

## Matador

By Jay Thiemeyer

the way was clear  
this sidewalk bare of confusion, so  
he punched it  
full throttle, De/vil take the hindmost!  
his wheelchair fairly flew  
four wheel drift, only two wheels on the curves  
Fireball Roberts lives!  
Viva Fireball of the mind, the moment, the vague  
ember of a memory!  
Fireball's mottled red sweats  
singing in the rain  
I lowered an imaginary cape  
said 'toro,toro, Jack'  
Jack lowered his head, laughed and fairly  
snorted into his soggy beard.  
smiled his keyboard grin, and nodded.  
it was the same afternoon as yesterday,  
the path a bit more worn between his SRO  
and the bar the invisible line  
an indelible memory and path  
like any other meaningless rut,  
but the laughter, the meeting of another person  
even an unknown matador like myself  
(‘the matador’, he laughed)  
made the rain bearable, the emptiness  
of his room bearable for another day.  
Simply to see someone through the blindness  
of that room with the loud neighborless hall.  
Each day he ‘delivered the mail’  
as he called it. Delivered the mail of his spent day.  
‘Pulled the cart’, ‘made the overnight deposit’-  
it was the nights that were unbearable, the endless  
train of them, the endless  
herd, the empties piled in toward him as he lay  
in a bed that died years ago though her imprint  
in the bed balanced by the slope of his  
remained and her small framed likeness  
on the Goodwill table  
and a smell he'd lived with like the rain in winter,  
stale beer, stale sheets, stale air, the smell of when  
he realized that morning she had died during the night,  
its rain a drumming like the noise  
of indifferent or hostile neighbors,  
with their own prioritized pain.  
the cover of an old magazine, read over and over,  
the pictures absorbed for their journeys.  
he preferred to forget every damned bit of it,  
the drink had cheated him by now  
he couldn't forget a bit of it, it was nailed into him  
what he wanted was so simple  
a pathway to it so easy:  
to have one single thing that wasn't old and on its way out  
He was so swamped in what was old,  
he thought for once: he deserved it  
In his mind he was a bull again, a bull in Spring,  
head up, nostrils keen to what was waiting.  
A stranger with a red cape  
In the middle of his room, leaning against his bed  
indifferent to the window portraying rain  
he kicked the dirt and scuffed the floor and snorted  
hello to nothing, hello to all of it  
that remained with the air going out of his tube  
his voice gothic and remote to itself from that hole.

Overhead, some geese heading north. Spring was in the air.

## Morning Frost

By David Mair

As you open the door  
What do you happen to gaze upon the floor  
It's the spirit of a lover lost  
gone away with the morning frost

## Futility

By Marian Drake

I'm trying to write a poem called "Futility"  
or something like that.  
I feel like my ideas fall on deaf or stubborn ears  
and nothing ever changes.

But all that comes to me is:

I scratch my kitty's head.  
She rolls it all around on my fingers.  
She chirps, and purrs aloud,  
pouring out her ecstasy.



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Applications will be accepted in person or by mail at one of the site offices below or by fax to 503.802.8488. Mailed applications must be postmarked between July 11 and July 13. Faxes must be received between 9:00 AM on July 11 and 4:00 PM on July 13.

Applicants must apply using the Home Forward application form available starting July 11, 2012 on our website at [www.homeforward.org](http://www.homeforward.org) or at the site offices. Call the public housing hotline at 503.280.3760 (TTY: 503.802.8554) or visit our website at [www.homeforward.org](http://www.homeforward.org) for complete details on how to apply for these select waiting lists.

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