

# *Yggdrasil*

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**Florilegium**

**By**

**Jack R. Wesdorp**

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# Introduction

Hello out there. I've wanted to do a flower sequence for many years. The time is fulfilled and the bloom is unveiled. I owe Heather Ferguson big time for her expertise in deciphering my scrawl! Without her, none of the œuvre would be possible. I've followed her lead as set forth in *The Herbarium*. The original impetus came from Nessa O'Mahony, who so many years ago, was writing exquisite still lifes. I *really* wanted to do that too. Thank you, my dears.

December 31, 2018

JRW

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## **The time flower**

It blooms when time stops.

The counterweight drops

to start it again,

but we don't know when.

It seems to enhance

the pendulum dance

with spiral delight,

that's probably right,

but we don't know squat

about what it's got,

or even if curves

are held in reserve.

What we know for sure

is that the obscure

is blindly revealed

when time is repealed

with magnificent

compelling intent.

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## Weed

So if we burn this weed

the cave will fill with smoke.

Looks like that's all we need

to invoke the booger.

Let's try some other plants,

maybe this one will work.

I think that if we dance

booger will work with us.

Let's paint it on the walls

and pretend it's real,

yeah, give it horns and balls,

we all kneel down to boog.

Let's boogie with ourselves,

our clan will paint your face,

we've got the only spells

and the place for to boog.

Look what I've just written,

I swear with the boog's hand.

We've got the litany

And the grand ooga boog.

Sacred virgin fires,

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goddess baked on an urn,  
creed, cathedral spires,  
all from burning some weed.

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## Mirage

Strelitzia and Papaver,  
the quintessential odds bodkin,  
get into a strained palaver  
about the role of god and wind.  
Pappie thought his pod sufficient  
to predicate all sorts of grief,  
Strellie thought since god's omniscient  
she wouldn't grow that kind of leaf.

While they talked, a storm developed  
that blew away all shreds of hope,  
Strellie's left the lonely zealot,  
with Papaver there's only dope.

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## Woad

Let's drive our braves berserk  
before we bash the jutes,  
give 'em each a firkin  
of barley wash and roots.  
Lace it well with scotch broom  
to sweep the head aside,  
weep not come hell or tomb  
nor mourn the men who've died.

Rather paint your face blue,  
swallow the sacrament,  
act as maniacs do,  
return completely spent  
and we'll honor your feats  
with ballads and laughter,  
beat the drum at the metes  
in our halls long after.

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## Absinthe

Behold the mugwort,

how happy it is

to fortify jugs

with rapturous fizz.

Sneak up on scotch broom

in beserker beer,

a beaker for doom,

a firkin for fear.

Beware of the horn

that merely besots,

but take barley corn

ten days in the pot.

Take tansy for life,

ginseng for younger,

sweet gale from the hive

to slake your hunger.

Whether you're speechless

or dead in a ditch,

get blessed by a priest

or, better, a witch.

— Early pharmacopoeia, 500 A.D.

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## The Qlippoth

The nicest flower in hell  
is the priceless jezabelle,  
you can rent her by the hour  
but it costs you all your power  
and you'll wind up limp and green  
as a simple kidney bean  
with some tubing sticking out  
of your dicky and your snout.

Is she worth the bidding price?

What do you consider nice?

As for me, I'm busted flat,

Doing time, so that is that.

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## **Iris**

Sir, as per your recent request

here's my answer and assessment:

note that Iris, of all our girls,

wears a coat of many colors,

she's accurate with the rainbow

and can go way the hell below,

I recommend her for the job

with your messenger service mob,

I've enclosed all her documents

including our boast of intent,

kind regards, signed Norman Glory,

Olympus Reformatory.

---

## Beautiful

We are the measure of it,  
the best that you'll discover,  
simple beggars at your door,  
dregs left on the threshing floor,  
you can't ignore our laughter,  
we're the lantern after all,  
clothed in the colors of suns,  
sometimes we only come once,  
life is always a gamble  
for the balsam and bramble.  
We hedge our bet with odors  
and chemical encoders.  
When the universe flowers  
that feminine bloom is ours.

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## **Burning moon**

Peonies court an oriental manse

where they still dance with pilgrim passers-by,

dinner is served when they light the lanterns,

old-fashioned oil lamps on silver inside.

Several men relax in a pleasance,

women in red silk glide among divans,

the moon is dressed in her best evening bronze,

sentinel wardens wear mandarin sleeves.

They wait for a horseman to bring them news

about grave matters they cannot ignore,

they're the emperor's kin and they must choose

can hate be managed or will there be war.

Two messengers come in liveried clothes,

just cogs in palatial machinery,

they prostrate themselves, an acrid wind blows

the balsamic odor of peonies.

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## **Spectrae centrala**

Black. A lotus floats in freefall,  
immaculate up from the mud,  
we can see the whole ball of wax  
just by the colors of her bud.

Red. First in ascending gradient,  
the imperative blood of life,  
light in extension, god's radiance,  
the furtherance that's wrought by strife.

Orange. Animal ambition,  
the urgency to completion  
and the persistence of vision  
which leads to inspired reason.

Gold. The royal solar plexus,  
autonomic concentration,  
the harnessing of tantric sex  
with techniques of meditation.

Yellow. Thought attains the sky,  
gaining the labyrinth of soul,  
cultivating the inner eye,

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the mental universe unfolds.

Blue. Consummate religious awe,  
encompass every point of view,  
cross the rift that beleaguers now,  
assure that what you do is true.

Purple. Eight paths in the forest,  
once the prerogative of kings,  
now anyone can wear the cloth  
and discover that they have wings.

Lilac. Beacon in the steeple,  
protective hedge around the fane,  
electric light upon the deep,  
out on the edge the silence reigns.

Behold again the lotus bloom,  
her smile benign on still water,  
and let her be illuminant  
for our sons and for our daughters.

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## Apis

Pennyroyal beloved of bees  
is a pretty good hedge against fleas,  
strewn at the threshold around her bed,  
clothed in sack cloth, betrothed in the shed,  
out from the garden her grooms delight  
at the prospect of gathering flight  
from the church of purple pulegone,  
they partage the burden that they own,  
for a brief moment they court the dawn,  
fulfill their splendor and then they're gone.

---

## **In stir**

Dandelion halos

and buttercup delight,

that's what you get in jail

due to an oversight

at the heaven level.

We don't know who did it,

probably some devil,

but they won't admit it.

I hear that saint peter

sent a delegation,

that the prison leader

just went on vacation,

anyway the inmates

are drinking penny 'shine,

and at the sinner gates

there ain't no waiting line.

---

## The cowl

Monkshood, a jolly good fellow  
clad in a virulent habit  
that makes animals bellow  
and run around like they're rabid.

Mars and saturn in scorpio,  
aconite is the bane of wolves,  
of juliet and romeo,  
the sword of mitres, crowns, and fools.

Lucretia borgia knew its bite,  
nostrum forgers distill the seed,  
clever assassins fly by night  
for whatever killing you needs.

Beware the yellow devil's helm,  
his covenants are null and void,  
dementia will overwhelm you,  
the president is paranoid.

---

## **The cardinal**

A black orchid, if it's real,  
is worn at the butcher's prom,  
by mad barbers, smack dealers,  
the future gun-running scum  
that's pestilential on earth.

I imagine oil barons  
get one pinned on 'em at birth,  
guys who boil up the sarin  
guys who monsanto the seed,  
who dowse the ocean with frack,  
bastards who make my eyes bleed,  
their house isn't white. It's black.

---

## **The influence**

Rose is massively conflicted.

Self-imposed chains around her neck,

sin, we're insane about her sex,

look at how she's been depicted:

cookie, miss american pie,

first date banquet, kiss first prize nights,

paradise by the dashboard lights,

flatbed ford, kill the other guy,

manson gang, playboy centerfold,

wardrobe malfunction, britney spears,

afterglow, the president sneers,

meryl streep, to have and to hold,

butts can sell a fucking rooster,

rose went nuts because we pushed her.

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## **Rude becky**

Black-eyed susan

went a'cruisin'

through the ozone field one day,

took a gander

at leander

but her chosen went astray.

Keep on pitchin'

mistress itchin'

for to find a proper mate,

found a mister

with her sister

at the local fornicate.

How she got 'im

at the bottom

of the elevator shaft

is a story

hunky dory

of eliminator craft.

Susie's sister

damn well hissed 'er

for such burning behavior,

---

it's the knock wise

of those blank eyes

so sis returned the favor.

---

## Cypripedium

Ladyslipper follows me  
softly through the night,  
on the forest floor with me  
dipped in lucent light,  
under fragrant story wood  
owlish eyes debate  
the merits of maidenhood  
versus consummate.

I have heard the sibilance  
of her in my ear,  
there are no words, just the dance  
of her drawing near.

---

## **Tulip and narcissus**

They shared a bed one spring.

Said the dutchman, "Missus,  
methinks you want a ring."

Cissypoo considered  
a ring, that might be nice,  
but her boody dithered  
about the hidden price.

Wanderboy assured her  
there'd be no priest or cost,  
that he would secure her  
at least till the frost,  
maybe till December,  
like February may,  
that they would remember,  
that he'd never stray.

And you guess the rest,  
the vestments of grooms  
are perilous at best,  
a squirrel ate his bloom.

---

## **Helterskelter**

Pansy and daisy

share a battered bed

at the manson place

with a cat named fred.

Fred's into digging

esoteric jazz,

jasmine isn't big

on growing with grass,

comes the lawnmower

and everyone's dead.

That's the way it goes

in the manson bed.

---

## **The saturnalia**

Hang the mistletoe  
where it's easiest,  
a smidgen below  
slightly west of east,  
maybe north of south  
if you're so inclined,  
and it's worth noting  
that love gets behind  
any compass turn, whether in the hall  
or on the porch swing.  
When those turns are small  
flowering begins  
and the torch is lit.  
How the needle spins  
is as you see fit,  
below as above,  
this is what we know,  
gangway, love me now,  
hang that mistletoe.

---

## The pit

The snapdragon is concealed  
in the vestments of kings,  
dapper deceptive well-heeled  
with the best of everything  
at the master's disposal,  
they're an urbane lot, the snaps,  
present at the betrothal  
of the queen's daughter perhaps,  
smiling while plotting intrigue,  
certainly behind the throne  
nefarious eyes in league  
with the bad seeds that got sown,  
their lineage is compleat,  
the root withers, the stalk fails,  
no one blooms and on the street  
a solitary child wails.

---

## Miss cegenation

Hop on over to my pad,  
said miss lilly to the frog,  
I'd love to (wink) something bad  
in this proper village bog.  
Froggie was a humpy sort  
not adverse to kinky stuff,  
so of course he jumped aboard  
to pursue her winkers off.  
Amazing what they can do  
with that long good golly tongue,  
lilly was a brazen screw,  
the pollywogs, well, they're young,  
we can't tell what's in the mud,  
my guess is somewhere in between  
mistress lilly's blushing bud  
and, yes, amphibian green.

---

## **Tempus fugit**

Red carnations

fresh from the florist

framed photograph

before the divorce.

Red carnations

dried in a glass jar

the odor fades

quiet passenger.

Red carnations

shattered on the floor

wet-eyed clock face

boxes by the door.

Red carnations

trampled in the dirt

paisley blossoms

old crap doesn't hurt.

---

## **Moiré**

Our sister mimosa  
wears iridescent clothes,  
happy feelgood patterns,  
jupiter and saturn  
ascendant in lyra,  
never plays in minor,  
prefers dance episodes  
in transcendental modes,  
fast stuff that really wails,  
lately bionic jazz,  
I can just hear the mass  
enough to strike us dumb,  
kyrie eleison.

---

## Fallopia

The wallflower wants to dance  
but the rhumba doesn't fit,  
he's out of step with the band  
and the ballroom isn't it.

There must be some mozambique  
where he can show off his moves,  
kangaroosian where they speak  
a language that's in his groove.

West of szechuan mandarin  
traveling on the blunderbuss  
he sits next to endocrine  
half a day away from lust.

The pollination happens,  
we've not seen exactly when,  
one small step across the gap  
between right now and again.

---

## **The prom**

A shrinking violet ... but  
we think she's a closet slut,  
plays kinda dumb with the balls,  
yet somehow that smile seems false,  
maybe a little too much,  
a bit too eager to touch,  
expensive sweaters to boot,  
dresses like daddy has loot,  
add to that the flatbed ford,  
badass, yes, kid, you just scored.

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## Empathy

How! Azalea and dahlia

run a sorcery service.

Azalea's genitalia

while dahlia does the curses.

Some of their loyal clients

are goody and grand viziers,

pinocchio, some giants,

pinstripe-suited overseers

of industry, de la crème

of high-falutin' who's who,

havoc, bedlam and mayhem,

scaffold and goody twoshoes,

bashful of the seven dwarves,

the presidential threesome,

hack, spit and asshole of the barf,

tentacle who beats the drums,

eight ruts to perdition's door,

maledicta, bad news, guilt,

the end is rather boring,

azalea's cut, dahlia wilts.

---

## **The shark**

From the cookbook, girls and boys,

if you wanna trap a ghost

build a nook that it enjoys,

burn some crap that it likes most:

frangipani on a slab,

galangal with orris root,

chondrodendron (just a dab),

damiana, eye of newt,

in the triangle of art.

Circumscribe yourself with names,

set them right before you start,

disregard what stories claim.

Necromancy is a crime,

dead stuff doesn't know much more

than it did when it did time.

Lastly let me underscore:

life is priceless; get a life,

it's real nice when you arrive.

---

## **The Jacinth**

A mile off saint vincent,  
the ocean disappears,  
while faint in the distance  
we can hear approaching  
the whispering of shrouds,  
“must be a windjammer,”  
in the present manner,  
the occasional creak,  
the descent into naught,  
and then we catch the reek  
of creosote and rot,  
we respect ships that old,  
they take no prisoners  
when worms infest the hold,  
and we're superstitious,  
we observe her passage,  
remark her silent wake,  
how the curve of her mass  
exists for its own sake.  
She needs no witness eyes,  
the stars know where she goes,

---

as ancient as the tides,  
as current as her clothes,  
we do indeed revere  
her luminous depart,  
it's what we hold most dear,  
her blooming in our hearts.

---

## **Persistence**

Frost fronds on our window panes  
tarry while the winter wanes,  
february into spring,  
mullions wet on april wings,  
may swims in transparent glass,  
women wear what fancy has,  
june and july marches through  
what our august children do,  
by the time of september  
our window can't remember  
what it was with winter frost,  
what was gained and what was lost,  
the refrain goes: we are fronds,  
when it snows we are the hands  
that write on ice, we're what was  
in paradise we do thus.

---

## **Cosmos 2.0**

So said the daisy to the rose

“How come you wear such fancy clothes?”

To which the ample rose replied,

“I’ve got more pansy stuff to hide.”

Daisy dear she thought this over,

went to naughty with the clover,

all the field effect listened in,

that’s what it is with next of kin,

as for the pansies, they got on,

we’d ask ‘em where, but, well, they’re gone.

One remains, a forget-me-not,

she’s got brains and she’s really hot.

---

## **The escort**

Miss Datura wants to meet you  
our better dating service says,  
no sir, we won't be cheating you,  
and we'll even create her dress  
for this momentous occasion.

We will hire the minister,  
yes, there shall be no evasion,  
no sir, there's nothing sinister,  
we'll take care of all the details,  
the photographer and the cake,  
we can arrange to pay your bail,  
so you can't say that we're fakers,  
we're fine upstanding citizens,  
the cream of our society,  
paragons of witticisms,  
decorum and sobriety.

You'll be a guaranteed winner,  
we're camera obscura,  
so why don't you come to dinner  
and meet our daughter Datura.

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## **Pheromones**

Freud was right, it's all phlox,  
even the cockscombs agreed,  
bridal veil, hollyhocks,  
everyone gets down to breed.

Bleeding heart, wanton glance,  
it's all about local bonds,  
spikenard, damsel's cunt,  
every crowd gets what it wants.

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Our dad stands in a field  
of mustard in full bloom,  
his body as well heeled  
as any lusty groom,  
a self-portrait taken  
at the height of his aeld,  
when the world awakens  
to her potential mate.  
Note how his eyes glitter  
the rakish fedora,  
his stance forward a bit,  
the old yellow flatbed ford  
that he drove home, no brakes,  
wires tight overhead,  
how our memory aches  
for those days that are fled.  
It was a magickal  
summer, different colors  
than they are now, fragile,  
it's nineteen fifty-four.

---

## Divination

Yellow on the eastern slope,  
splendid after dawn,  
for to feast the antelope  
when the men are gone.

No pawnee arrow bowshot  
to ensnare his horn,  
we are the roe allotted  
to the prairie borne.

We have seen the antlers pass,  
strong foot high obscure,  
we'll be here so long as grass  
and the sky endure.

Bury me in the garden,  
ancient on the plain,  
and carry me in your heart.

My name is yarrow.

---

## Eden

Adam purple

built a garden

on an empty lot,

grew nasturtiums,

corn and carrots

till that lot got bought.

In their wisdom

the new owners

dug a giant hole,

it's just business

it's a condo,

not a salad bowl.

That's the problem,

in a city

land is valuable,

there's no room for

kitchen gardens,

just developments.

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## Prophecy

If you follow the rainbow,  
you'll get to the goldenrod,  
anyway that's what I've heard,  
or maybe the bird of god.

If you fly with the rainbow  
your bad luck evaporates,  
and if you get there early  
they'll roll out the pearly gates.

If you ride on the rainbow  
the wheel turns in your favor,  
burning beauty will serve you  
fine meals for you to savor.

If you swallow the rainbow,  
you'll become the universe,  
you'll walk across the heavens  
with suns and moons in your purse.

---

## The choir

It's raining, it's raining,

make a joyful noise.

Clamoring, clamoring,

wakeful with one voice.

Admire, admire,

chrysanthemums chant,

join the dance, join the dance,

thunders covenant.

Extension, extension,

contenance the sun.

Dragon's broth, dragon's breath,

cosmos everyone.

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# Post Scriptum

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## **Post scriptum**

In the face of lies,  
idiot despair,  
horseshit and blowflies  
that befoul the air,  
let me point at this:  
the best way to fight  
what has gone amiss  
is to shine a light  
on the stuffed shirt's fist.  
Harden your resolve,  
invert the ordure,  
go grow a garden,  
flowers *love* manure.

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