

# POETRY

## DOS ESMERALDAS (TWO EMERALDS)

Dedicated to the love of my life Gillian

*Dos esmeraldas tengo yo  
Que las cuido noche y día  
Verdes como el Amazonas  
Son dos piezas de arte  
Talladas por las manos de los dioses.*

I have two emeralds  
That I guard night and day  
They are green like The Amazon  
They are two pieces of art  
Made by the hands of the gods.

*Cada vez que me miro adentro de ellas  
Veo a la mujer que me ama  
A esa mujer que esta conmigo  
En las buenas y en las malas  
La que me habla cada noche  
Y me canta  
Mi musa, mi calabaza,  
Esa niña desobediente  
Que me hace amarla cada  
Día un poco mas.*

Every time I look inside them  
I see the woman who loves me  
That woman who is with me  
In good times and bad times  
The one who talks to me every night  
And sings to me  
My muse, my pumpkin,  
That stubborn little girl  
Who makes me love her  
More and more.

*La rosa de mi jardín en invierno  
La que alivia mi sed en verano  
Esa chiquilla de sonrisa inocente  
De belleza angelical.*

The rose of my garden in winter  
The one who calms my thirst in summer  
That little one with an innocent smile  
And an angelical beauty.

*La sirena que me adormece con su cantar  
La que me escucha llorar,  
Cantar, reír y gritar  
La duena de mis esmeraldas  
La que me ha embrujado.*

The mermaid who enchants me with her voice  
The one who hears me cry,  
Sing, laugh and shout  
The owner of my emeralds  
The one who has bewitched me.

*Tu sabes que me has dejado  
Hambriento por mas amor  
Sediento por tu cuerpo  
Esa noches de pasión  
En las que me pierdo en tu boca  
En las que escribo poemas en tu  
Espalda con mi aliento  
En las que me llamas  
Tu amor, tu cielo y tu todo  
Y me emborracho de beber  
Las gotas de tu cuerpo  
Fermentadas por el aire  
Entre tu cuerpo y el mio.*

You know that you have left me  
Hungry for your love  
Thirsty for your body  
Those nights full of passion  
Where I lost myself in your mouth  
Where I write poems on your  
Back with my breath  
Where you call me  
Your love, your heaven and your everything  
And I get drunk from drinking  
All the drops from your body  
That have been fermented from the air  
Between your body and mine.

~GUILLERMO REYES



FOUND ART (ON A WET SIDEWALK IN ASTORIA)

'Light is slow. Behind every black hole is a sun.'

~PAUL EVALT (9E2X)

### THE GREENING OF SPRING

#### PERSEID METEOR SHOW, 2002

a star cleaved the sky in two  
as it leapt, screaming from heaven.  
It reminded me of a wayward angel,  
caught in the jaws of gravity's teeth,  
blown off-course  
and pinned to earth  
like a butterfly tacked to the collector's board.  
it left in its wake a stream of particles  
faintly luminescent before dissipating  
like swirls of foam in the cosmic ocean  
strewn upon our distant shore  
and it was silent.

no comforting rush of wind or far-off snarl of impending doom.  
to take a picture would be pointless —  
and if they say pictures are worth a thousand words,  
then not in a thousand pictures could the real thing be captured.  
the silence echoes on to vega,  
to algol, altair, to deneb.  
here the night is a shattered scream —  
a callous and cruel echo of an angel's demise.

another speeds to eternity.  
there must be a hurricane up there...  
i sit at home on earth  
to sip cold apple cider  
and count the dying angels  
before they slip away, and are greeted by the dawn.

~MARGIT BOWLER

#### GETTING USED TO DUMB COMMENTS

Your mouth twists like mumbo jumbo  
when you talk and  
my thoughts are like hair  
growing backwards, getting tangled in my brain.

~SUSAN ANDERSON

#### MY FAVORITE PLACE

I am going to tell you my favorite place. And it is the river.  
The river smells like peace in the air. It looks like God.  
It tastes like water and feels like Grandma Donna.  
It sounds like George Harrison.  
The river is peaceful when I walk.  
I love to hear the waves.  
The river soaks through my soul.  
The river is a joy to my life. It is a part of who I am.  
The river is blue. My mom loves it too.  
I love the river. I just love the river and the waves.

~DONNA JOY DEUFEL (AGE 7)

Vagrant longings  
surface as dreams  
of wicked-grinning roses  
purveying empty delights  
of hunger gnawing at rot  
and with careless regard  
my inward seeing  
reveals the greening  
of winter soon springing

~E. A. ANDERSON

#### BABY-KU

Fear, like hot water  
Splashed against a baby's skin  
Twists me suddenly

~RICHARD SCHULTZ  
(1952-1993)

### LEAVES DON'T FALL IN SPRINGTIME

Leaves fall in Autumn,  
when the time is right.  
Blushing beauties,  
float, spiral,  
like lily pads in air,  
circling, free of the vine,  
billowing to death's corridor,  
where legend has it,  
heaven is next Spring.

Leaves don't fall in Springtime,  
the time just isn't right.  
Innocence growing,  
plummets, heavy,  
bubbles with life to live,  
screams, unwilling  
to fall without a fight,  
and legend has it,  
heaven is sacrificed, everytime.

~THEDA SPRACKLIN

#### ELEMENTS OF WAR

In times of darkness  
We burrow deep underground  
Searching for more light

Blowhards blow harder  
Fridays at 5, and their signs  
Say: Give War A Chance

Misinformation  
The more we know the less we know  
No smoke without fire

While old women stretch  
Graceful as swans in chlorine  
Transcending dry bones

~SID COOPER

### SOME DAY IN MAY

Deep in the shadows we linger  
Intrepid malingering  
Waiting and watching for the sun to appear  
Now just a smear.  
Whoever dares to venture out  
Must allow a few minutes  
To break free from clouded thoughts  
And restless dreamy haunts.  
Far down from where we hide  
The sidewalks are cold outside  
And dreary from the night's misty dust.  
Our morning reeling is something unbearable  
And to face another day pushes the crisis our way.  
Suddenly the sun stands up and stretches  
Filling up the far corners of the valley  
Reaching for the most intimate shadows.  
Traacherous mountains of leering darkness  
Slip away for the day and rest.  
The burglar who uses dark for his flashlight  
Is secretly upset by the change  
And lightly repulsed by the creaking hinge  
As the back door opens to invite the  
Newness in for breakfast.  
Now he must readjust for another day  
A simple portion of the month of May.  
Where the millions of stars fade into bars  
And chrome-distorted people start  
Their fancy motor cars.

~ROBERT LEGG

We came for the rain  
thinking I guess the dreariness  
would suit us  
while the others ducked  
or ran for cover  
We entered the city  
and settled into apartments  
and underneath bridges  
a good place for dwelling we thought

We'd walk the wet city at night  
shining like a dark dream —  
always so much more  
and less  
than we had hoped

We loved the drowning  
the struggle  
against the unseen forces  
every morning we'd rehash our tiny dreams  
so caught up in  
the gasping  
We never even saw the others poke their heads out  
never noticed the drying  
the growing

We lay confused under our bridges  
and stared still at the spectrum of the rain —  
grayness ahead  
and behind us  
all the little brown puddles

~TERESA BARNES