Table of Contents

Karen Alkalay-Gut

Julian O'Dea
Michael Augustin

John Sweet

Mark Young
Sandeep Kumar Mishra

John Grey

Patricia Walsh
Irene Koronas
John E Marks
On the night Rabin died I dreamt I wandered the streets homeless and lonely in a crowd of confusion, ricocheting off relatives and friends barely regarded, while dogs of peace ran with panthers and tigers all loose and free.

No one was working -- everyone out on the streets or in groups sleeping in different houses, using interchangeably each others’ phones -- connecting with wrong numbers saying a few words, disconnecting indifferently

Unseasonable cold penetrated my clothes, and uncoated I sought shelter from cloaks of the dead, but found myself in another byway before I could wrap myself in them

The river was solid and the earth liquid under our feet -- the worst walked on water while the best fell in the treacherous sands.

Nothing held the dream together and everything could fall apart at any random moment
Julian O'Dea

Evening

The hot day ended with a sunset of shreds of red cloud like blood spatter, but then came rain, an unexpected visitor, welcome to stay and chatter all evening, discoursing at length like a river, leaving all the leaves crying with laughter.
Shopgirl

behind display cabinets
at the department store,
a nicely wrapped shopgirl
serving a customer,
turning like a ballerina
in a music box, among
paint and mirrors
Sand to Sand

colors tore the meat apart that we dangled on our lines among the rocks, only to be torn apart in their turn, in storms, spinning in the shallows like cracked plates, in the circle of life, sand to sand
Michael Augustin

"Three Unsent Postcards" 2018
footnote to the fine art of starvation

thought i was the river
to the desert of your heart

thought i was going to be or that
we were going to become

that the kingdom
wouldn’t need walls

the two of us safe within our
hearts and laughing at the
idea of ever having to
do without
sonnet for the hated and the loved

soldier on the news w/
his face burned off

with his scars as terrible as some
half-remembered nightmare
of kandinsky’s

as beautiful as a song sung by children
with razorblades in their eyes and
when we lie on the couch in the
last light of day and talk about the war
we spit out the president’s name
like the mouthful of shit
that it is

we consider the idea that
oil is worth more than human life

that power feeds only on itself

we agree on who we’ll kill
when our
turn comes around
poem in the light of the neon cross

5 a.m. suicide end of january all
black ice streets and dirty snow, her taste of
salt, his weight of despair and they want
to breathe and she wants to stay above
water but we’ve drifted too far

he’s tired of being his father
    you see
and the children’s eyes all fill with frost

we become the pure white light that
spills from exit wounds

he pushes himself further down
to the bottom of a frozen river

spends the rest of her life watching him
disappear into uncertain darkness
then turns back to the business at hand
magic mirror 1

this then
is the path of dead men
and all you can do is follow where it leads

half a bridge
which is just as useless as
no bridge at all

blame
which we are all believers in

more powerful than religion
    and more useful
and when a wall grows big enough to
block the way, we will bang
our heads against it
just like pollock

just like christ

we will ask empty questions
while the nails are driven home
and then the news of this man in california who
runs away after stabbing an eight year-old girl
to death

and then the politicians who will use
any atrocity to score points

their syphilitic minds, their empty hearts and
deaf ears, mouths stuffed full of shit, and what
we need to understand is that anger
is better than boredom but
boredom beats despair

starving children always lose
to wealthy lobbyists

there is beauty in this world if
only you would
gouge out your eyes and see
one from the valley of ashes

motherfucking high in the bathroom,
nosebleed spraying all over
the wall, the mirror, dripping into the sink
and julie laughing about the
broken glass

laughing about the
beginning and the end

all of the shit in between

gods & priests & kings and the trails of
corpses they always leave behind
Mark Young

She googled "season of sadness"

Remission rates remain low for the separate but equal doctrine, even when treated with herbal remedies. The postures of plum blossoms are always described in these four words—horizontal, inclined, sparse, & thin. Drinking juice from pineapple, kiwi, or cranberry is gaining increasing in-crowd clout because it's known they make one's semen taste sweeter. Paper lingerie has become an increasingly popular offering for dead female relatives.
THE FUMIGATOR

was meant to pay
their annual visit
today. Cancelled.

A BIG TERMITE JOB
IN MT. MORGAN. I
wonder what it is.
have visions of termites
EATING UP THE HOUSE.

The phrase spins around
in my brain. Heat up
pasta for lunch / settle
down to EAT UP big &
watch TV. But. Nothing
but. Crap / crap / crap /
crap / crap EATING UP
THE HOUSE. So no TV.

Silence except for EATING,
shifting from a Streisand
song to rap / rap / rap /
rap. EATIN’ UP DAH
HOUSE. I break my way
outside. Kookaburra on
the clothesline. EATING
UP THE HOUSE I say to
it with my rap inflexion
perfected by rap-petition.

'Pervert infliction' scoffs
the cat who has one eye
on the bird & the other on
the main chance in the
shape of a lizard. The bird
is silent until I turn to go
inside. WHO LET THE DOG
OUT? UH UH adds the cat.
the epitome of the German punk community

The Wall Street Journal observes, subject to rational analysis, that a giant radioactive sea creature threatens the merger between the Yoox & Net-a-Porter shopping apps.
**Vital signs**

She said the words she left behind were of little matter. Yet the sticks & stones she broke aligning them show just how much they really meant to her.
EZRA POUND CENTO VIII

The Library expressed its annoyance, brought a regiment of guards in to keep order while he was out in the

privy pumping gas into a sausage. It went on from dawn to sunset. They thought it was a funeral, or an

offer of marriage alliance, perhaps a procession coming down through a cut in the hills. The wall of the

building is finished & I shall now get the roof on. That he did among other things, drifting without a rudder.

The stone-cutters are waiting for spring weather to start work again.
My gallery has ended

In upper part of my body
A cognitive bell rings
From a dial-up connection of live wires;
The modem is working JUST
To repeatedly provide the facsimile of
Barren and bald paths;
Inner lumbering of daily freight
Coiling, clutching upward;
There is no vivacity
The vital force has parasited
How I inhale life?
My days and nights are bolted
Inside a brain cell,
My voice has held back;
Now it lays a plan to brawl my soul;
Residing in my own skull
It dictates notes imitating my tone,
If I could disintegrate my recall;
As my shadow has left me
There remains Just I, me and myself,
None is willing to be with me
Why is my brain, a black hole?
How could it not be a universe?
I have a constellation of migraine, tablets
Syringe, backache and insomnia,
Dream has become a dead pattern,
As worn out as fossil led glow;
Everything has become identical
Except the weight of consequence
That has variations of endurance;
As I go through perdition
My imbalance will be rectified,
And after allotted time
My gallery will end,
Then you can hang my art
And me on the wall
The Death of the Seas

My mental wire renders
Images of worn out routes,
After a short circuit happened
In the pathways of daily burdens;
My diseased body quiver with its weight
The hard stitch rubbles skin snatchers;
Leeched of life force
I have little energy to breath;
The voice I hear is not my own,
They dictate notes in familiar tone
But full of foreign phrases,
Which they disguise as invitation;
I wish I could dissolve from memory
Or hide in my skull cave;
But it is not wise to stifle;
Then an unlearned laughter came
A spring emerging into sun rays
A river emerges from the death of the seas
There are two ways to live a life
I can pursue the difficult one
Bring Me More Pain

I want to see that ebony alter ego
That will take me to my doomed future
To see if there is break in the clouds,
No, wait! I have changed my mind
After some deliberations;
As it might also show me
The coming vicissitude,
I might not be able to face;
I will reconcile with my
Torpedo dreams,
Spasmodic heart,
Unfrequented nights,
Cantankerous days,
Jaded body
And harrowed soul;
Now I feel the perforated throb
In the middle of my heart
When life refuses to torture me
DAN, THE WARRIOR

The old guy next door was a rocking chair pilot, creaking his way through his last years on his front veranda, with my family as his passengers whether we wanted to be or not. “The enemy had twice our fire-power but still we took that hill.” “Took out two Jerrys with the one bayonet thrust.” “Bomb landed not four feet from me.”

He never mentioned family or the jobs he must have held down to survive the years. His memory was always armed, ready to attack, defend, and unafraid of what the other side could do to it. Coronary occlusion killed him in the end. He never got to tell the world how he survived a heart attack.
THE FANCIESET TOMBOY

Barefoot, in flannel shirt
and threadbare jeans,
she splashed her way knee-deep
into the center of the pond
to frighten away a frog on a lily-pad.

At the playground,
she kicked a soccer ball around
with the boys,
punched one or two in the arm,
volunteered to wrestle whichever was brave enough.

In the grassy field,
she almost grasped the tail
of a fleeing snake
In the woods,
she shinnied half-way up a tree,
climbed out to the end of a branch.

At sundown,
she headed for home,
face grimy,
toes caked in mud.

With a cursory wipe
on the front door mat,
she bound up the stairs
to her bedroom
with its pink wallpaper,
bonneted doll on
a Disney Princess quilt
and a closet full of pretty dresses.

Life was ponds and snakes,
finery and filigree.
She knew who she was in the instant.
But a moment more could confuse her.
MICHAEL'S COUSIN

I said I am Michael's cousin
and sea-wind stuffed my words
back down my throat.

I repealed it, louder this time,
stepped from sand
into the water.
as foam broke over my toes.

I wasn't through.
I said I am Michael's cousin
while up to my knees in water,
and then my waist.

I still couldn't get the sea's attention.
My anger was swallowed by swells.

I waded deeper
as surf pounded all sides of me,
a riptide tried to pull my legs sideways
and sand shifted my feet around.
I swayed but I kept my footing.

So I said it again,
I am Michael's cousin
as if the repetition
could engage the ocean's guilt.
Nothing doing.

So I, Michael's cousin
swam out with my board,
waited for the wave of all waves
to emerge from the lightless depths,
determined to ride it back to shore,
to stand high atop a swirling curl
of unremembered drownings,
shouting, I am Michael's cousin,
damn vou.
Patricia Walsh

Monkey Christ

Elevated to rubble, aside to tax and insurance
foretold regret stunts the obvious station.

Holding through the sunshine, preparation stasis
cutting through threadbare hair styles avowed,
promise of a better dinner doesn’t augur too well.

Multifaceted anger burns its own hole,
smashed over curses and opportune screams,
exposed to holy water and a show to boot,
watched for faults oozing out of time
informant redacted over troubled bridges.

Clapped politely, another curse moving through the fair
enough rope to hang the satisfied, if ever at all.

Leaving the unwise, cooked in their jackets,
the vegan arrogance safely hitting the spot,
shouldering the effort in a darkened hour.
Intercepted transactions blur the happy situation
the nursery of damnation, van-guarding the times,
the great brew spinning on its solitary head,
sardonic inspiration turns back for no one,
a dangerous building biding time to fail.

The living really need the money, after all.
The advertisement t-shirts dissed out of turn,
affected graffiti dissolves out of existence,
this infantile congratulations, real time declarations
televised anger watering up the blessed ante.
Watching the Back of The Moon

The glory of the tea-stained paper falls sure,
recriminating idols into bite-sized pieces,
watching over examinations once assized
too dark to recollect what the future holds
singing to rhythm and meted all the way home.

Resurrecting plates and cutlery, at another glance,
residual housekeeping not understood in speech,
using words not understood for the next paradigm
tearing up keepsakes for sake of living memory.

Kissed once too often, this godly shirt,
recalibrates this agony of differential time,
giving the basics after lulling over lifetime
moving a rag to a bull, whatever is expected
wholly wrapping up the night-time desserts.

Lords and ladies of the long acre, how will it be
cascading your jewels in front of the common?
Perpetual prize-giving adds to the numb at heart
eating through unnecessary portions, overdue
silenced radio attached to the impossible.
Coming out in the wash, worse than ever,
Lines that scanned make no obvious difference,
recalled for purpose at an undeserving notice

*mon sembable*, advanced love-songs, attested
competing already, nothing familial yet
Standing straight in the eyes of everyone,
productive homes realised indifference points,
fulfilled prophecies beginning at proper order,
testing blood betimes the inconvenient voice.

Being oneself is a dangerous chore,
beautiful words dying to a succinct clause,
excessive treats mar the task in hand
entry-level salvation beloved over free time.

This proper order, cheeky in its presumption
satisfactory interview promising some cheques,
take payment entrusted to suspect strangers
forgetting the decorum beloved of choice.

Free hot drinks on a loyalty card,
saved for dead days, voicing necessity
signed in and out, over decorum, perhaps
elusive buses over illnesses pervading.
Being proper for once, shining over all else
holistic paradigms eating through obesity,
wasting career rime on a self-fulfilling prophecy
farcical dissuasions fall in love again.

Being good for ever, sneezing at payment,
Producing above the call of duty, questioned
fear of the temporary, god-like fleeting
leaving in howlers for sake of honesty.
Black Coffee

Opening windows and doors, breathing in circumstance
not looking too healthy for other consumption,
telling tales out of school to east the mind,
this aeon’s stricture beholds the perfect storm.

Soul magnifying the Lord, eating rubbish,
legion of new experiences wash over now,
clicking on data entry into the sad café,
existing preferred options getting gist of left field.

Milling around in cars, safety being preferred,
winging through feedback and the promised land,
preferential writings no match for industry,
nicely selected near to godliness, murdered quietly.

Never having to be quiet, transferred to glory
manning the phones a genius act for sure,
scope for promotion a real threat to most,
scaling the tree a high-handed act.
Sternly taken on, under cover of promise,
quietly burning in a wasted preposition,
nailing the fakes where deserved, reserving
recreminations above board singing derision.

what’s feared, rarely happens. Punish me now
with an answered prayer, industry permitting.
Within sound and sight of opportunity pervading
botched executions taking care of expectations.
onti uni ob manners
did not greek but extends
minology. he penetrates
542 ad sell-self-ell-sub
develop me con hego
hergo modern go enters ark

not long. he short i as
an individ. aw. gd. found.
only reason bacons us. fry.
inveigh against eminent exit

link with ruggle rug
with reason lipness
deif masking tape. magi
graphite’s wishes itself
perfect must. puri, illu,
fica. he sychasm castic

third singular nous.
noose. new. ou ou ou
noetic rify vigi wells

win spoon notes. hima father
dogma in confirm pir three lights
above all spital blooms severe mall
free to inn cussion ecu men is mili
scism laps idioms bowtie on a brick.
orations ceptability eunomians.
use to. us it. as usual

stoop down great sample sim sip
participation. pentagal lory ears mere
shake under asp contact, jority bound.
offer lokalia as criptionoetic touch to
clergy tounakia degree connect

assion people liken thirst matter
nagging eye ball water hoe. call off
walrus tongue lash
statue weary. desert narrow. enamel left overs. wine blurt. cheap and chintz hot holler. fist pawn cousins turn dash into heuristic madness insouciance dyads rough bio prigs who title paper clips, research couplets two-line front to back diagrammatic

jerk off danger. sky way fat. empty edan the pole carrier

co-myotonic intricacy. in minor thirty eight lucid clothes pins. pins. magon panue vacuum vir requani halal ein-sof emanator. rakamim. denim dust. alter dow fashion run with subsume start. drive. purge. retreat

the sim one olum ba atsilut, beri ab, yetsassiyah, drew spat. equidistant circle midrash ark cane. singe point handbreadth

bundle mass illuminit stone garments. cupped wafer. 288 sefirot sparks. qeri. tsmtsum, shivira ba halim partsufim. mend abba

feet of yet sirab sank death again. sphere qelippot. despite garden verse sheds dual root residue

motif, an expanding lesion in fog 28 itself flaw god occurrence. tiqunee avonot. clean monday sin. nefesh ruah, neshamah. rust perfect. spine gall sackcloth stripes from shell notions

the maskilim wash rite. capacious forehead. divinair. predict grasp. extrageomancy prolif erates chap stick. erect sefirot belimah two hundred thirty one gates open. set emanations on twisty closure construct. ruah neshamab gelippah. skin stud. odd husk inasmuch bulb and high base
letters appear as duvet ponderance.
is it. perform intercourse sab gimeh will sit.
one sign direct even subtle clare sighs
above the imply skill expiate:
transfillin shawl
omitting shema
prac balah
mulet birth
yayin nesi
wear an oaf
hot ee ness
fat and not
sing one
milish
speak dead speak
anger
four ins then stone
menstruant detector
animal xual
tile women
ultery adds
laretious oral drink
masturbation

collate sin genesh. laugh for mitzvot
insofarasin 613 preceptions binit gage
corpus slot. sixtyone, twentyseven rolls
on thorn ortigas, plus plen inception.
accept fleshult philo cadaver. the cosmos
hole. lying in cause. tav late 84.
spark yoke. yodel inlieu

photographia destine the toll house
sort of reck. consider a. to point g. to san
cength. promise GD te deum laudamus
antiphon for bro and sis put inside
vulgate. bogus nagged talk.
thurible sense that slacks priggish
vis a vis pang convergence

shrivel eremitic adslad in silk.
ignite totemic ser elue bryos histology.
caterpillar neurons. vantage scrunt
chamber. staticapers cogito ergo cum.
ignigma measurements hose. protate
coincidence, counter slit twin. kneel.
pray. project the fall probability:
anthropic atomic asstrol 1/137
persons like us 106

periodicities alms for rhythmic poose
repetitive rather. wholly box. absolutis
paraffin discourse melts not a fool. amen.
abrah swind sucks wisdom, moves ceiling,
glide gait plumage leaps. clasp cranney
rough peeps, yes. lid off. delight. we us
we us us. yet et too. dance perhaps
elevate absurd ditto union task. tisk ish.

    lory gloves
    mortify
    i.e. eye satis

lily men. we fracture socrates’ humble pie
holdem blade sharp. us droop error.
cree untus manuotis. alter self. alter
nevertheless revelate venison as pardon
me does it seem oolee sentimental. new
wonders odd margin me sign o men
said you exclaim, recall oleum. racle.
sacks vita anti acta. weak whorl journals.
(postscript) supra pp. 80

    banquet frogs
    dish
    quall arks

in vino veritas: last daze tally, who seduce
two more epithets; youngen lend express
coddle up rouse and tangle theory. the
formal defi rit sourcery. (l) luke 14:19
magic spread lothes our arrange. pot on
highhandedmiss gob kisses the tablet,
stretches fragrance, fuddles blood. inversely
ex tempo, 7 points occur, require mood
rings. ambiguity…

    bility it 2257 ft
    “itself”
    poke jargon

sire member routs require gnomes heave.
chamber faust. we assume gumbo corridors.
shutter rocks. dither pink lipstickshusk.
elicit idyllie push. pull. rope a dope.
likewise drank speech. dim host. divers talk exists hitch. giddy up impresses some arbor. serve break open speed. joiner veterans femin eloquence thrums hums woven asp drama. herism duty ticks in pocket. bible tolen rubber tire despair translations; afterscript pp 450
dogma impoig
refaction
comical subdivision
refer

glit nonzero (qt) vacuum
9 by 13 shift naabic fabric
sewn on level ferre. election orbit
changes energy. neptic open:

	semi platonic
	onverts
dot bath, etc.
presbyter
ecclesia
Dried up, shrivelled, exposed, weather-beaten,
Shrunken to the dimensions of a man
This wasting away of the body, began
On the hey-ho-day of a long anticipated holiday
That no quenching ever pleases
That is rubbed away, like stains that dry
In the sun. The evidence disappears.
The minutes, the hours, the years
Wither, languish, decay. Pine away
In this quagmire-swamp of
Spilt water, wine. I forget which itch
Of memory did the damage.
Yanked us into the future:
Yoked, ploughed, dragged, inchoate;
A process had begun.
A work of resistance, an inception into art,
That will tear apart memory and desire
Release all the heart-wrung soul that is left in me.
A lamenting for the passing of the light.
Such a long, slow, melancholy sight...
Welcome now obscurity, the shadow behind the sun
Winter tree stripped,
Trunk bent in the winds of time.
A modulation of a voice, a volte-face:
A variation in rhyme. A turning away.
Surely, no man
Has such bad intent as to awaken from sleep
Those legions of demons who laugh as we weep?
The lost boys

The grey skies of this northern city, designed to oppress

My head is in a mess
This is the place of the bee is home to me
These old boys return to home blisteringly unaware

In a chapel-of-rest or a public bar - they don't wander far

Out in the street, a mass of metal and rubbish outside the flats, wrecked fridges, torn up sofas;
The boy racers tear down this beehive road in stolen BMWs

Heading out to the coast where these kids freeze among the rolling dunes

Far away from everyone

For they know they must leave fast or stay forever
Suicide's always an option

Broken and boarded up windows along the front
These wrecks of old nightclubs, places to 'house' the lucky asylum-seekers
The white-cider-boys battering on doors, no room to let, nowhere warm to sleep. They get told to "Fuck off" a lot
The freezing rain of winter stings as they shiver themselves into a sort of death
The dustbin men often see people who have died in the night

Leave fast or stay forever
The weather round here

Can last a lifetime...
NURSERY RHYME

Tick-a-Tock-Tick

The sounds of the day
Are clownishly fooling
But it won’t go away -
A nightmare to follow
This minor delay -
It’s tick-a-tock-ticking
We’re all going away.
Such a story to swallow -
When the old witch is flying -
On the edge of the moon
And the war is beginning
And it’s zoom-slugger-boom
The starlight is raging -
It's all over so soon
No it won’t go away -
Eternal night’s coming -
Just a four minute delay.
The flowers of the forest

More than five rugby teams' worth, of men, every week, dead by their own hands,

Young men mostly, three times as many men as women,

Nearly 6000 a year, 60,000 over a decade and....

rising.

Using the traditional routes to oblivion - hanging from a tree, opening the arteries, being free with the pills

A closed garage and exhaust fumes, jumping off high-rise flats, bridges, cheap thrills...but....

With no turning back. No second chance. Sometimes with notes, often with not.

This virus, this epidemic, this plague, this destroyer-of-families, goes mostly unnoticed.

*We're all busy and...anyway...sotto voce...*

*After all they're mostly white, working class males*

*Not the best qualified for life in our society. The devil take the hindmost and all that.*

*And anyway didn't Mrs T tell us there is no such thing as society - greed is good - all that.*

*These rough lads have their uses, you know the sort, the sort we rely on in war.*

The unsung heroes. That sort.

Those dragged up in 'care', those constantly neglected are over-represented

Those who are hurt easily and never show it - they too, vastly over-represented amongst the dead

Those who are inarticulate, autistic, bullied - over-represented too.

And every one precious,

Every one a miracle of love,
Every one in need of a helping hand.
Including us.
All selections are copyrighted by their respective authors.

Any reproduction of these poems, without the express written permission of the authors, is prohibited.

YGDRASIL: A Journal of the Poetic Arts - Copyright (c) 1993 - 2016 by Klaus J. Gerken.

The official version of this magazine is available on Ygdrasil's World-Wide Web site http://users.synapse.net/kgerken. No other version shall be deemed "authorized" unless downloaded from there or The Library and Archives Canada at http://epe.lacbac.gc.ca/100/201/300/ygdrasil/index.html.

Distribution is allowed and encouraged as long as the issue is unchanged.

Note that simultaneous submissions will not be accepted.

Please allow at least 90 days for a reply.