

NOON 8





NOON | journal of the short poem

ISSUE 8  
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the second story  
falls into the first rubble  
at the back of my throat

a drone widens the unpiloted blue

so luscious  
I forget  
they're yours

*after W.C.W.*

words furred over my awkward animal toward you now

*Peter Yovu*

BY THE TIME I KNEW HIS MOUTH AS A TRAP

His jaw locked. I'd already grown  
the furred legs of a fox.

## THE BEST I CAN SAY OF ANYTHING IS THAT IT WILL END

I am a liar. Look: under these clothes I am hiding  
a body. I'm waiting for an axe, a ditch. I'm shopping  
for cement shoes, a lake so dark that none  
of its languages have words for surface or shore.

*Emma Bolden*

the river entering the  
sea a sheet of  
paper

an escalation of policy  
slivers of night's glass  
slipper

*Scott Metz*

sleep handcuffed to a dimension

sting medicine the lake's blue diction

an ashen language in the drive-by of our bones

*Cherie Hunter Day*

my late mother's  
small rhyming dictionary  
has no entry for *grief*

minute hand

hour hand

second hand

armada

*John Levy*

*For N.A.S.A.'s Mars/MAVEN project*

We give each other  
space knowing infinity's  
the last of its kind

## **HUMILITY**

As a flea on bedrock tries to sense blood  
poet you may have started

to get through to more life as life tries  
to get through to you

that is no rock  
only this dog of the world you are riding.

*David Giannini*

## Part Exchange: Two Epigrams

*Florus:*

Don't elect me emperor, for god's sake.  
The UK or the Ukraine: which would you take?  
What do you prefer: rheumatism or balls-ache?

*Hadrian:*

It's the crack of noon: you're still not awake?  
Need the hair of the dog for that headache?  
I wouldn't be flea-bit Florus for anyone's sake.

*Alan Halsey*

## **Mallory in the Mountains**

Left his compass at Camp V, his torch at Camp VI  
inserted camera plates back to front  
thought twice about oxygen

They found a broken  
figure of uncertain direction  
eaten by ravens

## Venice

Brackish lagoon, scarlet jasper.  
Is war really possible without fantasy?  
At the café, history tides

in translation. I drift across  
the giddy surface of morning,  
watching the arhythmic

pavement-tic  
of impatient capital  
impossible to disintegrate.

*Chris Beckett*

## **Stromboli – a volcanic island.**

The lazy flatulence of a moped slowing;  
the ascending scales as the surf spills  
and darkens the already black granular sand.

A night time walk with no street lights on – cartoon voices  
from a garden showing movies  
next to a bookshop  
whose yellow light warms the books.

## **Untitled**

a friend still  
down the road – it's geographical luck

a friend still down

the road –  
it's geographical luck

a friend  
still down the road –

it's  
geographical luck.

anonymous arterial...humanity-sprayed walls

*Helen Buckingham*

the toe of Jesus  
in a stained-glass shard—  
whistle of a train

*Michael Dylan Welch*

climbing out  
of the subway  
next to  
the churchyard

the smell of  
freshly cut grass

## FATE

the eyes of the potato.  
the teeth of the comb.  
the mouth of the river.

## THE ROOM

the room  
they were given  
full of animals  
that never existed  
full of names  
for those animals  
and the instructions  
for their use

*Bob Heman*

b a o n e  
u y i n t  
g n  
t h f a b  
e e r m y  
o n e

at the end of the sordid life some beautiful illness

*Jim Kacian*

not right in the head  
ever again  
watching sparrows

you  
look up

from  
planting

bulb's  
into  
fall's

new  
spaces

*John Martone*

roses clamber over your daunting fatigue

under a wheelbarrow a snake absorbing grace

*Susan Diridoni*

a cluster of grasshoppers  
unravel  
the rain shadow

*Alan Summers*

## ICON

I fall asleep to crickets  
trapped in the heating vent.  
The neighbor's dog

wakes me, snapping  
at moths in the fence. Dinner  
is yellow beets, lettuce,

and beer. Whose plates  
are these? Tonight the dead  
are everywhere. I ask

words that remain—winter,  
symphony, delusion—what,  
if anything, I should say.

FREAKED WITH THE TASK OF TRYING TO ACCOUNT  
FOR IT ALL

Midday an owl calls out from the retarded peonies.

*Rob Schlegel*

what might suffice a peony's unfurled magnetic

a delta  
of refrains  
sun-scrubbed  
salt  
you who speak of clarity

a legacy rips  
out the corner  
of one eye

*Eve Luckring*

## On Terseness

Here's how I interrupted my story.

How I burnt my fingers on a match.

Here's how I scared the bears away from the garbage.

Underneath the great deluge there was nothing much.

It soaked up all that it could (story, fire, wild beast) but most of it  
is surfeit, is not beholden to absorption, has fled within the bulk  
of itself.

*Elizabeth Robinson*

## **nothing better**

Basically, we saw nothing.  
But we saw nothing better  
than anyone else so far.

*Richard Gilbert (quoting Daniel McKinsey, particle physicist, wired.com)*

stars  
showing up  
odorless

vine ripe tomatoes  
rain doesn't mean much  
to our shadows

*Gary Hotham*

## **vacation**

blueberries long gone, but  
the sun drops with that violet  
past the bay. in the garvey  
he dips traps.  
elsewhere, we are told  
we might stay.

## **home**

a street is a blank  
between the breathing.  
here's how to name  
it: a foreign  
city, missing trees,  
indian tribes. lawns  
are an indoor rendered out.  
reverse it. the fern kneels  
above the doily.  
borders of soil, family.  
a blind dalmatian  
barks through the afternoon.

## **Autobiography**

Your true self fumbles at the copy  
machine, mumbling about the scare quotes.  
She's skeptical about your love  
of Chet Baker – you, the prosecutor  
in a floral shirt. She eats a salad,  
says she'll return to the unfinished project  
of the Enlightenment.

*Bill Freind*

## **Perverse**

The 'i'  
in 'subject'  
is 'j'.

## Reciprocity

*(Elohim creating Adam, WILLIAM BLAKE, c.1805)*

This  
fingered  
wound defies  
*katharsis*: we

re-  
forge our  
bond: we wear  
each other's eyes.

from **Sparks. Blinks**

Bored

sales-girl's

nametag reads,

"Hello: Infinity"

*Rob Stanton*

**Sorry,**

nothing  
matched your  
search terms. Please

try again with  
a different  
fish.

*Mark Young*

## **Whale Song**

The stars poke through like axe  
wounds, as if someone above them  
lost a daughter. My God.

*Philip Schaefer*

## **In Pungo Dusk**

wind before  
an uppity storm

white light streaks  
eels of grass

nod kid nod

When my head is shaved  
dead aunt's eyes

*Andy Fogle*

skeletal trees  
the life model removes  
her prosthetic

*John McManus*

clothing himself in beggar's rags the frog's rain song

alphabetic culture turning to snow

*Lee Gurga*

hunger of knife and fork –  
ice caps, ice trays,  
ice fallen on the countertop

breakfast carefully laid out on the table:  
which cups when turned over  
have nothing  
underneath?

Jaime Robles

the weight of the rain  
presses, presses down  
on the playground  
spits out children  
like watermelon seeds

*Marc Thompson*

IN SITU, SUTURED

skies full of bats

a strange twilight  
scrubbed clean  
    by the storm

•

goodbye absentee ballot  
goodbye peppermill  
goodbye to slowly leaking hopes

•

inessentials  
    wander in and out of  
    our inattentive lives

it's the endless stream of hours  
that undoes us  
    time and time again

*Michael Hennessey*

## THREE CIRCLES IN A ROW

My hat's been on all day.

I made the purple more blue,  
have spent a lifetime learning to feel nothing.

I find it's almost never the same.

I swallow my pride, start with goodbye;  
there is a long time before anything happens.

Welcome: please arrive before you depart.

Faint bird tracks in the snow.

## STUTTERING

'I've often argued that color is  
a kind of embarrassment to language.'

—David Batchelor

Small areas of colour  
spill from behind black.

I'm not sure if it's blood clot  
or scab, or what the difference is.

Turns out he wrote the book  
about stuttering which I'd read,

as well as the book of quotes  
and ideas that I love.

Poured paint's allowed to buckle  
and scar as it dries out:

small pools of colour  
above black on the page.

*Rupert M Loydell*





*David Miller*

only a drawing  
of a labyrinth, only  
the moon's pull

gone  
below

venus

(her  
begging  
bowl)

river of heaven bomb as slang for lover

*Mark Harris*

## revision

you advised when writing  
I should take a step back  
make it less personal  
change settings  
dates  
the 'he' to 'she'  
so when touching you  
I was touching her  
kissing her  
then I lost the thread  
and she was kissing me  
I could feel her warmth  
her fingers pulling my ear  
and I was not in love with you

## READING

On  
a train/ in seat for 2 -  
a woman reads PEOPLE &

a Hassid  
reads

TORAH/

They  
both  
looked /

relaxed

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*Louise Landes Levi*



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