

CONCUBINE

He will be back
and you will be there
waiting.

He will believe he wants you
and you will know
the difference
between desire
and fear of no desire

You will know again
the hands and lips that move by rote,
the body that cannot leave itself,
the churning desperation of the old.

But you will wait
like the cool observer
you have learned to be.

You will mouth the little words,
and reassure, and stroke,
and watch it happen.

You will lie open to him,
willing liquid to come
as proof of your devotion.

You will flex trained muscles
to lock his body into passion.

He will believe. He will be back.

~ELIZABETH HOBBS

TRUTHFULLY SPEAKING

*Speak to me, so softly,
so intensely...
Knowing of my flaws,
my insecurities.
Hold me knowing or not
knowing of what is to
come or not to come.
Understand, that the pure
souls last
even in unstable manners
such as our own.
Speak to me in
ways of your own,
not thinking of the days
to come, but today as
if the last, today as our
own.
Unknown to why
things are the way they
are or just come to
realize ignorance as a
substitute.*

~JACKIE SMITH

YOU WILL WIN

Snow is all you wear — and wonder
wound about you like a shawl.
I am hearing a distant thunder.
Thunder holds me in its thrall.
Snow is filled with tiny lightning;
I am sparks without a flame
flying on a wind of icy
brightness, crying out the name
that hums most magic to my ancient
mystery-believing ways.
Someone winds a shawl of lace
about me and its fineness says,
'Of the herd of racing horses
overhead, one calls to you.'
Snow is falling, I shall learn to
wear it, while you wear the blue.

~JUDITH GRIFFIS

MY FAVORITE THINGS

*Music by Richart Rockers
Lyrics by Nascar Hammerbrain*

Toasting more convicts is upping my rating
My dad and his pals have so much money waiting
The see-lection over 'fore the fat lady sings
These are a few of my favorite things

Stealing elections is making us wealthy
Kickbacks for our pals is keeping them healthy
We pick our war cabinet and start pulling strings
These are a few of my favorite things

Pipelines and poppies and top secret war plans
Cheney and Rumsfeld love killing those Afghans
Selling oil futures and living like kings
These are a few of my favorite things

When the fowls roost
When the shit flings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

~R. LOUIS RICHARDS



PETER KUPER

POETRY

BREATHING

*Remember the rhythm of the dance?
Your body and mine, lingering under the moon.
Can I make music always?
Will you dream with me forever?
The sun lifts the darkness;
There's a smile on your lips.
I cherish you, beautiful one.
But more than that, I love you.
With all my heart, I love you.
I want to lay under the stars with you.
I want to be with you.
No talking,
Just breathing,
And being together,
In the silence,
Under the stars.
If I can lay with you
And hear you breathe...
That's all I want tonight.
I just want to be with you.
You healed my heart,
You set my soul free,
I just want to be with you.*

~JESSI DUNKIN

SPEAKING

There will be rains I'll need
no shelter from; cold winds
no walls need broach the chill for me:

when fire splits seams
out of the ground, I won't
need the warmth at all: lone, ever,

when you who have given
your days to me, when you
come close, I won't sense

that last approach: not
knowing how to speak,
I'll say nothing.

~A.R. AMMONS (1926-2001)

WHILE HE HOLDS THE GUN

I wouldn't be able to touch you lightly
These hands would want
Back pages
Words crossed out
Made up languages
Memorizing dizzy
I would not remember to forget
Parts subtracted or ignored
The indentation of your weight
Staining hands
I wouldn't be able to touch you lightly
We have both seen too much
Scars as our metals
You wear bronze
I wear copper
My pocket knife lover
Leaves behind bandaged palms
I tie ribbons around matches
Hands that could build temples
Take refuge in my pockets

~ARIANA HARLEY

HAIKU

Very small children
Limp hair hanging like silk thread
Their eyes angelic

Old men and women
Walking with canes and limping
Hunched against dying

~RICHARD SCHULTZ (d.1/1993)



SMALL BIRDS IN WINTER

In puddles, pools the rain makes rings,
The gale would drown you in its wail and keen
At dawn, at last, the sun. They dry their wings,

Out of water wells the start of things,
Runs rivulet to river, a gathering skein.
In puddles, pools this rain makes rings,

But it's light that sparks beginnings,
Junco, finch, paired chains of adenine —
At dawn, at last, the sun. They dry their wings,

Rung-linked ladder, helixed, double springs,
Copies down the name in guanine —
In puddles, pools the rain makes rings,

A well, a leaf, a door turns and in its turnings
Each trigram, *sparrow, wren*, spells out unseen
At dawn, at last, the sun. They dry their wings,

Wind whips a branch a *chickadee* clings,
She finds shelter in a maple's lee and preens,
In puddles, pools the rain makes rings,
At dawn, at last, in sun, they dry their wings,

Sings in the hollow where the center drops.
Glean what you can before you are too weak.
Wings to lift them when the falling stops.

Springs from ridge lines, mountain tops.
Convenes in clouds that storm and wreak.
Sings in the hollow where the center drops.

Brings into being their bonding blocks,
Thymine, form the tongue all living speak.
Wings to life them when the falling stops.

Springs of code *towhee, thrush*, that now unlocks
Cytosine, writes *warbler's* yellow eye streak.
Sings in the hollow where the center drops.

Swings open, spreads, uncoils the flocks.
Proteins, *warbler* made flesh, made feather, beak.
Wings to lift them when the falling stops.

Slings her to ground where the leaf-mold rots.
Cleans feathers, calls, calls her name into the bleak.
Sings in the hollow where the center drops.
Wings that lift them, now, as the falling stops.

~JIM DOTT

ROAR, TORN & WEARY

Tis weary I am of cellular attraction
Perhaps extinction shall smoldered creatures die...
or cry into the moonlight day so oblique and staring
wooly little germs under my window lit
Little Chopin caught it almost in the act
of footfalls lightly scudding in the blackened soul of Ceres

Harump and cattywumps went the sacrifice so vain
and ran away to Russia, there to go insane
and pummeled bombs are so swearing that the bitch must fall
but graceful heroes remained undaunted in space's twinkling halls

So sappers, flappers and midnight zappers scale the walls so dim
Better save the pastor from Thor and Hastor for immortality runs thin
Haul away the planet earth mountain of sorrows weep
for longer lanes for ferried rows the human race be deep

I forgot my jabberwocky and insulted two queens
but they know it wasn't really real or me
choo choo mama I know I'll find you yet
so stall on the bow line and let me sail by heck

Get a view of the so many queens with bobbing heads
and darting eyes; their beanstalk tongues and
foaming motes — Bear up fair damsel the long train is running
burning tongues and sickening talons the bone to stone I swear

Just how long is a Chinese dragon's segmented tail?
The joints must knock each other to hell just like the USA
nobody really knows or sees
Opinions are like stabs in the dark
are they yours or mine?
No!! They are *balderdash* up hogback mountain
They are Mexican surf and Enrique lobsters

The red lion at dueling with guitars and mandolins
preying for peace and getting primitive with peyote tea
scaring one and other till we are laughing in the aisles
swimming in the flaxen valleys, napping in the purple heather
running deep in the cold blue waters
pragmatically scheming only to freak in the free world's waves

Pentanglers and heaven's hexagrams shall see the world as it is
The vibrational roaring rich gurgle of the blessed
children of the sun ripping after butterflies
screaming foul at the fates and hissing of the devil

~CHRIS KRAEMER