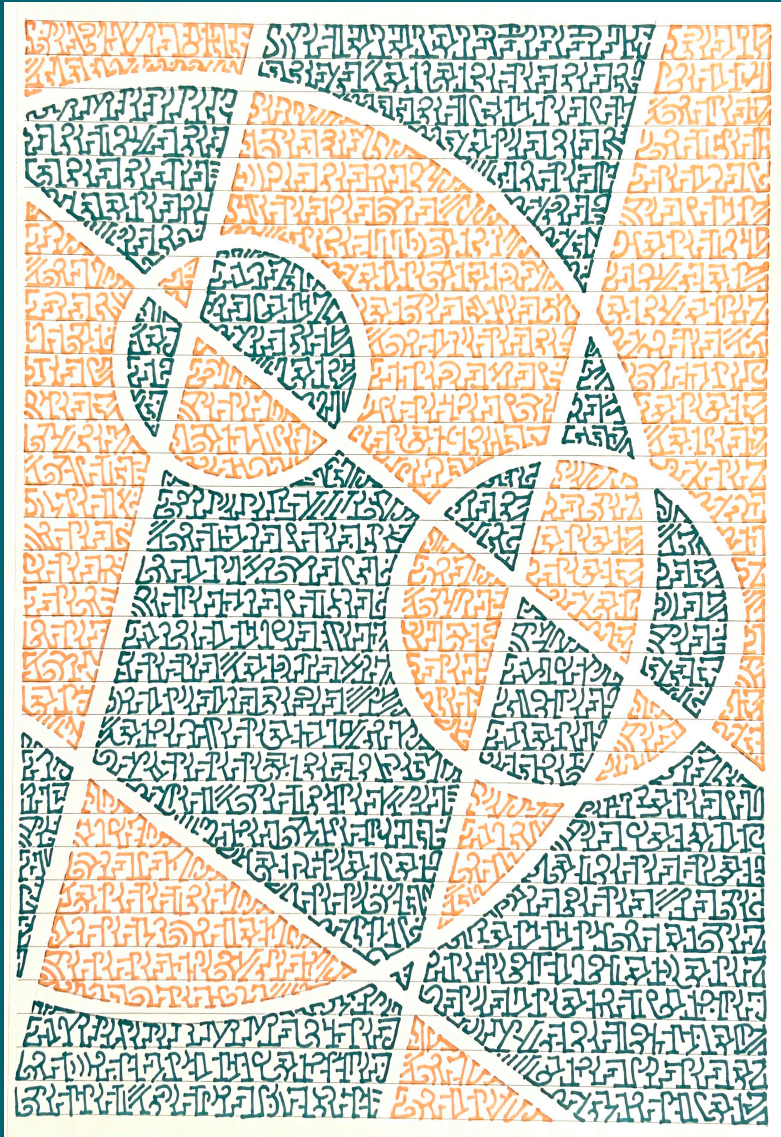


NOON 25



NOON:
journal of the short poem

Issue 25

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BEGINNING WITH A LINE FROM A MIME

[A slow bow, à la a renaissance courtier.]

Then stands up, also slowly, opens her arms as if to welcome the open-air audience. Raises one arm to the sky, then the other, her fingers outstretched. Begins to move her fingers to indicate rain, faster, harder. A short set of dance steps as prelude to a bending of the knees which, in turn, turns into a vigorous leap with pirouette. *'Scuse me while I kiss the sky.*

from SUBWAY POEMS

11-29-18

The clouds sail relentlessly eastward
in the blue sky, the deep blue sky.
Where else would they go?

And the people on the sidewalk
seem to act as if I'm not here,
as if I don't take up any space.

I'm not sure I like the emerging picture,
but I keep looking at the clouds
'sailing relentlessly eastward,' right?
Look at the blue, how deep it is.
My favorite sky is a deep blue sky.

2-13-19

The sky
is so much larger
than my thoughts.

Why would I ever
prefer my thoughts
to the sky?

4-26-19

On the Carroll Street platform,
the display shows the time
down to a hundredth of a second.
Why not a thousandth,
a ten thousandth,
a hundred thousandth,
a millionth of a second?
Then we will drown
in the amount of time passing
when no time passes at all.

7-10-19

Walking along 7th Avenue
is like taking a little voyage,
a voyage through people.
Today, I see several retirees.
I could be one of them
any day now, any year now.
And then what? Then what?
We all know the answer to that.
Along my little voyage
to the 7th Avenue station,
I sail past Methodist Hospital,
and not so far away
is Greenwood Cemetery.

Michael Ruby

at the mouth
of the subway
the warm breath
of air
as i descend
the stairs

the ping of signals
the muted gallop
of trains
coming down the track

Accumulated footsteps hardly carry. I have to lean down to hear and when I hear them, I crush them.

Once I mistook walking to the end of the train for the end of the journey.

Giles Goodland

Railway platform
leaf-swirled shadows
sketch
a waltz

Quartz-stung asphalt
caught in traffic
shadowless
dazzle

like rain hiding in third person

Can I be with you
while you read this?
Don't look up or
say anything.

Caroline Clark

window view of the parking garage
the life support machine
takes over

quiet news
paint peeling
on its own

night losing the dark
rain keeping the lake
wet

foreign shores
waves translated into
our language

Gary Hotham

Every day the twist of a key
opens my Post Office box.
Junk mail. Nothing but. Again.

Accompanied, as always,
by the letter that will never be sent
from the country of silence.

The lantern fastened
to the dory's bow
fades in a sudden
wall of midnight fog.

All his years lean into the oars
as he rows farther out
into the sound of water.
Deeper, beyond all mirrors.

my free will adrift
in time and space
guiding it back
into the mirror

on the window of the sublime dream a fly starts to buzz

George Swede

not yet a poem
fog wording a
window thrown open

clouds off the mountains
in a flower petal's
dew the mind stops

a stream I remember
full of leaves at dusk
the river must dream us

another whatever winter draft

i was almost done
writing a script for a short
i'd make on my cell
friends have offered to play parts
but then shot the swaying trees

what will absolve me
of all this bogus searching
thinking in the park
in the dark before i rose
to walk under the streetlamp

John Vieira

my face the
face of this wind
at my back

in desolation even
the solace of the sun

in a word even

desolation

JOY

While I was hanging there
between the words
of conversation or beginning
a book, breathing
no memory, I glimpsed
nothing, nothing whatsoever.

UNTITLED

Deep sleep opens doors. Moving through, one door to the next, an infinity of openings. Light bursts, newborn stars. Now peonies, past their prime. Summer moves too quickly, and me, I move too slowly, becalmed almost, almost a boat beached in shallow water, almost a ghost, or a figure in a sheet, with eyeholes punched through cloth, pretending to see.

CLOTH-EARED

1.

Every morning, ants deposit tiny particles
at the very top of their mounds

to prevent a catastrophic
back-slip into their nestvilles.

*Take your bloody hands
out of your pockets
I shout at my pillow*

*Give me back my dreams!
Clear out this spoil-tip of to-dos
that is burying them alive.*

2.

Every night, my daughter
would wake me up wanting to know

why I whispered *Mummy*
as I fell asleep. Loss won't let go.

*Take your bloody hands
out of your pockets*
I shout at the matryoshka

Give me them back!
*What good is a nested doll
bereft of the rest?*

these days
I think of my mum
every time I forget a word

Danny Blackwell

MY MUM APPEARED TO ME

I dreamt I saw my Mum. She said to me
*My head is hollowed out. The doctor should
have spent more time.* I looked. Behind, her head
was open like a ragged hillside cave.

COLD IN AUGUST

A tattered starling. The crunch of boots on grit.
A drifting fog is closing in again
around the watching cows. The sky has quit.

And yet, I'm walking. Something drives me on
although the ancient paths have disappeared,
the tide is high, and what was known is gone.

The air is chilly, damp, although a breeze
is blowing. Thistles, like scruffy conscripts, stand
beside the lane. No sign of Summer ease.

The land is hidden. The sea is just a sound.
Just like a dream, the daily route is strange
and changed, and something lost is found.

FIELD NOTE (1)

So much we have to trust
just to get through a day.

We curl up in roots
when the cameras turn

this way... our home
of barbed-wire forests,

of plants with deep thoughts.
Lanes that enter their own time.

WHERE

I tell the distance that
people's names are
shorter than rivers...
threads
on the world's spine
gliding
to the edge of an abyss
where all their deeds fall
glass-clear
to no ending
except themselves.

AS CATCH CAN

One last despairing twist
and soaring higher still the owl
drops its catch. The crow at once
breaks off pursuit, plunges
after the fallen vole,
which hits the ground
ahead of me and is gone,
a frantic dash for cover
before the hoodie lands
too late to claim its prize.

AT THE WATERWORKS

Ice shapes spangle the roadway,
the surface of the water
where it still lies in shadow. Wigeons
make a vee-line for the farther shore
whistling their familiar call-sign,
disrupt bright reflections of the moor
where a sign advises Be Aware
Deaths have Occurred at Reservoirs.
Sutherland's snow-lipped peaks shimmer
misty and mystical on the horizon. Perched
on an outcrop of dry brown gorse,
a stonechat chatters its pebbly gossip,
keeping a wary eye.

from Metaphysical Interiors

ENCHANTED FOREST

Few and far between, these stands
entangled with each other
like remnants of enchanted forest
(our daughters might have said)
are scratching at a pale sun rising
behind the starker branches.
A full moon gleams above them
in morning's turquoise half-dark
as a red woodpecker over breakfast
bangs its head against the bark ...

WEEPING BOOKSHELF

High altar or a household shrine?
Pushed any-old-how among these
school texts, maps, thumbed dictionaries
are picture books our girls outgrew.
Confused about what's yours, what's mine
(as if its muddle were to spite you)
the weeping bookshelf hangs its head
like it knew it's been neglected.

FROM THE BALCONY

Heat-lightning flares on a dusk horizon.
Stiff breeze rustles the darker leaves.
Some stars have put in an appearance
on the blue-black dome above us.
They're being read, interpreted
by a voice out on the balcony
identifying Plough and Great Bear.
But I can't see any pattern up there,
no more at the centre of things
than our continent or hemisphere.

Peter Robinson

unmindful
of the border breach
almonds are ripening

Sara Tropper

concussive air a child's breath vapourized

fireflies sparking into tracer rounds

John Hawkhead

returning home
the trees ripped out
by avalanche

climate changes –
the dark pigmentation
on dragonfly wings

WHAT LASTS

Willows over it, a few low branches brush
slowly moving water, painting and repainting
light the river takes away. A crayfish crawls
from shine to shadow. Its pebbled armor
takes on a bluish hue. Last night

the sky was scoured by fireworks.
Webs of filamentous light hung down
like willow branches and dissolved.
Each flare revealed the smoke of the flare before.

WHAT YOU CANNOT SAY

There was something you wanted to say
but your mouth was held hostage by
words you needed to sleep with.

You went to bed naked but in your dream
you were unable to take your clothes off.
The dirt from one hole was used to fill another.

You woke trying to clear your throat.
You looked like someone trying to pronounce
the O a typewriter cannot cleanly strike.

a dead man's eyes

seeds
planted in mine

*

death

mostly I take
your word for it

*

a corpse

italics
without a word

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning was touch
and the touch became wind
in his hair and the wind
blew restless in the skerries
of his mind as he lamented
the company of men
and peevish winds
going nowhere.

OUT OF AFRICA

blown
by an ill wind
from his original Eden

lured
by gravity to the next
improbable place

each day a setting out
each dream a homecoming
carried on his back

IN WHICH GOD INVENTS YELLOW

a word in your ear Mr G
that colour

you're mixing a tad sharp
I'd say

too particular needs to be mellow
like a full belly

think ribbons G
brick roads

I'd make it more moon
and less mustard

ANATOMY OF A POEM

It seems like a good vocation through a lifetime,
alert for the twisty or wonky way:
the melted plastic Jesus on the cross
who did not come out okay from the extrusion machine;
the monkey with one cymbal clipped
his wind-up parts motionless
one black iris of his jiggling eye, unjiggled.

MEASURELESS

Look what we did
we made a leap and look what we got
we were brave
we got fifteen years.

I saw a man pick his way along a canyon on a mule.
He became one with it, swaying;
each roll of its hips.
It took six hours to reach the bottom.

high-level lies
a sonar the whales
can't escape

Dan Schwerin

worries tangled
in a skein of geese
late migration

Alanna C. Burke

weighing a bird
it's light enough
to remain a word

after father died
he was cold to touch –
I saw the minute hand jump

winter

on

a

child's

drawn

fog

a

watch

a

child's

wrist

light

is

a
luxury

light
is

of
light

a
luxury

of

light

light

is

a

luxury

if it
was

as it
starts

to
rain

it
starts

a
dream

again

she
doesn't

know

or

not

to
rain

again

from
m
asks
the
sea
's
hang
ing
deaf
ear
s

deep inside the salmon a door ajar

BONES

We sign in at the counter with fake names. My brother reiterating the parts we are looking for. In the blazing sun we trawl through lines of junked cars. I imagine the drivers. The trysts in their backseats. The last words spoken in them. I realize my fake name is more me.

a crease
in the atlas page . . .
buzz of dragonflies

SUPER SUPINE ACOUSTICS

Helicopter drones

Overhead – lone bumble bee

Thrums flower power.

HENRY TEEL'S PUNT IN A NUTSHELL

At rest on a sand dune safely
Above the tide, its prow pointing
Towards some lanky gesturing
Grasses slowly moving in
To encircle it, this weathered

Light blue-grey punt going
To pieces was once pulled
Here by a man who soon went
To the mainland and died there,
But still remains – an apostrophe.

The ecstatic nation,
the interior the land
of otherness, the exterior
the land of strangeness,
bounded on all sides
by a sea of selves.

Wisdomless in the East,
he meandered through his past
like a motorist tarrying at truck-stops
on an endless highway homeward.

Alan Botsford

NOTE TO ALAN CHONG LAU AND KAZUKO NAKANE
(1/22/24)

I remember the street in front of the house in Kyoto
where Kazuko grew up, and the inside of the house with the narrow

kitchen, the tatami floor of the living
room, the particular space and silence

especially at night. The slight give
of tatami under feet in socks. The sliding shoji

and the world outside that front
door, sudden and public.

A GUST OF WIND SCATTERS

pieces of paper aloft almost like a flock
of birds and there is

a flock of birds in the background (the painting is in
Hokusai's series of 36 (XXXVI) Views of Mount Fuji) and the flock

is smaller than the sheets of paper flying up as if after
the lone hat blown off the man's head, who

raises a hand as if he could re-
trieve

his sailing hat (as if he's ready for its re-
turn

banner clouds streaming my hair long gone

Debbie Strange

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS

Your wife's hair is crying.
I heard this when I saw it
blowing across her face
in the wind.

It got into her eyes.
She couldn't see me listening
close by and I only took
two photographs.

The one I am handing to you
is after the wind stopped. The
other one is with someone
you don't know.

BORDERS

Genes hijack freedom of choice. Chromosomes comprise a totalitarian regime. Enclaves of intuition undress themselves at the outskirts of biology. I once considered sleeping with an autocrat but couldn't stand the thought of ceding territory. A wall is what skin becomes in public. It's revealing that you must harden yourself to love me. I'm a lost colony, so I take it anyway. Desire is an oasis, not a mirage.

Jennifer Hambrick

once upon a time.

corn was a wild grass, tomatoes
were tiny, carrots were rarely orange, & dairy cows
produced little milk –

I chose not to stay with my fate

you had the perfect beach body –
hipless, like a snake

in any case.

– people are the sole
authors of their lives which is one

way of punishing them –

she was pregnant
with a marvelous body, like a Renoir:
posed by a lake

briefs
rolled & put away
another day in the underworld

LeRoy Gorman

from ESSEX MARTIAL

I | XXVII

I'm used to feeling rough the day after, Proclus,
but to find out that someone who says he's a mate
has posted the whole evening on Facebook –
let's not get pissed-up together again.

III | LIII

I could do without your face
and your false eyelashes
and your lipfill
and your neck
and your blue nail extensions
and your breasts
and your hips
and your buttocks
and the tattoo on your buttocks
and your legs
and (not to waste any
more time on particulars)
I could do without you, Chloe.

XII | XCIV

I was writing a long poem; you started one too.
I gave up so as not to tread on your toes.
Then I began a novel in verse, like Pushkin;
you started one too, in heroic couplets.
I tried erasures and sound poetry;
you reached for your marker pen and microphone.
So I switched to satire, turning my gaze on the Tories;
you wrote your “Epistle to Boris Johnson”.
Now I’ve started these epigrams, what could be humbler?
Here too you’re already hot on my heels.
Tell me what you don’t want to write, Tucca, and if
there’s anything you’re not interested in leave it to me.

TEXT FROM CLAUDIUS

ill have to check with the misses

they've discontinued

the razor

I've used my entire

adult life –

something else
must glide over

the rest

WORD ALONE

back in london like a million years later the train leaves late runs slowly
past graffiti on victorian brick a single word in my 'native' tongue
must be two three metres high and long as a train car but so large
and passing strange my mind can't grasp it but will as mind does
not let it go *let it go just a tag let it go just a tag let it go just a tag*
says the train it doesn't mean anything but will always be there
not meaning anything

Some people say all buses leave
from Aylesbury Station.
But there are grounds to disbelieve
this Information.

*

Some people say the seabird
has chosen to get wet
as it keeps coming, undeterred.
You cannot blame the net.

Some people like to concentrate
on everything they do.
And they will tell you if a plate
should move an inch. Or two.

*

Some people see the light
at the end of the Hubble.

Some people see the light
in the depths of the puddle.

illumination always a half-step away 半歩前へ public urinal

young couple's tearful goodbye ferryman pissing in the river

Ralph Culver

tea stall
the spill
burns through
mist

windowsill crotons
the time dilation
that comes with grief

ogni giorno un roвето fulgente

every day a burning bush

appena pensato
ai genitori

allora

due corvi –
cosa pensi?

just thought
of my parents

then

two crows –
what do you think?

Nicola

l'unico solo
che non perdette

la sua madrelingua
muore dall'Alzheimer

Nicholas

the only one
who didn't lose

his mother-tongue
dies of Alzheimer's

John Martone

old pickup radio
the constant static
of grief

Randy Brooks

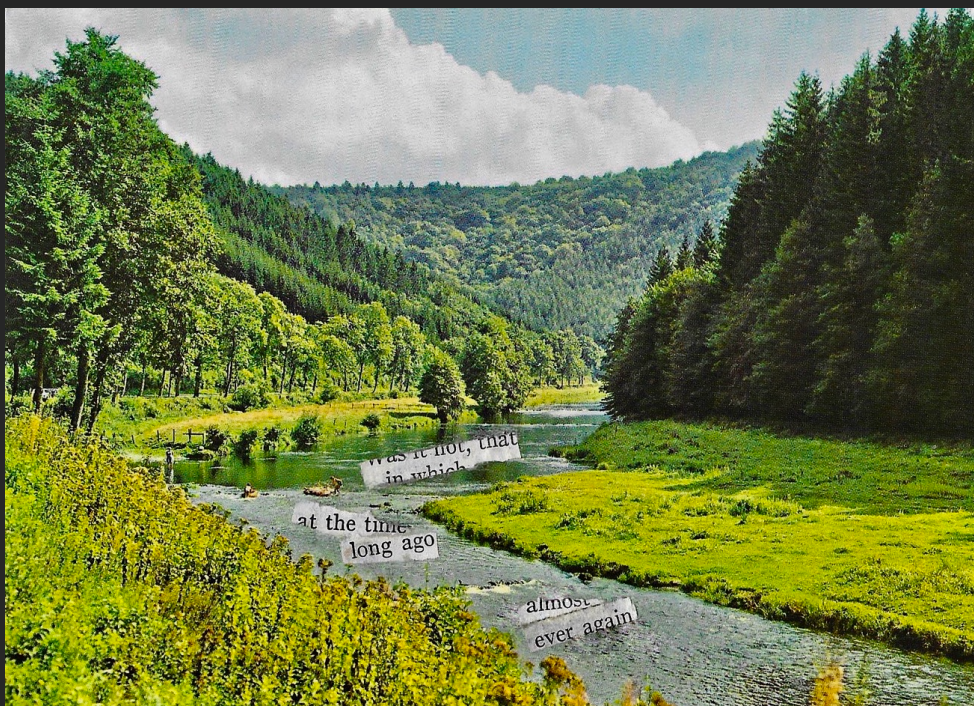
The following PostCardPoems arose from the author's discovery of his deceased father's large collection of vintage travel postcards. Around the same period, he happened upon ways in which small fragments from a copy of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* (shredded for another project that he was working on) could be provocatively placed directly on the postcards, glued into the image.





what reality
there was
buried in layers
of seeing





was it not, that
in which

at the time
long ago

almost
ever again

And yet, an instant that remains absent all the time



Clark Lunberry

an article
detailing new categories
of sorrow
as if the old varieties
were somehow not enough

midnight fine-tuning you and your donkey

APOPHENIA

There's a Rorschach test in the olive brine on the cutting board or in today's assignment of crows in the leafless oak. Read the signs.

north wind the emptiness drawn to scale

dark matter variations on a barred owl's eyes

Michelle Tennison

lunar eclipse
somewhere an ostrich
lays an egg

a woman in marble
wearing a blindfold
the nightwatchman with a cigarette

homeless
the mountain sees me
as mist

VESSEL

If you were a vessel what shape would you be? I say urn and she says
murmuration. I am filled with dusty blue marbles; she is filled with
sky.

the dark rock
a darker bird
alighting

taking in shadows
moss outside
the facade

Paul Pfeuger, Jr.

shadow
of
leaf

on
my
skin

goat
looks
on

from
the
barren

rocks

SUTURE

for Elisa Biagini

An alphabet
is a fracture
in the laws
of light –

to stitch thought
into your
skin

Giacometti stopped
drawing

the moment he died

not
a single figure

found

In the grave, his fingernails

scratched

R.I.P.

for Graham

Dying,
he says he'll keep
his eye
on me

Knowing
he won't,
I don't
look away

John Phillips

mouth
the first hymn
e4 c5
holds back
the flood

font-washed baby : sunbeam-lit dust

FORAGERS

The rain is late.
I walk to where my child
had been a girl,
find the great boulder
where once we sat,
prosperous kings
of trumpet mushrooms,
chanterelles.
Dry lichen, smell of ash,
and even the rot
is silent.

LONELINESS

I have been careful not to admit it.
I rely on its syllables.
I await.

a seed lodged in the wind somewhere nothing and nowhere

TRUTH

BUDDHA GAVE US

an illustrated edition

of Nothing, un-

numbered and unsigned –

published, read or unread,

out to the Multi-
verse, all our tended
or unattended words

there.

for Robert and Elizabeth Murphy on the 20th Anniversary of Dos Madres Press

EXTENDED KOAN

Walnut. . . window. . . pyramid. . .

things broken make an opening eye
for what is

beyond them:

an intelligence

or vexed aspect
of the throng

the nexus
we try to understand

the weird flexes.

GNOMIC MISCELLANY

Anonymous Bosc

To learn from a bowl of handsome pears! First, all pears are *the* pear – proceed.

Silt-Sand-Clay

Tongue under the brook is also the brook, but its words are above it.

February

Sequestered long in maple all the sap's patience at the tap, tested.

Deaf Child in the Steeple

Wanting the church bell to hear silence she puts its rope end to her ear.

Span

Each syllable crossing a bridge over undertows beneath each word.

Fertile

After hard rain the field lifts, we lag behind the genius of the pea.

David Giannini

coffin-flat field in ohio slowly grows a crow

Grant Hackett

barefoot through silvergrass the late quartets

John Pappas

IMPROMPTWHO

Schumann/*Piano Quintet op 44*

Pretty, but not precious:
unafraid to push back the table
and try a few steps that might
almost begin to dance:
throw a few coins from the window

that any poor beggar
might pick up, polish
and peddle; then stand in the rain
below the warm light
begging ivory to alchemise gold.

CLARA'S SONGS

A smile never far
from her face – but sometimes
it seems painted, perhaps
even scarred. Poised for
passionate address;
not dissimilar to a scream.

But darkness need not shout –
sometimes a whisper
will suffice. And at times
nothing less than a smile:
the kind you spy on
a widow's face when mourning
is done, and she can finally
forget how to grieve.

EVENING SUMMER

I dreamed a trill
Until I found the flute
Still limber in its soft
blue case with prior
breath. Now my fingers
Find a quiver through
The staves. I see
A thread of light post-rest
Perhaps the color
Evening summer
Smelling of smoke
Astride the whine
Of fire truck shining.

Sheila E. Murphy

IT TOOK ME IN

The piano has been prepared, if that's
the way you want to play it,
and dreams no longer astonish sleep.

It took me in, blast-shelter
lip-sync melodies, essence and phlegm.
Rescued, duped, sheltered, exposed.

SILENCE

I aint tryin
to be funny but
there are silences
and there's
silence
loud as fuck
and you can't
unhear it.

(Piano Sonata No. 14 in C sharp minor, op. 27 no. 2)

There's hiss
on my new Moonlight Sonata CD

Claudio Arrau
's breathing.

KINGDOM

two sax at once,

Roland Kirk
bellows through his tusks

COMMA

if I could I would
pull one from my pocket
at the edge of death
pause take a breath
and fling it like a boomerang
hoping it will teach me
in the hurtling moment
to come flying back

CREPUSCULAR

never owned a rosary,

rubs his
feeding tube

POEM FOR LAZARUS

You read it in blood, they read it in water
as I see your five and raise you ten
a field divided transversely
into several equal parts, consisting of two different tinctures
interchangeably disposed

these reflections in a holding pattern
such pale music
the past glows open
dripping mercury from the corner of one eye

the summer I wasted working on paradise
I shouldn't need to tell you
what to do with your fingers

piano her plants insist on her hands playing

A GESTURE

'I don't unveil the secret – I create the secret'
– Anselm Kiefer

No index or atlas can help us
read the temporary display
contained within this cathedral
of art. It is carefully arranged
chaos, it is tentative ordering,
a gesture towards understanding,
a hint of reason and explanation.

'Simply being alive is a contradiction.'

POEM

I see a light
at the end
of the tunnel
and beyond that
a tunnel

clouded starlight
searching this universe
for an easier word

instant coffee
the poem a version
of another poem

rain-dripping yew
a poet pulls a line
from the afterlife

where the air
is clean the green
of graveyard moss

a p hywel

a phone rings out
as rain falls
'so last century' you say

zoom zazen
another region's bird
sings

someone's balloon
descending on the yard
winter mist

leaf
by leaf
the toddler
helps

to the tomb with aplomb drooping plums

Evan Vandermeer

two billion heartbeats first blossoms

wolf moon
the curse of
a thin skin

Christopher Patchel

Bashful
Easter moon
nestles where
basketball
should be

in lime
green net of
purple hoop
leaning from

suburban
neighbor's
dreamless
garage

slow tarmac turn
the strand of bamboo
wrapping a tooth

Bill Cooper

TWO BITS

pneumatic hiss

antiques iowa
import
export business

her summer blouse

low tide
the day's flotsam
idles by

changed by the next stop

riding the ferry
skimming
over dross

imprisoned by one's own skin free radicals

Sondra J. Byrnes

its stagger step
over the hemlock
lightning

slideshow clouds aging the mountain face

whither and whence moon bound fog bound moon

COUP DE LUNE

A trauma moon
Sits
On a delicate bend

It's not easy to tell
'Community'
From 'clique,' is it?

Are pages a community? Yes, I think so
An undertaking of laughter
That drowns all flight

In a rhythm of lost doves
Or winter rabbits scurrying
Toward whatever they may need

ILLUSTRATE

Make fast turns.
bend resistance in half
and form a ring.

knot your weave –
secure your cable

cast off false form
and simply
fall.

AND THE SINK HAS BEEN CLOGGED FOR DAYS

and mundane can reveal
the heartbeat of alone – the sun does
sink more slowly, my afternoon
has grown longer, has
been stretched to reveal the
clogged places. I carry a towel
for wringing out my
days, stacking them neatly under your side of the bed

from A BOY

a boy can't divine
even for god
his idiot joy keens
like madness, nonsense,
otherwise puerile, quickens,
running south toward
unchecked vanity, while
x yields zero

Jim Kacian

LETTER OF RECOMPENSATION

A mix of hard work and humility,
One gets the sense that Xiaohe's
Path is both fated and self-determined
In meaningful ways; last but not
Least, let us plunge into Xiaohe's bath

CID CORMORANT

Was an American poet born of Ukrainian
Parents and editor mostly of *Origin*, a key
Figure in the twentieth century known for
His deep diving abilities to catch fish
A colonial nester, he was a key social
Figure nestling together in large cores
Of up to mostly 400,000 or more individuals
Symbolizing action, bravery, and elusiveness

from SPLT

after Lisa Robertson's 'center seam' form

I simply do not have the cabinet to participate in your collection
To chance, mind comes only
prepared. Chance comes only to the rescue
grass. Chance nearly prepares and comes,
pastureless. Lifting a style, "cough" scant,
to tend to a loose X axis
You mention a springbok's tenderly
Leg, pin thin, split with the vacuum of a young gap
between radius
uln us
my armature: mangle anatomy.

James Belflower

THE PART

the part we are not
meant to see
when the mechanisms
that cause it
are revealed
and our 'wow'
changes into an 'oh'

THE KNIFE-RESTS

This strange instrument . . . I could never understand what possible purpose it could serve
(Samuel Beckett, *Molloy*)

Silver fish-knives,
implements
from home,
gleam on knife-rests
flaunting
the unknown.

ANNIVERSARY

Won't tell us
where she put the wine
what happened to the pasta
what the doctor said
about the tumor

ONE DAY IN SINTOK

I missed you so much that I dialed your number.
You said you were glad I called; soon after:
that you were married. I stood in my bungalow,
fans whirring above me. Then your question:
whether I had met someone new. No, I said,
feeling the fans and observing through the window
the twenty or so long-tailed macaques playacting
and screeching in the trees, then turning my gaze
to the dusky leaf monkeys standing on the fence
between my garden and the jungle beyond.

Tim Murphy

summer morning –
a stick chooses
its dog

Sandra Simpson

she rises with the dawn sulphur world

senti/ence

fossilies

after Nick Virgilio

No Mow May
the tanks roll on

Helen Buckingham

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