

## NOON 9





NOON | journal of the short poem

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## 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



## POLONAISE FANTASIE

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

## 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.

\*

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 Jullich*

## CARTESIAN MEDICATION

No mind  
no body  
no problem.

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

L

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

# 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.

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.

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

## POEM

A demon sits  
knitting  
in the corner  
of all poetry.

*Scott Honeycutt*

shorthand  
for a cloud  
inside a blue jacket

*Markeith Chavous*

windthroughthe  
a zipper's pitch



a pink  
swish  
slips  
the leaves  
a soft moan

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.

so at last

without sarcasm  
without scent  
without west  
without the east

clean  
northern air

## 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

light  
that's left  
for light that's left

# 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*





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