

POETRY

LIQUIFIED NATURAL GAS

Any tanker that will carry LNG
will be tossed hard by the notorious
conflicting waters at our river's mouth,
or, surviving those, could become the target
for some zealot just now born, who years
from now will climb aboard this floating hearse,
turn a valve handle, light a match — one of
several stuck in his boot, just to make sure —
and start the conflagration

that will make the diners at the river's
edge, and the tourists buying small-town
trinkets, and the lawyer attending
a port commission meeting, and the
dentist deadening an open mouth,
and the parking meter employee
chalking a tire, and the woman
walking into City Hall
to pay her water bill, and the dog barking at
a scrabble of crows in its yard,
and the plumber cleaning the U-pipe
under a sink, and the student nurse performing
her first catheterization,
and the kid walking his skateboard to the
other side of the hill, and the grandparent
counting out cash for a grandchild's birthday present,
and the man using his cell phone while
walking down the sidewalk, and a shopkeeper
putting a "back soon" sign on the
door of the shop, and the fifteen girls and boys
clapping their hands in the nursery school,
all stop all at once in unison so to
speak, under the superheated blast that
was sparked by the match, and now
travels the path of the wind off our ocean
so that moments afterwards, the obsidian
black of the town melt will be what our roads
lead to, and all those mentioned and not mentioned
a swift ash within a blinding monument of flame.

~CAROLYN DUNN (1/18/2007)



JAMIE BOYD

IN MEMORY OF STAN "THE MARBLE MAN" BROWN 1942-2006

The Marble Man
with the shop
by the corner
you could see the sandwich
sign pointing there
artistically saying marbles
and if you followed
the path you'd
hear the tingle of the bells
as you opened the door
You look around
and see you've stepped into a magical place
a place of innocence
where a man accomplished his dream
the Marble Man
full of smiles
he greets you with enthusiasm
giving a lift to your heart
A marble
so simple one may think
yet the complexity of the art is beautiful
and like the Marble Man
could touch your heart
The Marble Man
a pirate of the globes of glass
a saint who took lost souls and gave them hope
and made them feel like they belonged
As you pay for that one of a kind marble
only found in the shop of wonders
the Marble Man
says
"Don't forget your lucky marble"

~MADI LYNN

In a world of no hope
I am trying to have some
When will you let us prevail
When will you pay back the ones
who have been faithful
for it seems so far away
that morale is growing thin
I feel as if my troops
are low on ammo
and the front lines have
just been lost
I am tired
The white flag has flown
before and we've retreated
to regain ourselves for
the last time
We run now in the abyss
as courageous warriors alone
in the world of unwanted
friends
and you have left us

~EBON BERGERON

Somebody's getting played today
Somebody's getting raped today
Somebody's getting taken for a ride
Somebody thought they were safe on the inside
Somebody's house is filling up with gas
Somebody just lit another match
Somebody covers up their eyes and ears
Somebody thinks it's getting hot in here
Somebody got blinded by the light
Somebody's resting peacefully tonight

~TERESA BARNES

Time is a dial of immense proportions;
Space is the distance between its strokes;
Light is the lenses of vast distortions;
Gravity holds together its works.

Eras are sweeps of the pendulum swinging;
Epochs are marked by the length of its pause;
Spheres are the notes of a huge alarm ringing.
Man's a result that thinks him a cause.

Life is vibrations in strange combinations;
Love is the law that secures them in place.
Mind is reaction to all variations;
Man is riding the pedant in space.

Civility comes with the pendulum forward;
Savagery grows with its retrograde flight.
Man is a beast when the pendant moves backward;
Backward the weaklings lose hold on the right.

Dead is a world shaken loose at the changing.
Born is a world with the shift of its beat.
Timidly man starts a renaissance cringing.
Boldly he flies to his savage retreat.

All this reality is nothing but concept —
Nightmares perhaps of an infinite mind;
Direction is more important than precept;
Cause and effect — neither cruel nor kind.

Backward and forward the pendant is swinging;
Man never climbs where the movement is slow.
Backward and forward, weeping or singing;
Backward and forward forever we go.

~RUSSELL ALLEN MITCHELL

*Russell Allen Mitchell wrote this poem more than 40 years ago.
His son, Russell Mitchell Jr., has agreed to allow its publication
in the NCTE, courtesy of Leslie Miller. Russell Sr. has since died.*

THE MINUET

Bright mornings.
Days when I want so much I want nothing.
Just this life, and no more. Still,
I hope no one comes along.
But if someone does, I hope it's her.
The one with the little diamond stars
at the toes of her shoes.
The girl I saw dance the minuet.
That antique dance.
The minuet. She danced that
the way it should be danced.
And the way she wanted.

~RAYMOND CARVER

*(This poem is printed to commemorate the 'golden
birthday' of Minuet McCarthy, who is 6 on the 6th
of February.)*

THE NEO-CON MAN (based on 'THE CANDYMAN CAN')

Who can take your country and steal it from under your feet, draft your sons and
daughters and make them ground meat? The Neocon, oh yes the Neocon can! The Neocon
doesn't ever, ever smile and always judges you!

Who will take your job and send it overseas. Steal your wages and bennies so you can
work at JC Penny's? The Neocon can, oh yes the Neocon can!
Those corporate folks are sick and twisted blokes, greedy and completely heartless. They
will never stop 'til they've enslaved us, while they can go gamble in Vegas. Who Can
Who Can Who Can Who Can?

Oh the Neocon can, 'cause they're sad and pathetic men!
They wreck the whole world for you, but not for them!

~LUKE MEAD