where Penmon lighthouse bell
acknowledges the wind
the cry of a tern
through growing
darkness grows
a subtle phosphorescence
the rain in all these seaside Brexit towns goes on into the night

a single taxi never moving from the station
the dusty ache of prayer
unheard through gunfire

the distinctive ruins
of tomorrow

in neighbouring fields

they’re hammering
these wooden stakes

into the stench
of slaughtered horses
we felt as much
as saw the sickening
lurch of the tank
changing gear
turning towards us
through time’s wastes
past recommended restaurants
Medusa’s blood
still smeared
across the firmament
our future waiting
stones stacked
in its mouth

Peter Hughes
BREAKFAST ALL DAY
the cereal called *Fear Mongering*
comes with a free toy

Violence in  
every

“New World”  
i go  
bare

foot.  
.In the sand—
she calls this universe
the wing
glass ing
ice it

even is
the table this
‘s missing
a moss
that’s what that sound is you getting the sand out of a snail shell

listen

ing to

her

what

might

be

watch

ing

a

distant

boat

Scott Metz
THE LOOK OF TRANSITION

This dun unrolling doesn’t reflect us.
Seagulls rest secretive
eyes under plastic bones.
A cut-out boat is tissue-thin,
horizon’s a bent
cane.

It waits to ping now
into then.

*  

Night waves shelve silvers for blacks,
individuate
in rhythms not ours,
and ours.

Alien heartbeats the hours
uncover
in failing bodies
(now flashed with graces
darks allow)
stop dead
in their human tracks.

Each wave sheds silvers
for blacks.

Retreats.

*

The pendulum’s swung:
rooks flung over
the pine, back again,
pattern a raucous conversation,
leave a ghost-looping
where questions
stuck.

Kate Behrens
SILENT GLABBER

i.m. Glen Cavaliero

The carpet of moss on this bank seems to ask
will you listen
to the throb that lies beneath

it’s a familiar flank, the boughs overhead
whispering give us your ink-blood

emerald in black the gasp of what’s held down
makes a rustle-hum
rippling at the rim of mind

a don who leafs the pages has its spirit
in his shoulder blades

bone and tissue to brain
footstep in sky –
notes etched from the understorey

Gavin Selerie
Despite a chilly start, this April still draws out its pastel flowers; whitethorn or the cherry, still, they enliven winded steps of ours by concrete wall and pavement’s grey (we’re making for our rendezvous). From a corner table, expecting you on such a nondescript humdrum day,
casually, now, just above street level, I catch it cross this window frame in urban drab, direction of travel eastward past the British Museum, a slate-toned pigeon come tumbling by materialised out of our overcast sky.
How the radio knows its business!
‘The future’s not ours’ they play,
Que Sera, Sera by Doris Day
after news of a latest crisis.

Peter Robinson
the little that matters eventually doesn't it
our leader's heart as capacious as an open-pit mine

demilitarized
the space between jugglers

Robert Witmer
he said, it’s like juggling in the dark and suddenly the balls become luminous
after Wordsworth’s The Recluse

Ken Cockburn
the duck is required for the pigs to make sense
from TAKING INVENTORY

5. THE MIND CUT CLEAN OF SEQUENCE

little bracelets of fact practice yes, no
like doubt’s upward grasp
longing for release from its graceful confines, the leaf

15. SURRENDER’S SEDUCTIVE ANGLES

tulips changing tense
in the smallest possible corner of your conscience
you can only give people so much

16. GETTING BACK ON TRACK

shame, a balance beam
like the ocean out of sync with the beach
begin with nothing, which is yourself
21. A FALSE SENSE OF ATTACHMENT

like trees imagining they are deer, deer imagining they are safe
or the questions astronauts ask of the stars
faith isn’t belief, finally, but the struggle with it

24. HAPPINESS, WITH ITS HORIZON OF PAIN

wet. dry. sea. sky. dead. alive.
against the sure coordinates of self
the heart comes clean, becomes what she cannot

Emily Carr
new moon
another turn
in rehab

Christopher Patchel
she practiced numbness until it felt contagious
she rode the bus to see
beautiful beads in polished
hair pulled taut across
competing windows
alone at the door holding open the rain
ESCAPE

“Why do you read
The moment you get home?”
I ask my child, nose in book.

“To escape the horrors
Of the world,” she says.
I nod and we exchange a look.
MERCY KILLING

When I found the tiny scorpion between book pages

months after returning from Italy, I envied

that will to live, the calm to wait for what’s coming,

then slammed it shut.
LOVE POEM

Even when we had nothing,
sheep scratched themselves against
our dead car rusting in weeds.
SEEING HER ON THE STREET YEARS LATER

Wind’s sudden *thunk* against kite, surge and uplift into blue. The string burns through hands.
W. C. WILLIAMS IN HAIKUVILLE

This is just to say:
  fuck the plums,
fuck the damn ice box.
    Just forgive me.

Jim Daniels
In the X-ray waiting room – a burst of laughter.
STRIDULATION

On the evening news
the alpha-despot-assholes
are rattling their sabers

but with the sound down
and the windows open
onto the dusky garden

all I hear are the crickets
rubbing their wings in
insectoid harmony.

Mark Terrill
TEMPLE GARDEN

here

to sit
where

sitting
has been

valid

(voluble bulbul in a cypress tree)
TEMPLE, WORKMEN, CRANE, LARGE ROCK

place
the
rock
overgrown with ancient mosses
so that
it has been
here
for ever
THERE IS a place
where strawberry plants gleam in the grass
and sugar peas wind around strings
saying that
times are more peaceful now
Consider the deep
blindness that shaped
the plants, and those
who dig the earth
SOMEWHERE in father’s body
past autumn-coloured alveoli
in among pink membranes
stretching down towards hollows
above pale organs
through the vascular paths
that branch amongst tight
quiet musculature
there is a small glen
where animals graze
YOU, child
What song will you hear
so the road ahead
does not fall apart
on your tongue
ONE DAY I shall fetch the child
out of the empty house
See, we are going
a long way far out into the marshes
The law changes
with each step

Lars Amund Vaage, trans. Anne Reckin with Hanne Bramness
UNQUENCHABLE
for Andrew Schelling

One moment a child
the next
belly full
the stink of death
threw me to
money
mockery and sin
a dog
craving truth
I died for nothing
in the blink of
an eye

John Phillips
in the boneyard of your story a crow splinters marrow
soft rain in the belly of a cello

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz
the open lids of grand pianos sailing a sun-struck wall
At CBC

Glenn Gould! Glenn Gould!
Rip off your gloves and play!
It’s thirty degrees in Toronto today!
THE DISTRIBUTION OF DATA BETWEEN FIELDS IS AN INDEXING ACTION

every stutter and quip
bits of noise
and enchantment

Chris Beckett
belly-to-earth
my velocity in G-flat
I’d like to die with bare feet touching...
nibbling
flesh
from
the
wishbone
the
dancers
close
their
eyes

Lee Gurga
his eyes of light in his eyes of light on the sea of light his eyes of light of the sea of light his eyes of light of his eyes of light of the sea of light
MAJURO TANKA

Here on the island,
time is faster, more cruel.
Ceilings rot. Knives rust.
My belt hangs green, sheathed with mold.
Sure, I’m next. Then this tanka.

A MONTH BEFORE LEAVING MAJURO

Our days here dwindling,
we speed into the lagoon.
Our boat’s shadow skims
the sea floor with eagle rays.
So have I moved through these days.

Richard Newman
LAKESIDE

They keep hooking the same big bass from the lake. It has flopped so many times
on the dock, by the women’s feet,
that the women who each caught and threw it back now hear it slap in the dark
as they wake next to their sleeping lovers
who toss in the sheets, as if white water splashed and something broke surface, the body
of man or woman reeled through stars.

David Giannini
MARIA NUDE

at the edges of light
where thought
yields
to the visible
your body
there
in itself
nothing more
nothing less
an aperture
to the tides of being

William Cirocco
THE REACH

Almost as if I
had picked up
a shell from that

long walk along
the beach we
never took, I hear

your voice as a
sighing tide inside
my inner ear.
DECONSTRUCTING DICKENS

It was the best of times – all the big-name philosophers were in the room.

It was the worst of times – he didn't understand a word they were saying.
WHAT A STRANGE THING TO SAY

She, with a hairstyle from another era but with a gaze that was modern if not postmodern, said she always found the word *peculiar* peculiar as any word imaginable and I, who hadn’t spoken in a solid week as opposed to a rumoured week, who had refused to say any word *peculiar* included said, *what a strange thing to say*, and we both laughed as one of us opened a dictionary and the other threatened to turn into the largest or smallest person imaginable.

*J.J. Steinfeld*
THE RIGHT WORD

In finding it, I realize
Something is wrong –
Though wrong may not
Be the right word
FREQUENT FLYER

If I could only get miles
For the flights inside me

Loren Goodman
AIR TRAFFIC

We’re at Logan Airport where the legacy is deep and the guys up in the tower doing 14 hour shifts can’t find a seam in the traffic for a planeload of frozen chicken bound for a market near you. These boys got to get that plane in the air.

I want you to know they will find a way.

Rick Smith
SPAN

Park by the friendship bridge linking campus and the hospital.
Watch the figures crossing it.
last time I heard you became dusk
biography a new source of neoplasms
glaucous gull
querulous as the sun
breaks the horizon
PERSPECTIVE
(after a photograph by John Levy)

Small birds throw sound
where the clutter
is still kind. A captive
rhino feigns interest
in a flock of tourists.
At what angle does
the threat disappear?
Those rumpled
brown paper bag lips seem
to say catch me, weigh me.

Cherie Hunter Day
Marianne Moore begins her poem "The Monkeys" with the words "winked too much" that I somehow read as "wished too much." Moore went to the zoo with Elizabeth Bishop. In front of an elephant, Bishop said, "Look, its skin is like fog." Moore replied, "Oh, I like that. I want that." Bishop gave it to her.

In "The Monkeys" Moore writes, "the elephants with their fog-colored skin . . ."

Bishop could've joked, "monkey hear, monkey steal." Instead, Bishop enjoyed telling this story, a story about elephants, fog, skin, friendship, poetry.
hanging

where nothing
is hanging, on the wall

that was demolished

four years ago, that
had been in the front hall

in Phoenix where I grew up

are paintings
I went to military school in Minneapolis in first and second grade. Often, on the school bus ride (which lasted at least 30 minutes) I dreamed about visiting a penny factory, seeing from above giant vats of bright molten copper being poured into small penny molds. The bus passed the Mississippi River, usually gray and gleaming. At the school I marched to and from class, stood at attention, carried a pretend rifle, and loved the small black shining lava rocks with their holes and warped shapes; they covered the oval running track.
INAUGURATION DAY, 2017

On the footpaths,

a few

late leaves – winter

marshalling outside

the statehouse walls.

Steve Wilson
a man in fatigues
dumpster dives . . .
suburban dusk

Chris Bays
mid-winter death
far from where it belongs
a shopping cart
All Saints’ Day . . .
standing in line to buy
next season’s baseball tickets
so many
purchased bookmarks
on a shelf
again I use
a crumpled receipt
are you sure you want to commit this to paper
ten years staring up at the same
ingulation
I cannot but embrace ephemerality
civilisation tugging us onanonanonon
higgs boson
my eyelids
feel so heavy
SLEEP

Her abeyance: whole sweep of all the lawns, with their mucky goldfish ponds. Pressing, hard, forearms against high windows – “So much silliness out there. But nothing’s funny. First he took my money; then he took my afternoon naps.”
compose microbeads
heat-printed into our dreams
as roost, coat, and bone
my tires
treadless
on dirt roads
under spring rains
pitch
I see you speak

Alonna Shaw
from VIA SETTEMBRE

7

chickens in a low sun
broken Italian
blood rise tide
& wine

hand me down

pass up today &
tomorrow take out sulphates
swallows & full moon
pull & you
broken into other dialects
the heavens open
strand line treasures

a mermaids purse & whelk case cluster
trained movements bend coastal
to meet mountains & roads home
THE FIRST SUMMER

the first summer, we found cuttlefish bones on the beach

the second summer, a pirate’s bounty of silver sea stones

the third summer, white cats in a basket, a mother’s prayer

the fourth summer, a cask of winds: vorinós, meltémi, capellátos, kareklás*

soon after came the rain and the fasts

I lost my hat

turned up at a crossroads

at the center

of the center of the island town

(*Greek names for Cycladic island winds: the latter two are humorous – hat wind; chair wind)

Vasiliki Katsarou
crab along a sunken keyboard z to numlock
x masks the spot
from *After Heraclitus*  
(zimZalla, 2019)

*(frag. LXVI)*

the living bow  
& pulled back string  
dies when the arrow  
strikes something.

*(frag. CXXII)*

when death takes us  
we shall see  
what no priest tells us,  
nor poet says will be.
(frag. XCVIII)

beautiful? wise?

but to the eyes

of the gods we're clueless apes,

mere jackanapes.

(frags. CXXIV—CXXVII)

they crash, strut, boom
flutter flutes all night and consume
wine till they spew and fall:
to honor some foolish god, they engage in a brawl.
CONSEQUENCES

Hard to allow

satisfaction

after starting to sense it

deep in
setbacks' and defeats'

aftermath

which pass equally into inconsequentiality

Guy Birchard
In seminars and salons they no longer speak of Mercurialis the Younger. Perhaps they never did, or not much. Or else grown old he’s gone out of touch.

_of which there are several variants such as_

Nowadays in seminars and salons I am rarely mentioned. My name’s Epigram. Martial loved me too well. J.V.Cunningham revived me but I’ll end where I began, in the graveyard, a trite In Memoriam.
I'll buy time a wastrel: me, a silly rube. Aw, tilt at law – limit yer blues.

I'm wily as a brute. Tell me at least I will bury a bullet i' my law's rite.

Ritual was belly-time – literally bum-waste. I rail, but I'm sweet ally.

I tumble a satyr. Well, I, liar, will stem beauty. True, I will last – maybe.

[William Butler Yeats]
my death haiku not quite in time

time none of the Perseids fallen crickets

Jim Kacian
morning mist . . .
the kids step out
to vape

every snowflake looks the same:
you troll my left-wing posts

Dave Read
MEME
joy lies dead
on the linoleum floor
a clown's prayer

Roland Packer
1.

Look for Your Luck

Bring a large pot of lightly salted water
to test anything and everything,
10 minutes twice a week.

2.

Good Karma is
in your bag with a clean towel.
3. Keep in Mind That You’re

a clear path for

a victim of circumstance. He can be physically active or

pearl-infused

every time you open
the doors.

4. A S K

with a toothpick if it looks like it will unroll

endless procrastination.
5.

Make It a Habit

begin to get a sense of each
Blurring

6.

skip everything if
you can save someone’s
dust bunnies across the floor.
on the wrong side of
my futon
the Pacific Ocean
I want / don’t want
to be
alone. / with you. / alone with you. / .
under reundecompartmentalization until further notice

Warren Decker
fallastrainowhere

resurrectionicescape
somewhere
the god of categories
counting $\pi$

skimming the river
of unseen waves . . .
dragonfly

Mark E. Brager
holloway
walking beyond
the here and now

oak bark
crawling
with dawn
AT THE WINDOW

bare twigs conduct to
branches
branches
conduct to sky on
one black branch, two black

birds conduct to one another

all the while

a pale sky pales

Ruth Danon
NOW AND THEN

Now and then a fleeting atmosphere supercedes the mundane to give lift, so hold it close, but not enough to stifle, let it filter slowly into quiet observation.

A money spider
a small grey bird
a last yellow rose.

I gather windfalls along paths once cut through summer grasses now under winter’s quiet contraception.

John Parsons
IT’S DECEMBER SO LONG

Every poem I begin, begins
It is snowing. Then I stop
looking out the window. I know
a fox, its coat vermillion and thick
with winter could be crossing
the now snow-covered field.
I will not see it,
so I write that down,
every time.
I LOOK UP

I look up fall
and come upon fallow.
I follow as if that
is where I was always
meant to go.

It fills the mind
that lay in wait.
It is the mind not
knowing it is waiting
that makes it so.
MONDAY EVENING IN THE SUMMER

That I can’t know this for the first time
panics me, the elliptical breeze,
curtains, opal twilight, far-off sound.
One more layer of experience.

I don’t need as much as I did, but
still some: some naïve little pieces.
INTO THE LABYRINTH

Soon I too will carry my string
into the wilderness without

any useful language or hand-
some shadow behind me. I know

change is never easy, but in
this case it will not be easy.

My body makes space around it
to live in, to leave from. When I

get back to the terror, I hope

that song you used to sing when you
thought I wasn’t listening still

has the old stardusted magic.

Eric Rawson
do not let
this spring day
deceive you into
taking everything
is just fine
war memories –
the embalmed dusk
in refugees’ veins

Goran Gatalica
WHAT SHE REMEMBERS

A skullcap
torn from a boy’s head
is flung all the way
across Poland.
OUT WALKING

You trail behind
a weightlessness
too heavy to carry.
On Exeter,
the masked face
in the traffic light
could be your own.
Pitted red moon
in the hard rain.

Robert Hirschfield
my shadow
the fantail
brushes
a headstone
on a fruiting branch
without a name
surfs the wind
dark sky
viewing

the world
our oyster

I gulp
small holes

and an awful
emptiness

in the silence

words no longer
conceal
PALE INSCRIPTION

Sometimes you land
In a place not settled

By pale inscription
Filling up with dusk
How quickly do our bodies fill with night
After afternoon’s bright sheen?
Is children’s wild, impatient laughter
Hidden in birds’ crooked flight?
If you traced the moon’s course
Through dead, inky branches
Could you find your way back
To the source of the light –
To abandonment’s hunger
Which scratches our eyes out
& Lays waste our breath
In predatory delight?

Mark DuCharme
dusk between the fragments of a prehistoric bird I recognize my mother’s beak
from a hollow
of the broken field
a hermit thrush calls
TERRA INCOGNITA

A brown iron vein,
blue under the skin, mined
and slaked into a paint
the color of mud, mind.

Mark Harris
Water holds itself, “a figure for the time still present.” I have nothing to say to the world outside of my death.  

I’m thinking of the soft, absurd action of the rain. Of the plunder of branches, and the world turned down in morning.

Steven Salmoni
come dusk
: the answer
before the ask

branches settling
for their crows
midges scribbling in the morning light write me
Fresh swept cell
the fish pond
brims.
HIMALAYAS

In the Land of the Gods,
the anchorite
edits his past,

wakes with a start
to the laughter
of the coffee-drinkers . . .

Alan Ireland
autumn mist the sommelier tastes it

rib cage opens bleeds weeds
desert insects but in a forgotten language

ghost brother the answer to every question

Stephen Toft
in the night
the phone number
my parents had
lost in the math
an ocean wave changes
on the rocks

Gary Hotham
battling cancer –
in the crisp cold air
wet-nosed buffalo
gap in the fence
I poke my head into
a world of sheep

Sandra Simpson
cool August morning –
hummingbird at the feeder
darts into brilliance
IN OCTOBER

Through stripes of chilled shadow
and cordial touch of sun
I carry my axe to the woodpile.

*Thonk!* An alder chunk
parts cleanly as a fresh halibut.
From the banked fires of a maple

a handful of crows startles up.
They taper like buckshot over the valley.
And our canvas deepens.

*Mike Dillon*
PECH MERLE

It was not the paintings of spotted horses bison, mammoths the ochre reindeer that remain with me but a woman’s handprint the footprints of children as they waited out the winter there

Sue Leigh
TOWNSHIP OF PEVELY

in the limestone church,
the dairymen’s cold-cracked hands
bleed as they warm up

Dana Delibovi
winter rain
the holes between
small bones
refusing to conceptualize winter stars

Caroline Skanne
1 + 1 = 11

cold sun
after
entertaining great thoughts
stewed prunes
the silence of a live crab
picked apart by a seagull

Victor Ortiz
collecting
the last of
the light
available
the white
of the gull

Joseph Salvatore Aversano