into
and to be taken on the trot,
for you cannot bend and warp the truth in them
and the eyes are a prison cell to the blackest of souls.

That's The 3rd Time She's Settled This Year

“Well, just look at that, he’s a new one, ain’t he.
She likes the pretty, younger man, doesn’t she.
The last one wasn’t around long after the polish
had worn off but at least there wasn’t all that
police and trouble like the one before him.
Heartbroken and bewildered that poor bugger was
but violence is violence and you can’t be kicking off
like that and be expecting sympathy and the like.
Tanya...have you seen this new one’s motor yet?
...is it blue?...aw, I bet it’s bloody blue and all.
Do you think it’s on that dating site she must be
finding all these fella’s at? ‘Middle-aged Slapper
looking for pretty, young boy. Slim with no sense
at all. Must like leftovers and drive a blue car’
Oooh, you are awful Jackie, laughing at the crap
that comes out of my mouth but I know you’re
all thinking it as well, ya bunch of wicked bastards.
Anyway, here comes the 1A...Linda pass me them
other two Lidl’s bags will you, let’s get some seats
up the back so we can have some peace to gossip!”

Piss & Vinegar

She's filled to the absolute brim with both,
you can hear them boiling and bubbling away
each time she opens up that vipers pit of a mouth
to hiss out vicious blasphemies.
Blames everyone but herself, it's pathetic,
you can't treat people mean and expect to keep them,
no lessons learnt with this one.
She wants vengeance for breaking her own heart,
dominion over other people isn't love, it's wickedness.
Her pretty, colourful bird flew the nest,
broke its bullshit chains and escaped
the day her chickens finally came home to roost.
Now she plots and schemes the downfall
of the one she misses so much,
have him murdered, imprisoned, destitute and broken
if only she could, and believe me, she's tried.
But it never works and Karma
keeps slapping her back harder each time.
Stubbornness and nastiness make the ugliest
and bleakest kind of painting palettes
yet applied daily is the perfect colour for ruining your life.

Beaming With Brilliance

She faced the brand new day,
straight on and confident.
Dressed in bright, gay colours
she walked through the town
towards the coastline
where she planned to write in her diary
and eat marmalade sandwiches.
She decided to stop in Tesco's
to buy a scratch card
seeing as she was feeling so damned good.
It started in the cigarette till queue,
she ignored it at first
but the whispering grew louder,
the giggling more obvious,
the name calling more obscene.
Until that little complicated black cloud
it had taken six months of therapy to remove
came back in seconds
settling down upon her heavy shoulders.
The scratch card mocked her un-winningly
and maybe she deserved that?
Then it started raining
which by now she probably deserved too!
She was pretty sure that it all had something
to do with her Mother not loving her
back when she was only little and delicate.
She caught a bus in the opposite direction
from the coastline after all
and got off outside The Samaritans.
Where the Receptionist told her to take a seat
after smirking at her Alice Cooper eye make-up
and now floppy rain soaked Summer hat.

Kleptomaniac She Is See...No, Not Proper Family...From Up Seven Sisters, Mun!

“No one will have her in the house, you go and visit them
and leave your bloody bag and purse at home an’ all.
She’s a cowing swine, see... have it away in a flash she will.
I’ve only been there twice myself in ten years
...aye, clean enough, I’ll give her that, almost spotless.
I always take our Paul along, the boy don’t miss a trick,
it was him who noticed the pictures on the walls are jigsaws?
No law against it I suppose but it’s never right, is it?
You can buy a picture for a £1.50 in Woolworths, mun
but then again I suppose she’s banned for shoplifting
...she’s from up the Valley’s, married to my cousin’s
daft sodding brother ‘beggar’s can’t be choosers’ and all that kack.
Aye, pens, penny sweets and crap like that, nothing important,
friendly enough if you bump into her over the Main Road
just count your fingers after shaking her hand or you’ll miss a couple!”

There Are Several Different Types Of Unpleasantness And You Look Like All Of Them Wrapped Up In One Stinking Bow

I find myself having to look away.
What is going on inside the human being
that you call yourself? is fascinating.
It's like most of the physical mechanics
are working properly (You can wave
your arms around in anger well enough!)
But there are other important ingredients
missing, a 'Botch Job' so to speak.
I have to squint my way through
your unnecessary quick-fire lies
(and you're not even talking to me!)
All you want to do is 'Take' and 'Hurt'
and 'Control' everyone around you,
yet you're not happy when that's achieved?
I feel like picking you up and shaking you
just to check that there really isn't a soul
in there somewhere but I'm not allowed to.
I'm having less respect for Mary Shelley's
'Imagination' by the day, after all I'm practically
surrounded by the damned things almost constantly.

**I Don't Like You, Not Because I'm A Horrible Person
... But Because You Are, Silly!**

I've seen you stab innocent people
both mentally and emotionally
who were minding their own business.
Sucker punching friendly folk,
cutting kindness to the quick,
and tantruming over pleasantries.
Targeting the happy and contented
then raining trouble and strife
down upon their now ruined day.
Then pointing fingers of accusation
at the freshly, disorientated victims
beneath your 'Little Hitler' jackboot heel
and blaming them for upsetting you?
You are ugly to be around
yet, fascinating to watch from a far.
Just imagine what it must be like
to have to live 24/7 within that skin
of squirming, disgusting fury...
ych y fi, mun... gives me the shivers!

Dan Raphael

A Wolf Walks into a McDonald's

A wolf walks into a McDonald's
No one moves. A black camaro spilling fries peels out of the parking lot. The chase begins.

A wolf walks into a McDonald's.
The 4'10" cashier bolts for the back door, wolf leaps the counter--in two strides his jaws
tear off her left thigh.

A wolf walks into a McDonald's.
Nobody says anything, assuming he's a service dog.

A wolf walks into a McDonald's.
The rent a cop having a late lunch pulls his weapon and tells the wolf to Freeze. The wolf
jumps the counter then out the drive up window, his teeth grabbing the bag from the convertible
drivers lap: 2 Quarter pounders, 2 large fries.

A wolf walks into a McDonald's, steps to the counter, and sets down a baggy, in which is an
order
20 double cheese burgers, no buns no mustard) & a McDonalds gift card. "You're order 319" the
cashier
says. The wolf goes to wait with the other customers; no one tries to pet him.

Here we Go Again

Most years January doesn't have to do much—its reputations enough, every day in the 30s, rain with 20 mile wind from whatever direction you're walking; sometimes the rain polymers branches, cars and streets in cold hard transparency, soaked soil and juggernaut wind bringing down trees and lines, increasing the darkness that should be diminishing: the sun's been up for hours but January won't let it out,

Jan doesn't look at us at all, knows what we're waiting for, so becomes 2 weeks longer—February won't mind, having been the shortest all its life knows what complaining brings, its only reward an extra day every 4 years like a gold star that won't stick to its forehead, February's that long car ride, soon as it begins we're asking is it March yet.

March marches, mars the god of war showing off its new but familiar uniforms this month of sideways rain, month of flowers teased into blossoming then frosted brown by northern winds tromping the calendar line claiming winters over

March has no idea how April got here or who let it in, April so caught in its fashionable reflection. intoxicated by its own promise, it seldom looks outside—why are you complaining, it's April—put on your shorts, dust off your bike and celebrate your way to a terrible cold.

If Jimi hadn't died so young

In this world Jimi Hendrix didn't die at 27 but kept advancing his prowess on the guitar, playing two at once, multiple strings. like chaplin he could do anything he did backwards as well, and sometimes would start a song in the middle and go 4 or 6 different ways from there, ensphering himself and listeners in shifting laminae of sound.

At a show in Philly most of the audience blacked out, several suffered "stroke-like symptoms," two disappeared. With a lawsuit filed by a victim, the government seized Jimi's guitars, the Pentagon volunteering to study the evidence. More guitars were built. More people plugged into hendrix and played guitars several hours a day. No one knew if Jimi was in jail, hiding, or if his playing had opened new dimensions in vibratory time.

Are we still on the same world we started on?
What chords could i make with 9 strings and six fingers?
Reports of others disappearing while Hendrix played, with the feds suppressing the total.
On March 1st a 10 meter tall transparent creature emitting guitar-like sounds shattered a 2 kilometer stretch of the great wall of China, then vanished in a rancid fog.
In paranoid anticipation, music stores quickly sold all their guitar strings.
guitarists cleared music store shelves of strings.

The sun rose with ear splitting feedback surrendering to an arpeggio of random vertebra, nerve triggers ranging from st. vitus to waltz, many unable to drive coz their feet wouldn't stay still. Radios were ignored, no ear buds could keep out the panoply of music, bodies finding new limbs, my feet trading myccorhizally while my suddenly tendriled hair embraces the pollen filled sky, billions of microscopic notes ready to bloom into life-expanding solos, some neighborhoods so thick with music you need neither amplifier or guitar, you and the air collaborating symphonies to take us where we never could be.

The Ocean Makes its Move

as the ocean so
many uncanny forces
the cormorants in the turbulent waves move only vertically
froth for whose effect
air caught between wave and cliff explodes

to follow the waters many paths, a unified chaos,
as the water momentarily thin enough to hint its true color
not thin enough to see its name
on the wheel of depth and saturation

the wings of shadow, hunger, invisible exhaust
flying among, landing between
to slide or hover in, one wing tagging the surface
nothing upside down except the sky
when we cant keep up with the sun
& cant sleep in the light, cant hunt in the heat

foreign grass stabilizing dunes prevents nesting:
the birds cant mow fast enough, cant offer the wind enough feathers
to land like a plow every vector of impact & reflection
represented by a gnat bringing 1 hundredth of a swallow
threading its linear ocean of impact and reflection,
folding and leaning to fall and rise

as the sun keeps its post atomic plasma weave, its chasing something
transit through stationless space, riding the rail woven from star pulls,
intake & output vents wide as from here to pluto, wherever it is today,
something coming so fast you know its already been

The Opposite of Peaceful is Atlantic

where the oceans flooding yin yang,
the monkeys whose compass-tongues always point to salt,
those who never learned to piss down:

when i let go I don't fall
but so many leaves holding our image in their atomized jaws butcher sunlight
and use everything but the cosmic debris, the old wrappers,
songs from sit coms we cant conceive—

down one spiral arm and aerosoled into a thirsty umbrella
whose seed pods become the missing ears of cats & guineas,
evolved limpets convincing us to attach them to our eyes and necks
receiving 400 channels of air, premium atmospheres, the same breath
shaped and flavored into so many menus,

from hands to leafs to slices of bread
grown into cottages yeasting a galaxy of fermentation and breakdown.
from my pants I make half a sailboat; with 3 fish I spur cadres of urban street swimmers
furling into raised beds, inexplicable suspensions

as the rain stays on the ocean,
as many hands and feet launch into freedom as fish

Daniel Y. Harris & Irene Koronas

10 sections from "h.e/s.he scatology in 315 wor./d sec./tions,"

george bataille and mina loy

sovereignty of eroticism transgression at the core sons of aristide baptized in futurism designs lamps to achieve posthumous recognition considers her grandmothers stay to become catholic ecole nationale des chartes archives a librarian r coprology formed around manray autres last plugs for a bohemian circuit to conscript the fugitive flees to mexico to buy the medieval manuscript lordre de chevalerie from a reconstructed poem bereft of stanza grammar prosody and count the numen gropes the numismatic as it friends those scorned by contemporaneity cut from nick and pseudo to gut the destitute archive disappears without a trace in 1919 daughters prizefighting the avantgarde how colossal is gammel resumes the cordial against appropriation fascinated by human sacrifice to found a secret society derived from the greek headless akephalos inaugurate the sacrificial oid unfleshed by rehearsing mogues as indemnity is offered for an executioner shortly before the new world war the eye of a storied histoire de loeil from lord auch literally lord to the shithouse sends the orcque to the toilet to reveal the same tzara mix of paper cutouts and painted flower arrangements brokers kunstlerroman bums the now painfully cliched bowery where her daughters joella and fabienne were already living in his work the eye the egg the sun the earth the testicle impossible blue of noon undertones the much harsher treatment of historical reality fictionalizes her friendship with german surrealist painter richard oelze singular conception of sovereignty expounded there would become an important topic of discussion for the inner bile was diagnosed with cerebral arteriosclerosis argues for the concept of an active base matter that disrupts the opposition of high and low and destabilizes all foundation it defies strict definition and remains in the realm of experience rather than rationalization its deconstruction of the third term creates found sound collage and ugger poesis of schwitters das undbild 1919 staatsgalerie stuttgart junk collages ups death

—Daniel Y. Harris

charles sanders peirce and gertrude stein

willow words blow from trees from landlock countries roof top gardens ocean time though time does not exit by the window or land on sidewalk compositions charles peirce walks where he wants without birds or wind intrusions and gertrude stein starts street conversations about orange dot railroad tracks her parents prominent positions afford worldly trinkets as charles time spares nuggets beneath the surface fish fry friday his mask her bootleg rum roamen intellectual giants did not worry about apples and peanuts or coal or green back wet back high back chairs in living rooms stiff crinoline underskirts bounce from one parlor to another room pretty twittering cocks decorate wall and cushy couches by fireplace friends include emerson picasso pete and sally all those stuffy rooms playing mozart reading longfellow or shciller booky prominence thoughtly took indifference daily deference dandy doily dating body building feminist boot camps he made copious diagrams his mind symbols relate backway alley into harvard while gertrude took a ship to paris she finds art and butter cookies she loves to cook and sew buttons when friends visit she rips bone buttons as souvenir she fills 30 jars full while war rages her come hither paper notice to leave without leaving she cut and paste notes to renoir her portrait hang where nail bends into corner americans call her grandmother experimental their hair in middle on side in between flabbergasting gravitational institutions blabbering while gertrude wrote stream screams scat tunes without being bothered by passerby his onion supper formulates fallibility without lighting a match theres no match for signs and symbols charley eats crackers on his day off sunday talkers his father equates mathematically but charles didnt understand boredom overcomes professional people crush original thought both famous for original sin connects original inscriptions on porcelain plates generational gerty and charley make monday into latrine reality really reasonable rouge never colors either cheeks

—Irene Koronas

charles baudelaire and salome

to tetrarch no less three coins chalcis shlomit derived from the cut root to dance and have no regard the nature of a posthuman beauty with mal flowers blunted modernity of a pissy maudit fleets the captured ephemeral supple and staccato enough to adapt to the lyrical stirrings of the soul dances more than the seven veils of johnthebaptist which when poked is a femme fatal romanized by jewish historians obtain the head you gimpy parnassians as the child of lacustrine cities when belief is rejected despite the severed head of a fashionable trope of findesiecle decadence lustied to exhort a cry the poem as a self referential object pioneering this regarded satan of the bland mediocre pulse of gamey outhouses experience of druginduced states of mind the figure of the dandy his stance regarding democracy and its implications for the individual is the sole focus of mother affection how can the beg be lucra and concupiscence from an old man by the lascivious contortions of her body just around the corner in sympathies contracted by gonorrhea and syphilis gains a stepfather decree to hope for ending his dissolute habits tosses a breast to the poisoned hand names her man request jules massenet in 1881 the opera herodiade in 1892 while rehearsals were underway causes him to be executed when john spurns her affections riding an elephant to the tavern squanders much of it within a few years to compose the incidental music of a bitplayer because antoine mariotte is an asspipe at the montpellier festival to champion delacroix in tune with the future theories he is often sidetracked by indolence you know the gut fuck of you borings angry at the fugitive verses of scat mingles the polite of live on to divide the metamorphosis melancholy corruption and lost innocence to evoke nostalgia and past inti cum no less than legal action to suppress

—Daniel Y. Harris

hebraism and hellenism

which one is higher science the arty practical man or womanly saint or great beings next in line from beginning to bottom line his beginning influenced hellen and hellen initially influenced by hebraism who fashions destiny as one man begins his walk west when hellen ism theoretikos mans his many cultures hellen culture any culture romanticizes glorious unseen beauty references to he to her to them to we to when to then hellen ism regurgitates previous peoples classical kingdoms before one kingdom far far pavilions its own golden wink on our own beginnings in his way hellen persists on wearing tight knots loosened by her insistent light touch rather than intelligence paramounting theater perfectly costumed rhetorics they both force historically magnanimous exhibitions splendid undergarments worn on stage partly finders doing line dances under the moon impregnated by whose birthing who and knowing he practices how to dance the cha cha or the rumba or get down tonight waltz hellen concerns her right side glance during duty days doubt stuffed in buns in vellum envelops passed from hand to mouth her strict conscience about who can tell the difference between input and implements an unease in perfect replication perfectionism in law perfect in science in demands in justifications entwined as one he and hellen are clay footnotes present themes big dreams super humans he man jumpers holy chapters shaved superhumans hellen reasons her ship mates in line in flux in light in dark really real dark powers greater than triumph statues with one arm missing one beginning naked and white itself being he hellens she he him they mahogany hair curl what thoughts we she they us you feed everyone else sits in front of a screen while they are always behind the scene like stacks of books transcribed scribed and kept in volts they persist sist in perfect formal frantic frontal lobe silver earrings

—Irene Koronas

judah loew and mary shelley

the holy roman empire in worms judah gums torah like an autodidact or like wollstonecraft snorting frank in the hills of ostracism in claire claremont the modern day prometheus is born by caesarian section constructs a golem out of clay from the banks of the vltava river and brought to life through rituals and hebrew incantations victor creates a grotesque but sentient creature in an unorthodox scientific experiment galvanism is the contraction of a muscle that is stimulated by an electric current summon spirits from the dead the shem of foreheads falls in love and goes on a murderous rampage electroshocks of the epistolary mocks the scarlet fever of the quickly disappeared soon develops a secret technique to impart life to nonliving matter attic stored when left unhebrewed and stolen from the genizah and entombed in a graveyard in pragues zizkov district when yellow eyes and skin which barely conceal the muscle tissue and blood vessels underneath is saddened by rejection and lust for a double he taught himself to read after discovering a lost satchel of books that he had recited psalms for his safety while he visited the attic and his father was very grave when he descended back to the ground floor he was grotesque and greenred with stretched veineyes burns the cottage in a fit of rage severs the neck of william victor works on the female creature on the orkney islands looks around at some of the shemus sign from heaven to desist might lead to breeding of a race that could plague mankind leaving the corpse to be found where victor lands in ireland east of jerusalem to pulp matter against the ship trapped in pack ice encouraging the crew to push north to dilate upon an idea fantasmagoriana forced to reply with a negative that the law of destruction is the reversal of the law of creation bite

—Daniel Y. Harris

charles darwin and emily dickinson

one difference being darwin singled his name his astronomical instrument peers into the open mouth abyss hanging from hillside rock waiting to be examined on his island prisoner rooms he studies extreme dust motes and crawling creatures never seem to dash from his presence he jails them all into categories he girds them in grid formations parading for his musing unlike emily hidden beneath fascicle threads sewn together images and profundity open her closed bedroom window her stethoscope probe surpasses nightly rides her needle point precision prick butterflies pinned on velvet under glass her whole life dedicated to finding truth truly it is dickinson who came close to moats and dead skin while darwin concludes animal metaphysical deliriums after long days and years alone emily knows darwin guesses how his ape like stance from all four footed notes we dare not challenge evolution until we read her poems her poems evolve evolution happens in tight woven wordy dash lack licks his assonance turns all nouns into verbal challenges in this way this same space spares past coconuts rolling across continents like dough ray me birds walking across grass pecking suckling seeding worms plunder everyday deadly lack luster blue insect webs caught by scientist who deconstructs all their work done by being with tiny palette paper pen ascribed dictations dickinson stayed home darwin stuck to rock rock rock rock rock of ages sing to thee for we privilege puritan rebellious actions behind closed doors her masturbation maturity clicks his summations that all must believe oh how emily ruminants how he slugs us over and over again and again tree squash disciples think not think previous paramours on deck her innate smile wondering off into prehistoric line breaks we differ slightly slant her light his light shadows on concrete dogmatic skip to my lou replacements said to enhance the next generation raps its knuckle head nuclear

—Irene Koronas

yahweh and asherah

to begin as an epithet for el in the bronze pantheon biled to smote snatches the consort from a gloss and the hideous blunt barreled glock 179 millimeter semiautomatic with wacky ugarit reeled out of the room in miasma of cordite gave her high rank in the fetal theogony of circa a mere parasang from yehud medinata attached by elastic string wars are written drawn to chalk ectoplasm or winged chariot besides votaried self transcendence he lures the lips of her cultic formula those antifungal delousing solvents linked to weather divinities if the land of shasu and the land of yhw are a troubling guy with a long cigarette filter and large collection of woman shoes the queen of heaven makes cakes do not provoke her anger with colostomy bags and projectile vomiting to trade for a spare kenite suppurating sores and all levels of enfeeblement and impulse control to ruin damage canaan on the tag and way too much holy sperm two are the scribal blur voiced pharyngeal consonant ʕ lives the deadeye watch of softcore indicating the lack of lack the kind the compassionate the creator of creatures stoked by gratitude and generations of incinerating bones from where he presides over the assembly of the gods with asherah as his consort just watch his jet feces off the shower tilting sport of skulking back and starting to inhale the seventy sons of athira agency could come up with scrub for next to nothing for a smack of executive power to fix the boundaries of the peoples according to the number of divine beings fucked by unprepared goals of attainment trauma from the first propositions of implosion is his people jacob his allotted heritage and took the last dependent clause the double partner the revolved acrostic pop of there is none like god o jeshurun israel dewimpled for the eyed fever of direct ascent

—Daniel Y. Harris

charles bukowski and sappho

bukowski wrote poems by the thousands hundreds of short stories and six novels over sixty books he was born heinrich karl bukowski 1920 1994 died broadly boozing his way to fame his women and gambling poems sloshed down everyday people's throats pleased his audience his often vomit on stage too much whiskey swearing randomly people loved his outrage his leftover soil undershirt ability to make love with classy women telling all his escapades bets placed on dogs running to win horses gallop light bulbs twitter dirty bedroom on main street signs blinking all night someone waits to get laid by his verbal turn on tongues main stream life but he never shuts his need to slap around beer and broads his wives can attest to that in that sappho wrote love poems in ancient greece scholars click coins on street corners looking for artifacts to rob distant lands which seem as open as vagina monologues her pornographic depictions always remain in small spaces written and spoken in classrooms teachers creaming their pants her lovers were her and she was her own lover when loving she stuck two fingers into we know only fragments about her lascivious life her own poetry was born 620 bce or a little earlier some suggest she killed herself by jumping off the leucadian cliffs for love of phaon a ferryman perhaps invented by the comic poets or originating from misreading a first person reference in a nonbiographical poem her legend may result in part from a desire to assert sappho as heterosexual by some and homosexual by others which ever camp she is placed in her poems head for the boudoir just as bukowski remains ordinary so too sappho remains an academic mystery to be solved and consumed licked and dressed for who is smartest and who is redundant metaphorical laplap lap lap dancing their way into the whole society

—Irene Koronas

jack the ripper and mata hari

margaretha geertruida squads a firing squad with her frisian lips rips his vigil is in the whitechapel district the analyst joke the leather apron of skirts the purple scarves of espionage throats cut prior to abdominal mutilations lusk eating half of the organ sori i send you half of mr visser tother pirce i fried and ate the bloody knif that took a standardized register did not exist in 1897 poisoned by an irate servant catch me if you can to preserve a human kidney taken form my third victim bleeds the canonical five poisoned a supper to kill her artist model of removed ovaries jack inserts a blunt object into her vagina rupturing her peritoneum wearing a jeweled bra and arm rings sexed in a bodystocking 39 stab wounds throat severed by two cuts the lower part of the abdomen was ripped open by a jagged wound scarf of poles then begins to opine exhibitionism the uterus removed by a dark haired man of one among the shabby genteel links torture to seduction never neutral to see the wait and see of agent double clearcut incision which severs the main artery on the left side of the neck during the attack of no witness the other dark side of place and waste ripped open by knives broken by the french in the british room 40 spy codename h21 mata hari arrested in her room at the hotel elysee palace because the high cut skirt truants throat severed heads down to the spine the abdomen emptied of its organs with a removed heart eviscerated by the hack invites the unattended road kill of the future queue inventing the 20th century in 1888 double agent at the savoy hotel causing the death of over fifty thousand soldiers but first the ripper 5 mutilants mary ann nichols annie chapman elizabeth stride catherine eddowes and mary jane kelly

—Daniel Y. Harris

edgar allen poe and muriel rukeyser

dead book promotions model modern emotional air strikes stand behind placard rituals golden
pleat kick skirt rifle range air orgy in drunken darkness speed defends whoever deciphers dunce
popularity despises clitoris despises penis and cut into cunts despise childhood resurrection
mutilations silent voice suckles her breast her surf covert speech unspools democracy jagged
cartoons contour her life additions require dipping cloth into vats originally ancient green an easy
color for them thrown into ancient mixture their yellow star plants marigold cast into iron walls
medieval tapestry forests royal blue floret the fly between new york and baltimore both drop in
drop out drop dead posters march macabre romance paddles science on the ass two actors dead
dead dead dead on track spot speckle raven screech sober years on drugs and alcohol his moldavia
house depression intense brainstorm preempt melancholia laying on some couch being fanned by
ancient redundancy insipid inspiration sweeps disorder under her ancient relaxation a bloody
outrage staggers communal coma their pop in hot oil compromise ferments forever ancient
descriptions impossible thick resolve sinks preexisting winner goblins toast mediocrity on this side
boredom on each university seat faken notice papers uniform inform rules index ignoramus people
line up for free toilet paper for performance perfect for wait lets catch glimpse rich ancient
language when chaos chaos chaos lifts horror off the page all sort of horror stars left creases they
press steeple rules marshal disobedience fills hampers with boiling air vessels bleed evidence
against brush and cunt over the rainbow street smart troupers parade for several days violet grieves
her memoirs exact generation breaks open close gauge syntheses synthetic wings rapid procession
requires new token madder and indigo belief as ancient as ancient can spit blank verse poe and
muriel beyond sea grass ultramarine squeeze smooth salty sound suggests certainty is never a
sunny day slap by ancient rulers those bastard number crusaders

—Irene Koronas

A. D. Winans

BACK FROM AN MRI

brain scan, I listen
to a Miles Davis album
Black Hawk San Francisco
1962 where a young Latina
and I grooved on the vibes

Here at home
jazz in my head jazz in my bed
jazz waking up the dead
Miles, Charlie Parker, and Lester Young
serenade an army of poets sitting
on my bookshelf

T.S. Eliot playing the banker

Walt Whitman walking the battlefields
Williams Carlos Williams suturing wounds
Kaufman walking the streets of New York
Juggling a "Golden Sardine"
Blake playing cards with God
Lorca playing Russian Roulette
Micheline dancing with Mingus
Gary Snyder building word bridges
and suddenly I'm not alone anymore
the words falling like soft rain
in a winter green garden

UNDER THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON

like pulling a wisdom tooth
like an outbreak of shingles
I sit here lost in the attic of my mind

the fog rolls in
slips through the crack
of my living room window

born at home premature
under the light of a full moon
I walked the jungles of Panama
fed off Beat Mania in North Beach

Shaman poets sang in my ears
under a bed of stars
young women with dresses
that clung to firm thighs
damp dark cavern
wet as morning dew
peach fuzz dinner
drew me in devoured me
like quicksand

the sweet fragrance of the past
swirls inside my head
mates with comrades long dead
as I walk back into my birth
work my way through
the sound of water
the wind sharp as a knife
propels me toward my destiny

my boyhood gone
like an old jalopy used-up
rusting in an auto junkyard
I head toward
the comfort of the now
nailed to the cross of the past
in the language of the present
with no words to light the fire
as I carry the memories like
a mountain climber with
a heavy backpack

vague memories of my mother
singing me to sleep
and the chill of waking
the tongue of dawn cold as ice

the hawk sweeps down for the kill
a dog howls at the moon

a cat yawns in boredom
the universe draws a new boundary line
fragile as a new born child

the monkey rides the master's back
the coo-coo bird moves backward
into the clock
fearful police lock and load their guns
black boys moving targets
in the night

voter suppression laws
to keep the voting down
southern barbecues
with rednecks hungry
for black boy stew

gone the passion of revolution
sell out satisfaction
to the status quo
the night hound of death
stumbles into the day
the rich roasting the poor
like a pig on a spit

labor unions turned
into mannequins
the war machine money makers
fuel the cash register
with the blood of our youth
no guilt no shame

the Roman senate proceeds unabated
turn out gladiators
like machinery parts
endless parades marching bands
waving flags played out
like a Disney Land production

slaves without chains
government without representation
this nation of criminal politicians
the ghost of Custer rises
like a creature from the lagoon
creeps through the night
like a faceless Santa Claus
with a bag of Indian scalps
Allah competes with the Pope
for the rights to the head of Jesus
beheaded by ISSA barbarians
back from a night of slaughter
as the congregation stumbles
like a drunk into the future
carved out in the hands
of a gypsy fortune teller

as I wait out the night hours
in solitude
shut out the demons of insomnia
like a faulty night light switch
the holy of the unholy money exchangers
make and pass new laws
laws that feed on the bones
of the poor and blue-collar worker
a future where animals
turn into animal crackers
and wingless birds hop frantically
around the dinner table
with carving knives in their breasts
serve themselves up as holiday feast
the angels occupy the cheap seats
at Yankee Stadium
God sends down a bolt of lightning
dismayed at the flawed diamond
he created in his image

PIGEON FEATHERS

Holy men on every street corner
Selling fake myths
Nuns in white robes with virgin toes
And mushroom dreams
Inside their loins

I'm being stalked by
Dick Tracy look-a-likes
With flat feet and bug eyes
The wolf's eerie howl
Haunts my dreams

TV evangelists pickpocket
My empty wallet
My one good eye
Photographs the crime scene
The police lineup consists
Of six pygmies and a ham sandwich
That the grand jury refuses to indict

Ladybugs ride on the wings of butterflies
On a one-way trip to Never Land
The warm breath of the sun
Cast in bronze
Like a poet's prophetic tongue
Lost in a funky damp cave

God wanders the Universe
Carries Jesus piggyback
On his way to a Madonna concert

The Holy Ghost confiscates my dreams
Holds me for a ransom I can't pay
The insatiable night eats my thoughts
I've become a one-legged
Tight Rope walker without
A safety net

My poems turn into pigeon feathers
Fly off with the wind

Gary Beck

Snapped

Eruptions of despair
frequently followed
by violent outbreaks,
sometimes calculated,
sometimes spontaneous,
all surprising the unprepared
with terrifying assault,
destructive rampage,
shattering the lives
of helpless victims.

Surprise, Surprise

Tourists and locals
walk the streets
enjoying early Spring,
never expecting
the sudden eruption
of a deranged soul,
who cannot contain
seething madness
and detonates
on harmless passersby,
just seeing the sights.

Tranquilizer

Music peals in a city park
people stop to listen
forgetting for the moment
loss of jobs,
worries about money,
personal problems
briefly swept away
by soothing music,
diverting the troubled
from their burdens.

New Tourists

On Manhattan streets
the tourists roam
seeking bargains
not found at home.
They come from many lands
confidence abounding
as Americans,
used to be,
condescending
to the servile natives
eager to provide
goods and services
in exchange for dollars,
yet always resentful,
finally paying us back
with arrogant Euros.

Choices

Disruptions to routine
startle, check, dismay
the unprepared
for sudden interruption
of comforting habits.
Assurance shattered,
response mechanisms
issue behavior patterns
that may or may not
avert the crisis.

Vernon Frazer

Delivering the Music

the postmark that got away
replied no sending firm attached
or matter

to the subway
stationed at last roll
blithely to oblivion

*

aiming at the train stop
no message detached
ambience in card charade

patio affirmation a reflux insurgent
no aromatic emblem attacked
the gastric epitome

*

no disincentive urgently packing
to stay

a while
packet surges
ahead destroying
the track
least afforded

*

reaching digestive entropy
the rage in the gut dispersing

lettered pages
of leather intention

silver studs
left there for the beating to dry

before

the hand played

on

the frayed cuffs

a

melody cleverly left

as origin

and destination

Dying Legends Living On

hippie seeks future cliques
for dealer pains lost in rumors

shattering hurdle raptors

when fall's receding
thorn coiled reflexes
hatching

a charioteer chaser stamping hard

*

no transforming carapace repose

horizons buzz
horoscope cashing
the tragic barb stated

transit cadet
breaking the primordial ringmasters
wailed cants capturing condiments

tinted a gladiatorial green

*

leg engravers leveled reciprocity
revenues unsettled
the rumor retired

elation lasting the shattering
detonates cans plating emotions
revenue

beyond straining the parkways
the dandy desists
its costly baffling

*

heating for the thrill
reaped independence before noon
paranoiac advisors the pundits

in distortion skid
over remount advisors
rumor refutes transition

concealed
to condition revival passing

before parking the legacy groan

Critical Mast

curb your hermetical duck
longing where a stronger seals the delivery
boast a pervasive nuance shreds

the thoroughbred molecular
stronger than anecdote reprisal shifts
vernacular sealants close

to cling to deadened entries
on the flagpole mastiff undeclared
a creaking pandemonium

cradled its rustling surrogates
the hourglass reeled a pilfered catch
later released as turbulent

whether or not the snatcher
comes riding through spectacular pursuit
across the vivid memory tanks

elongation matters preface
truculent metaphorical surcharge meters
affixed to rhetoric plungers

under a carcinogen's fleet
or paddled felt hunger when boiled
to belong as a coastal fate

Judy Katz-Levine

Sober

If it were a question of morality, the born trees would quiver in rain.
But it is only a mask, an acrobat
of evil, tumbling down the blood river.

Nothing remembers like the memory of pain, slaughter of the reeds by
the cars that are blind.
A time of giving one's identity to the high wires, the stilts that
break.

If it were a question of goodness, mumbling in the rooms, the eclipsed
faces would mourn. But it is
only a spider dancing on the rim of luck, promoting itself like an
advertisement for sugar.

Left to our alienated thoughts, we are sober as tornadoes whistling a
mile away.

Remembering A Massacre

unable to quench this lost sapling
the whisper as obsidian waves collide
a brother somewhere hears a bell
because war is anguish beyond
the unnameable prayer eases as light trembles
causes us to see hands that grasp
those fallen are thought of second upon second
the blood flowing down walls
we become knowing of those casualties
breathless and as the dark rises a woman in silence
unable to find in sequestered rooms
the brother the lost sapling the blood the light

To Taste The Light

We open our mouths to taste the light.
Light that comes from a broken smile.

We remember chasms and how we
crossed torn bridges.

Here we are, tentative footing
on shale and gravel paths.

Sparrows rise over
the barely perceptible nod.

Our eyes sometimes meet, open
the door for the wounded.

A word flares like a pepper on the tongue.
A fiery text ignites us.

There Are Some People

There are some people
who come from a different past.
They hold their hands over their beautiful faces.

A red rain comes
and with it come strips of cellophane -
cellophane and silver ribbons hang from the branches of oaks -
ripped by snowstorms
bending branches blustering gusts
and the red droplets and the hands
that pick up bones, buttons, strands of white linen.

I was there, once, and saw
the hands that held the future
behind the spruces -
a man runs
his hands his heart
his feelings making faces in the dust

Irsa Ruçi

He rises the time

In the field where his mother laboured
He paced each day
Every time he faced the sun, said his prayers
Looking into her eyes;
His sister came after, playing
With her brother's longing
Reciting with infant words
And the three of them smiled; ...smiled
With the voice of time echoing
Their path
... A path filled with light!

He bowed to receive his mother's blessing
Feeling the wrinkles in his mother's hands
On his soft hair
And on his manly forehead raised by her kisses...

He sensed the scent of the earth just like his mother's
That's why he laid every evening under a tree
With the sun in his soul, singing to life...

Shine

I.

Hear to the cicada's song, my dear, hear it
Some words they mutter to spring
And feel their whisper to the leaves
To the mornings' dew
So tell me:
Was this world made to be savage?

II.

Oh, what sins did we give to this earth
So that our own tear weighs in powerless
At traces that froze in oblivion
The lost sinner
We...
Guardians of Hope

III.

One day we will get away
In a path there's no coming back
For sure I'll carry behind only regret,
Why we weren't enough in this greedy world?
And the forgiveness
We were eager to get it
When one day even our soul we'll see it
Stripped from our bodies.

IV.

O tell me that nothing is true
That the poet's words are thatch stalks
That would be fired by one single match
And I, my last line I'll give to the Human;
For he prays in the sin's mercy
And in his life never lied to himself

My last line I'll save it for the Human...

Recreation of perfection

When you talk to the stars, the night holds its breath
When you hush, it's life which chants for you
When you sleep, this earth stops going around
Because in dream's eternity you lay, hidden...

When you contemplate, the sky is ceasing the rain
When you smile, the air turns into a metaphor
Your sight makes even snow melt
While sun forgets that has to set

When you breathe, roses blossom in every season
When years pass by, time halts its clock
Yours eyes challenge the nature
In an instant this icy world turns into blazing fire

Tears are blended in the mornings' dew
Not compassionate to flood towns or cities
I have just one question to break the silence
O who made that smile for you...?

Gravity

Names written like absence, time is left with no remained
The future is like an infant, dandled in dreams
With the taste of the past
That often frightens after cries in the sleep.

No more rain from the skies, pains are raining
The rain falls from the eyes
Suffocated in loneliness, in the denial form
Rebelle for the light that for so long
We see it
Westley.

Streets are empty path of events
The aging steps weigh more,
Than nothingness, in bare footedness
Prophecies read in the palm of the hand
Like suffering is read in wrinkles...

Epochs who give birth to dessert, nothing to remember
Despite the formless noise
Like the scream within a room
No objects
That echoes
Echoes
Till the repetition of itself...

Then there is silence;
Silence that weighs more than any word.

Ann Howells

Everything but the Squeal

Mother's lips were thin and painted scarlet,
her kiss sweet with wine, as if we three
were little pigs, and she the dark-haired wolf,
slavering and predatory. She (dis)counted us:
one to market, one to have roast beef,
one to have nothing at all. Jiggety-jig.

What is the first lie I remember? I trace
its outline with my finger. Fishhook buried
deep in muscular memory. No need, now,
for extraction, barbs pushed forward
through skin pearly scar-white,
tough, shiny, slick.

She complained, *A child is a pig in a poke*,
and we soft-shoed on high-arched trotters,
rooted with upturned snouts, spun knotted tales.
Our house of straw was blown awry, our house
of twigs trembled under wine-scented breath.
We learned to listen for the huff and puff.

Guilty Pleasures

Following last night's storms
Don Juan roses splash color,
crimson to almost black,
against weathered grey fencing.
Lily clumps splay narrow leaves,
tangle in all directions.

I loosen moss rose
sprung between patio bricks:
tease each taproot free,
replant in a finger-pressed hole,
strawberry jar's vacant pocket.

My blue-rimmed plate holds
bosc pear, wedge of brie,
small bone-handled knife.
I sip young Riesling
poured from a bottle

the exact cobalt shade
of perfumes on mother's dresser.
I hear her thin-lips now:
Digging is for laborers;
eating outside is for tramps.
She approves neither
gardening or picnics.

Talisman

Today, a man
and a monkey, both wearing jeans,
wait for a bus. And chairs,
like Christmas ornaments,
dangle from branches of an oak.

Yesterday,
after fourteen months,
he found the bullet. Not in the chair
he'd poked and prodded
but across the room.

The psychologist prods:
Does that bring closure?
How does it make you feel?
Weary of talk, he screams, *Screw you,*
slams out.

Like the monkey at the bus stop
and the tree of chairs,
the bullet,
however much he wants it to,
doesn't change his life.

It passed through her body;
with thumb and index finger
he fondles it—a tenuous connection.
He's memorized
every curve and ridge.

Darren C. Demaree

WHEN MEN TALK ABOUT SAM COOKE

The slant is freezing
& the silence that follows
after the songs stop
playing, after we hear
just how prideful he was
& important during

the movement's first progress
of the sixties, what comes
next is always nothing;
they've fleshed him out
just enough to be shot
with great mystery.

Nickel to a dollar, those
men will name the women
Sam Cooke mounted
as a flap of character,
as an ornery way to clap
him on the back

for being Sam Cooke
& I, to join the chorus
first made a list of the women
he ruined during the process,
how they struggled, how
they died to leave

those children behind
with their own parents.
He tortured these women
with short visits
& tremendous promises
& that voice they could always

hear on the radio, so powerful,
so soothing, but two and a half
minutes was all he was good for.

L.C. COOKE

It's the less famous brother's job
to explain the design of the trophy
he claimed as his connection

to actual greatness. I can tell you
how he did it the man will say
& I can tell you why I didn't

he will say. They are always so struck
by their ecstatic relative, that they
are only strong enough to carry a casket.

SEDUCING ARETHA FRANKLIN

He had the other Soul
Stirrers watching the door
in case Reverend Franklin

found out which room he
& Aretha were in, sitting
on the bed, negotiating

her young landscape
& those brothers did their job
when Rev found the right room

they moved him on, despite his anger,
but to hear that voice, that tone
so close to her shot at intimacy

with Sam must have been
just enough brakes to calm
the loving sequence. He could

have been quick with her,
but nobody, nobody thought
you should rush a girl

that could do the things
she could do. She was all
syrup. She left sugar behind.

Post Scriptum

Anca Mihaela Bruma

The Geometry of LOVE

Love squared by Love
rounding each edge,
geometrizing each ends
equalizing its alphabets,
circling its triangles.
Infinitesimally surrounding
transitory planes and lanes
within our pyramidal silences,
giving new lines and directions,
intersections of re-constructions
compasses and conjunctures
within rebellious Mathematics
Endless rounded prismatic longings
leaving behind the theory of angles
rising trigonometry of the hearts
forgetting about scientific breaths
inside seven circles oscillating harmonies
Love squared by Love
converting the Word into ART

orbiting among infinite number of points
till can be found just a line between me and you
galactically entangled, universally connected
with simplified distraction, amplified seduction
sometimes equivalent, sometimes equidistant
and the sum of the cosmic Algebra in two hearts.
Love squared by Love
in perpendicular stars and parallel moons
crossing the lines in algorithmic dances
and waves of psychedelic sensations,
kabbalistic stardust hologram inceptions
rhythmic complexities and elastic canvas.
Neither perimeters nor cross-sections,

neither postulates nor heart formula
when I am blue and you are green,
answers not to be based on x-y-z coordinates
or figure-ing out to be even
but ever-being presently present!
Love squared by Love
applied symmetries and Platonic shapes,
an amalgamation of binaries and analogues

sometimes with no common denominators,
no obtuse views but endless Mandelbrotian spirals
where human is able to accept a simple deviation.
Love squared by Love
embracing your concavity into my convex world,
summing up the trigonometry of our cosmic hearts
As LOVE tangles between two dots...
Love!
Not a mundane Geometry!

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