

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

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