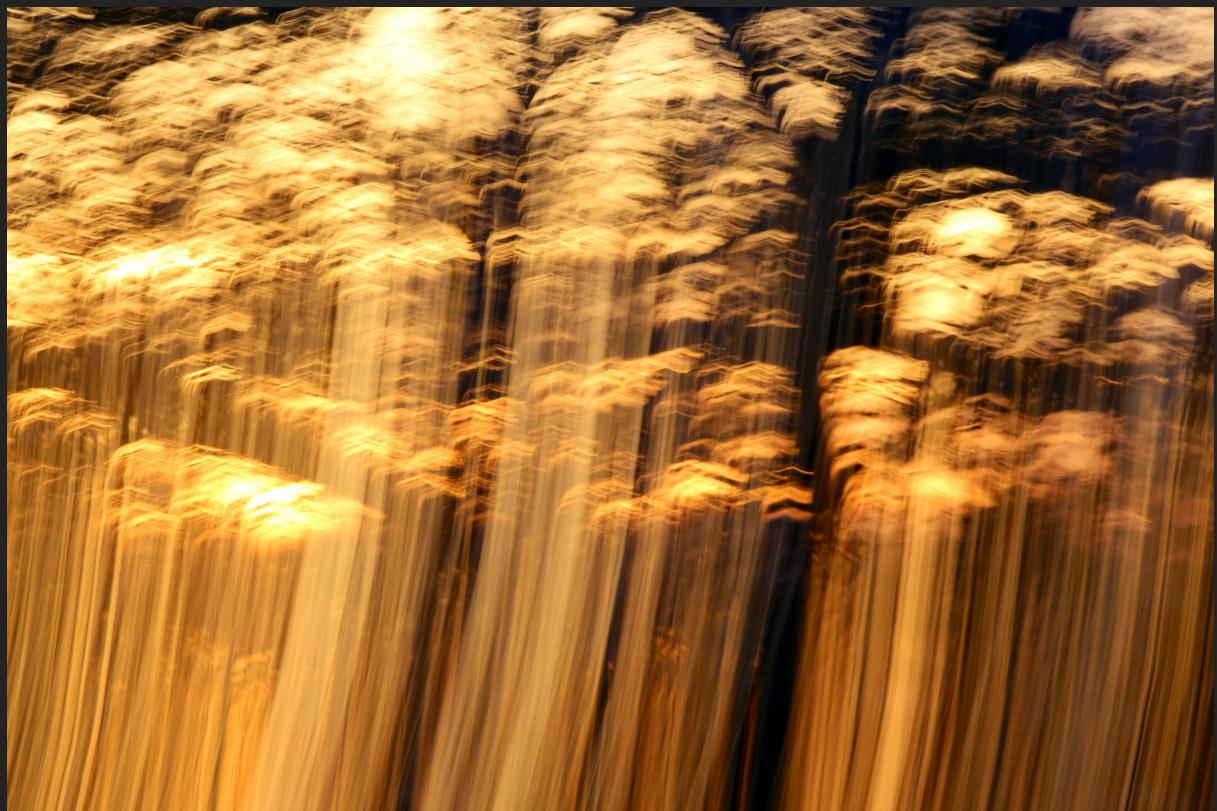


NOON 12



NOON | journal of the short poem

ISSUE 12
October 2016

ARS POETICA

There is a penguin lost in the forest
Keep your backs square to the waves
and swear silence to the water
Be patient and wait on this beach
for the penguin lost in the forest

A THEORY OF NERITICS

The sea always forgives
the fog for sleeping
with the hills
The fog comes sobbing
The sea always forgives

Maurice Turcotte

Below toes' blurred
trajectory earthworm
entrails overturn
stubbornness
steady as the surf.

Directions are adequate & complete,
trapped in a world of possibilities,
impossible choices
learning the slow witchery of wind.

Joseph Cooper

never enough horizon

Christopher Patchel

once in a while a handful of harbour

Elmedin Kadric

high tide
thoughts without brains
shimmer in moonlight

rain mixed with snow
snow mixed with rain
my higher education

George Swede

the snow
only on
one side
of things

This street was a lot more interesting on the map.

Bob Heman

at Seven Dials: 'psychic readings –
appointments not always necessary'

THE LOUIS JORDAN/WCW MASH UP

there ain't
nobody here

but us
white chickens

Laurie Duggan

HOW TO BUILD A BIRDHOUSE

Start with
a song

the one
you want

to hear.

Carry it
outside

and place it
out of reach.

bug in a bottle
the lightning inside
out

Peter Newton

blackout
some of the darkness
is us

wax on, wax off
the moon
in his fender

Rick Tarquinio

not made in the last ice age
chips in the granite
counter top

anxious morning
daylight staying out of
the rocks

Gary Hotham

bats at dusk my words come back to haunt me

Ian Willey

deep in
my bones

sing no
more lies

Marcus Liljedahl

death when the original windows open

EARTH

A place
where I've slept.

A thimble-

ful
of hearts,

beating &
gone. Mother

was here as well
as You. We-

lcome.

John Levy

II

home birth the moon out

Agnes Eva Savich

MIST

I will have woven her Bruges lace
to brush lifelines pluperfectly

Sheila E. Murphy

moonlight the stitch in a metaphor

DUOTONE

The field is hacked and honey-fed by necessity. It bridles us both. With the goldenrod lined up like taxicabs we know it's time to leave. Now comes the awkward good-bye – the part where we make promises that we can't possibly keep. Look at the goldfinches as they assemble into flocks and raid the pantry. They know what they're after – not gladness. Yet their last-minute flurry doesn't feel like a salvage run. We succumb to the vertigo of clearing out nonetheless. Despite the hum and bramble bathed in brome light, the furnace in all of us is burning down.

Cherie Hunter Day

ALPENGLOW

Fortune's a white world
of psychopomp bone dust
in humus a void yawns

alpenglow under-
tints the green blades
springing in blue mist

lighter particles poor
creaturely fits ripped
silence blurred glints

Rebecca Lilly

CLEAR STORIES

I

lull,

luck

ebb's pause

stay

where it listeth

II

tied

and lucent

sky-glad

shrugs undone

III

islands reaching higher
than trees

s'en fuent

and the slow return

aisle

asile

admittance

Anna Reckin

twilit tide pool –
a hermit crab wriggles
into a new shell

THE CRUCIBLE, SHEFFIELD

Watching the snooker world championship on TV, the defending champion career as a verb body and mind in concert and the challenger two frames ahead watch in and out of thought the song mere murmur amid bright attention bright otherness at that angle using the spider terrific pot selves shed to one or unify in the act of concentration behind the red at what consequence

JAPANESE GARDEN, GLADSTONE

Lizards, &
blue dragonflies.
Pink
& white
lotus. Dirty
water. No koi.

f r p
p o o l
g o
p

Mark Young

equinox
fucking foxes
turf us from our holes

Helen Buckingham

PASTORAL CITY

Waves collapse – coral batten down.
Clouds appear on the cliffs by noon.

Driving to a diner – hearsay lowers
clearings in the stands of gods

facing off – unfaltering
news a never-ending ladder –

a chameleon turns to stone – a cat hisses –
ants deliver – roaches devour.

Rivers return storms flown inland –
waters rise – towns swept away.

Banyan trees dangle receding roots
thickening as they touch down

in stirring mud – roadside, the sun circling.
A little boy stalking the grass says

‘I won’t hurt you pretty kitty.’

Dean Brink

A YOUNG FOX

A young fox running across the field,
a gliding fluidity.
Grass half hides her legs. She does not seem
to touch the ground, but to toy

(as a kit does with the mouse its mother
drops at its feet)

with gravity,

nipping at it as she goes.

THE ONE

The thought comes in, the one
that could be more than a thought,
but it comes in sideways,
it comes in like light off a distant wave
looking at first like a ship
coming to save me but quickly
folds back into the sea.

Peter Yovu

latitude far north confounding sun slants

Susan Diridoni

PREPOSITIONS TO END APRIL ON

turn the light off

look up

something to live by

something to live with

where did it come from

it crawled in

it flew down

it scurried over

it got through

not what you asked for

not what you could ever think of

and that's how it's been ever since

you lost what you thought you were after

lithe yellow light skinning the breeze in day-old maple leaves

Eve Luckring

MONTEROSSO

after Montale

The lemon trees, a place-name
and everywhere those fond quotations,
memories, our dead come
back like the clatter of a disappearing train
between its local station's
two tunnel mouths, the sense of shame
and a shame returning too
where, paused in foam, the sun-fringed bathers pose.

Then it's as if we had come home
to ourselves once more, our fresh discoveries
of thirty years before –
swimmers in the glittering of their own waves;
and yet how changed now, crowds
like faces crumpled in that warped cheval glass
or, one more example, Chinese
sightseers passing underneath his lemon trees!

Peter Robinson

THREE POEMS FROM AL-ANDALUS

In the tidy marina,
the tide is going out.
My last image of her
tugs at its mooring.

I pause on a slope
of the Alpujarras.
The wide sky can't
encompass my loss.

A hooded crow calls
two hours before fajr.
The engraver has come,
desperate for epitaphs.

Alan Ireland

You took away my seas, the run and the running jump,
but brought my heels to rest on the earth now violated.
So what have you achieved? How well you settled up:
lips that won't stop twitching can't be amputated.

May 1935

Osip Mandelstam, trans. Alistair Noon

from 'Hellenic Post'

The Greek fleet has set out
and passed the last island fort,
on course for Benghazi and Basra
with its crude oil carriers.

Now Sport.

*

The myths are wrong. No way
was that road to the bus stop 5K.

from 'The Quad'

Professor Putin,
I believe, is teaching
his module on speeches
in front of Pushkin.

*

Out in the cold,
the poem pulled
by the past uses
its mass to swing out to the future.

Alistair Noon

Old guy
in a Dark Side of the Moon
t-shirt leans on the rack
of Halloween chew toys
at Pet Smart –
August 20.

ESTATE

I inherited 468 uncaptioned photos
instructions to a card
game, a pet's memory
third place medal (dance contest)
plans for a suspension bridge, unbuilt,
flat feet, tolerable guilt, grape vine
across a fence gate, 10 maybe 12
good Xmases my laugh
the expression when I'm
about to fall asleep.

A dacha by the offramp.
forged weather reports,
a smell of goldfinches.
banker with a box
of distortion pedals.

Bill Freind

CRACKLE

power line's oily

< hum >

the voting dead

Derek Owens

from 'characters and spaces: the tweets of microbius'

hammerhead

ughhuh ha
drum tick
slivery gl
iss-squeez

ed (s)crea
m voc-vol
trat-ahhhh
-yaya thum

punked hic
suck upsh
ivery glik

shot out o
f throaty
tub-thramp

(track 12, john zorn's *naked city*, 1989)

Lucretius

atoms make
space & t
hen discom
pose in mo

tion/littl
e letters
make words
& then re

contextual
ise atoms/
letterry cl

inamens li
ke 'world'
to 'word'

(*de rerum natura*, c. 50 b.c.e.)

micrographia

flee from
the flea u
nder the g
lass: furr

y legs and
tufted tu
sks; preci
se menace/

look at ho
oke's full
stop: scuf

fed flares
, a furred
black sun

my students
pay rapt attention
to the wasp

the Buddha
walks into a bar
and nothing happens

Michael Meyerhofer

fast dance tune
a girl grinding
saffron

Bill Cooper

her decision all the skin
peeled away from
the flesh of a peach

between my child and i
corporate language
disguised as a gull

corp
orate
contami
nation

a whale
spouts

far off
shore

Scott Metz

a Montana river in the autumn dawn dot com

i look you back from looking through me lone wolf

Jim Kacian

IV

PARALLEL LINES

Eventually,
our gaze fixed
at a point in the distance
where two rails promise
to meet.

Tristan Moss

TRIANGLE

The old cinema in Ginza has now gone. It was half underground, but it was where I took you to see the first film. *Damage*, a love triangle set in England, the storyline clear and unexpected, the fiancée infatuated by her intended young man's father. Passion, tragedy and ruin. I was startled by it, but you were so cool, so indifferent, so young.

The next film was *Gekashitsu*, 'The Surgery Room', very short, from a mere sliver of a tale. Meiji period setting, lush scenery, almost plotless, but the married woman and the young doctor, who'd never spoken, died for each other. I wanted to see it for the aesthetic style, drawn from the Kabuki theatre nearby and directed by a famous actor.

Then, one evening at the crossroads, you changed your mind and came back home with me and spent the night.

*

There is always a break of some kind. When I returned in late summer, we went somewhere else to see *The Lover*, a steamy, exotic, half-true tale of Indochina. It was still warm, and I ran my finger down your bare arm, but the season was already changing.

From cinema
to subway
harvest moon

Your long brown fingers
and your thirty years
with someone else

David Burleigh

SPIRAL

for Ted Enslin

*the sense of
loss
your going
makes*

the sense
your going
makes
of loss

RECOGNITION

Towards five
in the morning:
My hand creates
the words
I write,
the words I write
create me.

Day breaks in my body.

John Phillips

a thought,
barefoot

slips

along
a painter's
tendon,

pools at the risk. Wrist.

Kevin Heslop

IF I WERE THE OTHER ONE

I would appear first on Google,
nest my head in my arms looking nonchalant,
having written metaphors on diagonals –
textual juxtapositions – crazy aerial views
carved and collaged onto Smithsonian walls
to leave crags and crevices – *poetic evocations*
of communion with Nature's essentials – that
humanise the veins and surfaces of rocks.
I would stare out through the holes – *apertures* –
that Wikipedia says produce sensations
of helplessness, to remind you that the name
is MINE alright? No matter if I am dead.

Jane Frank

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reauthoreauthoreauthoreauthoreauth
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Sophie Philips

AFTER EMERSON

That the body bodies forth tells
Us that the body bodies
In harmony at times, at times
In disharmony, still more says
Such oscillation is itself
Body as when mind bodies at
Problem's hint, as when a foot slips
On fractious stair or eye spies an
Other's eye; it's then that body
Minds itself, minds body, says look,
Here is body, and look, here, too,
Is body, for in the morning
We walk with our whole body, at
Night with just our legs.

Robert Farrell

pigeon necks –
answers that keep me
awake

Shloka Shankar

FINISHING

I've read all the beautiful books
I've read all the gray books. A book

lies face-down on the floor. Two birds
are inventing noise. It means the
back window is open. It is

Saturday or Sunday. Monday.

Eric Rawson

SIGHT-READING

Foreseeing where the tune would go
means you recall how it has been,
your moments filled with past and future
sounds: the black dots perched on wires,
birds scoring an arpeggio!

Peter Robinson

the last sister
escorted to a front pew –
dandelion lawn

counsellor's office –
the paintings on the wall
reveal nothing

Sandra Simpson

GOD NAMING

Who needs this knowledge,
winged in between
Talmud and Kabbalah?

Instead, should I use
the cloudy soup
or the changing tonalities,
the grammar of birds?

Adam Rosenkranz

the wind
quotes
the tree

John Levy

a bonfire untethers
what the bone sea
tells

your dialect's
lingering edges

Markeith Chavous

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