

A Selection from  
*NOON: journal of the short poem*  
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Edited by Philip Rowland

Hill's red  
tethered  
edge—

berries  
that numbed  
your tongue.

*Joseph Massey*

Ars Poetica

*for Alec Finlay*

The sayable  
    in nouns  
in syllables  
    is nuance

As if a flock  
    of small birds ate  
the feeder but  
    left the nuts

*Alan Halsey*

Water

Ten fingertips  
                          holding  
water up  
                          to her lips  
down it flutes  
                          unseen  
with the light  
                          into her  
throat and out  
                          her fingertips

*Theodore Worozbyt*

*from* **Museum**

unguents  
    poured  
by traces  
of an arm.

\*

stone

mirror  
fogged with  
breath  
of

stone.

## **Cold Night**

Empty  
streets,  
a line  
outside  
a film.

**SNOW**

*Richard Kostelanetz*

into the field  
beyond the street lamps  
to let the moon rise  
in the throat

*David Berridge*



in a tent in the rain i become a climate

calling the bear who might be there “mister”

riffing on Wittgenstein one train hides another

*Jim Kacian*

A road crosses a road another road does not.

*Mark Terrill*

## PERCEPTION

they went through  
the wrong door  
until their reason  
became apparent

a love letter to the butterfly gods with strategic misspellings

*Chris Gordon*

## **The Love Plot**

*after Ono no Komachi*

In bliss you spill words  
richly implicit, diamonds  
I fear will not cut glass  
come morning and all  
the armoury of reason.

A SOMEWHAT PROSAIC LOVE POEM

My wife's forever after me  
To tell her what I'm writing

Day after day; when I look at her  
And tell her I have nothing to say,

I see the way she looks at me  
Has everything, everything to do

With what I have to say.

## Wrong Number

They hear your voice first.  
They wanted someone else.  
So did you. It's a little like  
love gone wrong, but much faster.

it takes a while to  
recognize  
          how much is gone  
you still have  
          to go.

*John Phillips*



if there were in the world  
no jeweled chariot  
drawn by a lovely white ox  
  
what would coax us out  
of the burning house  
  
of our mind?

- *Anonymous*

*Shûishû* 1331

世中に牛の車のなかりせば思ひの家をいかで出でまし

yo no naka ni  
ushi no kuruma no  
nakariseba  
omoi no uchi o  
ikade idemashi

*trans. Patrick Donnelly and Stephen Miller*

a drowning man  
pulled into violet worlds  
grasping hydrangea

*Richard Gilbert*

in the deep bosom  
of a sniper—  
myrtle blossom

狙撃兵のふところ深く百日紅  
sogekihei no futokoro fukaku sarusuberi

*Onishi Yasuyo*

war dead  
exit out of a blue mathematics

戦死者が青き数学より出たり  
senshisha ga aoki suugaku yori detari

*Sugimura Seirinshi*

*trans. Richard Gilbert and Ito Yuki*

springtime in the state flag only three colors

*Dimitar Anakiev*

a loss of content shapes painted over left to their own design

spin on dead and wounded any scratch of pines

bit by bit a bit on 'government secrecy'

*Marlene Mountain*

**rush**

My one and only violent fantasy: me and a short piece  
of 2x4 and 20 minutes alone with Dick Cheney

bay  
area  
punks  
waiting out the rapture  
with  
rush  
limbaugh

## **promised land**

I am off the drugs

oh yes,

I am off the drugs.

pulling  
one

bindweed  
root

circum  
navi

gate yr  
world



The moon and sun are eternal travelers. Even the years wander on. A lifetime adrift **in a boat**, or in old age leading a tired horse into the years, every day is a journey, and the journey itself is **home**. From the earliest times there have always been some who perished along the road. Still I have always been drawn by wind-**blown** clouds **into dreams** of a lifetime of wandering. . . .

Translated by Sam Hamill

*Scott Metz*

*from* Poppy Heads

It was like the Marie Celeste except  
we weren't at sea and we were all there.  
In a late summer courtyard illuminated  
shafts of wet simmered an up deep.

~

Moderation didn't make the  
universe burst into verse.  
Extremes teem.  
Petals and thorns. Throne of frowns.

## TADPOLES

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# **FROGS**

*Philip Terry*

sog

the long fog the dancing  
whiff the blam hog the  
glancing roar the ham dog  
the rancid elf the glans  
log the stammered hip the  
grease bog the antsy drip  
the wrong cog the massif

*John M. Bennett*

tomorrow

indecipherable  
damp napkin

*Kit Kennedy*

## Foreboding

Having said it, he watched it, singed and twisting, a slip of smoke  
dissolving in candle-light above the table.

The spaciousness inside the room of a moment.

Among the luxuries a safe life affords: imagining the worst.

The evidence, spectral, admitted before the mind's tribunal.

A tremor registers in the legs, an animal underground having  
shaken itself upon waking.

It may be that dying

is a little like leaving Venice:

all this confusion

and worry about catching a train

that is only going to Bologna.

*Jim Moore*



they take the beachchair  
up and with everything in it,  
go

*Martin Shea*