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Medusa, Medusa’s Hairdresser and Lois Lane Make Love

Invisible in
the story I find
my soul, Lois,

breaking fake news:
hot flash for Lois Lane so see-
through, she’s naked
enough, as

superman zooms in
to her stained-glass window
gadzooks-a-klutz, batman
roll-over, hide under
the divan! homeopathic
kryptonite in his kiss

so many colors broken
on her floor of shards, Lois
in army high heels always
yet, duck-colored rainboots in the
shape-shift,
sandals of a trillion-ish
sacred cows;
the constellation Medusa
lights up the sky,
time to get down….
to dirt;
she stops to schmear on
twenty-four-hour
titanium lipstick,
such a girl,
snakes a-braid in
her updo, ruby tongues

tucked under the mask-wig;
she has glued to her brain
to hide the rising

serpents, her super-power
under the baseball cap, too,
she needs no super dude,

no testosterone cocktail
cloak to sweep her moon-ward,
pen-goddess, gun-free,

Lois has made outrageous love to
Medusa and her hairdresser; bad
blokes turn to stone,
willies and all!
superman slams shut his peepers …

Mountain Rushmore
grows a set
of ovaries
in her yin heart,
which was always there…

a new planet
gives birth to herself.

10-5-6-17
JÓZSEF BÍRÓ

BENARES

chase a goat  away
- blood – red ribbon on its  neck  -
you will heal  ont he third day
D SP SS SS D ... YET ... VERY ... R CH

( - to Edith - )

... casts ... gold ...
: SUN ... ornates ... with silver ... : MOON
... : - you shine ... : LOVE - : ...

SUN ornates with silver, casts gold, you shine LOVE.
HANGANG

( - to Pang, Hyo-Sung - )

… looking at the river …

- just in making SEOUL dance -

: BUDDHA watches
HERITAGE OF KOREA

( - to Park, Byoung - Uk - )

shad' – grown – SOUTH ... weeps
... grieves the ... NORTH ... : tear’ – ...
– dew’ ... : lightening up
FLUX
( - to Francis van Mael - )

he surrounds himself
... with his wings heavy from ...
crystall thorns
... immersed in ...
a barrel of burning pitch
... up to the middle of his forehead ...

- ... / - __________________ :
gazing in an imaginary mirror
LETTER’S FRAGMENT FROM NEVER – LAND

( - to Roi Vaara - )

there is no / – ...
there is not sense in all this / – ...
it is meaningless / – ...
this is all nonsense / – ...
there is nothing to do / – ...
there is nothing to be done / – ...
there is no help / – ...
you can’t get blood out of a stone / – ...
where nothing is nothing can be had / – ...

destitution / – ...
penury / – ...
necessarily / – ...
nugatory / – ...
... / – ...
... / – ...
... / – ...
...
a child castigated into nervous breakdown
    I got used to the unbearable
    :: thereisnonononono escape

as an adolescent thrown out to the streets
    I finally realised
    :: from now on I can rely on no-one

as a late – grown – up young adult
    I really understood
    :: „ I have no mother or father “

around my fourtieth spring
    I painfully noticed the fact
    :: myfriendsarenotsomanyasthoughtearlier

after leaving the fifth – ✗
    I had to swallow my choking tears
    :: Idonthaveadaughteranymore – sheiswasonly

reaching
    the sixtieth year of my life
    :: the apple the coin fell down

:: actu ally
    - ( pro per ly spea king ) -
    :: I don’t even exsist
Steve Stone

the life of him

It was the last of his life the lone kernel of sunlight, the magic over the manic; there were no clouds, only a slow mist from the cradle scenes and falling branches.

In the bone-dry expanse of afternoon it came all together, a bending of past light on the surface of his eyes and doom held firm its mirror to his face; but the sun rose as usual, the planets kept to their bailiwicks; a seed of hope held itself to him; in the evening he would find himself again; grateful for a cool wind as if it were the last unbind Prometheus and he will tell you everything
If eternity gets to be too much for you;
if life without the ceiling of finality breaks you into a sweat

remember you are not alone, nor the stars, nor the worlds that lie out there somewhere that keep the secrets of nothingness and being and being-not;

if a whale of a sky gets caught swimming in itself,
if the drunken mess of earth proves a waste of blue and green; so little gold can show through;
maybe you can
swim at tides,
your coming-and-

going recorded
for the would-be
eternity

∞

or an age of half-
life history, counting
itself out, spot by
spot in the bare
night, soporific in
its lengthy voice, a
hastily drawn, lying
on its side, crazy

∞

(feel the power growing)
Gary Beck

Thoughts

I do not know
when death will come
because I cannot see
the final moment
before eternity.

Let those I love
not mourn for me
for I received more
than I hoped for.

A few will miss me
I hope not for long,
since I cannot help them
as they go on.
Santa Convention

Shortly before christmas
hundreds of celebrants
dress in Santa suits
and go from bar to bar
drinking, socializing,
most having a good time,
too many falling down drunk,
puking their guts on the street,
passing out in doorways,
collapsing on the sidewalks
for children to see
the squalor of Santa.
Lost Soul

We stagger through life without purpose, plan, lurching forward haphazard as the storm devoured by wanting, unable to control wrathful appetite, devoid of service to a greater cause, still trapped in worship of the golden calf.
Purchase Prod

Somehow
without conscious choice
we have succumbed
to giving gifts
for the sake of gifts.
Parents run to buy
dolls, video games, action figures,
without considering
if there should be
other priorities,
as the temples of acquisition
chant, buy, buy, buy,
spend, spend, spend,
regardless
of what we can afford.
A Toast

I watch the old year wind down
from the comfort of my living room,
color tv showing the crowd
cold but cheerful, exhilarated,
waving for the cameras.
I sit on the couch,
champagne glass in hand,
sipping the minutes away
until the count by celebrants
tells me the old year is over,
although I feel no different.
Mark Young

Whatcha watching?

Either an antitank unit in cool machine-washable cotton or a long rope marked with cloth & leather strips to indicate various depths, both tested & approved by the US Navy in clear violation of the twin sibling principle, would normally be activated on your screen, but the location you have just marked is currently suffering from a bout of bronchitis so in any saver featuring bungee jumpers (man &/or animal) leaping from a bridge or high tower, the jumpers won’t bounce back up.
Round One

An elephant has appetites.

So, too, the mouse. So, too,

the butterfly that floats &

the bee that stings. Early

sighting on recently intro-

duced tv. 
/Slave name/

Cassius Clay whups Sonny

Liston with a single punch.

Long memory an elephant

has. Appetites.
A / list poem / of poem titles

Get / great savings / on your reservation
a thin collagenous investment
long walks at the beach

A return to a hunter-gatherer society
Featuring women dancing
the shape of the cell tail

ceramic beads
putting the thrills in no-frills
a note from an anonymous university chaplain

Six degrees of continuous disclosure
Completing the sequence
Avoid lifting the boat
Thought transference

I wake up with two voices in my head. One, a pure tenor, is singing "America the beautiful;" the other is Maxwell Smart saying "Good thinking, Ninety Nine."

A baby gecko clings to the ceiling. I know how it got in, through the small gaps around the air-conditioner. But how did these other things enter?
I sight; eyes, right?

I am attentive to detail, so much so that I have sat at this or one of the other sidewalk tables for two years now, & have only just seen that the small street that borders the café & runs down towards the river has both a sign post & a name.
The Division of Surplus

We are not that hip to Hindi, but know that the Tantras teach there is a Lingam within each Yoni. It is not so much a collection of strokes, but a series of phases of intention evolved from a convenient same-sex marriage of peace comics & security spiders. The Yoni does not do the slow train with no seat routine.
PSYCHE’S WARD

We are between our selves
cornered rats in a trap.
we hear you through distortion
with our waxed ears, cataract eyes.

They want nothing we can deliver them
but not to you. Whoever you are
books become grandiose prison bars
which I dare not cut through.

From afar my dull ears hear
the sound of children
diving as far as they can go
not hit rock bottom yet.

Those who aspire grow tentatively
through the fog, smoke and bog gas
enumerating on fingers and toes
how many leaves will be lost
in the autumn of our years.
THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

And on my mendicant rope bridge
I prayed to a God they thought he'd been;
they hacked at the ropes
while I was half way across
the chasm
when my guide fell to his death

I strung on after the cliff clash
and sought the crown he was wearing
like pun Peter Pan taking over the church
I deliver my testimony blind and in a sack
the skull of he who would a Lord be.

Never again will I look higher
than my eyebrows
though in meditation
let tears fall.
**AVERSE**

This dun jute sack zipped up with
Aeolius' winds inside me pop
mockingly near killing your self-created titan
with the eagle daily pecking out your
yellowed marbled liver
for delivering fire to the literati
jaundiced, eating away your timeless cant
flawed, flutttering yellowed calendar dates
flying off a nail mocking time
driven by practice and theology.

Do I bear witness to my own account
or trace a thought of a rage against
you for your pedestalled stand
waiting for tomorrow's beak's bite?

I blame Mercury's retrograde path
for this vent and taking you to task.
INSPIRATION

If I could write lines
as sleek and supple as
our cat, sure, balanced
and perfectly formed,
striking without excess,
effortless and neat,
alighting on the point
softly and delicately,
on such measured feet ...
YOUR SKIRT ON THE LINE

Now flapping like a flag of truce in the warm breeze, that skirt was surely the one I slid over your knees with a tremor in my hands that night, as I spread you gently like a boy about to pin the rarest butterfly, easing her wings apart.
THE POOL

I can still almost feel
the light breeze
beside the warm pool
on that welcoming night
as we sat on the low wall,
you with your legs
clasped under your
new skirt, and gazed
together into the water
in shared delight
at the image we made,
until the breeze
took it away
and we moved on
for other lovers
to take their turn.
I COULD HAVE

I could have married a girl like that tree out there: stolid and the same each day; but I found a maiden like the wind in its leaves; now light, now firm; now this way, now that. Every day a puzzle and delight.
(To John Donne)

Airy valedictions cannot span this bridge in time
What’s mine is yours, what’s yours is very definitely mine.
We both can hear the quiet roar of our own new found land
As time drifts to a stop and as we focus near and far
We no longer stand amazed at the hollow rancour of public life
And have no more time for the mere indulgences of strife.
We look too much upon these empty places, the sands
That have run out, sans mistress, husband, lover, wife.
Faces that bloomed at noontide fade like a plangent song
Sung as we leave the stage with ne’er a whisper of regret
To walk into eternity with the all grace the less deceived
Can muster, as leaves turn golden at this late turning of the year.
And now those twin compass points of greed and fear draw near
Then, quite suddenly disappear: a point upon a circle, a tear upon a face.
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