

NOON 14



NOON | journal of the short poem

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red leaves against the sky

a flicker of bird shadow within the sunlit room

write it now,

write it on glass

Paeonies

– she must have stripped the yard. All the jugs and bowls and vases from all the glass-fronted cupboards in all the rooms filled with them. Mounds of pink & white petals on every table and desk, on surfaces usually left bare, clean-swept. And yes, some critters, some raindrops ... Oh, and the scent!

‘It was storming,’ she said, when I asked.

Anna Reckin

passing shower
words the rain takes
from us

clouds separating
what passes
for time

Gary Hotham

from **Bethesda Constellations**

leaden skies tilt
down towards
the west track
hugs a massive
heap of spoil
where youthful
silver birches
hum about the rain
& glow amongst
the fragments
of wet slate

a white pit-bull
looks both ways
crosses the road
& disappears into the woods

on the fencepost
by the gate
someone's left
a muddy bobble hat
a pineal chakra
information sheet
& keys

the River Ogwen
whitens
blinks
the dipper
on a fist-sized rock
is gone

another lorry load
of animals
is driven by
towards the edge
of reason

Peter Hughes

near St Erth

old fox by a hedge

coke can hung on a twig end

hub cap in ivy

Lawrence Upton

Filtered rose light of dawn awaits the stretching of perennial sowthistle. You only know a lane by repeatedly walking amongst its dust. Vine leaf dangles on spider web strand, dances to the shift in breeze. Later, ivy leaf joins in to a different tune: repetitive blackbird song.

There is no need for the phone box. Yes, it can be adapted into a coffee kiosk or library, but its telecommunication days are over, ask Ed Ruscha. Dusty crossroads mess with the fabric of time. Remote service stations with neon are enticing, hot coffee, hot food & solid rest.

Andrew Taylor

gulls on pause for the rest of the beach

what could have been a cloud is

from that polyphony light as breast milk

not counting the daffodils for mother's invisible visitors

downloaded the existential angst app full of ads

Johannes S.H. Bjerg

tethered to new worries cold wind

uploading
to the cloud . . .
loneliness

Victor Ortiz

No text
No call
18,844 steps

Sheila E. Murphy

at the junction I choose a road not knowing which

Kala Ramesh

Directions

What is not right
left before the eye
is left right out
and right left by.

What is not left
right before the mind
is right left out
and left right behind.

Incubus to the Muse

where her hot gush
has cooled, it leaves
behind a fine ash
and a finer snow
forming the flour
from which is made
manna of my day

Jim Kacian

samuel menashe
i stop awhile
to write with your ash
a poem in your style
am i too brash
to wish this to be
a phonemic, vatic
poem to be?

speak to me.

Jesse Glass

Re-reading Ashbery

The back &
forth of
poetry.

I forgot to post
the sky a letter.

The moon did not
come. All day

the sun. Darkness.

Sang

Didn't realise
how much
blood there was
in memories

until she
threw them over-
board &
the sharks
went wild.

Escapology

White spaces filled
with drawings, white
noise transversed
by the song of
wild dogs. Given that
it is essential
nothing is left where
more could be added
where then to hide
the small hint
of hesitation, the door
that leads outside?

Mark Young

the art
is not
a part

or apart

John Vieira

blue reef heron
studiedly
ignoring us
I'd like my poems
to operate like that

Tony Beyer

I told the swallow
to fly to the solid cloud
I swallowed

vehicular sight
smacking the doomed grass
with a fresh coat of paint

Swimming in the air, albeit
like a river rose skimming
blue-white-grey tillage

I told the swallow go there really fast
the swallow desired its own wings
and swallowed

[soma]

Hearing the news the
time sucks the air out
of itself with a tubular
grimace in which nothing is
inflatable except the
camera pointing inward
as though seducing
a universal schism
of the head

[response]

all of the water splashed
out of the pool

Lisa Samuels

A cloud is a lake aloft, set it down again
entirely on my head,
prints along the paving
can't dry off
without wetting something else.

Each poem starts with a doubt
to which more are added. To part-
sketch is to etch, for instance
if we could interpret the trees
when we have no instance, only silence, which
is never instant, we hold our one chance to draw
a map for a spider: each letter you
write is the size of a fly.

The sentence walks through the poem
distributing gifts and punishments, saying
language misunderstands me
the poem is an impossible object
on which to fly, which is why I
take it to high buildings and jump.

Giles Goodland

from The Review

THROW ME A BRANCH

The tone struck must be full of the wisdom of
(pick something at random)

trees, 'big things' erupting suddenly, and
exhilarating secrets that wait to be revealed.

My frame of reference is adjusting a tad.

No longer sarcastic, cynical, curmudgeonly or adrift I am
a patchwork of charm and delight and delight and charm.

There's not much scope for anything else.

The design of my life is the nearest thing I know to turmoil
but it's alright. Seeking answers in artifice and verisimilitude,
two rival and magical factions, there are moments of true beauty,
and beauty is its own thing entirely.

TREES LISTED Etc.

A bird was singing in an elm tree; at least,
it was definitely some kind of tree but I'm not good on trees.
It may have been a yew or an alder, or a poplar or a birch, or
an ash or a beech, which is a list of trees
and does not include those less often named in lists of trees such as
the dogwood, the hornbeam and the rowan. I can identify
a garden, its lawn, the patio and barbecue and the servants,
but I'm always vague when it comes to trees. We ask around
as to what things are and everyone, with all their education, seems
able to crap on like so much wind. One has to adore this,
and to write a love letter in the circumstances is
neither transgressive nor dangerous,
though perhaps it's a smidgen too discontinuous.

Martin Stannard

Deep in the age, my road's not clear
as time puts miles between me and my goal:
the crook of the ash that stands there, weary;
the copper, its miserable green-hued mould.

14 December 1936

Just as a stone from the sky will jolt the earth awake,
a scandalous line will fall, but never know its father.
Whatever we can't halt is a godsend for those who create:
no one can judge that find and it can't be anything other.

20 January 1937

Osip Mandelstam, trans. Alistair Noon

Translator's Note

Remembering her lines,
a wandering widow
winds forward the hours.

The caller views
the map of lamps,
creaks open the booth,

and the Eiffel Tower
lights up with the Pyramids
in the Harbin ice.

Paris

In winter, nothing gives.
The tree holds tightly to
its fistful of sky

while the wind arranges
and rearranges
some leaves
at the entrance to the Tuileries,

always seeking
a different disorder.

Alan Ireland

What Not to Pack for a Trip to Mt. Vesuvius

Not a Victorian jar for leeches, not astragalus, those small bones used for dice; not turtle scutes disappearing under water below a bascule, and not burb sprawl or forest trespass. Not a stump ripper to grip snake. Not scrawl, not graffiti in multiple languages as left on Pompeian walls. Not today's typed draft wanting serifs in its face. Not anything but what to rule out. To pack enough to discover later what was secretly kept, not pants and shirts, but counterweights of spirit and sound, until foreign ground appears in the Gulf of Naples as you gape, looking for volcanic spit.

That man

native to the hills
sits on the black rock
of one crater of Mt. Etna, a small box

with toy ladybugs glued to bits
of lava beside him – sad smile, one hand
on his goat you can pet

as you ask the man's permission,
'Posa?' to take a photograph
while Etna smokes

and this man, for a few coins
and our own smiles,
smiles better.

David Giannini

another *urchin smile*
immortalised
... bucket list ticking

open mic night:
the rain's
low patter

(refer **X** end) um =

Helen Buckingham

Swan

Now from a start-of-year
emptiness I hear
another inland seagull's cry –
like someone asking why
I should even care
now this or other outcome
has been put, rehashed, rehearsed,
oh, *ad infinitum*?

At which I had to wonder
how such-a-body could even ask
when care too seems an alibi,
a parochial concern;
and down the slow canal,
smoothly there, a swan
is riding its reflection?

Raptors

Through those strains of suffering
a politician, pre-disgraced,
I'm remembering still the shame
we're born with, now their sure
ambitions for our country
flap like some white-paper dove;
and all of the above
is an interim report and love,
however unrequited, you're
the only deal I'm offering.

Peter Robinson

Marketisation

in keeping with our commitment
to customer choice, you will pay
only for the air
you actually use

should you exercise your right
not to breathe at all
there will be no charge other than
the meter rental fee

Paul Rossiter

workout

1

ove
lust

2

ust
love

3

o
lust

nude

dune
sears

arse

anonymous source

LeRoy Gorman

no fake news between you crows

mo rning
wi dow

Olivier Schopfer

the cat lady's mind
strays
each with its own name

deep in her eyes the patience of radium

Robert Witmer

Pacing the gaps in my pulses my doppelganger choreographs my
life's goals

A stopover somewhere in my heart's pulse persistent sparrow song

White noise of water drip this torture of attention's alternatives

Mist the echo of horizon stringing down an infinite hole

Rebecca Lilly

Faintness of being
The raked garden
Dying inch by inch

Falling apart
Ideas like leaking faucets
My stoma erupts

On a boat
Eating everything with chopsticks
Even my hair

Smile at the horizon
Kite aloft
Branching out to sea

Jane Joritz-Nakagawa

flighght

after Aram Saroyan

For Leonard Cohen

the ash of poetry
filling the hearth ...
winter chill

silently I add
a hallelujah ...
first snow

dark aquarium
a crack in my poem
lets the light in

kelp swelling
in and out
I become the ocean

Michael Dylan Welch

On Wavelets

the bl ue thic ken ed b
y jus t ho w fa r di ppe ed i
nto t he de ep & thi nned
by j ust h ow f ar d ippe d in
to th e li gh t

at land's end the
peninsulas

almost islands

the tips of a
continent;

a stray comes to
sniff at this

stays put

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

desert highway

silence
& the chatter
of a cow's skull

Jennifer Hambrick

long night some of the dinosaur's neck

autumn wind

the smell of popcorn

your love

oswald

a boeing 747

steps into a movie theatre

Michael O'Brien

Pronouncements from the Median Strip

Watching *The Sorrow and the Pity* on a cracked Android,
one earbud half working.

Bill Freind

taking off my glasses
so I can't read the words –
prison camp museum

this accumulation of facts acorn

a peach in his hand yes still the occasional erotic dream

Sandra Simpson

rejection leathers
she finds my keloid
in the dark

driftwood smooth cabinetmaker's erotics

needle
in an empty bowl
waning moon

waiting for her answer
to pop up on the screen
a swarm of flies

Lee Gurga

not wise guys
in tux and ties –
vultures on a cow

hardpan truth
the dirt is swept away
then you kneel to pray

Richard Stevenson

Lilliputians

I stopped and crouched to inspect
a bumblebee atilt in the dirt

and a breathing wreath of petals
taking shape on the backs of ants

Funeral, I thought, bier

*Scaffolding, said the entomologist
So the ants can go to work on Gulliver here.*

Leslie McGrath

the first humans
climb out of a clam shell
Easter Sunday

Victor Ortiz

as we look around God severs ties

John Levy

Poem Beginning with a Line from Sir Thomas Browne

There is another man within me that's angry with me.
He's got my knees in his teeth.
If I could kneel I would say I am sorry.

There is a man within me that's sad for me.
His dark brown cowl is draped around
the dura mater of my brain. His mother weeps for mine.

There is another man within me that wishes he were not.
Behind my eyes he peers out endlessly
at another woman within you.

Depression

You could get up and write something.
You could let the poem be the one that just lies there,
let the roots of words sink into themselves as far as they want,
down to old meanings that mean whatever they mean
to whoever that is who strokes them with her eyes
saying 'there there' and 'there there'.

Crossing the Room

I hold your cup filled close to the brim
the way a toad holds its head when it is carried
across a road.

Peter Yovu

Haiku: Monadnock

November rain –
two bronze deer turn to face me
as I pass.

Without Blinking

House a little cold, stomach a little hungry,
hands a little empty.

The planet is porous, wrote Borges, and so it might be claimed
that all men have bathed in the holy Ganges.

Sponges alone,
that live always filled, may filter this thought without blinking.

A Strategy

Living by implication:
where the ink isn't is moon.

Notebook

A venus flytrap can count to five.

Crows and bees recognize faces.

Mice suffer when seeing a mouse who is known to them suffer.

Trees warn one another to alter their sap as beetles draw near.

Our one remaining human distinction:

a pre-Copernican pride in our human distinction.

'Arthritis in both ankles!'

Neruda wrote in a notebook,

January 3, 1959, on a boat leaving Valparaíso for Venezuela,

limping like an old race horse, then starting his poem.

Jane Hirshfield

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