THREE WHITE DOORS, EARLY MORNING

two closed
one open
  through which I see one
  of the closed doors
THINKING ABOUT OUR LAST CONVERSATION

‘since there is pity in the details’
- Wislawa Szymborska

I walk around
I pick things up
I put things down
I walk around
I pick things up
I set them down
I sit down
I get back up
I walk about
I pick things up
I put things down
I walk around
MEANWHILE IN PURGATORY

A litany for the weary:
‘Send me your bullet-point pitch asap.’

Eve Luckring
This poem begins with the image of a red apple, one bite taken, the apple left on a kitchen counter to create mystery that might be resolved in the last line. It has an introspective speculation that existential nihilism is creeping into suburban bourgeois consumerism and an unexpected turn to global warming at the mention of melting glaciers and polar icecaps. Might as well decry assault rifles and mass shootings, gender and racial inequality too, and every injustice it can think of. Throw everything into the pot, with dashes of angsty seasoning as if the poem could boil its way to a society reformed, legislating the world in its unacknowledged way, as if apples could keep the doctor away and save the fucking universe.
record high –
I can’t think
of the author’s name

Michael Dylan Welch
the book that
almost killed him
it’s still raining
the chaos I have become a river’s mouth
inner ear dreaming up a shell

Caroline Skanne
wave after wave
a lifetime
collapsing
from a forest lies folded into envelopes

Rich Schilling
the grass persisted
to treat me
as if I was
clusters of facts depicting the jelly fish season ended yesterday
all
we
have
done

is to
slacken
the
tempo

of
this
brief
pause
among

some

short

islands
nor
earth
nor
the last
nor

Peter Jaeger
at once the snowflake failure eyes

Elmedin Kadric
all my plurals singularized this moon
a crack in the stained glass conviction
Rabid dogs surround the foundry. Did the monks escape in their Model T? Will the sound bites ever fall silent?
OFF-RAMPED

A speedboat from the rich & famous, tied to the tray of a trailer truck, precedes me across the bridge. Out of the water, but not a bit like a fish.

Mark Young
flotsam the entropy of bikini ties
cold soup
a Boltzmann brain
thinks I am
expanding
universe
taste
this
Tinder dates wrapped in bacon

Lee Gurga
gist and all but like edited body
the window by the computer raining ephemera
aurora borealis her body his moodboard
superstring the synth-pop of the spheres
SPHERES OF HEAVEN

strato-
phere

treeline

tropo-

Asu just has to ask about every Hemshin local we meet for a bear anecdote. And a man comes down from the cloud up on the Sal Plateau. From one of its tin-roofed houses. And he tells us he’d rather meet his demise by being mauled by the wild. Better that than being run down by some absentminded driver.

the hills go dark with passing cloud
with the dark passing the dark of passing cloud
TESS JOHNSON’S MOON CHILDREN

the children running

in single file along the rim of
a lunar crater

never mind how
they got there

but will they

skip lunch?

Joseph Salvatore Aversano
AFTER PAUL KLEE

Clarification

The fields are transparent because they are made of sound
the roads between them
are the instruments of our animal selves
the green moon decides
we will begin again
all our colors are conducted
into the harmony
Vast Harbor of Roses

We can make a musical notation

of ships on the waves.

We can put our names between the notes.

We can decide the sun’s tones

on all the sails.

We can make the ships go as far as the music.

We can let them return to a harbor of roses.
Secret Letters

the walls are painted white

the cities, the bridges

the faces

are all painted white

we dip our fingers in ash

and on the walls of the future

begin to write

Michael Battisto
WORDS

Unlike paint on a canvas that the painter intends to allow to run and drip, words on a page stand still dripping.
whittling childhood memories into the point
death poem a-selfie
BARNACLES

Barnacles can survive
changes in

salinity

and sanity. One barnacle re-

minds me

of how I

see

my face

when I’m not

looking

in

a mirror.

John Levy
fire-ravaged forest
after leaving
its shadows
mine
never the same
sea wall
the spray
from waves
with news
from abroad
as the coffin lowers
the future
under a tree
out of the rain
water mirage

behind
the sand dune

reflecting
the self I own
after you disown me

Hifsa Ashraf
luna piena
a refugee eyes you
from a kelp bed

Chuck Brickley
relocating my solitude unpacked again
evening the odds of dying alone
sibilant fields
our lips slip into
wordlessness

Hansha Teki
semantic change—
the quick syntax
of octopus ink
Proxima Centauri light hiding tuatara’s third eye

Richard Thomas
FUSHIMI INARI

Under a log
pale salamander
eyes topaz
moons
guts shining through
translucent skin
a sliver
of breathing
STAIRWELL

In the stairwell where

I work, pressed tight

two years now: shield-

bug’s chitinous hut

still hanging on for

dear death.
SKIFF

*Skiff*: a word
my father gave me
for the first snow
in Cape Breton

drifts over
his face tonight
rain lit streets unspooling the dusk inside words
three years of silence all I could say I don’t know

Robert MacLean
A BIT OF ARS

We’ve had trouble,
haven’t we, saying
what a poem is. Let’s
agree to differ or at
least say we can’t say
but just know, is that ok?
We might need to count
the syllables or break free
from it all, purge the page
clean of syntax or indent
lines at apparent whim.
Poetry is the thing that
just won’t give in.

Caroline Clark
skipping stones across a thought ellipsis

Kat Lehmann
REDACTION

An old hand
at grammaticide
*Grammarly*
buttresses him to bark
at whoever like
another cornered
in fume and flame
is energized to shriek
at the sight
of a fire-fighter.

*Sanjeev Sethi*
third pass
the sound of bleating
nouns
my sunny disposition unmarked grave

Benedict Grant
2ème étage

September never smelt so good: lavender pear beeswax & nuts
GALLERY

Despite scents of rose & iris this is not a garden birdsong recording (robin) mixes with real song (robin) amongst a gentle hum

A solitary nightingale a painted study of time its appropriateness not lost while on an angled chair rests a dead bee

A church bell rings once

Andrew Taylor
every moment a little death
place holder daymoon
AFTERIMAGE

So difficult to see as new
the made bed, broom-straw, egg.
A camera palters, spatch-cocks
light to speckle shade. The mind
makes decoupage: ballerina,
oilrig, trout. Moonlight
on these canyon walls broadcasts
spare artifacts the old ones left
behind. What stays? A girl’s finger
tracing her mother’s mouth.
the violinist plays
Romanza Andeluza – his bow fast,
then slow – as a man
feeds his lover artichoke hearts
from a jar.

Linda Malnack
JORDAN

The swell, drift, eddy and circling back of a river I know he never wanted me to cross alone. Yet here I am in the middle feeding the fish with his ashes.
from UNSEASONED
(with apologies to Robert Hass)

Bashō

A morning—
by myself,
chewing on dried salmon.

Taking a nap,
feet planted
against a wall.

First
falling
on the half-finished bridge.
Buson

The end of
the poet is brooding
about editors.

The
it fell into the darkness
of the old well.

A tethered horse,
in both stirrups.
Issa

The man pulling
pointed my way
with a

Full
my ramshackle hut
is what it is.

Here,
I’m here—
the falling.
stairs’ frailty the wolves sped shot
they, with Euclid, crumpled
exhausted still they go sleepless
a huddle of carpenterpencil-flat bodies
Euclid only looks like he’s smiling when
they lick newsprint off their forepaws
snow. Skin

peeled. From a

. Bar

. Code

night.
“Well, I guess
“Summer’s
“Been
“A simple
song
“From a
broken
“Computer
after Buson

scare. Crow

’s in.

vest.

ment.

port.

folio.

. Stick

ing through.

. Its

. Head
she can. Only
take. So, many
butter.
flies.
hitting.
The wind.
. Shield
a plastic. Bottle
of water. Gently
washed. With
. A plastic
bottle. Of
water.

Scott Metz
wiping the drizzle
off the ocean
on my phone

ALL OF TIME

all of the time
for your birthday a billion hands arranging rain

the vision all spun up
it’s plain to see
we’re not playing we’re running

Richard Mavis
stadium of shadows game over
Taxonomy of Windows

Floor-to-ceiling glass overlooking a beach you claim to own. Below-deck portholes on your 100-foot yacht. Boarded-up windows of a house on a block in a city left to rot. An interrogation room’s one-way view. Where were you? Where were you?

Taxonomy of Cell Phones

In 1990 BC – Before Cells – I chatted with a stranger in a laundromat. We’ve been friends ever since. Now a communication device keeps people from talking to each other, our faces half-aglow in a screen eclipse. We cradle phones like baby birds who’ve slipped from the nest, feed them from our fingertips.
Taxonomy of Passwords

An ex-lover’s birthday, the number of feet in a mile, the number of miles to her house. *Senha*, Portuguese for password. The Czech word for hack: *zaseknout*. An hour’s worth of blows to a punching bag. The middle name of the child you never had.

Erin Murphy
weltanschauung –
jagged ends of the self
with nowhere to go words collect in the tympanum
day moon faint from the worn wax voices
the point of an icicle
last summer’s rain
END OF FEBRUARY
From the Parapet
South Mountain Reservation, New Jersey

Bare trees sway
in small winds,
late day sun

across clouds,
afternoon
soon over.

Below us
a car moves,
houses still,

a bridge far
off, inlet,
the vague sea.

Burt Kimmelman
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