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Something was waiting inside.

Maryella had remembered the furniture; it fit just right in the room. It matched the feeling of the street; north of the mission.

She had arranged the cello against the wall and intended to play it.

The same way she had played it for her husband.

He had died shortly after their last visit to the desert; a sudden heart attack.

She walked to the café and met Harry, who was still in love with her, and ordered a sandwich and her coffee, which she drank on the street, holding the sandwich in her hand.

The apartment was still fresh in her mind; the white room, and the chest of drawers.

Over the roof she could smell the sea. You could always smell the sea here.

A car was traveling very fast down Van Nuys; it careened through the intersection, burning rubber over the asphalt before disappearing around the bend.

Sirens lit up and followed it after she had swallowed her coffee. Harry brought her the sandwich and she called her friend Elizabeth who had promised to make her dinner to welcome her back; she didn’t like Elizabeth but had no other friends, not after Brian had died.

After lunch she tried to play; she held the bow in her hands and stared into the alley below her window. Pigeons were muttering on the fire escape. The light was perfect; a filmmaker’s light. She always wondered why more films weren’t made in San Francisco.
Brian’s face in the tent hovered over her mind, in the bright orange womb they had constructed for the desert, where she had done her music and he had watched her.

When she had been twenty-one she had met him at a concert. She had known there were – what was it exactly? Future premonitions.

She gave up and drove to the gym, playing some of her recordings on the stereo, looking for the right place to insert something new.

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The cello is the instrument most like the human voice. The word most likely derives from the Roman Vitula, goddess of joy. Joy was not happiness, she had discovered. It was something underneath.

After the gym she had dinner with Elizabeth, which was delicious. Elizabeth had a new boyfriend and told her about their problems. The food was better than almost anything Maryella had ever had. Elizabeth was studying to be a chef.

There was something in the sound of her friend’s words; she realized it now. Some thing they were talking around.

"How long have you been in the city?" Maryella asked.

"Oh, you know. Since, what, 1995? Almost ten years now."

"Why did you move here?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Oh, I was following Jack. He led me here. On the back of his motorcycle."

"But when you came here, why did you stay?"

"I love it here. I'll never leave."

"But why?"

Some sound in her friend’s voice alerted Elizabeth. "What’s wrong," she said.

"Nothing, I’m just curious. That’s all. Why do you stay?"

Then she heard the sound outside; she walked to the window.

"What is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"Shhh," said Maryella.

She walked out of her friend’s apartment and out onto the street.
The car was sitting there; the one she thought the cops would have caught. It was idling its engine, low and quiet, like her cello.

She thought to raise her hand, but realized it would be a crazy thing to do.

"Get out of here!" her friend shouted, raising her smart phone like a weapon.

The man in the car smirked, and winked at the women, and then sped down the street, through another red light.

Over the buildings Maryella could see what it was.

"I have to go," she said.

They hugged and she drove home; listening to the traffic.

The walls were the same when she returned; whiter than anything she had ever seen.

2.

We’re going inside; put on your sweater. We won’t stay long; she’s still playing her cello. Sometimes I still watch her play it, when she doesn’t know I’m looking. I can see her even through the walls.

They say that Silicon Valley destroyed San Francisco but I know that’s not true. It changed it into what it had always wanted to become.

Inside the studio it’s like I’ve always known here; she was always coming to be here, even when she was an art student. Even when I still thought I would be young forever.

The thing I found, it won’t stay long.

Or maybe I’m wrong.

Maybe it was always here. It’s what she has in the music. Some thing I can’t look away from.

3.

She had dreamt of him again; his voice.

The party was relaxing but she had drunk too much; she leant against one of the strange modern art sofas and tried to catch her breath.

Outside the lights were flickering; Harry held on to her hand and was whispering something in her ear.

She closed her eyes.
The shape of the apartment was clear to her; it was a performance space. She hadn't bought it to move into; not as a newly single woman. As a widow.

It was an artist's space. Like the one she had had as a student. But something was different. Not the light; it was almost exactly the same. Something underneath the light she had never noticed; some wavelength of light, or a distant sound that only dogs could hear. It was like a memory one knew one had but could not recall; or conversely, a memory one possessed vividly but did not seem to assign to any known events in one's life.

She kissed Harry on the cheek and called a cab. In the back of the leather seat, she could see the moon flying over the Mission, like a widowed woman, still not free.

- -

She set up the equipment at once, and the cameras. She called her friend who did installation art, and asked for a favor.

She held the bow against her cheek, remembering.

That bright light outside the studio.

The fire escape.

Brian's lips.

It wasn't the desert; not that. It was before they were married. She had only just moved to the city.

It was the pigeons; that's what it was.

It was just birds.

She saw there was one now; ordinary grey and white, outside on the brick ledge.

She played to it; marching it out; holding her instrument.

What did the pigeon know? It had always known what it was she was looking for. Did that make any sense? It was close to making sense. Something next to it.

She played for about forty-five minutes and then took a shower and lay on her sleeping bag on the floor.

Overhead the bare lamp mocked her; told her she was single. Told her she was dead. Told her she was a madwoman.

She got up and went up to the roof, raising the hatch that was like a submarine's.

The city's skyline was on fire with light; and she watched the birds wheel overhead.
In the arpeggio of their shape; the movement underneath and above her head she could discern the gravity of their weight; not their mass but the gravity of their movement; it could even be relativistic, she thought, the shape of the movement of the bird down under and above San Francisco, who had never really meant Freeman, for she had never been free here, nor wanted to be, but meant instead the division between that gravity and that weight; that pulling neither down nor up but in, and underneath, to look for the door out.

4.

She performed the first time a widow on stage in the Western Addition; the first piece of her new album, Birds.

She flew overhead, watching not the light but the gravity underneath the actors and media moguls and rich girls and boys come under the stunning dim light of San Francisco to wonder at the shape of the world.

It isn’t round, she thought, but a whorl. Spinning around a slowly sliding center, underneath and in.
MY DESIRE.

There is a certain shaking of treetops that mirror the shaking within my marrow, the folly that sits on my shoulders, unadorned, above the keyboard, fearing the worst of what I am made of

There is a precipice that meets my feet as I struggle to resist the dreaded plunge

The deadly joy is a scarab clinging to my soul; what five thousand years have brought to fruition, I cannot discard or rename;

I harbor fugitive thoughts at runaway speed

My sleep is spiked with sour dreams and spoiled realities;

The sheets disheveled by desire; the callous inattention to decency – the grand deceptions, soiled, unsaved; where am I?

November 2017
People prefer a bit of distortion in their photographs

Most people spend their days wishing they were somewhere else

The somewhere worlds come into sharp focus; the lens won’t lie;

The dream is a short f-stop away; smiles accompany the shutter-click; the ideal image, life itself;

My undying picture of marching knights surrounds this sorrow with robust optimism

We walk into shadow into light back to shadow

I opened a box long denied, the conundrum solved as life itself;

the water rose with every gasp Life itself a trial, a tribunal the darkness of myself

Lying to the light Lying in the ecumenical night; lying to life itself;

the people live and die according to the need, their steamy breath left behind;

Life itself or nothing at all

October 2017
Mark Young

close contact with Russian intelligence

Soft rocks are usually defined mathematically by

how well they simulate the appearance of other types of mottled stone, or how well they cope with a texture like popcorn in the midst of random noise.
The rural independents made a strong start, beating out a heavy rhythm of philosophical minims & crotchets. Petered out when they realized it was minimalist crochet they were meant to have taken up. Still some resistance against changing the old rules for masculine behavior. I insist on paying the bill.
nail that deck cargo

$132.5 million in venture capital backing exerts a shear stress on the water surface as it blows across it. The last wooden cargo vessel to leave New York sails out of view. She's wearing a pinstripe suit, red heels, & pink nail polish. Black is too severe, she has always told me.
**Confounding Escher**

Late each afternoon she recalled what had happened during the day, & wrote it down as a short digest that she read over at night. Would look at it again in the morning, & then rewrite her words until satisfied with what she'd written.

Sometimes days passed before she wrote about another day.
dresden frolix

I buy a single piece of fabric at a time. His dog keeps chasing me.

It’s eligible to receive grants & sponsor national service programs because it moon-lights as the custodian of a faith based community service organization. Get the flu shot, before the flu gets you, it mutters as it pads the sidewalk after me.
an aspirational example to others

One Vogue cover doesn't provide employees with real food or mount an environment that can enable or disable queue statistics information. Nor can you move a mailbox from Exchange Online to an on-premise setting that values diversity if all you've got to work with is a large-scale, heterogeneous collection like those held by research repositories or Hyper-V in Windows.
READING

I didn’t read much all these years books flew by my fingers in book shops antiques now but then supposed friends I didn’t really care for like that couple you met at the party saying let’s get together when inside you say I don’t think so

I touched the covers and turned pages but books didn’t sing like water or the moon or wind in my sails at dawn pedaling too or a collection of strings and brass, winds and drums in the orchestras of halls filled with vibrations to warm my skin when my ears were hollow and my head skinny

still I owned a book always and what are you reading could be answered not nothing or I forget.

today I stopped reading books but moved inside
as a character
as an author
wondering
how did Tolstoy structure that book
with its 1000 pages
to remember page 1
when he wrote page 999

I walk through books today
as the character
I have become
I am just that
fictional, alive
real?
HORIZON

I see the horizon creeping
in the book love
the page glow
the tales
that listened
all the way home
whispered at night
into the heart
of my ears
Hey!

Say! Can you see
over the dawn’s light?
it’s so early in the morning mine eyes are still closed
like tea bags at a coffee klatch
They were coming round that mountain
and I buried my heart at wounded knee
my kneecap at basketball practice
and my toe tiptoeing in tulips
here are two lips that won’t talk back

I’ve run plum out of words this morning
but here is a tale of two cities
before Sandy
and after Sandy
Staten Island
when the ferry let you take your car for a boat ride
to see the snakes at the zoo
today there is little to do on a Saturday or two
but hide in the trunk
make fudge
and order coffee
waiter!
two cups neat.
FOR SAMANTHA

My niece tonight is dying
In front of our eyes
She left conscious life
This afternoon
It is hours they say now
My kiss goodbye
On her warm soft cheek
Was for a lifetime
Summed in
A final moment

It was red
The two wheels shiny
As can be
Pedal pedal pedal pedal
I called
In the school lot
Saturday morning
She circled alone
Success
We hugged and beamed
With joy
She was so little
Life could be
So full.
Fragile

The quiet, being taken apart for easy handling and shipping, the movers tip-toeing, their breaths measured, working swiftly, yet cautious. The quiet being sent away, moved to another part of town, in sound-proofed boxes, in padded crates, in rubber cartons marked 'Handle With Care'. You can almost hear it, the way its weight shifts, the dust being disturbed, the absurd lengths that the movers go to not to say a word, their dark eyes rolling.
Painting

Of a river, which is riverish
or riverlike, if not riverine.
Which is a copy of a copy.
A painting on a wall
with a painting of a wall in it.
And the rain with teeth in it,
with a few deft strokes a rain implied.
Art crime, deliriously uninventive,
that I bought in Hyde Park yesterday,
foole upon foole that I am.
With its few representational smears;
that are people, that are peoplesque.
Their faces blobs, like gobbets of drool,
or flecks of redoubtable snot.
Intolerable Mirage

A morning so heavy that light cannot escape its surface. A moving cloud of barely visible excitement crossing a frost-burnt field as if to get a last word in, a sort of *ism*, the messenger and message in one, an irrational phenomenon of largely indifferent anomalous forces trying to hitch a ghostride back into Darktown. A random thing lurching our way, proffering us its poppies. And some birds too, somewhat bored with this, their laughs infectious.


Eternal Flame

The night the house of love burnt down. The night the eminent shrink informed us: Sometimes, a cigar is just a cigar, but his erection more than obvious, the Bluestockings in hushed awe, some of them quietly reaching for their tissues. "What do women want?" the world-renowned psycho-analyst asks as he fumbles for his matches on the dais, an elderly matron first crossing and then uncrossing her legs. A poem in which alarm bells are going off all over town, firemen throwing their trousers on, fire engines entering the first of the long dark tunnels.
Sonnet #70, Tides of Sadness

Seek visions of light and stellar gladness
cast shadows of trivial novelty.
moving oceans of eternal sadness
a rise and fall of tidal knighted creed
You dance through life as strife seems abated
wiping tears and the fears of the breathless
    thunder rumbles from a past inflated.
death speaks of the weak to restless spirits
    Speaking in riddles or rhyming prattle
try to voice the truth to the youth today
you fleece the coin from those whom won't tattle
pack your hate in bags and running away
squeezed off shots at innocence with rackets
    rage and pray to forgive the unholy.
Oh, What the Hell

Gracefully inept at life's perfection
gleefully disorganized and simple
who put the milk in the top freezer?
at times I think Leprechauns reside here
hiding things and stealing my coins in a
glowing and rising of the autumn sun.
I think I forgot to buy the sweet cream
good thing my favorite color is black,
since the toaster forgot to pop again
burnt toast and tepid black tea today
ribbon-like clouds drift off to the east.
chickadees return to the empty feeder
rain arrives, my umbrella misplaced.
I have five, but can't find even one.
adapt to life with it's imperfections,
oh what the hell, might as well smile.
Graceless

I'm in lust with a sky that I've yet to see;
in love with people that I've yet to meet.
Whilst lonely lips await whetted kisses;
cool hands caress a trembling cheek.
Time spent with graceless dark dreams;
queen of hearts vivid in a diamond flush.
Struggle on a chair with three wobbly legs
where will it lead; to a precious love bared?
Where does life go, surely not purely sacred;
amnesty found wanton in pious infected liars.
Colors flickering as grace and piety ascend
fantasy begets harmony in dreams we sigh.
Revelatory

In this world of heartless consumption

waste of human life to the whipsaw;

never did so little mean so much

then when two deer in a field

saw you and you saw them

nothing else mattered...

as neither blinked.
EMILY AS A LITTLE MORE

All of our moves
are indelicate.
It is so fucking good

with Emily
& I’m just talking
about the fireworks

of how she makes
grilled cheese.
Goddamn.
EMILY AS I COUNT ALL OF THE GHOSTS

We don't gut the mountain range
without first placing the bodies
nearest the dynamite.
We loved the black feathering of the songbird as much as we loved the songs it sang & when one of our neighbors shot it out of the sky with a cheap, old pistol we didn’t have a loving place to rest.

the small body of the bird. We planted a plum tree in our front yard, so the fruit would come closest to color of the bird that always lifted the weight of each morning & after placing wings & songs in a box beneath this new tree we found four feathers in our yard from the initial violence. I bought a knife to hang them from when I forced the tip to break in the neighbor’s front door.
Ah, Peace

The war is over,
so the President proclaimed.
But no one seems to question
the unilateral decision.
Yet how can we be sure
After all, thousands of our troops
are still in Afghanistan.
Are they now forbidden to die?
The enemy declares
the fighting will go on.
While the guns keep firing
we should be consoled,
the President told us
it's finally over.
Hatred sweeps the city
provoked by police shootings
in the line of duty,
that may or may not
have been justified.
But agitators
stir the country’s wrath
with self-righteous rhetoric
that places the protesters
above the legal system,
because their cry for justice
would only be satisfied
if the decision goes their way.
Distribution of goods and services has always been unequal, strength, ferocity determining one’s share. Then brains evolved and the strong began to serve the new masters, until they accumulated enough to control the resources that allowed existence.
**Chain of Events**

Police officers are executed while on duty in their patrol car by a hateful enemy. Yet this is not Iraq, Syria, Afghanistan, but the good old U.S.A., where the cops now have to fear agitated loonies who feel justified in shooting cops, because a cop shot a kid somewhere.
Differences

Democracies have forgotten the anger and hatred extremists feel, whether from poverty, religious intolerance, and expect reasonable, rational behavior, despite the differences between those who hate them and liberal people.
Ouija Makes a Mark

When Ouija makes a mark
it isn’t meant to last,
just a simple motion over
the alphabet, and if you don’t
pay attention the time
is gone like the word,
and you’re none the wiser,
like watching the news
with your eyes closed
because you’re afraid
of the dark

And now Ouija picks out a letter—
And now Ouija picks out a word—
And now Ouija picks out a message—
but we miss it in the big bright
glow of the funeral pyre,
soon lost in the shadows beyond
The Flight Plan's on Fire!

The flight plan's on fire!  
Watch it bleed or burn,  
shooting flame from open wounds  
dug deep down to the core—  
Now seen for what it is—  
a hollow fireball, no weight  
to keep it aloft,  
no sinews to bind  
all the component  
atomic cells together;  
pieces fall to ground—molten  
like spilled wax congealing  
into greasy pools—  
no suction,  
no gravity—  
no time  
left to form  
even an effigy  
of an upright man
Perfect Weather

Runners often assert this process of decay.
They prevent rain;
they prevent storms,
and renewal

Dry land makes a better run,
stable footing,
a clear line of sight,

and a breeze
that cools the brain
and makes forgetting easy
Hugh Behm-Steinberg

From an end is the towards to

A thumb of plans, don’t you got your own smoke(s)?

Then without a basement suggested one set of cathodes they are so complicated they don’t even know how to hold still their arms against all sides shouldering sparks

a tour of your cigarettes, your ransom of boxsprings that bounce let’s bounce or clean our rag of the ceiling and finally get to be communists going to free the air free all the air

the air is a job you’ll only soothe that which frets your hand on the neck the last thing is never the last thing is never the last thing don’t be a hammer.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Pictures nailed up into the sugar like a can of better lies where you don’t have to do so much talking you have to keep trying you have to keep trying try

taking care of the carpenters they go one two three four square commenting on the size of your proteins; won’t so there’s less to say some other kinds of water.

Your tongue rests lightly in your mouth not sure what to say

in your wheels or leans back branching for days spent erasing well here is your weapon here are your twins they say how well do you know you picture every word.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
Amazing world, soft sort of canyon, how to stay when you’re never allowed to argue how are we supposed to be intimate when there are so many because you’re married now how you feel you feel it buzz like the phone against your heart it’s all so ongoing sleep in the sun it doesn’t belong to you don’t know you never know so you don’t know. Some of us will escape we’ll be the kind of people who survive by always being nervous the rest of us die, circumnavigate such expectations.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Alone with yourself not your self self the trunks vary they have lateness the early is so weathered it’s the same an abandoned farm you study anything that insects. Or screwing like birds, the sun in their feathers, halfway up their bodies, that way looking. Everyone can watch; have more future, others, let’s.

Let’s sheetrock, let’s embed instead of confine, sprint as well as. A circus when you’re not looking. Just above ok. Some spaces are more theatrical, even when what’s left are shores, gratitude, sea fixed with tape and dogs.
Lunar Petals

Dawn brings with it light and a sense of urgency

Autonomous crowning of the Sun echoes through the turbulent waters

Waves of relief sift through sand as rocky hillsides erode

Time is only as long as you make it to be

Perennial flowers bloom with optimism in the April showers

The Miracle of the moon is that it returns

Be as hopeful as the flowers and as consistent as the moon.
Foresight

Deserted island
of macular degeneration

Residing in Irises.
Bloomed declarations

of agape love.
Dilated magnificence

Pulls gravity to a dead halt.
Seeing through supernova

euphoria, branches of light
reflect the state of consciousness.
War of Words

Bullets fired
From your mouth

Penetrate poisoned
hearts in a waking dream.

Incendiary rounds spouted
with sniper precision

aimed at the jugular.
It's time to wrestle

the industrialized steel
That you've fashioned

from your vile rhetoric.
Shotgun blasts pierce

The stained flesh and
will forever meld with

dead.
Creating
Androids for the next

Holy war.
Dodging your arsenal

of verbiage,
I take refuge in my

words while building
my vocabulary.
**Broken English**

Stormy clouds pervade

Consonants of differing magma

Which stem from multiple

Scenarios in a fluent language

That is only understood by cosmonauts
Death of M

I saw you struck
down within a dream.

I fell to my knees
and cried,

I fell down and
died;

One thousand deaths
of the setting Sun.
Melodious Misanthropy

Rabid ruby eyes
Drink the darkness
with a mouth full of
broken glass

Storm-blackened
windowpanes
screech their ivory
cries of death

Monsters hide
from themselves
in frothy
alcohol

A sip of Hemlock
drowned in
vivacious
fervor

Strike the mallet upon
the oak as this
judgment
has passed.
The River Woman

She lives in a sculptor’s hand.
The council pays for her birth,
to reflect provincial women,
as high as a room,
in beds of river mud.

Below her frame is a small stone hill.
Water flows over her in tidal talk.

She rises in the moonlight.

Gulls draw maps on her head.
Pale peninsulas drift south.
Not once does she complain.

Stars cascade above eyelids.
Showers lighten gull sediment.
Tourists smile in iPhone photos,
intimate without introduction.

The river woman speaks in fine ripples.
A crisis is poor company with yourself.
Onlookers applaud, then look around.

Gulls decide she’s a philosopher,
sculptured into the riverbed.
Her stares are timeless.
Miss Weatherspoon

I mowed Miss Weatherspoon for years. She was old school, no first name. Meals came after mowing. Bacon, eggs and chips for a potato boy. She was saddled in her late thirties. I drafted this in weekend grass cuttings.

She wore bland depression clothes. Comedy was her father not being born until WW2, to a lost pilot from America, fertilising locals; bombs away in flight.

She was my first movie. Scales never weighed her down. Her waist belt was a garden rope, loosened by the food patrol.

On my last day I asked why Miss, not Ms? She willingly gave me a self-cooked roll. Your calorie rate needs nurturing. Springs. You are a lawnometric. I was showered in bright light, now a novel with Miss Weatherspoon.
The Rail War

Tickets were buried posthumously
-Rail Soldiers 19141918

The Rail Marshall stood in the control rooms,
Skill was adjusting the lines at will.
Gauges were the science of body steel.
Narrow lines lightly slid over mud trenches.
Country soldiers nervously floated along.
They were used to heavy gauges for crops
and animals in abattoir wagons.
_Yippeehiho_ vanished in marsh holes.
Soldiers were only briefly in the rail air.
A few were shot in the back of the head,
arguing with officers of the wasteland.
War departments grudgingly paid expenses.
The Rail Marshall sent out ads in the papers.
One suggested enjoyment of trench holidays,
Ignoring vertical one-way, horizontal the other.
Somme Station floated above mud for a time.
Other deaths imploded on the Liverpool line.
Trains ran into each other at speed.
Suits of fault scowled in broken mirrors.
Truth is the first casualty of war.

_My son was sacrificed for rail._
This was before he put a uniform on.
We buried his parts.
Our son is a lonely thought.
Battalions drifted over mire and mustard gas. Masks were handed out at Somme Station. Suffragettes moved into signal boxes. They were uniform operators for the first time. They put on pants in the war of wages (a war that still goes today). Willesten Junction held the country together. 20,000 trains drifted in a rhythm of jazz. Each side calculated changes in jazz. Betrayers on the German line were shot in Belgium cafes, breaking the Morse code of jazz. Trains of the Great War are only matched in length by the mineral trains of today. Imagine your number in wagon 89. The war to end all wars did. Rail wars. Ships and planes took over. 12 million passengers never returned. 20-40 million passengers were still to go. Spanish influenza retired the Rail Marshall. The border box no longer works. The gate stacks bodies. Telegrams go around the world. Rat armies are after me. One fifth of the world was infected. Today Norway holds permafrost bodies. They were frozen in the pandemic war,
remnants of the everywhere spores.
Imagine air and water warming.
Imagine fingers clicking in laughter,
beyond the testament of uniforms,
beyond the safety of research rooms.
All is in the ideology of air.
The bacteria army softly grows.
They are creatures of La Grippe.
They will put on fresh clothing for us.

Fire waits at the gate. Be strong.

Hand wash. Pray I'm wrong.
I'm happy to agree.

- Pandemic Soldiers 1918-1919
Salvo Clothes
She climbs to the king’s throne.
He climbs to the chamber queen.
Publicity is a dress and a beard.
Sales hit the roof, little else.
In case we forget to be forgot,
write this up as a logarithm.

They hand us flesh-grape islands.
Textures draw up takeaways.
We queue for free food and board.
Or is this a misspelling?
We try not to get too excited,
used to trade shadows.

They measure us up as models.
You are slender, becoming fictitious.
Audiences drink cups of praise.
We eat plates of hard food..
How did the homeless appear?
We try not to be embarrassed.

Arms are called in the church of grace.
Our soft shoes shuffle is rosemary.
The past is buried in seated rows.
We lie down in scar-talk.
They descend on our shoulders,
dressed in Salvo clothes.
Postscript

All that is needed is a memory.
Sculptures are buried or unsettled.
Mourning in the garden is ours.
The shape governess is in the building.
We pay for a private landscape.
Small animals carry our food.
We are invisible behind black walls.
What we say is a tender craft.
To be annihilated by the enemy.
What we add is forgetful.
Young capillaries try to look old.
All others try to be fashionably young.
We are empty marbles.
Call outs hold a hollow wind.
We are held up as new sculptures.
Our first and last names are chiselled in.
Maintenance is as long as possible.
Philosophy has its own rooms.
We walk as one in the inter-moon.
Exhibit A is a planet.
Exhibit B is buried in space.
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