

NOON 15



NOON | journal of the short poem

ISSUE 15
August 2019

weightless a moment over the green pond

a glint of drone in the sky we'll fold 1000 foil cranes

absinthe sky –
the nasturtiums take on
an eerie hue

Clayton Beach

cherry blossom
flavored
hyper-violence

bud breaks now
wider than
our words

i momentarily
trade an adverb
for fallen leaves

side 4: a millennium's worth
of fallen leaves
aflame

Phoenix

(Quercus agrifolia)

Black trunk of oak,
 singed and seared,
 shelved
 with a conk
of fungus,

from the ashes
 you bring
 shoots of shine,
 tart leaves,
teal wings.

a tendril
grows, turns
makes its own
sutra

catch me
if you can, she sings,
our age is foul
and devious

dawn's tepid chorus
washes light on tundra;
wedding of sun
and veils

day begins
on cursal heights
of musak, then
trills to dusk

pale mist;
crocus flattering
thought's
acre

snakeskins drop,
curl; hardening
to dust
and serifs

beads of rain
on the spider's web
a pronoun climbs
into my lexicon

John McManus

winter stillness :: the crash and burn of semicolons

Out in the World

Where do you put
 your eyes
when you have already

seen everything?
Look for the tarnish.
Anything.
Escape to other worlds.

Reduce the inverted afternoon.
A chair is just a cube.
Black is a losing color.

Like water into concrete,
a title comes.

Source: A cut-up/remixed poem composed from
Flowers in the Attic by V. C. Andrews.

Book Reviews

1.

you can't put this book down –
your fingertips stick to the cover
like tongues to frozen iron
and your eyelids burn away

2.

a book certain to start a religion –
a moral tale, so simple, so powerful
whoever disagrees with it
must die

3.

every sentence is memorable
every line is quotable,
and every quote is:
the world is a terrible place

Rohingya

sunset at Sittwe:

a slice of red, a cut

inside my navel

bleeding

profusely

inward

Uvula

Heresy,
to worship only superficial beauty.

Beyond your lips,
past the pink porch of your yawn,

font, chalice, and grape
wait in holy union.

Deep in that unlit nave,
the moist paradise of Beulah.

Imagination, depraved
abases before no cross,

no rose-stained glass,
but your uvula

hanging immaculate:
the Church of the Red Bat.

from **Lampedusa**

2/due

we rented a car
with no brakes
pigged out
on orange
fireballs
& amber beer
when we
get home
I'll lather your hips
with gram flour
& turmeric paste

3/thri

a distant scooter
saws the night
 in half
grooves cut free
from ends of parties
float
 electrical &
pulse
 looped
 anchor
 silence
 to infinity
below the cove
is motionless hue
soon
I will sit out
in first light
and wait
for you
 to wriggle
 slowly
 free
 from sleep

4/quattru

fish swim
in their
own shadows
retracing vectors
across a
shimmering
grid of light

from **Barcelona**

3/tres

long shell oyster fossil
olive leather poufs
& gilded doorknobs cast
in squeezed fists of clay
it's nice to be home with you again
especially now we don't know
where we live anymore

Simon Marsh

o and by the waves who's we

all the acorns taken out to sea float back into her hands

the raspberries in her stomach
the bee @
her ear

new year's eve a beach fire we inherit and abandon

Scott Metz

()

each match
contains
an unhatched
flame

these
possibilities
make me
ill at ease

§News Cycle

spring is the poet's job interview

§Poetic Economy

Stephan Delbos

first date
he polishes
his avatar

a lifetime
of protest votes
day moon

Dave Read

spring morning
cops cite a saxophonist
for disturbing the peace

above the mall
the rest of the mountain's
unrest

Dave Bonta

The sky the kind of blue
you can't take seriously.

Mark Terrill

from **Subway Poems**

10-22-14

What kind of day is it?
It's cold and rainy,
leaves blowing down
from the trees.

It's not a nice day,
not out here on 7th Ave.,
unless you're in love,
or having brilliant ideas.

It's cold and rainy,
leaves blowing down
from the trees.

3-6-15

On these cloudless days,
the sky stretches off in every direction,
pulls your eyes in every direction,
you feel like you can go
as far as you want in every direction.
Is that a good thing?
It sounds like a good thing.

2-12-16

In the train on the opposite platform,
I see one of the clichés of American art:
a woman looking out the window with longing.
She has raven black hair
with a shock of white in front.
She looks like a skunk.
It has to be intentional.
Is it possible for a skunk to feel longing?
Skunks are unloved, that's for sure.
Perhaps skunks, from time to time,
feel a longing – not to be unloved.

3-7-16

Today, on 7th Ave.,
there is no vanishing point,
nothing to yearn for.

Too many delivery trucks double-parked
to see any distance at all,
much less to the fulfillment of dreams.

Michael Ruby

A Manoeuvre of Words and Wordlessness

When I wake in the middle of the night
older than I would like to be
I feel a twinge of freedom
I look out at the moon
surly and aloof and malformed
and see beauty embracing the twinge
as though it were in full flight.

Isn't that what's exciting about freedom
that it can freeze or paralyse you?
And might I add, free or imprison,
a manoeuvre of words and wordlessness
the mind's cunning at the body's expense.

J.J. Steinfeld

Punctuate

A body in motion or at rest must be determined to motion or rest by another body, which other body has been determined to motion or rest by a third body, and that third again by a fourth, and so on to infinity. The dead, who have felt nothing for so long, begin to sway happily on the far shore; memories lap against their feet, spray in fine droplets over their breasts, their beautiful heads. Fire is known to
be fire

by the heat; fire in the eye, fire in the heart, fire in the loins, all die, and this dying is the heart of the matter. The endeavor, whereby a thing endeavors to persist in its own being, involves no finite time, but an indefinite time.

It from Bit

In thirty minutes there will be silence settling in backstage shadows, in the curtain's high folds, along the floor's dark, waxed-wood sheen. Because of this wormhole connection,

he explained,

'Ted and Bob are the same.' So the result is sort of like the happy ending of one of those screwball romantic comedies that involve mistaken identity, and the handsome vagabond turns out to be the prince in disguise: Alice can marry Ted who is really Bob, and the bonds of matrimony extend smoothly across the edge of the black hole. She clears brush from her raspberry patch, re-puttys low windows she can reach.

How

many thousand provincial capitals blain America?

Secret V's

i.m. Ray Tremblay 1950-2004

Mythical places
unattended.

We don't know where
we're going

except

walking west.
This street is a mystery-to-me.

I think it's smoke, but it's
curtains
rippling in the breeze.

I think
it's curtains

and the fire truck comes.

Disjoint

my old mother's rheumatic hands

that didn't act

or *look* in the end like

hands

Her Wryness

Occasionally

when I am reading a book and have
my hand on the page I notice my hand
as if it belonged somewhere
else, or to some other

being. Knuckles, veins, fingers,
skin, color, all peculiar and
as if also
by an author I'll never meet.

Illustration of Methods of Breaking the Panic-Stricken Grip of a Drowning Person

(for Carolle Parker)

The illustrator imagined those waves
around the young bodies going down: swirls, thick
lines, empty air. I imagine the unnamed
illustrator thinking *I should not
have taken this job,*

*should not
have pictured those
in despair, in the water, the
cartoon dread, cartoon
youth.*

alone in a cemetery
the news

John Levy

dead men, nights, in my dreaming,
tell me this, or that sad tale,
tip the wink, that this won't do,
what seems to mean, won't do at all

Ray Malone

cold cell
shoelaceless thoughts

the hanged poet's fallen members mulching
a fragrance of gabirolian figs

Danny Blackwell

gibbous moon a glimpse of his hereafter

forsythia the scent of her subjunctive

blue horizon
who will carry
my bag of bones

Roberta Beary

starlight
through my body
of metaphors

crossing the river on horseback the river

Michelle Tennison

each/your own

the rain beats down

the hill until
the hill's

the Ground

tomorrow/never comes

flesh of cloud, voice of traffic
the body always

within reach

Sabine Miller

Water Disco

It blinds – the asphalt nightclub's

thrum and vapor. A backward glance,

I-29 all steam and water stippled down a
windshield.

Outside, oak leaves decompose. There's too
much noise,

light drawls I can't unhinge. In dark,

cicadas cease, from parchment shelters,

trilling from a kudzu wall.

Rain rings the car roof, falls

in beaded curtains through the back door of my vision.

Streets, glossed and igneous, spilling buttons.

Sign above
a urinal:
Water will flow
when no one is here.

death poem . . .
all my attempts
stillborn

snow
be
it

Christopher Patchel

zen gardener
the gap in his smile
in his rake

Peter Newton

from **tool box**

the grackle
foot-long wood-rasp

the plan
sketched out
beyond me

trowel
I revert to bare hands

handsaw

taped grip
taken

knee holds
down board

teeth to
pencil-

scored edge
thumb-joint

breath drawn
soft pine

where the dove tamer hangs his traps summer cloud

through Homer's blind eyes sunspots from Mars

blood moon
the suddenness
of the gun

Ben Moeller-Gaa

probe snaps my world a distant period

Helen Buckingham

from **Solitary Confinement**

Day 23 | Give me a breath-holding lesson
give me hunger. Tear out
book pages, bite my fingertips,
swallow the air. Make me
stronger than granite,
louder than church bells.

God laughs, watching me stuck
in the slow lane to piety, and orders
Repent. I grin a hundred times.

Jesus and Father Michael
hold hands, kneeling on flint.
Mealtimes, I chew glass shards.

Night 55 | Someone turns a key, the lock
clicks and a brief sound of rain
sneaks in through the opening.
It feels like a sharp scratch.

Day 63 | I clench my fists on the table
hiding two buttons ripped
from mother's dress last time
I saw her. You'd say they look
like half-cracked walnuts
before Father picks up a hammer
to split them open.

Objects

How they
burn and drop.
The fork falls
just out of reach;
the dryer bursts on fire,
sets off the smoke alarm.
How they resist
their square holes.
The anchor
rips through the deck,
the mast
fails.

If You See A Bee

My mother said: "Why do you always tell the truth?"

And: "You're like all the childless women I have ever known."

"Close your mouth if you see a bee. It might fly in."

in her breath,
a trace of onion . . .
mom tries to revise
my controversial
memories

Funeral

First time 'home' in over twenty years

I find myself
Standing
Staring for hours
Into pouring backyard rain

I realize I am the perfect portrait;
 Same height
 Same weight
 Same age
 Same goddamn doleful stare

I am the perfect portrait of my own abusive father

And no funeral can ever bury him

blood tests my daughter becoming a ghost

Rich Schilling

Gripping at my girl's books on the floor
my stoop my father's
and his his mother's
and hers her mother's

on good days I see
only beautiful things

a man splitting a pastry with his daughter
ripping it in half and she
rocks her body from side to side in anticipation
of the bigger half

which she gets

A failure to experience my life as something other than a transatlantic flight of absurd proportions during which I avail myself of various distractions; convenient and indefensible feeding, snacks, hot drinks, alcohol, pills, movies, and trips to the toilet, all the while struggling to get comfortable as others do the work necessary to ensure that we arrive at our destination.

Nothing to say,
but that doesn't stop me.

digging through the fat on either margin

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

category tombs of a lost cause

barefoot boy
the search for cardboard
almost dry

moonlit redactions of a frond dance

Bill Cooper

Graveyard Shadow

sediment
of silence

a polonaise
of sunlight
pierces
the gauze
of rain

a dim
whirring
of shadow
the wingbeat
of a moth's
meditation
on time

Time I read
a few poems
looking out over
the hills
before
the mosquitoes
come

Sitting here
not noticing
it's raining
until
it stops

John Phillips

Edited by Philip Rowland

Cover photograph by John Levy

Published by Noon Press, Tokyo

noonpoetry.com

ISSN 2188-2967