

MIKE McCAULEY

ANOTHER TROUBLED SLEEP

The night is tasked by travel
beside this river this raffle
noise of cars noise of trucks
sea lions bay on the rocks
stir sleep dream selections
burlap synapse erections:
Bridges' anxiety
Roads' uncertainty
Wishes that would fly away
brought to breach by some
unthought random
screech from the highway
and forsaken at the verge of shallow
waking. Images merge in shadow
resonance with Poseidon/sea lion
discordance. Rest forced to rely on
the all-purpose semiconscious contrivance:
i want this i want this



ALISON SEIFFER

REWARD

Hey.
There is that cliff
in front of us.
There are those guys
behind us.
So
let's
let
the horses go.
Okay?
Okay, dude...

The horses' gait
in their escape
to illustrate
gratitude

TURNING

Those Potters hands
with that Potters clay
at the Potters wheel
caressing ancient glands
To ane the way
Peel away
Who
what
where
You were
You are
New
But
familiar
Cellular
Memory star
Draws
Dream guides
Through the undersides
of that Oz
Where a grace bestrides
each cup and handle
Where an angel abides
in every bowl

BILL BERTIN

CULTISTS

Centerpieces
waiting in dark grottos
drawing the unwary
to dark embrace
down hollow maws
without echo.

Violence
is cowardice
turned
inside out.

FRAGMENT

Truth to tell ~
he has not loved since he did not love you.
And now his heart is as a balanced shell,
waiting still as museum pieces do.

ON COOKING A GOOSE

Working from her own recipe
she peeled the skin all around
exposing trembling sinews and nerve-ends
exposing as well the purpled hurts
the yellowed strands of self-rejection
there a shriveled peach pit heart
a quivering liver choked with bile
after a time she looked it over
basting with juices simmering darkly
when all was done she simply left it
having really no appetite for goose

NIGHT WORK

If after my death my spirit moan
to be again with flesh and bone,
I pray it purrs inside a fat,
all-knowing, cool, ungrateful cat.
Then, pausing on a backyard fence,
shrewdly gauging what innocence,
whose darkened window would I leap,
whose darker eye awake from sleep?

ENGAGED

On a scale from 1 to 2
I suppose you'll have to do.

MICHAEL MARSH POET

The poem ended
you lie in your grave
grey with exhaustion
as in life unkempt
wrinkled as your brow
retaining wonder.

Bertin and McCauley are old friends.

"No two writers could be more different,"

Bertin says. "Possibly a good idea."

Bertin lives in Portland, McCauley in
Seaside.

~MPMc

