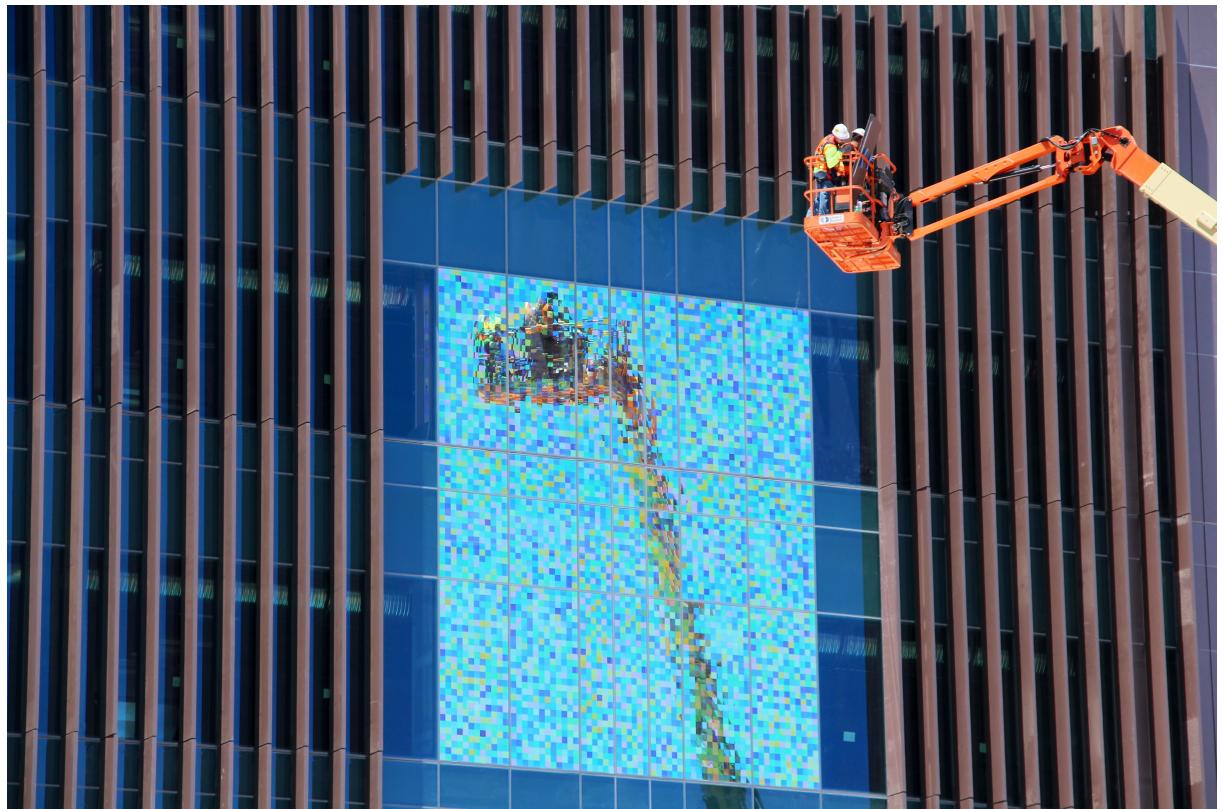


NOON 9



NOON | journal of the short poem

ISSUE 9
June 2015

SWAY

Be quick—don't stagger
In fear, where we wander

This is my zombie
Apocalypse letter

Time it for laughing

While hippie
Vampire girls

In the distance
Sway

after Rae Armantrout

LATER

The map, as I have said, is not quite real
It is an image of a place, but not desire
A ghost of fragmented buildings
Which tries to hide the dirt beneath our feet

We're all born in dirt. We revel in it
Then drift under compact night skies
Toward sterile placenames, markers
Of our fear of birth, & later.

DOUBLE

To still have captured what's not written
But *sounded*, in the space between breath &

Shadow. The event arrives
Bearing its double—
An absent center
Where the wind speaks

MUSIC

Factor the angles of sun's dalliances
Invent a cacophony of bones
Meet with the shadows of birds, laughing
Presume all is music

If I meet you
I will throw everything down
The line 'til you clamber
& Touch

The wind's face

Mark DuCharme

POLONAISE FANTAISIE

Strange gestures of musicians. The way a pianist might draw a hand up with resolve, as if to entice some weighty chord to linger in the air just that much longer, or even haul a stray note bodily from the abyss of the keyboard as one would a child that has tumbled into the well. What bothers me is how this useless coaxing sometimes seems to work.

Barry Schwabsky

MONT ST. VICTOIRE

The hand painting
the mountain
creates the mountain
we go to
see

After thinking I am not
who I thought myself to be
I couldn't imagine being
anyone else

John Phillips

Box 9 (*infant*)

the self—a trick of circuitry? as one at rest (in chaos) or God: all things—the plants and animals—His thoughts (in pre-evolutionary theory) the self a thought an evolving trick (in chaos) of theory a circuitry (at rest) plants and animals, all things evolving—*the vulture's road-wide wingspan; the fat neat man in a well-appointed train*—thoughts (a chaos) brought to rest as one (in theory) evolves at rest/in chaos

NOMEN (liminal)

It's at the borders one's identity
is checked. In between, harbor, a meadow.
The child in summer: immortality.
The lazy fall into one's own shadow.

A daughter's horse a length of yellow string
she drags between her legs; Grandfather's chair—
in family stories, selves resurrect in things.
The one who dies, the one who disappears

becoming less a feeling than idea.
Coastal fog, burning off, inks a low
pale line between the ocean and the sky.

On morning dog walks, "A he or she?"
strangers, before they pet her, need to know.
When said, a what pulled from a pile of whys.

puddled night pavement—
the shape my past
refuses to take

Philip Rowland

curated sorrow

rounding a curve on the empty road a heron lifts

light handcuffed to wet cobblestones

John Levy

rain the bauble buried in a uniform

sutures of light
residue in the chamber
after naming

Cherie Hunter Day

MY HOUSE

My house is made of notebooks
And all the rooms are years.
I build myself from what I write,
Especially my fears.

The room that's locked I visit most,
The key is polished with use.
It helps me build the other rooms
That multiply the house.

REVOLUTION

The gates to the courtyard
Are burning. From this distance,
The blaze is a pointed play of light
And the soldiers are like ants

Carrying small pieces of the city
At the corner of my eye
To build a barricade.
I cannot hear them cry.

Chris Beckett

*

mid-life crisis: a time to fabricate
invulnerable lookalike, a stand-in, a fall guy
who cannot be hurt

Do they cast
droplets of blood, teardrops, and dribbled spittle
upon the page,—as *do I?*

Hundreds of them
running naked away from the manifestation
don't want to be shown
the cure-all, the miracle drug
that will eliminate all sickness,
covering their eyes
but not their private parts, non-violent

Jeffrey Jullrich

CARTESIAN MEDICATION

No mind
no body
no problem.

Barry Schwabsky

one thought over
laps another un
til both are gone

all the links go somewhere paranoid

Jim Kacian

MARY CELESTE

a text abandoned by
almost in the middle of
the language not entirely
the sentences are strangely
the words show no signs of
we find ourselves unable to
the silence is undeniably
the page has been laid out as if

HOMAGE TO WCW

scattered
weeds and leafless vines

brownish
showing no signs of life

what is
to be done with all this

verbiage?
the doctor drives past the field

on his way to the contagious
hospital

the words
grip down and begin to awaken

Paul Rossiter

└

AX

Robert Lax (In Memoriam)

Nick Ravo

landscape, an unfinished conversation

To a bird, a roof is a preposition.

Kit Kennedy

between
their given names
crows

deeper into its own brand of clarity
painted turtle

Peter Newton

overwintering dunlin spatter the mud
intent as mites on cheese

from small deliverances
the passengers arrive
clutching their lovely things

the hunt for unclaimed bones
beneath a helicopter sky

a child's fur-grimed toy
snared in a hedge

Aidan Semmens

A MAN DIES DRUNK ONE NIGHT FISHING FOR HIS KEYS

The drain I cannot pass for thinking
of your face
pressed to the iron grate

– moonless,

eyes already clouded over.
Single. Childless. An engineer.
I read in the paper later.

DAUGHTER

her croon –
the unclaimed space
between skyscrapers.

Wes Lee

All it took
for sand to find
my boy's hand.

Andy Fogle

MY LIFE BEHIND GLASS

so lonely, the little verbs

Darkfield:
deeper inside
this snowflake river

- for john martone

Sabine Miller

FOCUS

he thinks the birds
are on the radio

there is only one night
that the days approach
to drink from

Bob Heman

Some mornings
we are given
stories to tell

but little
time or space
in which

to tell them—
So, what
else is new?

The eyes of a
fox staring
green among

snowflakes
just before
dawn.

Erling Friis-Baastad

blue hour
the pinwheel
of doom

post-post-modernists expectant-ish

Christopher Patchel

A LINE FROM CHUCK BERRY

The antecedent objects are multi-vocalic, non-buffered, directly labeled, characterized by the bones of domesticated animals.

Copying the document is prohibited
though the original is of poor quality.
A fog was moving in. The low
contrast reduced perceived speed.

LIFE OFF THE ROAD

Get in
early

so you're
the one

that gets
to stack

the juke-
box.

Mark Young

stretch marks
on the barista's breasts
her tip jar full

Marc Thompson

Gion alley—
I follow the tsunami
on her kimono

a star
in every fold of the sail—
museum waka

at the edge of the universe ranunculus ruffles

Sandra Simpson

emergency space walk...
I brace myself
to leave the house

survivors queue to escape the intermission

Helen Buckingham

fluorescent light
in the garden of
recurring dreams

orbiting myself again blood moon

Michelle Tennison

sunset flings blood & taffeta across the crumbling sill she is frankly
unemployable—

like the
butterfly—or
the old gods—
who stalks
nothing & lives
on nectar—
a fish gapes &
swims beneath
the untouched
bones of your
food

dandelion to the
instant, a
sparrow empties
its cry into the
blank memory
of heaven *the*
Lord, a billboard
says, *is my*
shepherd [I shall
not want]

after R. Armantrout

Emily Carr

resourceless and yet
our breath mingles

twigs and wings
realigns word and world

while we are caught between sensation and glimpse

the whole
is borne
aloft

Where I step is muck
is lily

smoke that makes the light visible

part the silver drape of afternoon
to see
wisteria hysteria:

all these are
but
soul tethers

Her camouflage
is foliage

folded in
upon herself

in an origami of belief
and self-abandonment

what pinking shears
there are

shall deckle
and spring her body
back to life

Vasiliki Katsarou

POEM

A demon sits
knitting
in the corner
of all poetry.

Scott Honeycutt

shorthand
for a cloud
inside a blue jacket

Markeith Chavous

wind through the zipper is pitch

a pink
swish
slips
the leaves
a soft moan

Eve Luckring

animals on the verge
a warm rain
pools in my groin

turn there is
only the humming
bird's was

AND NOW I AM

And now I am something
else, something between,

beginning to feel
gold filaments over my skin,
the pollen-magnetic

sensitive hairs
of a bee but still here thank God
my exoskeletal head,

the hood of a beetle
up to all of its elbows
in dung.

Peter Yovu

so at last

without sarcasm
without scent
without west
without the east

clean
northern air

Vsevolod Nekrasov, trans. William L. Bulson

WESTERN

sun sweeps the valley
the fault line you will not spot
until you cross and double back

volcanic cones worn to stubs
along the rift, figure-eight stitch
quilting the valve

that revives the pool in waiting,
hollow verged with thirst, one slow pulse
green through the grass

Mark Harris

light
that's left
for light that's left

Gary Hotham

BURN

for Patrick Pritchett

The poem, occulted
In the book drenched in silence

Its stillness mocking
You

You have gone on this journey,
Cast these runes, but learned

Nothing

Burn the poem to ashes
Make it over

In your spilled body blazing

Mark DuCharme

Edited by Philip Rowland

Cover photograph by John Levy

Published by Noon Press, Tokyo

noonpoetry.com

ISSN 2188-2967