

The Federal Poet

Fall 2010



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THE FEDERAL POETS

9039 Sligo Creek Parkway #1409, Silver Spring MD 20901

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Introduction

THE FEDERAL POETS is the oldest continuously active poetry group in the Washington D.C. area. First convened in 1944, it is a nonprofit organization open to all poets without regard to race, ethnicity, nationality, religion, or political affiliation.

Members of **THE FEDERAL POETS** meet at the West End Public Library in Washington, DC, on the third Saturday of every month to read, analyze and discuss their poetry. Visitors are always welcome. Members and visitors who are planning to attend should bring 20 copies of a recently written poem for distribution to those present. The poem will then be discussed with a view to enhancing its chances for publication.

The chief aims of this organization are to improve the members' poems by the exchange of constructive criticism and to increase their exposure through publication and readings.

The Federal Poet, containing the best poems written by members, is published semiannually. Local and corresponding members receive it and may submit poems to the editor for consideration and publication.

THE FEDERAL POETS is a chapter of the **National Federation of State Poetry Societies** and the **Academy of American Poets** and is also affiliated with the **Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines**.

For membership information, write us or visit our website.

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Table of Contents

Roasted Chestnuts	1
<i>Miles David Moore</i>	
Against Nature	2
<i>Judith McCombs</i>	
DINER	3
<i>Ann Rayburn</i>	
The Anjou Pear	4
<i>Mary L. Westcott</i>	
In Duplicate	4
<i>Pamela Passaretta</i>	
The Painter	5
<i>Donna Lewis Cowan</i>	
Enlightenment	6
<i>Alec McRae</i>	
Getting to Know My World	7
<i>Julie Kritzer</i>	
New Shoot	8
<i>Elizabeth Black</i>	
Chrysanthemum	9
<i>John Monagle</i>	
Children	10
<i>Donna Lewis Cowan</i>	
Anti-depressant	11
<i>Julie Kritzer</i>	
Quasi-Fable	12
<i>Cary Kamarat</i>	
Storm Clouds And Politicians	13
<i>Clyde A. Wray</i>	
Our Children	13
<i>Dean Blehert</i>	
State of the Art	14
<i>Dean Blehert</i>	
Sweet Underworld	15
<i>Donald Illich</i>	
neurosurgeon	16
<i>Nadine Rogers</i>	
healthcare reform (I)	16
<i>Nadine Rogers</i>	

Mother Wore Kid Gloves With Cultured Pearls	17
<i>Bonnie Naradzay</i>	
At The Bridge	18
<i>Ann Rayburn</i>	
Full Moon.....	18
<i>Dean Bleher</i>	
The Spiral of the Doomed	19
<i>Ron Vardiman</i>	
Fate	20
<i>Alec McRae</i>	
My Father's Cane.....	21
<i>Mary L Westcott</i>	
Bronte's Last letter.....	22
<i>John Monagle</i>	
Forever Safe.....	23
<i>Ingeborg Carsten-Miller</i>	
The Waterfront Rhapsody.....	24
<i>Ninie G. Syarikin</i>	
Getting to the Age	25
<i>Pam Bleher</i>	
Something Like a Smile	26
<i>Lee Giesecke</i>	
Death of Osip Mandelstam	27
<i>Martin Dickinson</i>	
Twins AD 1240.....	28
<i>Charles G. Dubose Jr.</i>	
Omens	28
<i>Dean Bleher</i>	
Among The Living	29
<i>Edna Small</i>	
9/11/ Remembered	30
<i>Clyde A. Wray</i>	
About storing things you have said	31
<i>Pam Bleher</i>	
Ides of November	31
<i>Edna Small</i>	
Tread Lightly	32
<i>Nancy Allinson</i>	
On the Death of Michael Jackson	32
<i>Pam Bleher</i>	

Roasted Chestnuts

(after Andrew Wyeth)

The world has been sepia since past remembrance,
familiar as a roadside tire track.
You wait beside the constant road, shivering
in a tattered Army jacket shorn of glory—
the insignia gone, like the man who first wore it.

The withered grass sings in insistent whispers—
a wordless dirge. You stamp your feet and fold
a stocking cap around your ears. The cold
of solitude weaves clouds around your face.
Your mouth hangs slackly, sucking in the frost.

The chestnuts sputter in a shallow pan.
You fear that they are paltry, small, the stuff
of mockery. But in this November gray,
their embered fire is all the warmth you know.
The fickle sun hides from you. The chestnuts glow,

round little consolations, simmering
to tell your story. They're the best of you,
they *are* you. When you steel yourself and turn
to search for movement on the blank horizon,
you think you see a speck—perhaps a car—

a *car*! Filled with music and enchanted people
who'll see the worthiness of roasted chestnuts
and love you for them. That's your only dream.
Holding your soul between a pair of tongs,
you pray to Heaven it will be enough.

Miles David Moore

This poem appeared in *Pivot* and in *The Bears of Paris* (Word Works, 1999).

Against Nature

Here by the lake and its useless ripples
I'm noticing things, I can't help it
There are relics of insects again in the food
There's a wilderness behind me, I know, I paid
to get out here and it's chock-full of dirt

In a place without gates
how can you open
Without windows what do you see

My habits won't work, out here, and yours
won't either (see, the fishing hook squirms
into your clever opposable thumb)

There's a halo of insects between us and nature

Where you pace has no walls and no corners (how
do you stop) The thickets and mud flats are waiting
Shall we pack up and leave, or join in their tangles

Think of our forebears, building their walls
all over the forest, firing the trees
the beasts and the earth till they choked on fire,
wondering why God had set down flowers
here, in the interminable waste of the forests,
where none but wild animals could ever behold

Think of their counting, alone in the winters,
how many windows, how many acres
imposed on the land, how many cupfuls
of flour, of salt, how many times
this sorting and counting: the last defense
against nature

Judith McCombs

This is the title poem of McComb's *Against Nature: Wilderness Poems* (Dustbooks) and is reprinted in *The Habit of Fire: Poems Selected & New* (Word Works).

DINER

Coffee, hashbrowns, eggs, 2 AM and over easy.
Fat hisses on the grill. Glass door swings shut,

says Don't break the night apart. We should have
gone home hours ago. Waitress slippers by our booth.

The man with raveled mittens watches.
My fingers sizzle under yours.

Steam wraps wet wool around us
while street lights spill their crystal grains

on rainy streets. Juke box ballads spread their tears.
We are traveling incognito, two conspirators against
time,
in a pool of yellow light.

Ann Rayburn

The Anjou Pear

The fallen pear hits ground bruised and brown
and green so light, a sheen just marred by touch.
I note its shape, its odd and corpulent bottom,
its snowman's head, a hat of twigs, no eyes.
No blunders were made when the first pear was born.
Each fruit you name — the rounded orange, the apple,
the glide of grape — so various. We see that pears
don't feign their beauty, they feel right at home
in portly flesh, since that is all they have.
If only I thought like pears, then I could start
to eat again to craft my distinctive shape.

Mary L. Westcott

In Duplicate

dark skin caressed
shiny black hair entwined
thick lips drenched
deep brown eyes grasped
hard body melted
Salvadorian man intoxicated
her
married her

two years loved
car crash splattered
him

dark skin warmed
shiny black hair tickled
thick lips brushed
deep brown eyes held
hard body lifted
Salvadorian man secured
her
married her

fifteen years loved
sea swallowed
him

Pamela Passaretta

The Painter

He divided her into eight equal parts
as any artist would, into architecture

and scale. Everything grew from the face,
descended into a pattern of pores.

He spent an hour in yellow, stirring
her eyelids into fire-consciousness.

He wanted to make her see something
outside the picture or beyond

his grey cracked window, hazardously
painted shut. He studied her, surfaced

the drowned anxieties of her skin,
the infant wrinkles. When she spoke

he could feel the image slip
from its solid monument

into division and when her voice
stopped he could assemble the pieces

again, the way a man would see her
without ever knowing her, as if beauty

was a need he could make.

Donna Lewis Cowan

Enlightenment

The gardener, a shy man-off-the-street,
holds a varnished paper umbrella.
He ripple-rakes the white sand, despite rainfall,
into a pattern effortlessly neat,
meant to suggest, only abstractly, the sea,
as eight weathered stones are meant to depict
Buddha and the seven starving tiger cubs he
knows he must sacrifice himself to feed.

I sit in a little red pagoda and think—
as the Zen monks do—about what love means,
conscious of knowing it as something
tricky and elusive from watching the supple
erotic dancers in the dives on Tanao Road
where I go looking for enlightenment.

That evening I'm sitting in the Dragon Palace.
Even in costume the girls look fragile,
despite lithe physiques and frozen glances
perfected for the ugly, floodlit stage,
where they are stranded like fish. What enhances
their act is that we grunts are a compliant crowd,
bleary with liquor; our stinginess is relaxed.

When one slings her leg proudly
across the bar rail where I sit, I kiss
a twenty dollar bill goodbye and tuck it in her garter.
She's a Siamese swan straining her elastic
neck to eat cake crumbs and nourish herself.

Overcome with loneliness and isolation,
my heart is not alert; I am transfixed,
yearning as tiger cubs yearn for their
mother who has abandoned them forever.

Alec McRae

Getting to Know My World

While I Get To Know

They see me, a little girl,
Not quite able to grasp a crayon
But persistent to make a good picture.
“See! Here are the ears of my favorite bear
She always listens to me”
School gets harder sometimes
I need extra help in some things
But other times I am quite above average
I still love that favorite bear
But my other friends put their toys in boxes
Seeming to understand something I don’t
Grownups tell me that I am smart
“But in a different way”
When something goes wrong I cry
And the Mary Poppins of the moment fixes it all
I don’t care much about the other kids
Anyway it’s the grown ups who are nice to me
Not that the kids aren’t, It’s just—
I don’t like what they like
I am special, unique
Smart, in a different way
But then I become a teenager
I start suddenly caring what the other kids think
What is smart?
What is special?
Is it special to be smart?
Becoming a grown up
I mostly like people the age of my parents
But find a few my age
I try to look at things in perspective
But what is perspective?
Is my perspective special?
Is my perspective smart?

Julie Kritzer

New Shoot

In darkness a seed breaks
open and a white shoot
pushes past its tan crust
into the packed ground
seeking a path around rocks
and roots to the spring sun
that warms the frozen world.

In deeper darkness
the fragile root takes form
pressing into deafening
stillness towards earth's core—
foraging for food and drink
with passion that breaks
the great granite boulders.

Above, a green stem leads
skyward, slight and delicate,
piercing gravity
and growing woody with age
splitting into fine lines
and points of pink buds
that unfurl today.

Elizabeth Black

Chrysanthemum

I

She grabbed me with her hands
and walked me to her garden,
the soil already mixed.

Between two mums six feet apart
was a hole she dug for me.
She slid her hands inside
the rim and lifted me
from the confining pot
and slit the clump
attached to my roots
before setting me in the ground.

Gathering the dirt, she filled
the hole and gently patted
it around me. Smiling, she rose,
rubbing the dirt from her hands.

II

From the pot to the soil,
hard clay to soft earth,
we will wilt under summer's
dry heat burning the core,
rise to early spring's
chilly breeze, recede
into white ice as winter winds
shake snow from the trees.

And in autumn, as she bathes
us with cool water, pulls weeds
sprouting near us, spreads nutrients
which feed us as she speaks frustrations
and joys, we will bloom for her,
clay, flame, light, and gold.

John Monagle

Children

In my basket they lay sober,
unlit: the unwinding scrolls
of newly-wired fuses.

I plant them in rows, grooming
the soil about the wooden embryos.

Surveyors of a broken sun,
they hum like untuned metal strings.

*

Spring, and their bodies snap
like sprung traps.

They hail revolution in the grass,
leaves lapping into dizzy,
strumming arms. Wide-eyed,
they swell hearts like wings.

*

It was a proud, metal winter,
stinging early March with stiff winds
and drunken rips of rain.

The farmers set out torches
to keep the groves from freezing.

We grazed our fingers
over your burrowing hoods,
pressing petals into their crowns,
warming you until the sun could.

*

Spring, and I watch you from my chair,
streaming electric, gathering gravity
around you like permanent planets.

I imagine the thread of your roots
wrapping this garden up tight—

each segment in the darkness
a maze
of one world finding another.

Donna Lewis Cowan

(Previously appeared in *Mannequin Envy*, Winter 2009)

Anti-depressant

When I am sad I would like
Someone to tickle me
So that it turns my mouth upward to smile
And reveals the dimple on my cheek

So that my mouth opens like a cough
Except with a good tasting feeling
And good warm full soul
Like soup broth

It wouldn't just make me laugh
It would make me smile
I don't know how it would taste
In my mouth, or for a while
But why if it worked as a child
Can't it now make me smile?

Julie Kritzer

Quasi-Fable

*translation by Cary Kamarat,
from the Catalan poem
by Miquel Martí i Pol*

In times to come, when none are left
of ships at sea nor fishermen on land,
there shall arise on eastern shores
a mariner of fortune
riding high on mastless
galleon old and tragic;
he'll drop anchor for the night at some lone beach,
far away and deserted.
Then the man'll descend, so solemn, from his ship,
and straight upon the sand
shall roar and cast his bellow rending all of space
and all of this world end to end.
It'll be the signal, of course,
but do not expect the dead
to come forth from their tombs.
Today's dead have no sense of solidarity;
always asking questions,
demanding guarantees,
they want to know how and why
and in the end they just don't move.
If you should hear the great cry,
drop everything,
take to the streets,
for such things do not happen
very often.

Cary Kamarat

Storm Clouds And Politicians

They're like colorful
hot air balloons
the ones like
Mickey Mouse & Daffy Duck
that float up in the clouds
full of hot steam
that is until you pull their cord
let all the hot air out
they're full of wonder and momentum
until that is
they go drifting
off course
then they appear
as if they are
forever perpetually lost
in storm clouds
they themselves
(politicians) bring on!

Clyde A. Wray

“. . . our children . . . “ says
the politician. Lock up
the silverware!

Dean Blehert

State of the Art

We go to presentations, view overheads,
learn acronyms, grasp new technologies.
enter into discussivities of connectivity
and establish prioritizations of our
activitizations. We are in a hotel
in a city far from home, but it could be
any city, any Marriott or Ramada or Hyatt or
Marramadyatt. We are regaled with free mugs,
T-shirts, notepads, pens, bright visored
caps, solar calculators. We are
furthering our careers, enhancing
our resumes, garnering previews,
cautions, tips, outlines, in-depth
explanations. We all agree
that the presentations are excellent,
the handouts invaluable. Like the other
busy squirrels, I fill my fat cheeks
with treasured tidbits as if preparing
for a long winter, but as easily as
Simon Says, I can think of someone
I care for or a good line of poetry or a
crumpled Kleenex in a waste basket
and imagine that I am spending 3 days
doing something TSTD/TU
(terribly strange, terribly dull,
terribly unimportant.)

Dean Blehert

Sweet Underworld

At the newest candy shop we eat poison.
It wasn't our intention. It was mixed
with sweets that resembled dream lovers.
It was covered in chocolate that a rainfall
of cocoa collided with, smothered by butterscotch
that had no mercy on our stomach or anything.
We didn't regret consuming the poison.
Our lives bored us so much a little sugar
was a fair price to enter the underworld.
It was everything we expected and more,
but we can't say much about it. Our tongues
are stapled to our cheeks, our mouths
don't allow us to fake whisper words.
We plan on writing a tell-all book
through a Ouija board. We will haunt
a football player and a judge, act out
the end zone of the dead and the courtroom
of the guilty corpses. After all, we can
still taste the treat for all eternity, so
we have nothing to complain about in our
non-lives. We weren't promised anything,
it was an accident that Fate found itself in,
the traffic lights green on all sides,
coins that covered our eyes falling
from clouds, all of them heads up, as if
chance had a sense of humor, even about death.

Donald Illich

neurosurgeon

he was tall & skinny
with long long hands
awkward looking
& pale.
he looked vitamin d
deficient.
i suppose he don't
get enough sun
being in that o.r.
all day.

Nadine Rogers

healthcare reform (I)

funny how
if you b late
for yr appointment
you gotta wait.

funny how
if they b late
for yr appointment
you gotta wait.

funny how
if you b awol
for yr appointment
you gotta pay.

funny how
if they b awol
for yr appointment
you gotta come back.

now it wud b real
funny if
they had to pay you
to wait
pay you
to come back.

Nadine Rogers

Mother Wore Kid Gloves With Cultured Pearls

buttoned at the wrists to handle money, which she believed was dirty. She carried her bills and coins in a small paper bag, dumping them out on the department store counter when buying Arden facial creams. “It’s rude to talk of money at the table,” she said, preferring us to speak of cabbages and kings. She took off her gloves to eat, especially artichoke hearts. Her favorite film star, Audrey Hepburn, wore a fitted lavender wool coat, empire-style waist, for “Love in the Afternoon.” Mother’s tailor copied the design. She buttoned her coat on wintry days and touched her throat with a handkerchief of scented Belgian lace, quoting Hepburn’s line to Gary Cooper – “I’m susceptible, you know.”

To Alzheimer’s, it turned out, after decades of sadness and fog. To go to work, I tuned the TV to “I Love Lucy” reruns, pulled down shades and locked the house, leaving Mother sitting on the living room couch inside layers of nightgowns, like a pale water lily.

Bonnie Naradzay

“Mother Wore White Gloves...” was published in the Fall 2010 edition of “Pinch,” the journal put out by the University of Memphis MFA program.

At The Bridge

Driving across Chain Bridge at dusk
day's work and winter darkness pressed
heavy against my shoulders.

Mist blurred the bridge, the river's edge
below, three dim figures climbing. One carried
fishing gear, the second, a nodding child.

The third, a puppy loose and flopped
against his ribs. Each burden carried lightly
up the slope. Today I've long forgotten

that evening's weary thoughts. In the time it takes
to tell you this, fog came and spun wide sleeves
around the men, lifted them past the trees, toward
home.

Ann Rayburn

At The Bridge was a finalist in the Arlington Moving Words competition for 2010.

Full moon.
Crossing its face, a dark scar
of geese.

Dean Blehert

The Spiral of the Doomed

Again, it comes.
The scorching south wind starts,
the storm builds hour upon hour.
I feel the grey fog closing in,
the pounding of the red rain,
the black tide raging,
the rising of the yellow waters
over the useless barriers,
the fall of the white towers.
Life is hard, death is easy;
but not now, dear God,
not this time.

The grim circle turns—
once again I am swept away
and washed back up
like a half drowned dog.
The towers must be rebuilt,
the barriers restored;
always a renewal
of what was never adequate.
Always the insanity
of repetition, but each time
nearer to the last.

Ron Vardiman

Fate

The car skidded sideways on the ice, out onto the wrong side of the road. The approaching traffic—headlights blazing—closed in.

My name, my past, my future broke free and were left silently behind further and further away. I was helpless like a boy in a playground surrounded by bullies.

The approaching cars had huge halo lights. They glared on me as I wrestled with the wheel in a transparent terror that floated like ectoplasm.

The seconds slowed—there were spaces between them—they grew as big as houses. You could pause, breathe in, breathe out before being crushed.

Then the gear caught. The car broke free and scudded clear across the road onto the shoulder. A post shot up and cracked—a sharp clang—it flew away as I shuddered to a stop.

Then—stillness. I sat back in my seatbelt and saw someone coming through the whirling darkness.

Alec McRae

My Father's Cane

*(When I had no roof I made
Audacity my roof. When I had
No supper my eyes dined...)
Robert Pinsky*

When I had no words, I listened to the rain,
to the crystal silence between the pages.
I could feel the cadence of my father's cane.

When I had no meter, I was not quite sane.
I looked for joy in trying to assuage
the memory of the cadence of my father's cane.

When I had no rhythm, I walked the lanes,
placed words on pages, a sauntering sage.
I sang to the cadence of my father's cane.

When I had no image, prosody was my bane,
I borrowed from Neruda: he was my gauge.
When I had no words, I listened to the rain.

When I had no lyrics, I let images reign
like the one of the heron standing on an edge
with one foot tapping like my father's cane.

I sat at the table to the right of pain,
to the left of father, away from his rage.
When I had no words, I listened to the rain,
and wrote the cadence of my father's cane.

Mary L Westcott

Bronte's Last letter

Dear Providers

I only intended to shit
in the yard when you let me
out last night. But another dog's
barking awoke the memory
of this morning's walk
when I smelled her on the bush.

I'm leaving at the howl
as the blood runs hot
under my coat and it
is hard and red. I've met her
or bitches like her
on previous roamings
to connect, satisfy
this drive.

The walls are not high enough
to keep me in. I will bound
over them as I leapt through windows
while you drove through the city.

Sadly, as you are too aware
I met others of my kind in their heat
who bit and gashed me
as we fought to mount the prize.

You looked upon me with disgust
as I lay under the chair
the whole day to heal
the wounds and the pride.
I am not to blame.
It is my muttedness.
My father was a coyote
who knew only to run wild.

If I don't return, come to the place
of barking dogs in cages
like you did the last time
when I pressed my head against
the wire to feel your hand.

John Monagle

First published in Wordwrights in 2000

Forever Safe

The chance
ran away,
could not be
caught up with.

Waiting is
a commodity
not to be
played with.

Courtesy & consideration
might have become
oldfashioned, but are still
widely appreciated.

Ingeborg Carsten-Miller

The Waterfront Rhapsody

Today, I came again to this place,
where time is memorialized.
The twin iron anchors with chains are still here,
standing sturdily in brownish orange
(was that also the color back then?).
Silent, but they must keep a million stories.

Nothing seems to have changed.
The Potomac river is still rippling calmly
this summer afternoon.
The white boats are floating leisurely,
with colorful flags waving.
I am whispering: 'Where are you now?
How are you doing?'

Here, you showed me and my little son
kindness and care,
without intrusive questions,
with understanding and acceptance.
A generosity that I've stored in my heart,
that I shall bring to my grave.

I still keep the photos that you took of me,
while pushing my baby's stroller.
I, in my youthful beauty, in a white lace dress,
that a friend had given for my wedding,
I gladly accepted, but politely chided:
"Thanks, but my fiancee would want me
to wear a fancier gown."

continued

Since then, time has stood still.
A few times, I did see you, both far and near;
yet, somehow, my modesty prevented me
from revealing myself, taking off my veil for you.
I recognized you, all right!
I had no idea, though, if you knew me.
Or, were you also pretending as I was?
We might be playing a role in masks,
without wearing ones.

The helicopter above me hovering,
back and forth, back and forth,
with its sound, strangely, agreeable to me.
I telepathized the pilot, who, I thought,
was looking down at me:
“Will you find him for me in your flight?
I just wanted to tell him,
‘Thank you for being so gracious.’”

Was it really over twenty years ago?
I am no longer in my youth;
a half century already is my journey.
Time has, indeed, long passed
Only I stayed, unchanged.

Ninie G. Syarikin

Getting to the age
where I worry—
I could drop dead any time.

I'll be ok,
but will they know
what to do with my stuff?

Pam Blehert

Something Like a Smile

In your smile I see your teeth.
I know that teeth are not quite skeletal,
but there is something primeval about them —
not like your shaped eyebrows
and pampered skin;
not like your thoughts
current with the latest mags;
not like your children
beautiful in every way.

Form follows function in the teeth:
molars for mashing,
incisors for inciting caution,
fillings to remind us of civilization.
They go back a bit, these teeth —
not that you are old,
rather that all of us are.

The smile is a snarl of acceptance.
Thank God I am accepted,
even if only for a passing second.

Lee Giesecke

*Previously published in *Psychopoetica*, 2009.

Death of Osip Mandelstam

December 27, 1938

You gaze from your cell
to the Vladivostok hills, the empty, December wind
whistling outside.

Again you are in a sledge
packed with straw lurching through Moscow streets
heaving down into black ruts of dirty snow,

or in Leningrad you warm your palms
over a fire before the brightly lit theater listening to the rustle
of the audience hurrying inside for the play,

and staring into the flames you mumble
a prayer for yourself, a prayer for Russia
into the Soviet night,

or again
in Olga's embrace you taste for a final time
her soft, salt lips.

Reverently you begin
to reconstruct, phrase by phrase, your poems
about these things.

The earth is grim, unjust.
As the sound comes at the door you know--
it is your executioner.

Martin Dickinson

Twins AD 1240

Leaning from the topmost turret
of her mountain stronghold,
a princess plucks a scythe
from the crescent moon
and with that dainty scepter
reigns over carnivals in bawdy valleys.

Marooned in her worship box
in a nunnery on an island
and panicked in the depths of night
by the God that governs the void,
her sister dreams of lusty writhing myriads
riding in the wake of a goddess
alighting on the crest of a morning wave.

Charles G. Dubose Jr.

Omens

Bright, windy day,
splintery park bench, worn notebook.
Who knows what is changing for me,
who is being born, who dying
or, even in myself, what is dying,
being born? Perhaps tonight
I will find I no longer like orange juice
or that I am in love
or that nothing matters any more.
Perhaps whatever I will find tonight
is now being prepared for me,
the trees trying to tell me—
if I could read leaf motion, bark wrinkles.
Perhaps if I keep writing,
I will tell myself in my own language
and still not know what I've said.

Dean Blehert

Among The Living

Last fall, I spent a patient hour
on the pier in Provincetown,
meeting the Boston ferry.
I spotted a former love
standing on the topmost deck.
I scanned each passenger
who set foot ashore
until the last had
passed me by.

This morning, in the library
I saw the gray back
of your head, bent
toward the Times
as you read the news.
I was startled
at the sight of you,
five years dead.

Edna Small

9/11/ Remembered

Thought to cry for humanity
thought to cry at the sounds
of sorrow
of anguish
of where many a lonely heart beats..
thought the pain would pass
the anger wouldn't last
thought to cry for humanity
thought again the world would learn
breathe..thought it wouldn't linger
it would dissipate
like the smoke from 9/11
thought we'd learn eradicate bitterness
malice the hate..
how unfortunate
that doesn't appear to be our fate
thought to cry for humanity
but hope survives
love will always endure
will outlast hate

Clyde A. Wray

About storing things you have said

Things you have said
can be salted and stored
in large casks, to be thrown overboard
in case of pursuit.

Make them palatable for further digestion
by soaking for hours ahead of use.

Be careful which hold you pack them in:
always put the heavier things
in the lower hold, in the stern,
so that you do not founder
in a making sea.

Pam Blehert

Ides of November

At 5:00 p.m. the sun withdraws
its invitation to play.

Only one branch of an oak
still claims its russet leaves.

Last month, children scootered
on the shimmering sidewalk.

A woman alone goes inside,
met by artificial light.

Edna Small

Tread Lightly

You remind me of humpty dumpty sitting on a shelf.
Instead you are in your wheel chair, your feet in white trainers
that open and close with velcro straps,
your legs splayed heavy across the floor.
I pick one up as if it is a pale log
place it on the foothold of the wheelchair, then the other.
Your arms on each section of the wheel chair
lay still like fat straps.
Your hands curved with arthritis, are rough white shells.
You can barely pick up your fork, your hands are shaking so,
your fingers hardly folding around the metal of the fork.
You inhale in short sniffs as though you are stingy with the air.
Your chest shakes as if you're stifling a hiccup.
When you speak, you drag your voice out of you
as if you're reluctant to give me your words.
When I was a young woman with a body that would not
 stay still,
I would say mean things to you.
Now approaching my own older age, I tread lightly.

Nancy Allinson

On the Death of Michael Jackson

That's right, mourn him as if you
could undo all the nasty things you said.
As if he could hear you.
And maybe he does
and it makes everything
all right.

Pam Blehert

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