

NOON 13



NOON | journal of the short poem

ISSUE 13
March 2017

bird's-eye view
torn wet and applied
to the appetite

silverfish damage to the prologue

tossing an oak gall
with multiple exit holes –
a terrorist plot

Cherie Hunter Day

cars parked over
the hopscotch

DESTRUCTED REFRAIN

In Israeli explosion sixteen die,
Moscow blast kills ten.
The death toll

is only going to rise.
In Israeli explosion sixteen die.
Today we are walking through pieces of men,
and women have no face
to cry.

In Israeli explosion
sixteen die,

Moscow blast kills ten.

BOMB

casualty
counts

omit
plants
pets

appliances
the
shift

of
the
axis

around
which
the

story
spins

our backyard trees –
their unconditional
unconcern

verified as fake news –
my takeover as ruler
of myself

George Swede

The truth comes out.

You kill yourself.

And go back inside.

WATERHEAD

Summer downpour
on tin roof
beating out
apocalyptic tattoo –

Motörhead
blasting on the stereo
just barely
keeping up.

Mark Terrill

nebulae of gnats talk radio

Robert Witmer

ISSA

irksome

mosquitoes

consoling

even

so

John Phillips

||

the crow inside the night inside the crow

for Cherie Hunter Day

NOC

A noctule is a bat, a noctuid a moth. A noctuary
an account

of what passes
during the night. A noctua

another moth. A noctivagant
wanders at night. When you want

dreamy
music pro-

cure a nocturne. A poem is like
the night

half the time. What
shines

in the darkness
is noctilucous.

John Levy

NOCTURNE

illumined

rain

indigo

rings

rain

indigo

rings

illumined

indigo

rings

illumined

rain

rings

illumined

rain

indigo

LOOKING BACK

Mom hasn't been all there, wherever there is, for a long time now. Slides like hers begin with bits of information lost, blanks we fill in moments later or not and move on. When did she slip away? A few years ago she told me, "I'm losing my memory, you know, it's horrifying." Her aspect was flat, her tone matter-of-fact. The situation brought to mind a Hiroshi Sugimoto photograph of a darkened movie theatre where he set up a camera loaded with black-and-white film, trained it on the screen, and opened the shutter for the duration of an entire movie. The beautiful architecture of the old theatre is faintly illuminated by the screen. And the screen itself? All light, nothing but a glowing rectangle, what remains after every moving image is played out from beginning to end.

lack of a line
between ocean and sky –
scattered ashes

Mark Harris

threading the needle a line of faint heartbeat

low clouds during the visit
alphabet pieces
in the newborn's name

Gary Hotham

three score and ten years –
light at the end of
the bedroom hall

for the sparrows

black-oil
sunflower seed

color of
his breviary

scrub and scrub till the ink comes off

John Martone

Of this
silence

I can
tell you

nothing
it can't

say for
itself.

John Phillips

III

WORDS AT DUSK

The words I lost at dusk:
amulet, totem. If only to defy
the onslaught of the rust.

The aging of the airtight
mind. The verses made
of dust.

Tomorrow is for
what? The autumnal sun
sinks beyond the stables

and the barns. The pasture
suddenly dimmer as if lit
by antique chandeliers.

WAKING IN A MOTEL ROOM FROM AN EARLY EVENING NAP

to the steady thrumming of Vermont rain.

Eyelids open
to an unfamiliar ceiling.

The coffin's inner lid is never far away.

MY TINY MILES BIBLE

How to know how
to compose a life?

Trumpet buried in the ground.
Trumpet buried in the sky.

So What is the score
for timelessness in time.

But for here
there is no heaven.

Peter Marcus

Sunday Mass
spit-shined
prison shoes

empty saxophone the wind in the trees

Johnny Baranski

LINES LIFTED FROM WILLIAMS'S PATERSON

– a trumpet sounds fitfully.
the flame's lover
the strictness of beauty
What does it matter?
cooperation is the key,
and happiest *non sequiturs*.

Take up the individual misfortune
the snow falling into the water,
a green bud fallen upon the pavement
its form no longer what it was:
the green bush sways: is whence
in the air, slow, a crow zigzags

no message in
falling
blossoms blossoms

John Levy

THREE JISEI (辞世三句)

Doom,
Unhurried,
Blooms at leisure.

○ ●

The only distance
Worth traversing
Is moonlight.

● ○

Fallen maple leaves lead,
Like a red carpet,
To Hades.

Benjamin Perez

on the other side
of the river
the ferryman is drowning

ai li

man-made lake
swimming in
our own imaginations

Dietmar Tauchner

a sea breeze
encrypts messages
from the edge

Hansha Teki

NIMBUS

Or does it mean
that the tide
escapes while
the fish are
tethered
to the jetty?

Mark Young

low tide
I remove the lid
of a sardine can

Olivier Schopfer

data migration humpback over the waves

Deborah P Kolodji

in the dream it made sense:
you were a bird
then invisible
 then a bird
 again

in the dark
an anvil
or an identity

what part
of the fog
isn't an ear?

Johannes S H Bjerg

IV

the eye roves the world beneath its lid
two vowels magnetized in a phonetic clasp

Vasiliki Katsarou

unifying the fields ...
falling snow

Michelle Tennison

CLEARLAKE

for Charlie Parr

I never pray, but when I do,
it's to be more like fog
in the pines around a lake,
to discover inside myself deer
and other ghostly animal life.

Brian Beatty

INSTRUCTIONS

My master Ikkyu instructs that I lose myself
in her scent like a large cat loosed on a holm:
golden eyes, soft claws that deliver.

Ikkyu, Ikkyu, you old devil, you.

Scott Honeycutt

THE TRAMP

in the graveyard
said: Jesus

is coming soon
you know

I've only taken
to drink

as a temporary
measure

Paul Rossiter

from *Heaveng*

1.

Between Lewis's "it would have to be

the biggest hoax ever perpetrated"

and the holy, blank scrolls that Monkey finds

you could drive a starship

Beelzebub tells tales within the dead body of his spacecraft

2.

Could weariness really be the point? *Bien sur.*

No height; no width; no depth; no color:

all the mad purpose of a mad universe.

Which you can write down but probably shouldn't say aloud

NEW ERA, 1/20/2017

Best thought, next thought, next
jetting of thought as
language.

“What’s in his head
do you think?”

Blood has its
lexicon; spilled
blood another.

Joel Chace

How do we find our own way back. With
mist rising like the aftermath of some
kind of manna from the
desert's freshly broken heart.

Ok. Love. That's the plot.

Tomorrow Is Cancelled 2

Tomorrow Is Cancelled 3

There is what is unthinkable & what comes after. The forest fire that devoured the ponderosas & left the educational center unscathed, for example. The volcano that collapsed, leaving the illusion we could climb down to the other side of the world, the happy understory.

On a day that was beautiful except
it was election day November falls
through a drunk & unforgiving
moon waves cut like accordions up
under the dock & for a slow
moment in the illusion that we are
walking on water we lock pinkies
& try to recreate our lives which
seem – inscrutably – to have
become mistakes.

Tomorrow Is Cancelled 8

Emily Carr

In Brussels we argued by a tenement playground named for
Jacques Brel

The mannequin flit of twilight's last owl

Andrew Cantrell

snowflakes on a broken truce
no two failures
are alike

LeRoy Gorman

Errors are like your friends –
They pull you out of the
Morass of perfection.

Before I get
There I'm not
Even here, is
How not speaking
Japanese feels like
To the one
Who speaks Japanese
In, yes, English.

There are so few selves
That people projecting them
Show up for.

Alan Botsford

m (') n e

art school
fixing
the urinal

Helen Buckingham

THE NEW INSINCERITY

there is not much in poetry that remains unsaid
but that it should be said is not your responsibility.

Charlie Baylis

PROLEGOMENON TO A SITCOM

The epic evaporates,
Leaving a couch
For us to sit on,
The ironic family which knows
How to stall life
And step
Into the closing
Gap and can't stand
The future which is already
So bored of us.

Adam Rosenkranz

VOID IF DETACHED

the rise of the meritocracy is the first
book i bought over the internet

* * *

if you entered this webpage without
going through menus, click here to learn
about the cemetery project

* * *

void if detached
keep this transfer as proof

Evelyn Posamentier

V

from 'Passengers, Bus Number 86'

switchback eyes
rank her suspicions

are thriving without
being spelled
are frittering clock changes
and carillon superstitions
in the bent wake
of sleek grief

the wire style of afflictions
tufts where once a pasture

Tom Daley

DROUGHT

A woven
basket on the flat public lot

in wind makes

suspicious improvisations
topsy-turvy

topples to

someone petitioning the sky
to be in love with thunder.

COYOTE

for Andrew Schelling

Listen

soon the young will follow
elders to the edge

of song

be led to the same wild

movement a branch
of the family

at deer.

A MOMENT BEFORE BREAKFAST

Reflected
as in any metal spoon
your face upside-down

placed
into your mouth
(metallic

taste) then
withdrawn blurred
wet-faced

revenant of
reflection
lampoon of spit

and wee pillages
of torpor
all there is.

David Giannini

how to unclasp
your silence

persimmon peel
under my fingernail

Pearl Pirie

her brief
dish towel dance
outside the rain

Tony Burfield

FLIRT

could
you
be
around
the corner
balancing
on
one
leg
plagiarizing
the scent
of
rhododendrons
with
your
hazardous melancholy

Michael Berton

wisteria in full bloom the rest escapes me

menopause
a swan hisses
dementedly

Sandra Simpson

t r o a a a l m i
h a n s n s a t
i i l g k
s n y r e
y

violet light
your need
to be violent

ai li

transfer of power
a foul ball rattling
magnolia leaves

revolving door
the man with an eyeball
tattoo

carousel carver
shaving one last bit
of horse tongue

Bill Cooper

VI

SUBWAY

We step into car three.
The light brightens
as the tin tapeworm
rattles down its hunger,
chews deeper into the
dark heart of the city.
We step out served.
The light dims.

DOWN HILL

This morning I saw
a white-haired man
going slowly
down hill
on his old bicycle,
one boot heel dragging.

An old man
doing everything he can
to hold back a smile
is an old man smiling.

I smile, he waves.
“Brakes don’t work, never did,”
he shouts back to me.

Norman Klein

ATTENTION

the railway workers
cross the line
stepping

casually
over one
live rail

(turning to
each other
and talking)

and then
the other – they
do this every

day, almost
not noticing
they're doing it

carefully

Paul Rossiter

from 'dancers on stage'

0'00"	
0'05"	
0'10"	to step once
0'15"	
0'20"	
0'25"	
0'30"	
0'35"	
0'40"	
0'45"	
0'50"	
0'55"	
1'00"	
1'05"	
1'10"	to stumble
1'15"	
1'20"	
1'25"	
1'30"	
1'35"	
1'40"	falling
1'45"	

Adrian Nichols

deep silence falls in geometry

smoke rises from an illusion of future

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Ersatz this once cosmic
circumference love bends
in the irony of

odd coincidence not *from*
but *to* the freedom upon
a posthumous *now* the

space watching the wild
god of seawind radial
starprints how hitherto in
mind the truth attempts

Rebecca Lilly

ONCE

the way he crouched to write
those letters in the dust
made them pick up stones

when they moved in closer
his knowing half-smile
locked them in their glass houses
fumbling with the keys forever

Mike Dillon

from 'Subway Poems'

3-26-13

It's one of those infinite skies again,
the kind painters love.
So many clouds
and so much blue –
as if the two were
simultaneously possible.

6-7-13

Poetry writing
is a most inconspicuous
activity.

You can write a poem
about a person
3 feet away
and they have no idea.
You can write a long poem
about a person
3 feet away from you
and they have no idea,
never will.

10-18-13

For whatever reason,
the late middle-aged
populate 7th Ave.
at 11:30 a.m.
on Friday, October 18,
people like me.
It isn't a pretty sight.
Do any among us
have our best days ahead?
Like America always does?

11-1-13

PERMUTATIONS OF A FALL DAY

Today leaves are down in the Northeast
Leaves are down in the Northeast today
Are down in the Northeast today leaves
Down in the Northeast today leaves are
In the Northeast today leaves are down
The Northeast today leaves are down in
Northeast today leaves are down in the
Today leaves are down in the Northeast

Michael Ruby

emerging from
the wind's long ripple through meadow grass –
clouded sulphurs

Wally Swist

morning sun
on mossy stone

the words alone
almost enough

Philip Rowland

ROOM

Keep it simple, blue tablecloth, black ink,
hand curved to write a signature –
the white sheet requires
at least a mark.

No one, no
one alone
looks into empty skies.

Curtains are drawn
black pen laid down on blue cloth.
This initialled letter is complete.

EVENSONG

Bells in the distance –
Debussy's *cloches à travers les feuilles* –
here leaves fall and there's a hiss
cats scuttle through faded flowers
they own this place.
Somewhere in the air between
the pulse of an insistent toll.
Heart just beats.

Julie Sampson

unclothed of telling
her sojourn
on the knife's edge

Markeith Chavous

north wind a night of long scars

Mark Brager

POEM FROM CAPROCK CANYONS

Winter
hasn't done with us –

its chill a breath
along the canyon face.

Within
the river's insistent
drift,

listen. Dark
cradles dark.

Steve Wilson

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