

December 2011 ::: Nollaig 2011



Artwork by Luana Stebulė

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Cartys Poetry Journal

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Foreword

As 2011 draws to a close, we have again another great year on which to look back, where we brought the best of poetry from Ireland and around the world to a readership in Ireland and around the world.

We have seen and partaken in the 100,000 Poets for Change event, and look forward to partaking in the 2012 event, we will be charting the participation in the 10 Years and Counting Project, we have seen the launch of the book locally by Ken Hume in Tullamore "Snowstorm of Doubt and Grace", and reported on the poetic events around Ireland.

In the year to come, we hope to have a print edition going (a short lived ambition realised in earlier issues!!!) that is carried in shops, etc. For now, we will be online only.

Formatting of the Magazine

The magazine is now in a formatting stage, rhyming poems come in the first section, non rhyming after. Other features are scattered throughout. Let us know how you find this to use.

Activism and the Poet

Activism is on the rise, look around, no mistake can be made about it. No more are people standing on the sidelines, they are getting out there to make their voices heard. What effect that they are having is totally another story, but they are getting out there anyway.

From the Occupy! Movement – the Irish activism which is largely ignored here in the local press – to the 100,000 Poets for Change event, started on Facebook by Michael Rothenberg, to the 10 Years and Counting event against the wars in the middle east and elsewhere, its not just street marches, but a cultural movement which is organising and uprising.

As we face into 2012, let us remember the poets and bloggers in jail in Burma and China in particular, and elsewhere unknown around the world. Another poetic spirit and artist in jail we remember is Leonard Peltier, jailed by the USA for a crime he did not commit. In a recent letter published by Whisper n Thunder he thanks his supporters and outlines some of the blank issues heretofore kept out of the limelight in the case.

In this coming year... let us continue to be active.
The pen can be as mighty as the sword.
Swords may fight wars...
but it takes a pen to sign the peace!

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News Item: "Whisper n Thunder Cookbook"

Anthony Sullivan ::: Ireland

Anthony Sullivan needs no introduction to long time readers of this magazine, having had his work featured on these pages in practically every issue since its launch some two or so years ago now. Further work can be read on his website www.anthonysullivan.biz

OUR MOONLIGHT SERENADE

Beneath a starlight symphony
Playing our moonlight serenade
The sky belongs to you and me
Tonight our dreams are on parade
Each secret wish at last revealed
While whispers of passion cascade
Beneath a starlight symphony
Playing our moonlight serenade

{ CHORUS }

Ev'ry breath lost is worth the cost
To all lovers on their crusade
And you bring breathlessness to me
When love is shown and love is made
During our moonlight serenade

The stars sparkle like our hearts beat
Dancing our moonlight serenade
We move in time 'til time's no more
Oh how your lips softly persuade
That all the world my arms could want
I hold in you, our promise made
While stars sparkle like our hearts beat
Dancing our moonlight serenade

{ REPEAT CHORUS X 2 }

Beneath a starlight symphony
We dance our moonlight serenade

{ REPEAT CHORUS }

How you bring breathlessness to me
During our moonlight serenade.

I THINK I JUST FELT MY HEART BREAK

I think I just felt my heart break
If pain can feel like an earthache
Cos' there you are again with him
In one more photo you're both in
And he has his arm around you
And your smile says you want him to
And it hurts more than I can take
I think I just felt my heart break

I think I just felt my heart break
And now I'm left just waitin' on
Those tears I know are sure to come (CHORUS)
As sure as now, I know you're gone
And you're gone now, there's no mistake
I think I just felt my heart break

I think I just felt my heart break
If pain can feel like an earthquake
And leave your world the lonesome view
Of four damn horsemen stormin' through
It's last night's news in today's light
The tale of how a dream took flight
And it hurts more than I can take
I think I just felt my heart break

REPEAT CHORUS

And I don't want to know about
Moments the camera did not see
The one it caught was bad enough
To leave me in this agony

REPEAT CHORUS X 2

Oh he has his arm around you
And your smile says you want him to

I think I just felt my heart break

WHITE FLAG FROM MY HEART

Oh Kellie
Why do you smile like that
Straight at me
Cos' now I'm smilin' back
And I can't seem to stop myself
And I don't want to turn away
Kellie, what have you gone and done
To this poor boy's heart today

Oh Kellie I wonder would you
Keep on smilin' still if you knew
What your smile's been doin' to me (CHORUS)
And doin' to me from the start
Cos' Kellie, what your sweet smile does
Is get a white flag from my heart

Oh Kellie
Can you tone down your glow
Then maybe
Well maybe I might go
From week's beginning to it's end
Without searchin' the late-night sky
For sign of somethin' bright as you
But you shine brightest to my eye

REPEAT CHORUS

So Kellie
Where do I go from here
You got me
Always wishin' you're near
And near as I can get to you
Ain't close enough to satisfy
Thoughts tangled up here in my heart
That my head's tryin' to deny

REPEAT CHORUS X 2

Oh Kellie
Why do you smile like that
Straight at me
Cos' now I'm smilin' back

Oh, now I'm smilin' back
Yeah, you got me smilin' back

A PRISONER OF THIS LOVE

Darlin' i could wait a whole day through
In the hope of just a word from you
But when such luck don't break the silence
I just go on servin' my sentence, and

I'm still a prisoner of this love
Love that i never can reveal
Always bound by those emotions (CHORUS)
That i know not, how not to feel
I stay, a prisoner of this love
Always a prisoner of this love

And all the streets all around this town

Wear those signs that say we're closin' down
And my heart might well soon wear one too
Cos' i think I'm good as gone to you, but

REPEAT CHORUS

And yet i know should freedom somehow
Be offered on this or any day
Still a prisoner of this hopeless love
Would my weak heart choose freely to stay, oh

REPEAT CHORUS X 2

REPEAT VERSE 1

As a prisoner of this love.

OUR SPIRIT FROM THE SOIL

Oh Mother Earth, all glorious
And cradle of humanity
Beneath your skies, beyond all ties
All souls once soared in harmony

But Mother Earth, so wonderous
We have suffered such cruelty
Our fellow man, claiming your land
As their birth-right of prophecy, but

There is no force under heaven
Can steal our spirit from the soil
No barrier can break the bond
Of all the blood, and tears and toil
From a centuries deep belonging (Chorus)
That grows a love forever loyal
Hands can take, just what they can reach
But nothing can steal our spirit
Can steal our spirit from the soil

Oh Brother Sun, your light has shone
On darker ground where life bled thru'
For stolen homes and broken bones
And history hidden out of view

Oh Sister Moon, you've seen our tears
For how the way of life we knew
Blazed the trail to a promised land
Where honored promises were few, but

REPEAT CHORUS

Oh Brother Sun and Sister Moon
And Mother Earth, mother of all
Through your world we are but trav'lers
Short is the time before we fall
And we know all we truly own
We leave for those who follow on
In ways some who would deny us
Will never know we're never gone, cos'

REPEAT CHORUS

REPEAT VERSE 1

L. Summerton Morgan (usa)

Gran'mas' Molasses

Gran'ma made the biscuits
gran'pa tended fields
as children chased the chickens
gathered feathers for their quills.

A ragged dog named Hobo
that never had much sense
spent hours chasing rabbits
that ventured out the fence.

A kitty cat named Punkin'
we discovered in the ditch
by Maple Tree where Gran'pa'd shade
'n supplied my Gran'ma's switch.

A place where time seemed endless
dirt roads and iced tea glasses
where time ne'r grew any older
soppin' biscuits in Gran's Molasses.

Blinded

Blinded by the night where demons oft come out to play
Sightless, the enlightened, there, among where
monsters lay
Hidden neath the shadows lurking, waiting for the child
Who never sought to see beyond, the haunted and
reviled.

There among the oft allied, sighted others play
Tread upon the maddened, who defy the light of day
Who never looked upon the shadowed placid or the
calm
Forever cast in darkness, where the torment met
aplomb.

Where upon we walk alongside each and every day
The walking interrupted seeking shelter from malaise
Who ask for naught 'side reasoning of those replete with
norm
Blinded in the darken, lighted sheltered from the storm.

Dusty Roads

The dusty road i grew up on
is all but vanished, all but gone
replaced by asphalt, barren, cold
The homestead lost, despairing, sold.

Grandpa's plow lies rotting where
he left it lie, last he was there
the open well is safely sealed
replaced by monthly water bills.

The ditch that made my grandpa gripe
the city folk replaced with pipe
the fish are gone, the crawdads went
their muddied home now cold cement.

Carlisle's wood-planked gen'ral store
where old men gathered, lie, and swore
soda pop and sweet Moonpies
was torn asunder, Carlisle died.

Shooting marbles, circles drawn
upon dirt roads un-traveled on
where children played from dawn to eve
in fancied worlds of make-believe.

i wonder where the kids have gone
(locked inside with TV's on)
who never have, who never know'd
the simpler times on Dusty Road...

Freeman's Mill

The old mill long had closed its doors
the rotting wheel would turn no more
no grain to grind, no country stores
where old men sat, told stories, swore...

And rocks that formed the waterfall
became the playground for us all
on summer days, it beckoned, called
beneath the old mill's rotting walls....

The chill of water, mountain-fed
awakened spirits, long since dead
where millers' children once were fed
on banks upon which lovers wed.

And yet i hear the echoes still
where laughter of the children filled
those rotting walls upon the hill
'twas once the home to Freeman's Mill....

Whitecaps on the Sea

Dancing on the waves
are wing-ed angels by the sea
whose fathers sailed and perished
while they waited patiently
Lost unto the graveyard of
Atlantic's Cape Fear coast
fortunes lost forevermore
and haunted by the ghosts.

Who frequent estuaries
seeking freedom from the grave
where currents buried treasures
the angels dance on waves
And daughters of the fathers
who waited patiently
sail forevermore and dance
as whitecaps on the sea....

A Pocket Full of Marbles

A child just half past six
Drawing circles in the sand
Waging tiny marbles
Firmly gripped within his hand.

His favorite, a shooter
Daddy's gift, he never bet
Lest he not remember
Lest forever, he forget....

He waged those tiny marbles
'gainst the best that came his way
On dirt-lined streets and playgrounds
Where he ventured everyday...

And there along life's highway
Tiny marbles represent
Lessons learned from winning
And the losses he had spent...

Time would take those marbles
He had gathered 'long the way
And render them asunder
On the playgrounds where he play...

Until such time as age defined
Those marbles he had lost
Would redefine his memories
And spent at such a cost...

He's long since lost the shooter
Daddy's gift to eldest son
He recollects with sadness
All the tasks he's left undone...

Among his daily duties
Ever seeking, yet to find
That precious tiny marble
Represents his state of mind....

A Moment of Silence

A moment of silence is called for today
As we take a moment to and to pray
For our fallen brethren who've fallen in war
Far from their homeland and welcoming shore.

For all of our sons and daughters who serve
Protecting our freedom, it's time to observe
A moment of silence, for those underway
Fighting our battles, as heroes are they.

Who give of themselves, that we who remain
At home, do not falter, or fail, wane
For this is our mission, it's their sacrifice
All of our heroes are paying the price.

Pray for our heroes, for those left behind
Pray for the comfort and loss of affined.
For those altruistic, unselfishly pay
A moment of silence is called for today.

Matters of the Heart is being re-released in limited quantities. The 2011 Edition will include 240 Poems and 4 Short Stories/Tales. Each copy will be autographed personally by the author to the individual purchaser.

Leon continues to write and share his poetry online. You may find him at the following links:

Send a friend request to: <http://www.facebook.com/LSummertonMorgan>

"i welcome new friends and readers and will direct you to my poetry pages. More information will be provided when the 2011 Edition is completed. Thank You ALL for your continued support and kindness!"

- Leon

Poetry – Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

Writer Forgetting their Readers

Words written in worry
Chart the horrors of the mind
Don't make pleasant reading
For the reader who may find
Too much raw emotion
From a writer seeking a shoulder to cry
Forgetting the reader may have problems
For whom a way out is not to die.

Words Written in Anger and Anguish (Anne Sexton)

As Sexton slowly slid out of control, a feature of her writing was to go to free verse from rhyme.

With words written in anger and anguish
From rhyme to free verse she veered
The former written when demons under control
The latter when they were freed, unsteered
She careered across the page with words
Her therapy became our literature, we read
Without guilt, as if her medical notes, which were released
When they should not have been, psychiatry meets poetry: instead
A new genre, and old story, and neither the therapy helped the poetry
Or the poetry enhanced the therapy
And like reading all medical notes
The reader is none the wiser for reading, and can be little the better afterwards.

Turbulent Seas

"as easily as an old woman reads a palm"
Crossing the Atlantic - Anne Sexton

Journey set upon with an illusion of a boat
By one who could not swim, but read a tale
Of a man who walked on water in Gallilee
And thought she too could not fail
So to walk on the waters of her emotions
But it was not to be, faster than she could think
With a glass of vodka in hand, she took on the waves
And found the only way was down... she did sink.
The old woman of her writings if she were to read
Would she have seen that garage in her palm
Would she have foretold her, or told a fairy tale
Her worries and her agitation to calm?
Each person - each of us has a destiny
Hers charted as if her words were each a medical note
How many were written with watered eyes
Read to hear their sound, each caught in her throat?

Where Snow is But a Dream

Elsewhere snow falls
Child is dreaming of snowmen
Summer sun beats down.

Morning After the Night Before

Last night, they walked and talked
And fought and kissed and whatever else as well
This morning the hangover strikes
Too many stories not to tell
And live and hope that nothing happened
That will show in time a night of the past
Love is great to share when at the time we share it
But such fleeting lust will rarely last
Too many look at each other with guilty eyes
After the nights dalliances of the heart
In awkward silences and words - whichever worse
They manage in mumbles to greet and part
The morning after, sometimes they think
The lesser part of the hangover is caused by the drink!

Walking by Trees at the Grand Canal, Tullamore

Arms to sky, they wave good morning
As I walk by, maybe a warning
Watch where you fly, the sky adorning
Birds that cry, they may leave their mark
Believed good luck to be by some
Who never, from work walking have come
Had a bird shit upon their clothes
Could be worse - going to work I'd suppose...
I nod good morning to the bare leafed trees
Who stand arms to the sky at ease...

" "Anonymous" by Anonymous (me!!!) "

Someone wrote this poem, without a name
From rage and anger, with pen they came
Better to spill ink, I think, than blood
Though to spill the latter they wish they could
But we have seen enough of war and killing
And it will all pass in time God willing
So we will take the beatings and the tear gas
Voice our anger ignored, bear the load as the crises slowly pass...

A Month of Mondays

It seems as if with all that's on
- And it's not only some days -
Everything that can go wrong
As if a month of Mondays
But yet I try to soldier on
And make it work my way
And that things get done at all
It never fails to amaze me everyday!

If Poets Had Consequence

If poets had consequence in these modern times
All corruption would not be
But they don't, so it is and flourishes
And laugh in the face of those like me
Who wave mere words, not wrote the paper written
Or the breath in which poems and slogans are said
Those times when poets' words to reputations mattered
Like the times of decency, they are dead.

If moral had consequences in these modern times
All corruption would not be
There would be no need for protest and satire
For campaigners and those like me
Who wave mere words, at times when in other times it
would be guns
And blood flowing on the streets instead
Of a world weary of fighting after two world wars
And has buried too many of its dead.

Freedoms Western Writers For Granted Take

We in the West, we take for granted
Words that we write like these
We criticize all around - and rightly so -
But we can do so at ease
Being able to do so it is easy
As a writer you cannot fail
No fear of police in the middle of the night
Your home to come being an overcrowded jail.

You kill a man, you do time
Yes, but it is set in law
Write an opinion, a crime...
Justice writers never saw.
Just the cold hard bars and guards
Daily instil fear and flog
Critics, journalists and bards:
Student who writes a blog
They sleep tonight, remember
As you too to sleep you go
Writers for freedom's ember
That one day a blaze it'll show.

They Slept in Peace

War and slaughter disturbed them not
For over thousands of years
As nation after nation invaded
With guns, and swords and spears

Through famines they were not disturbed
When they were it was not from need
Or conflict, or natural disaster
No, but from mankind's selfish greed.

Now ask debris, they'll be swept away
As are swept to one side wishes of the living
But there will come a Judgement on a Day
It will be unforgiving

God as we know him will declare
That those who desecrated
Shall punished be for their folly

Destroying what he created!

Spiros Kitsinelis

(Greece / France)

I Drink To You

To you my girl I drink tonight.
To you that spent with me a night.
To you that have so many names.
To you that played with me some games.
I think of heaven each time we meet.
A star you are, so bright, unique.
But one of many my heart has craved
and with all others my heaven's made.
To you I also drink tonight,
that never spent with me a night.
To you whose name I never learned.
To you whose love I never earned.
I think of hell each time we meet.
Each time a nightmare, so dark, unique.
But you're no devil that lies would tell.
My lust for you takes me to hell.

Hal O' Leary (USA)

Hal O'Leary, an eighty-six-year-old Secular Humanist who believes that it is only through the arts that one is afforded an occasional glimpse into the otherwise incomprehensible.

A DAY TO REMEMBER, first published by Original Writer.

MY LIFE, first published in Crannog Magazine.

HOMECOMING, first published by Copaiba

I'M NOT SURE HOW, first published by Thoughtsmith

THE INNOCENT, first published by Ink Blot.

DEAR FRIEND, has not been published.

For You Don't Know

You ever slept in beds of rooms,
that felt they were my freedom's tombs.
You ever smelled the scent of skins,
of girls that filled my nights with sins.
You ever walked the lands I've been,
or ever had the dreams I've seen.
You know the images my eyes can see
and whether inside I feel free.
Well if you don't, don't speak a word,
that paints an image and a world,
where you would place my heart and soul,
for you don't know what makes me whole.
For you don't hear my laugh or sigh,
so save your words and don't ask why,
for what you think is just a lie

Homecoming

*My son, he's coming home, we've missed him so...
Yes Mam, that's why we're here, about your son...
So smart. He's going to go to school you know....
Yes Mam...This is the silver star he won.*

*Yes Mam, that's why we're here. About your son...
He has this very lovely fiancée'.
Yes Mam, this is the silver star he won.
She's lovely. We expect him any day.*

*He has this very lovely fiancée'.
Dear Mam...He won't be coming home I fear.
She's lovely, we expect him any day.
Your son was killed, and that is why we're here.*

*Dear Mam, he won't be coming home I fear.
Of course he'll come. We've waited oh so long.
Your son was killed, and that is why we're here.
I thank you sir, but certainly you're wrong.*

*Of course he'll come...We've waited oh so long.
So smart...He's going to go to school you know.
.I thank you sir...But certainly you're wrong.
My son?,,,He's coming home!.....We've...missed him so.*

I'M NOT SURE HOW

We'll get through this, I'm not sure how.
We've suffered things like this before.
The world's too much with us now.
It's hard to say what lies in store.

We've suffered things like this before,
When we were young, but now I fear
It's hard say what lies in store.
We might not make it through the year.

When we were young, but now I fear
Our time is slipping fast away.
We might not make it through the year.
We might not make it through the day.

Our time is slipping fast away.
I fear, my dear, it may be true,
We may not make it through the day.
There must be something we can do.

I fear, my dear, it may be true.
The world's too much with us now.
There must be something we can do.
We'll get through this...I'm not sure how.

THE INNOCENT

I'm in my grave unsure of why I died.
For liberty and freedom it was not.
I didn't know the leadership had lied.
I trusted, never knowing why we fought.

For liberty and freedom it was not.
I didn't know they profited the most.
I trusted, never knowing why we fought.
That's why, for now and ever, I'm a ghost.

I didn't know they profited the most,
The psychopaths, that lied us into war.
That's why, for now and ever, I'm a ghost.
Our sacred land's not sacred anymore.

The psychopaths, that lied us into war.
They sold my life to satisfy their greed?
Our sacred land's not sacred anymore.
Could I have died for such an evil deed?

They sold my life to satisfy their greed?
I didn't know the leadership had lied.
Could I have died for such an evil deed?
I'm in my grave not knowing why I died.

WAR IS HELL

Yes, War Is Hell, that's what they say,
But when it comes, it's all HOORAY!
The flag, of course, is on display,
As patriots all kneel and pray.
"The enemy must die today".
But who is this foe anyway,
We send our brave boys out to slay?
'Thou shalt not kill' commandments say,
But they're not human, it's OK.
Beside they come from far away
And worship God another day.

But who am I to question they
Who do what I did yesterday?
For very much to my dismay,
Back then I hid my feet of clay,
And off to Nam, I joined the fray,
To fight for, Good Old USA.
But now, for ignorance I pay,
And here in Arlington they lay
A wreath and rue the day
We bought the lie of Tonkin Bay

A DAY TO REMEMBER

A summer morn, a sun beyond compare,
A stroll to bask and take the summer air,
A life reborn, a day extremely rare,
No soul could ask for anything more fair,
So, off I set, not really caring where.
It was as though I'd never had a care,
At ease and yet alive, for unaware,
I longed to know what waited for me there.
On such a day, I felt that I could swear
That nothing dire could possibly impair
My golden ray of hope. I do declare
It lit a fire I felt a need to share.

But, not to be, for down the sidewalk, there,
Appeared a sight that gave me quite a scare,
For I could see, and much to my despair,
Someone, at night, had scrawled a message
there.

I knew, of course, it wouldn't be a prayer,
Or children's play, and so I'd best prepare
Myself for coarse and yes, the foulest fare
To turn my day into a sad affair.
But as I neared, I had to stop and stare,
For on the walk, I saw and do declare
Not what I feared, for there, without a flare...
In yellow chalk, it simply said "HI THERE".

MY LIFE

It's true, that in my youth, I was beset
With fear that I might lose my life, and yet,
I must say that the fear was quite off-set
By treating life just as I did roulette.
I'd go all out and never hedge a bet
The fear of loss was one I'd never met.
I'd raise the stakes and never break a sweat.
My life became an appetite whet,
A banquet that I never will forget.

And now, a member of the Senior Set,
I may be past my prime, but I don't fret
I've used life well, and now I'm pleased to let
The ones that follow get their tootsies wet.
And true to form, I hope that they can net
A life like mine, for now that I'm a vet,
There's nothing more I'd really like to get.
And as the end draws near, with no regret,
Old Death becomes a promise, not a threat.

DEAR FRIEND

At times like these,
the world will seem indifferent and cold.
There must be something one could do.
The sentiment of sympathy
Seems not enough.

It merely says,
I'm sorry fate has dealt you such a blow.
That doesn't touch the depth of what I feel,
And so, it doesn't let you know
How much I care.

At times like these,
The cold indifference will dissipate
In knowing there is one who shares
The loving warmth true empathy can give,
A warmth we share.

It truly says,
I feel not simply *for*, I feel *with* you.
It says to you, you're not alone.
It lets you know your deepest grief
Is also mine.

But also know
That very empathy will mean we share
The beauty and the joy as well.
Whatever our two fates decree,
We share as one.

Matthew Walz ::: (USA)

A graduate from the University of Minnesota where he studied sociology and history and is currently residing in Minneapolis. His poetry and fiction has appeared or is forthcoming in the following literary magazines: *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *Blinking Cursor*, *The Sheepshead Review*, *A Prairie Journal*, *Burning Word*, and *Calliope*. He can be reached by email at matthew.walz.writing@gmail.com.

Maiden of the Night

Farewell fair maiden, of the night,
We kissed forever, or at least till daylight,
But I will never forget the restless play,
Though we may be apart, forever, far away.

I'll lean in, softly, and with a smile,
And happily, joyously, think all the while;
The time we spent can never go to waste,
Even if this is, the first, and final taste.

My Enemy

I see him—a passerby,
Grinding teeth and narrow eye,
And hope that he won't catch
My war torn mind in such a wretch.

Divert my covered thoughts,
Cleverly treasured just like a fox,
But no sooner does he see,
The decrepit, impoverished likes of me.

My scowl turns into a smile;
He steps towards me and all the while
I raise my hand and say:
"It's so great to see you on this fine day."

Tragedy in the Fall

Leave us to the fall;
She left and didn't come back.
I tremor and tremor,
But she didn't come back.
Leave us to the fall.

Leave us to the fall;
I traveled the world but was a fake.
I quiver and quiver,
But it's all for her sake.
Leave us to the fall.

Leave us to the fall;
She left and didn't come back.
I shiver and shake,
But her eyes have turned black.
Leave us, once, and for all.

Poetry Video –

Stephen James Smith and Enda Reilly

"So it gives me great pleasure to share with you a stunning video for a poem by **W.B. Yeats (September 1913)**, it was produced by some of Ireland's finest.

Those being award winning director **Myles O'Reilly**, **Stephen Mogerley** and photographer **Bob Dixon**.

Here is the link: www.youtube.com/watch?v=H4PPnwVef4k if you like it please be so kind as to share it with friends and leave a comment.

This is to celebrate the debut album titled '**Arise & Go!**' by Smith & Reilly, aka **Stephen James Smith** (me) and **Enda Reilly**.

To get some info on us just go here: www.facebook.com/SmithandReilly and 'like' us."

- Stephen James Smith



Offaly Writers Set to Join the Million Club

The most obvious link between the Irish and the Native American people, at least as far as most of us might be aware, is still that supremely noble of charitable gestures expressed by the Choctaw Indians in collecting and sending money to Ireland during the famine, simply because they had heard of the suffering of the Irish people during that dark hour in our history.

However, a new link is in the process of being forged, and it's one which, thankfully, has its roots in the somewhat happier creative world of the arts. Writers Tomas Carty (from Banagher) and Anthony Sullivan (from Lusmagh), both of whom are based in Tullamore, have been regular contributors to the Native American web-zine 'Whisper N' Thunder' since its inception just less than two years ago. And now, with the two year anniversary just around the corner on January 1st, both men look likely to be celebrating more than just the webzine's birthday, but also their being part of the 'Whisper N' Thunder' team that breaks through the one million page-requests marker!

With the page-request figure having climbed to over 940,000 by the start of December, the January edition is expected to take the web-zine beyond the history making

one million mark. And this very special milestone edition will include among its contents new pieces by both Carty and Sullivan. Carty, who has seen his work published and even translated as far afield as China, as well as himself being the founder and editor of the online 'Carty's Poetry Journal', has contributed three short poems; 'The Crooked Mouths', 'Columbia River Creation', and 'Old Crow Brings Daylight'. Sullivan, who is currently working on his third collection of lyrics and poetry, following on from the publication of his second, 'Pilgrim In The Heartland' in 2009, has contributed his lyric, 'Ballad of the Red Bird (Spirit of Love)'.

'Whisper N' Thunder' is a non-profit charitable organisation founded by Billie Kyle Fidler in Arizona in 2009, with the web-zine's first edition going 'live' at midnight on January 1st 2010. The organisation's mission statement is to empower Native Americans through education, awareness and opportunity. It achieves this aim by sharing the stories, history, tradition and culture of the indigenous people of America, as well as highlighting current and on-going events and developments.

- **Anthony Sullivan**

Tatjana Debeljački (Serbia)

Tatjana Debeljački, was born on 23.04.1967 in Užice. Writes poetry, short stories, stories and haiku.

Member of Association of Writers of Serbia -UKS since 2004 and Haiku Society of Serbia - HDS Serbia, HUSCG – Montenegro and HDPR, Croatia. A member of Writers' Association Poeta, Belgrade since 2008, HKD Croatia since 2009 and a member of Poetry Society "Antun Ivanošić" Osijek since 2011. Deputy of the main editor (cooperation with magazines & interviews).

<http://diogen.weebly.com/redakcijaeditorial-board.html>

Editor of the magazine "Poeta", published by Writers' Association "Poeta"

<http://www.poetabg.com/>

Union of Yugoslav Writers in Homeland and Immigration – Belgrade, Literary Club Yesenin – Belgrade.

Up to now, she has published four collections of poetry: "A HOUSE MADE OF GLASS ", published by ART – Užice in 1996; collection of poems "YOURS", published by Narodna knjiga Belgrade in 2003; collection of haiku poetry "VOLCANO", published by Lotos from Valjevo in 2004. A CD book "A HOUSE MADE OF GLASS" published by ART in 2005, bilingual SR-EN with music, AH-EH-IH-OH-UH, published by Poeta, Belgrade in 2008.

Her poetry and haiku have been translated into several languages.

Blogs - <http://debeljacki.mojblog.rs/>

Poetic Interests poetry

Other interests Editor

www.poetabg.com/

Other <http://twitter.com/debeljacki>

ARE THERE

Someone is breaking the branches?!
From midnight to the dawn.
The forest is trembling inside me.
My trees are innocent,
Thirsty of milk,
Firm hands and
The scent of effervesce.
I'm drinking my mint tea.
I'm bringing tranquility without the aim
And the flowers for the vase.
When I look at it is never the same.
I'm starting to believe in fertility of miracles.
Is there the flame, which could turn the
heavens
Into the ashes?
Are there any hands to pick up my ripe
apples?!

THERE IS

Someone is cracking the branch?!
Hang on till morning.
Here it is inside of me,
Innocent, thirsty
Still waiting for the bread and milk,
Sipping the mint tea.
Bring the peace without the aim
And the flowers for the vase.
Doesn't know that her soul is freezing, so she
takes her time.
Every now and then she sees her but never
anything happens.
Starting to believe in miracles.
Is there the heavenly love and
Such a flame
That it never turns into ashes?
Always ripe like an apple!
Eh, my quest for the fire...
I'm intoxicated by the poem, not wine!
Your words are the wind
Blowing my love
Away!!!

I Will Never Forget That Night

I will never forget that night when you came
to me lying on the couch out of the darkness.

On my parents couch
by the window with the stars
you don't recall?

There's so much, volumes I want to ask you,
Do you remember the way we would lie in the
sweetest of animation,
Suspended,
Resting where even time itself could not
touch us
Even for a moment,
How we seemed to pour into each other,
Filling each other to the brim
With excitement, passion, and love,
Do you remember?
On my parent's couch, that window with a
million stars,
Hearing the odd sleepless cow,
Hearing you,
It was like a million candles lit your way down
the hall to me,
Waiting for our romantic subterfuge
I lay awake preparing a masterpiece of
cushions and covers,
Everyone in the house slept soundly
While your hand gracefully covered your
mouth,
You, gasping,
Trying so hard
Not to scream;
Soft gentle touch of my hands rubbing you,
I miss you so I can hardly breathe...
That was by far the most passionate night of
my free young life,
The way our milky bodies intertwined,
Flowed rhythmically together with the tide of
the night,
Crests rising and falling to the pace of our
breathing,
A nightingale's midnight melody fills my ear,
and
I fill you up
all the way
past the brim
with my unbridled passion.

"Captivated" - Lizzie Corsi, (USA)

"I am an undergraduate Florida student attending Palm Beach State College"

- I've become tangled,
Wrapped and wrangled.
Constricted and confused;
Feelings of obscurity: Compelling and suffused.
5 This heart's pulsing, this mind's racing,
These feelings, though unsecure, continue a tighter enlacing.
- Reasons for this captivation remain uncertain, the fact burdens me so.
How do these connections become more twisted as we grow?
Yes, it is you; I have seen you before,
10 Why is it *now* my eyes see you in a different light: someone to adore?
Irrevocably, irresistibly, unintentionally magnetized,
Words of expression are captured and imprisoned, unable to be vocalized.
- Object of my affection, how good you truly are.
Why must your heart live a distance so far?
15 Filled to the brim with life so vibrant:
You are kind and gentle, so wonderfully lucent!
But you are also blind and I am helpless.
You can not see what I so desire to confess!
- The secret is damaging, my wounds are deep.
20 It's too heavy and exhausting to further keep.
Its power knocked me down, so quick you didn't see.
I flew up, then came down, crashing to the ground so clumsily.
Open those eyes! See the devastation and sense the urgency!
Come to me hastily! This is an emergency!
- No... I have fallen hard, with no one to hear.
25 To remain stranded and alone I do heavily fear.
Trapped like a bird, overcome by emotion.
Why must you be oblivious to all this commotion?
These feelings are squeezing tighter; thick vines too huge!
30 I can't do this alone, come give me refuge!
- Save me from myself, and end this ruthless tie.
Cut my constraints; unravel my entanglement, just free me to fly!
Follow me please, as I so wish and desire.
Help to simmer the flames, or ignite the fire.
35 Offer me bandages, heal my heart.
Mend what's been broken, and never depart.
- Kiss the bruises, embrace my soul,
Make me feel good, make me feel whole.
Uncoil the metal of this battered wire,
36 And give me the light I desperately require.
For this unrequited love has brought about such misery,
So break the curse, open those arms, and simply love me.
- Because when I look at you, I see the future I want.
One that without you, my world could become empty and gaunt.
40 Please my darling, won't you smile for *me*?
Smile a smile that can calm the sea?
Someday won't you look at me sweetly, with eyes so crystal and true,

And promise me wrong you will never do?

- What I ask of you, my beautiful dear:
45 Someday look to me, let it be my voice you will hear.
Hear my thoughts, my feelings, my desires for you,
And return them all, giving yourself, and treasuring my virtue.
And let me warm your soul, keep your heart, and settle your spirit.
Giving in to each other, our feelings we will forfeit.
- 50 Unknowing to my weakness, I know you are innocent.
Oh how I wish my longing, to *you*, could be so salient!
Someday I hope I'll catch your eye,
So you can end my struggle, and with it the pain will die.
For now, I can only hope you'll come so my love can be aided.
55 Silent and incomplete, I by you am captivated.

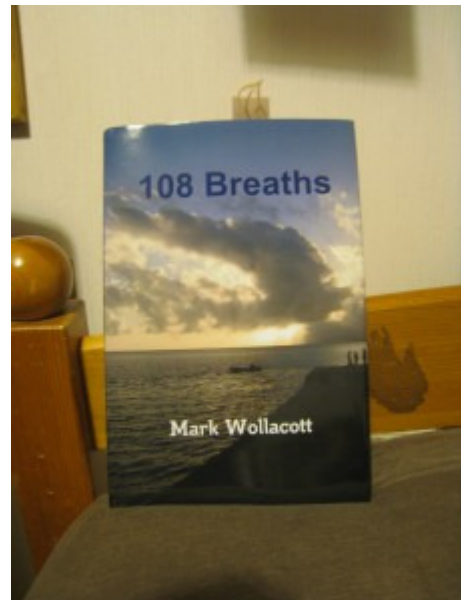
News Item

Mark Wallacott publishes online a journal and also books of his writings, one of which we are delighted to feature here

108 Breaths features 108 haiku poems and 4 haibun. They are a deeply personal collection that will make you laugh, reflect and wonder about Mark Wollacott's five years in Japan. The book has been described as providing an "intimate view into Japanese culture and how different it seems to an outsider" by writer Rebecca Mayclothling.

The book comes with a foreword by poet Kiersty Boon as well as an introduction to haiku, an afterword by the author and an appendix of notes giving the reader background information on Japan and Mark's time there.

This is a must for "every type of poetry reader, from the student in the classroom to the seasoned poetry reader."



The Hardback edition currently costs £14.99 (plus £2.50 for p&p) if you order from www.markwollacott.com via PayPal:

BERNARD LORIMER

Northern Ireland

"A student who just moved to Galway from Belfast, here's some pieces I've been working on."

The Waves

Where calm waters that flow in the mooring waters of
Dusk having fanned to steady night
Soft and lulling to the great white bright light
Above forever round and passing round
Spinning oceans her anchors bound
Whish will ya now
Whish will ya!
Whish!

The waves of all us
All the hush now be hush waves of us
Of all of us
Come flowing or flowed themselves amongst
Gnashing and crashing
The smash of rocks
Whish
Whish
Whish

Those torrents over trenches at the Somme
Spilt across and dripping to deathly done
Tumbling down
Aft rising up
Ships of soldiers drowned
The oceans secret sound
A wish
A wish
A soft trembling wish for leave or some vinegar in this
salty funk

Atom +

night before she arrived my living tree
upon a rib and just for me
ate she the fruit sumptuously
while river ran unto the sea
life was bliss and all was calm
pear sweet melon banana
I feel her perfectly all place
through her sing and on her face
beauty that is lain around
shapely flowers from giftly ground
gentle sunlight raining below with
heavenly water makes all things grow
all glorious things that he confides
sublimely reigns and inside hides
a single atom of her being
conceals the image of everything

Better Off in the Bog End of Nowhere

to turn and take this freight train home
to soil and blood in harmony sung
as bards they bade the publics sake
from turn spun steel city awake
and disperse into woodland lung
clear breath, clear stream
moonlight and song

bountiful mire for my tall amber fire
the salivate grass knows the morning pass
from its alter white to pale crimson light
amid the shadowy reeds

safe and sound
bed blanket bound
no thought of stony street
pot bellied stove
my boggy cove
all brimming full of heat

gaels hark this call
by an oak tree tall
whilst they speak once too oft and hold seat
in the same dáil dire
full of oak fed fires
where the corncrakes caw never reached

Randall Aittaniemi

(USA)

"Im 22, graduated from UMASS Amherst, a new writer so I am previously unpublished."

It gives pleasure to us at Cartys Poetry Journal to bring this new writer to the printed page.

Contrite Remarks

I've been thinking, living breathing
that I need something new to believe in,
but it keeps on swinging back round to you.
I need a new direction away from this obsession,
a cognitive correction for this infection.
A left hand turn at the four way stop, mental roadblock would do.
Every different school of thought
paired with these contrite remarks,
I say I'm doing good when I'm feeling blue.

With all these emotions flowing,
passion gushing, feelings growing.
Don't treat me like some sort of lifeless prop.
You told me that I should go away
and yet I feel compelled to stay
even though this subject I should drop.
To forget I made my mission,
of me and you the same old vision
but my beating heart, it just won't stop.

Erosion

This world seems a little less green.
It seems obscene but the sun's receding east.
At least the stars are still bright,
empathetic of our plight. Knowing that we're trying too late to reach
a soft coated beach where we can watch them shine on
through thick mocking fog that veils our intentions.
Our cryptic confessions of earths' burning.
A charred warning taken too late.
Maybe it's fate as winds swirl and blow,
telling us what we already know about tar that's impeding
and concrete that's completing our spaces limitation,
both physical and imagination. Steel replaces trees
and nullifies the breeze that refreshes our minds
and the ties that bind us all together. Natures' epoch erodes
into times unknown unless we solve
our need to "evolve" and embrace times of the past,
times of foliage times of grass.

The Nomad that would be Hero

A wasteland is on edge,
waiting for a hero that arrives too late.
Call it fate, you can call it hopeless.
They will be avenged, this much I promise.

They say he's a tragic hero.
Endlessly yearns to help but it's an abated work.
He always hurts whoever he's closest to
so he never stays, ever blowing through.

Learned he can't let himself care too much.
Many times expectations rise, hopes filled.
Tries to build, has to rewind and restart.
Burdened by a big heart.

Knows he's destined to carry the curse.
So he drifts as an apparition,
wandering prison. Lives under no one's' command,
always the stranger in a foreign land.

Heading West

Stare into the winters' night.
The coming morn my only fright.
I wish it could stay like this again.
I wish you could stay with me my friend,
but we're going separate ways.
Soon we'll be divided by the days.
You head into the night and I'll head west.
I needed this new start I must confess.
Between grass and sea is where I'll be,
in case many years from now you look for me.
I see the coming of the rising star
signaling that the beginning can't be far.

Unconscious Wonder

Girl with the hidden braid hair.
Girl that doesn't wear underwear.
I love the shells on your feet,
collected as you skimmed upon the beach.
Sun burst eyes glow as they glisten.
Smile so perfect, can't help but listen.
I love the way that you move.
PJ bottoms and undershirt, your best grove.
You seem to dance to the music in my head.
You look so beautiful sleeping in my bed
even if you take all the covers.
You talk in your sleep, unconscious wonder.

Sabahudin Hadžialić

Bosnia and Herzegovina

Born in 23.9.1960.g. in Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe.

Today he is a member of the Bosnia and Herzegovina Association of Writers (Sarajevo, BiH), Croatian writers association Herceg Bosnia (Mostar, BiH) and Association of writers Serbia (Belgrad, Serbia), Academy "Ivo Andrić" (Belgrade, Serbia) and Journalists Association of Bosnia and Herzegovina and Ambassador of POETAS del MUNDO in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

He is Editor in chief of the electronic and print magazine "DIOGEN" pro culture: <http://diogen.weebly.com> and Editor in chief of E –magazine MaxMinus: <http://maxminus.weebly.com> from Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

He has the status of the independent and self-sustained artist in the Canton of Sarajevo. He writes poetry and prose with the editing and reviewing books of other authors.

He is freelance editor in the publishing house Dhira, Küsnacht, Switzerland. He published poems, articles, essays, aphorisms, plays and short stories in almost all major newspapers & magazines in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Macedonia. His poems, short stories and aphorisms have been published in journals in England, Ireland, Spain, Italy and USA.

His poetry and prose were translated into English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Albanian and Romanian.

He was the co-owner of the first private newspaper in SR BiH "POTEZ", Bugojno, Bosnia and Herzegovina - 1990.

So far he has published ten books of poetry and prose.

He published four books internationally: Book of poetry in France 1998 (French language), Book of aphorisms in Italy (Italian language), Book of poetry "Beggars of mind" (published in BiH back in 2003.) in Switzerland (German language) and "Selected poems" book of poetry (in English, German, Italian, Albanian, Spanish and French language). His art work has been included in anthologies of poetry in France, Canada and Bosnia and Herzegovina, and in the Anthology of satire of Bosnia and Herzegovina and of Balkans. He has won several awards among which are the best: "May pen" for the best young poet of former Yugoslavia in 1987 (Svetozarevo) and Award of Academy "Ivo Andrić" (Belgrade) for 2011. He lives in Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Prepared and edited:

2011. - Co-editor of the "Poets for World peace" Vol. 3 (Anthology of poems – poets from 25 countries from all around the World together with Dr. Ram Sharma from India)

2011. – Editor of the FIRST Anthology of ex-Yu aphorisms with 73 satirics/aphoristics from ex-Yu republics.

2012: Within the preparation are...

The novel (trilogy "CROSSROADS OF THE WORLDS").

Official WWW: <http://sabahadzi.weebly.com>

REALITY FILMED

Dismal image
of my own imprint in time
that's real
inside the vision that- isn't,
is desperately in search for
Her !

...

Queen Elizabeth,
Chatherine, Nikolajevna,
Princess Diana,
Fatima
Disappear in front of the eyes
of wild hordes.

...

I remain alone
trembling with trepidation
trying to figure out
what is it that they want.

...

Virtual reality of a surreal film-world
is nothing more than
a treacherous impersonation of a real world
that deceives me
a Servile Servant !

..

She's gone !
Will she ever come back ?
The question is swept by the wind.

...

I'll wait for the storm to calm
and try to catch the mistral wind to find a cove,
and search for the place where I met her.
Barefoot and naked.
Back in the day.
On the stage !

VICE VERSA

Cosy darkness
Resonates chilly.
Chilliness
light
gravitate towards
warmth.
And everything
Would be just fine...
Like withered flowers of faith

....

If only
I knew
that
I am able to express the truth.
And not lie
To me
and You !

LIVING IN 'THE DREAMS' STREET

Don't turn into
a shadowy street.

You can easily get lost.

There are
one way and two way
streets
Like people
sometimes spotless
sometimes grubby
and
sometimes just a dead end.

REPETICIO EST MATER STUDIORUM

Warmth
of time and space
is nothing else
but unforgettable lightness
of bizarre rhymes
that reverberate
among twisted corridors of my soul.

...

Chilliness of déjà vu
and space
is nothing else
but
bizarre form
of odd expectations
that sway embarrassingly
to the rhythm of her tambourine.

...

They dance.
Without us.

...

Long time ago
the two of us
got lost in insanity.
My insanity.
Hoping that
she will say NO to this madness.

....

That was it.

...

Encircled by a wall, in hope

LIFE

There are times
when I don't feel like breathing.

She takes in breath
for me.

COPY PASTE

I am not guilty !
I only obeyed my party line !
And
this goes on
and on
for centuries.

STATES, PARDON ME, CITIES

In the little town
across the seven seas
lived a small nation.
This nation could fit into one city.
and nowhere else.
At least that's what little nation's Emperor thought.
Pardon, Duke.
And one day some people left the city.
they were the first to leave.
Followed by the second.
And the third.
Emperor, pardon, Duke
was left alone.
...
The name of the city ?
Look around,
perhaps this is a story
of your.. city.

ANANAS AND BANANA

Through this poem
I'd like to tell you
that I know
how much I love you.
...
Through this poem
I'd like to tell you
that I want
you to be mine.
...
Through this poem
I'd like to tell you
that I can carry you.

...
I'd like all of this
however I can't manage
How can I have you, love you and carry you.
How, when I can't afford
to keep up with keeping you.

BLUES FOR MY EX-COUNTRY/HOMELAND

I had a country.
They took it away.

They did not ask for permission.
The very same people who
now
want to establish
customs zones,
introduce joint parliament sitting
and start to exchange war criminals.
The very same
THEY
who caused the trouble in the first place.
...
I can only say
one word
COUNTRY/HOMELAND
One day you will realise
that
PEOPLE lived there for generations
and not... NO, DON'T SHOOT !!

COUNTRY SONG

Speculation
revives
reminiscence
of the moments of destiny
in my dreams.
I really don't know
why this title ?
When I want
to say something completely opposite
aiming to speak of
unspoken,
unheard of,
and
unthinkable
At least today,
now and here.
Elite culture
is nothing else but
the wish of marginalised people
to establish the rule of impossible
in this corner of the world.
Let them live with it.
Off I go the soul-brothel
I'm off to the pub !

IF ONLY I WERE YOUNGER

I read
Poetry
written by the young poets...

I
don't know
if I should
call it
Regressive or Progressive ?
I better shut up
and continue reading
The poetry written by young writers.

Deepak Chaswal

(India)

He is a poet from the soil of India. Also Prof. of English and critic. His poetry exhibits his perception of the universe from the perspective of an insider. Published in international poetry journals: Pacific Review, Sam Smith The Journal, Pamona Valley Review, The Tower, Forge, Enchanting Verses, Earthborne Poetry Magazine, Kritiya-A Journal of Poetry, Indian Ruminations, Bicycle Review, Electronic Monsoon Magazine to name a few.

"Man"

A bundle of lies
Born in cries
With blood
And sighs
Tears the womb
And ends in tomb
And still claims
He is innocent.

"Freedom"

The Lady with the
golden rings
clipped the
parrot's
silken wings
Was surprised
when it again
picked the
same card
of "Freedom"
she most despised.

"Death by Water"

They diluted
Him in the water
Like aspirin
To get relief
From headache

"Angels/Demons"

They may come
from sea, air or ground
like the wind, water or sound
and crack your ribs
as if you are pigs.

Their counting starts from
nine and ends at eleven
They live on earth
but come from heaven
They will SEAL your fate
Can't say about the date

"Meeting with Christ"

Sometimes ago I visited
Jerusalem to meet the
Soul of Christ
Which was wandering here
And there with some other
Noble souls

As soon as I observed
Their serenity, tranquillity
And contentment
I could not resist
Myself from putting
Questions to them
Because without
Interrogation we cannot
Trust even God

I while adjusting my tie
Asked a question
With an artificial sigh
O! Lord,
People say
You are
Above sword
Do you think the society in which you lived
Was without discord?

Christ just smiled
As if in the hearts of his heart
He cried without voice
Because he had no choice

I asked the second question
Which was my firm presumption
Do you think crucification is the
Only way through which
One can be driven to death?

Christ tried to think
He replied with a mild wink
He was literally dumb
As if his heart was numb

Without giving any reply
Christ was looking shy
I still asked the third question
Which was in the form of inspection

What are your views about morality?
Do you think that it exists in the world in totality?
Christ turned his back
As if he was defending himself from media attack
Christ started walking towards East
I think he realized
That I was not a priest
Rather a twenty first century Beast.

"Superman"

Darwin showed
The progress of man
I will tell you about
The superman

I saw the superman
He was busy in preparing
A plan
May be
To conquer the world

I saw superman
Who was totally
Different from monkey and man

I saw superman
Who was bending backwards
His eyes could hardly
See upwards

I saw superman
Who was neither
Sitting nor standing
He seems to be
The incarnation of
Eternal damnation

I saw the superman
Who could hardly speak
Or chant a sermon

I saw the superman
Who was neither monkey nor man
With clawed hands
And semi circled reverted back
He was waiting for
Either some crow
Or some swan.

I saw the superman
Crawling slowly
On the sand
In between the desert land
May be
To Bethlehem
or some alien land

Three Years Down

Believe in something
Without base
Safe distance
Far-wide-across
Mental messages

Hugging through bars
Kissing through songs

Breathing in dreams
Feeling in words
Knowing in senses

Having through promise

I miss you

Alive through voice
Denied through absence

Laughing in fantasies
Crying in silence
Building in letters

True through pain

I love you

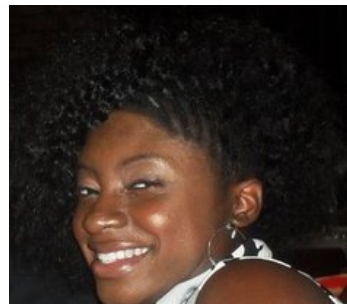
- "Erica" a.k.a. "Spirit Love", 21 from Los Angeles, USA. Prefers to keep discreet and mysterious...

Rain

Kathy Coman (USA)

I love the way
You fall up against my skin
I feel its God's way of naturally cleansing me
From sin's scars
That tries to reopen themselves to me daily
So He sends you
To cleanse and refresh my soul

Kathy Coman graduated from the University of Toledo in 2008 with a Bachelor's of English. She has been published in A&U Magazine as well as online at jerryjazzmusician.



BOLD STATEMENTS

Why are so many people needing to be un-acceptable. Why do they reach out to me in such a forceful manner. Do I appear to relinquish my **RIGHTS** as an achiever in any given effort. Read me my **MEMORIES** and the answer will reach out and touch someone; anyone. The remedies that reside within my mind are consequences that may render one **USELESS** in their efforts. Recycle mandatory affections and reside amongst the **COMPETITION** that may master anger's rejects. What we fail to sometimes realize is that we make **MISTAKES** but we are not to be held accountable for the such. **RECAPTURE** every demeanor that may fight to survive and within that circle, may become beknownst to you. When a **TIGER** cries and that they do, we can't hear it as well as when a **TREE** falls and yes, it does make a **SOUND**. Feel me when you can't and even when you won't because everything I **ATTEMPT** to become only remembers that which may bring about my **DEEPEST** fear. **ROARING** is a call of the wild. Screaming comes from inside the closet and the mercy never rest. **FAILURE** can never be accounted for if the attempts are

MEASURED. Record the evidence and scream it from within. Never allow **FORCES** to be with you; there is a heaven and the only way to know that, is to **FORGIVE**. Forgive when you can't or simply when you don't want to. Escape and **FREE** your..... Knowing their mind allows the **PLEASURE** to revolve around what I resolute; and the **REWARD** will be all mine, no yours too. Support that which is **MANDATORY**. I don't think so far that which we accept is only as far as the eye can see and to only see can bring about **UNBELIEF**. Boldness is a fortified **ELEMENT** that will extinguish an enormous, burning **DESIRE**; there is another understanding which must be **LEANED** on.

- Kim Wilson

“Days”

Days don't look as glorious
when your heart's
been shattered.

It seems time takes,
as the itty bitty 'peaces'
struggle to get together; again.
I looked out into the sunshine
and saw nothing;
but a blurry eyesore sight.

The grass seemed to
get greener in a divine instant.
I thought it was a heavenly light
blue shaded with whites
and grays and birds; the sky.
My heart leaking; waiting for
nothing yet sadness arrived
to keep my tears company.
Reaching, wanting, wasting
served a relentless purpose.
What invaded was evident
that what is to come; hurried.
Nights seems to be brighter
than days; filled with fear as
cultural boldness spit and scream
and yell that it's
familiar; will refusing gather
itty bitty together again.

GIFTS

I use my gift to write out loud.
I know I'm not the only one;

escaping,
feeling,
trying,
asking,
forgiving,
praying,
excepting,
accepting,
turning away,
giving it up,
seeking,
needing,
blessing,
retaliating,
attempting,
misusing,
crying,
keeping,
sharing,
hoping,
wondering,
praising,
reliving;

what in the *hell*'o is going on!
There is only one WAY, TRUTH AND LIGHT!

kimkologne.synthasite.com

My name is Kimberly Wilson and I
create poetry from who I am on the
inside. I have a load of venting,
inspiring, captivating,
informational emotions per myself
to share

Gonzalo Salesky (Argentina)

You Will Be

You will be breath of sea, you will be nostalgia
When your mouth leaves and does not return.
You will be my breeze when the wind drops,
You will be fire beyond words.
You will be the sky, void of my pages,
And the prayer to announce my departure
When the pain, this world and our life
Take everything and leave me nothing.

Harlequins

As harlequins in the wind
Your laugh flies with me.
It envelops me and rises in mid autumn,
Makes me grow and mature in silence.
Maybe it grows dark for some
But, my love, only your love is enough for me
To reach eternal paradise in life,
To be able to daydream of your eyes,
And so to forget, amongst all, those tears.

Omen

I know that in life, no matter how,
Fire is always extinguished by day.
Night is short when winter looms,
Time cures and heals wounds.
To stop talking is not good medicine;
I know the harbinger of light and agony
Is being fulfilled, no matter when it arrives,
Perhaps it is near and finds you asleep.
You will not see it coming even if it is announced,
Do you know how sweet and frivolous is this expectation?
Because very soon you will emerge, it will be so easy
Like coming full circle.

Gonzalo is a 32 year old
Argentine writer whose works
can be read on his blog at
gonzalosalesky.blogspot.com

We are honoured to carry a
translation of his poems in the
English language.

Rishan Singh (South Africa)

Born in KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa. He has achieved many accolades in his life. His poems have appeared in publications in South Africa and abroad. He is a South African poet with a great feel for the creative arts. This is his second publication in Cartys Poetry Journal.

MY FRIEND

My friend,
How much can I say,
but that my friendship for you
is my precious treasure.

How I hoped that you'd come,
but ever since you left
I can't move on.
My life is now painful.
My life is now sorrowful,
full of tears...

I feel I have no worth,
but I guess this is what
life brings.
My life is now painful.
My life is now in darkness,
I can't move on...

Someday when I'm gone;

at least look back at our friendship,
perhaps there is that element
of kindness that might have crushed me.

I'm only human but
my life is now in sorrow,
crushed into glass pieces is
how I live.

My Friend,
How much more can I say,
hate is all I too can express,
but the word 'no' can't come
to my lips.

In life I have been blessed
with kindness,
but what do I get?
My dear friend,
how my heart hurts, but
I shall never forget you.

Luiza Flynn-Goodlett (USA)

Recently migrated to the San Francisco bay area, after completion of her MFA at The New School. She was awarded the Andrea Klein Willison Prize for Poetry upon graduation from Sarah Lawrence College. Her work has appeared in *The Sarah Lawrence Poetry Review*, *Breadcrumb Scabs*, *Oberon*, *Four and Twenty*, *Ghost Ocean Magazine*, and is forthcoming in *Meridian*. She was chosen as first runner-up for the 2011 UNO Writing Contest for Study Abroad. She recently completed her first book, *Congress of Mud*.

The Vision

You walk out of a teeming wood, nose
the air— daffodils pucker in sunny clumps,
an aeolian harp of new leaves, egg-teeth
slit shells, and jays extend albumin-slick
wings, kindling snaps under furred paws.

All winter, downed in snow, you huddled,
cave-bound, restless, hair dreaded in mud,
savored the cavern of your empty stomach,
dreams that conjured a horizon of saplings,
swollen peaches, each with a single gold

bead that whispers wasps from their hives.
Feet bare, you wander from the thicket:
rays graze your pale shoulders, freckles,
the mammalian crests of breasts. Raise
a hand to shade your eyes, the other, stretch

to where I linger, like a town, bridges dashed
by ice storms. I ghost you, our twin hollows, ripe
breasts, but I've grown feral, all slant spine
and canines. Scoop me from the shade into
summer's racket. Tame me under your hands.

Fossor's Lament

It's a myth, this "six feet." Four, just below
the frost line's the deepest you can level.
The floor shifts: silt, gravel, limestone, grunting
layers. My pick slices soil to rock, then

I busy the shovel. Backhoes, such coarse
instruments, incise loam, fling pebble-rich
dirt, but can't narrow walls, pack them tight
to stave off cave-ins. Coffins, beware of

such haste, the hill is likely lousy with gophers.
We humble, stooped by work, see hearses snake
the gates, deliver another fellow to
what's known as rest. But my kin harrowed

catacombs, left limbs as legend, and our
work will stay, bear witness on judgment day.

Animal Time

I bleed like the white mutt who hid under
the porch at thunder, her puckered teats in
lace-pink rows. Her fur is stained a rusty
brown, and I kneel, at six, to touch, to know

that steady ache and leak, a staccato
liquid, ritual cremation. The hound
in me points—mirrors reflect a monster,
perched on hind legs, dulled senses and talons,

adorned and swaddled from the chill, lightly
furred, arched neck bisected by a pulsing
jugular. Monthly this beast reeks iron, tends
its toothy gash, burrows in a knit nest.

Just out of the circle of firelight,
my fellows growl, curl down to lick and lick.

The Times

Approximately the heft of an infant,
small pistol, or a shoebox with a year's
worth of receipts the morning of tax day,

this newsprint cannot cease squawking.
It coughs like an outboard motor, emits
puffs of statistics, the latest from a new

conflict, "boots on the ground." Daily,
it arrives, steals into our mailboxes,
or tongues the welcome mat, sodden

with a morning sunshower. Shave
it thin for the parakeet cage or let it pile,
plastic-sheathed on the top step to trip

the postman, it won't stop declaring,
with single-spaced certainty, of the Past,
mistaken, cluttered, savaged by worry,

and its ruddy handmaid, the Present,
slippery with ire. We shuffle in, clutch
the day's summation to terrycloth chests,

knowing we'll not appear in its folds,
that alcove of relevance, our syllables
set in wine-dark ink, as if definitive,

as if, once, we'd known what to say.

Irena Jovanovic (Serbia)

Born at Zajecar, Serbia (Europe) in 1971. She holds a Master's degree in painting and works as a painter, ceramics designer, poet and sculptor. She has been writing poetry for almost 20 years in Serbian language; now has now started writing in English too. Her first collection of poems in English entitled *CROWNS OF LIGHT ABOVE OUR HEADS* is in press. She and her work are devoted to spirituality, in service of the Supreme Lord. She is greatly interested in Hindu Vaishnavism. She will mostly be found engaged at Facebook. One may visit the following Link of her page:

https://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=1015078596660594&id=754570593#!/pages/Irena-Jovanovi%C4%87/221729514543916



ONE RAINDROP

I am only a raindrop
 on the petal
 of Your divine flower, Lord
 fallen from inner self
 fallen from Your Inner Self
 consisting miracle
 unknown to myself
 miracle of Your Miracle
 magic of all Your potencies
 love I did not cognize
 but which arises at the horizon
 in beautiful golden dawn
 of Your Divine Touch
 and I surrender to it
 I surrender to You
 one raindrop.

MY DEAR SOUL

My dear soul
 may you live forever
 in light of all spiritual atoms
 in eclectics of all elliptic
 forms of spirit
 and life
 love and observation
 in condensate of perfectness
 higher vision and mercy
 forgiveness and beauty
 magnificence and happiness
 in cascade followings
 of shiny wishes and
 singing visions
 sparkling hopes
 and opulent realizations
 in Lord...
 in Lord...

HONEY LIKE SWEETNESS

Honey like sweetness of Your love, Lord
 of Your all potent divinity
 of Your all expanding, all perfect knowledge
 which is all sweet in essence
 nectarean in substance
 and opulent in wonderful glare
 embeds me in deepest oceans
 of secure joyful silence
 peaceful happiness inside
 merged with all powerful bliss...
 Like in uplifted dreams about You
 Lord, I awake in my own completeness
 in Your all beautiful presence
 in mellows of all tasty
 exalted super excellence
 in Your honey like sweetness
 after countless billions
 of tasteless births...

MY RADIANT LOTUS GARDEN

Sparkling like gem
 initiating fire
 in the crystal of dawn
 radiating spectrum
 iridescent glare
 chosen to satisfy Your Omnipresence, Lord
 in my hidden sanctuary
 my small heart's radiant lotus garden
 set thickly with minikin diamond like
 faceted fractals of soul reflections
 O, Lord, I am just a smallest sample
 of Your uplifted Divinity
 diminutive self
 O, please, please enlist me just
 and only as a little lotus bud
 in Your paramount
 brilliant lotus garden.

UNITED IN LOVE

United in love
me and You forever
Lord
You and me together
o, God
why
where
how
it happened
long time ago
we were there
now again
united in love
united in love.

SWEET FRAGRANCE OF YOUR SOUL

Your sweet fragrant soul
so dear, shiny and blissful
so hidden, beautiful and odorous
like tiniest flower
from secret garden of Lord's presents
so pure and fulfilled with love
so essential, nectar like and precious
your soul
your sweetest wonderful soul
Lord's jewel on the top of His crown
o, my dear friend
that is your soul
your lovely sweet soul
merged in the ocean of bliss
of divine love of God

HOW CAN I

How can I plant the seed
of pure love into your heart,
spiritual love, divine one
and untouched?
If I offer my heart in an *arati* ceremony
to my sweet Lord,
can you join me?
If I bow myself down towards Him,
will you follow me?
I want to put my life
into His hands
and surrender my love
soul and existence
to higher instances
of His love...
Will you join me?
Can you follow me,
untouched, divine and spiritualized
in sublime love?
So how can I
plant the seed of love,
love of God
into Your heart?

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DAY

This is a wonderful day -
- Krishna is playing His flute
birds are chirping all around Him
bumble-bees are buzzing collecting nectar
following His garland and blissful shine
peacocks are decorating forests
with opened *mandalas* of their tails
many flowers have offered their lives
happy to ornament His divine crown
smelling out their entire life essence
o, Lord, I would like
to be one of them
what else could I say
it is perfect
O, it is such a wonderful day!

**NOTHING COMPARES TO YOU,
LORD**

Nothing compares to You, Lord
to Your beautiful soft mellows and essences
so oceanic mild, overwhelming and soothing
Nothing compares to You, Lord
to Your extraordinarily amazing divinity
splendor of Your Inner Self
and charming mesmerizing appearance
O, Lord! Nothing compares to You
Lord of my heart and soul!
My heart beats are Your drums
for orchestration of divine symphony
of all universes imagined
by Your omnipotent Mind
You play your flute, divine soloist
and we follow Your melodies
completely rapt by happiness
uplifted by following in Your footsteps
ecstatically searching for Your traces
everywhere, in everything
So, nothing, nothing compares to You
nothing compares to
Lord of all universes

LIKE A QUEEN

Like a Supreme Queen, Radharani
walks through galleries of my life
my divine Lord Lady, source of my life form
I'm tracing for Her traces
footprints of golden splendour
anything that She has touched
illuminated areas
unknown passages in the labyrinth of my
heart
hidden chambers for divine eternity
secret odours of uplifted divinity
for I want to serve Her
for I want to serve Her
Radharani, queen of my heart

ENERGY OF COLOURS OF LIFE

Your energy colours my life, Lord
like endless spectrum of rainbow
spreading nuances over my forehead
my mind and heart dived into variety
o, what opulence and beauty
what perfect intelligence of Yours
what sublime essence emanates
from all Your creation
touched by You

GOLDEN DAWN

Golden dawn arises, o, Lord
Your Name shines blissfully
my eyes are full of tears
Your Form is so effulgent
my life is so tiny
but essence is present
in it's baskets
Oh, molten gold
of effulgence of love
Your Embodiment is
so sweet and ecstatic
amazingly beautiful
and infinitely dear
- my eyes are full
of nectarean joy and tears
- golden dawn is coming
in Your Golden Soul.

RADHA & KRISHNA

When One
becomes Two
game starts
playful lights
share flights
and delights
in between
of each other
ends and starts
- all parts are sublime
together - apart
again and again
sustained in shine
nectarean, divine
love of mine

Once More Into the Breach.. (Dan Castle)

Ages

My eyes find you attractive.
mysoul finds you seductive.
you recall the sweeter memories,
of old lovers I have known.
for all those Queens of Hearts,
as they performed their parts,
of dallying and dreaming,
Chronos wore away their throne.

Now I stand here in my evening,
watching memories of morning.
Yearning for past joys and grieving,
for the beauty that has flown.
And still I'd love to spend my hours,
'mongst a million new born flowers,
while I listened to your singing,
all hopes of joy sounds ringing,
with no thought of any ending,
of your journey through your time.

Loss and pathos in this story,
as my beard now long grows hoary,
yet somehow there's peace and glory,
that Life's dance of love goes on.

Greg Gunn (Canada)

Born in Windsor, Ontario in 1960, Greg grew up in four small towns throughout Ontario before moving to London in 1970.

An electronics technician graduate of Fanshawe College in 1982, Mr. Gunn began writing extensively and has done so for over thirty years, he is most passionate about poetry. Other interests include music, astronomy, philosophy, photography, foreign languages, and gardening.

To date, Gregory has had poems published in Inscribed Magazine, Green's Magazine, The Toronto Quarterly, Yes, Poetry, Wordletting Magazine, Songs for Every Race, Ditch Magazine, Ascent Aspirations, The Light Ekphrastic, Carcinogenic, Steel Toe Review, Cyclamens and Swords, et al. Also published are five collections of his selected poetry.

SHEEP SEARCH SKYWARD

The anima humana
is a neophyte. It has studied
the coyote, fully cognisant
of its scent; still it maintains
blatant skewed dogmatism,
gullibly grazing on the luscious
earthly greens, as though
carnivores were nonentities.

The gastrointestinal tract,
is but a dissimilar species;
alarm wiggles then stampedes
inside its stomach like a snare-
gnashing brute.

While the mouth supplicates
for articles of faith, the spirit
evil-eyes the coyote,
habitually masticates its prey
and religiously thrives.

THIS ATHENIAN SITE

A vast ivory marble colonnade:
its columns are ashen like birch trunks,
or like Grecian pillars in the sea,
infused in a glaucous mist that drapes
aqueous, from the emerald Sargasso-
laden olive trees stemming out
dappled urns. The early evening twists
through the interlaced gates as though
it had slumbered amid the fragrant

foliage until the meagre meandering
of the west breeze had aroused it. Haze
enwraps the spacious grove which
nestles the trees, the ivory pilastrade,
its antiquated pillars, graven obelisks;
and this enclosed portico maintains
everything in a few fleeting moments
of your breathing. You shall have respite
in this site as you drink wine and imbibe
the words of Plato. Rest awhile waiting.
I'll meet you here tomorrow.

LEAVENED APHRODITE

Leavened Aphrodite, risen from foam,
could garner not her yearnings, she had
but one desire, tender as an olive leaf
to the estuary, a concubine
of a single light and lust, compelled
to become subterranean.

Dismay is merely mortality
in pursuit of celestial adjudication,
in an ill-suited location below
cyclamens in non-elevated ethereality.

Impart what pensive kisses wander
over the skin-Elysium of the psyche
to wherever The Fates Of Love await
with spears cocked to pierce
the unsuspecting humankind.

But since vine aren't oviparous,
and even proselytes appear prone

to recover their rational. You will eventually discover the three motifs of this natural magic are flora, excreta, and temptresses. May they proffer you serenity's aplomb; equanimity.

REPETITIOUS REAPING

Withered winter. The sallow land furrowed by hoof tracks just before the snow cloaked it could be construed as an obsolescent embarkation program long since gone. Upon its zenith a lanky evergreen waves its falcon wing crown like a warrior. The nadir beneath rest those fallen in battle, coffered and counted.

So quiet, so inert seemingly that the frost-laden loam can't be tilled, or stretched out shadows straggle like a hoary crop of hair. But still the cloudless threshold of dawn grows noticeably gloomier. Little creatures may discover safe accommodations in the gloam, as well as I perchance. Could all this desolate spatial charm be a semi-fallacy; a partial white lie? The bristly bog demonstrates ice floe sheets splattering, intertwined twigs, and waterlogged logs beyond that cavernous arc where the sky and this gravel road form a union, signifies a path to follow, not a digression.

This lacklustre tract may be deserted but you bear in mind it is no desert. The plow's tines will be sharpened, banners lowered, the dogs of war planted, cultivated, and sown again, for many more harvested bumper crops.

BEDRIDDEN

Bedridden in the infirmary, my feet dream of traversing forest paths in October, snow-laden trails in January.

Before windows, my feet dream about the sun in summer.

In their mind they travel avenues of abrupt resolve wearing comfortable track shoes.

Elevated, my legs forget troubling thrombosis, envision dance floors. They plié and aren't afraid to jump.

Confined to Gortex, my legs foresee a future enwrapped in yours.

Heavy as lead, lower extremities become pensive. Nearly lifeless, complaining of pain, longing for liberty, wide open spaces. Jubilant in take-for granted things.

Like a toddler learning to walk, I am those legs and these legs are me. I am taking small steps, dreaming of mountains almost touching the clouds, seeking serenity. Emboldened, standing more erect with each passing day.

Lisa McCraw, (USA)

She fell like a raindrop
Cascading toward the earth
In a pivotal dance
One she did not know
Did not want to learn

But she fell anyway
Landing feet first
But splintered pieces
Scattered her birth soil
Anger and disappointment
Fragmented her posture
As she tried to stand proud
But too many psychotic blows
Bent her back
Made her stoop low
Low enough to see the reality
Of the dirt beneath her slippers
She thought she was a princess
But landed in the muck
And became a queen of the damned
She wanted her own kingdom
Her own king
Instead
She got someone else's leftovers
And her ruby red slippers were too tight
After the house of pain crashed on her frame
She wilted
A flower once falling from the clouds
Today, just a lone petal
Drifting, waiting
For a new tomorrow
A different sorrow
From the last
The one before
She dreamed of greatness
But she is defeated
And weeps alone
Her hope is gone
Her belief no more
Life is not a dream
But a lonely woman's chore

NOLA..P
(Nothing Out There Like A...POET)
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Lisa McCraw, pen name NOLA...P(Nothing Out There
Like A...POET)

Matthew Bell (Austraia)



29yr old emerging writer/poet, i am a quiet reserved person who enjoys reading, music and writing, writing is my life its the only thing that keeps me sane, there is not a day that doesn't go by that i am not working one of my novels, various poetry and short stories, most of my poems can be found on my facebook poetry page darkness inside, i don't have one particular style for my writing, its a mix of various types of genre, styles and mediums.

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Darkness-Inside/213762091981676>

SILENT WORLD

1 - SILENCE

The silence is deafening
As if the world is no more
No birds chirping
No car engines idling
Not even the sound of children playing
There is stillness surrounding me
Uneasy and thick
As if it's a living breathing presence
The only thing left

2 – STAGNANT WORLD

Not even a breeze
To kick the dust up around me
The air is stagnant and odd
Something is gone
The smell of life
Has disappeared
No more robust smells of roses
No more smells of coming rain
The sky is empty
Not even a cloud

3 – EMPTY STREETS

A creeping dread fills me
As I walk through the empty streets
Cars lay empty, void of life
I pause and look into the shop fronts
But nothing looks back
Just an inanimate mannequin
That has no life
That has no purpose now but to rot

4 – DEAD AIR

The phones are dead
Not even a dial tone
The whispers of past voices
Are slowly forgotten
I can't even remember what words sound like anymore
I open my mouth
An uncomfortable silence
But nothing comes out

5 - EMPTINESS

I cross the vast lands
Of this once vibrant earth
But all is the same
Not a living soul can be found
The remnants of this mechanical world
Rotting and rusting away along the roadside
In the fields tractors are left abandoned
The grass growing high
Cocooning them in vegetation
As the world returns to how it once was before man took hold

6 – SILENT WORLD

Standing at the cross roads on these desolate back roads
 I collapse to my knees
 The tears streaming
 They taste of nothing
 As they roll across my lips
 I stare at the heavens and scream
 But alas nothing
 Not even a whimper
 Not even a cry
 I'm alone in this silent world

MR MOCKINGBIRD

Sitting in the cool beneath a tall blue gum tree
 Summer wind blowing fills me with ease
 Come Mr Mockingbird sing to me
 A tune of majestic harmony
 As you float in the evening light peeking through the leaves
 Come Mr Cricket let me hear your chant
 Mixed with the frogs croak on the rivers bank
 I drift away caught in a daydream
 Listlessly watching the water in a trance
 Captivated by the ripples as they move and dance
 My foot tapping to the unheard song
 The beat in my heart as I sing along
 Chewing on a blade of grass as the daylight goes
 Watching the fireflies emit their ignited glow
 Melancholy mind lost to starry dreams
 Never coming back
 Cause I'm lost to the moment
 Trapped in this serene state of being

CLEANSING RAIN

Green grass growing wild and free
 tangles of blades wooven together
 like a blanket wrapping the earth
 cold and wet between my wrinkled toes
 grey clouds overhead flash menacingly
 a brewing storm lingering in the sky
 a calming sensation filling me whole
 droplets of rain fall majestically
 each one a cleansing shower
 staring in awe at this beautiful beast
 as it rolls overhead like a grey wave
 Closing my eyes the rain drips on my brow
 I listen contently as the rain sounds like a tattoo
 rythmically dripping as it fills the puddles
 staining the concrete dark
 Dozens of blotches run together
 forming like little lakes
 than the little lakes become litte oceans
 little oceans bordering the lush green grass
 a tiny coastline stretching down the footpath

DARK MOON RISING

I see a dark moon rising
 Peeking over the horizon
 Night sky engulfing the cries
 As the children of light go silent
 Hushed whispers are dying
 As the world grows more violent
 Stars in the heavens
 No longer guide us
 Leaving us to wallow in our own vices
 Life's heartbeat becomes dormant
 As if this earth no longer supports us
 We fade away into obscurity
 Praying for a renewed sense security
 Knowing we failed to stop this insanity
 As the dark moon rises
 Defining us causing this deafening silence

Laura Cleary (Ireland)

A 26 year old girl living in Dublin. She has had poetry published by Ascent Aspirations, DCU's Sleepless Nights anthology and has been shortlisted for the 2011 iYeats poetry prize. Her interests include reading, cooking, eating and sleeping (preferably in that order)



Possibilities

If I were your mother
You would eat right
Here, as much as you like

While I stir by the sink
Swirling roux into milk
Grown plumper on feeding,

On fuss, rerepairing
Your worn elbows, thumbs
Pushed through your geansaí,

I'd use that word, 'geansaí',
In front of your friends,
That treacle thick tide

Of wine uniforms, creeping
Indoors most mornings to
Swallow you, carry you

Inch you from home, with
The memory of me still
Hot in your mind as

The spoon in my glass.
If you weren't my mother
If you loved me back.

Runaway

A length of thread is needed
To hang my hope upon,
To tangle through my fingers,
To hang my wishes from.

You offered me a coin purse
To squash my fears into,
Yet, I'm hesitant to take it.
I won't take from you.

I have other options,
Dredging through dirt suits me
As you kindly pointed out
And I'll always suit myself.

So now,
Now I'll suit myself,
Suit myself in chain mail
To join the Latin quarter
To snuffle out the whores.

Their weathered loins unravelling
Have caught in countless places,
Have run through even more,
They dangle many threads.

So, I shall take a battered stool
To squat upon and listen to
Their lives' lamenting sing-song pleas
For the first-born of their scattered seeds
Molested by the by-passers.

I shall win their threadbare hearts
Then they shall use their many means
To find for me a lifeline,
To string my lies up with.

In Search of Roots by *Niall O Conner (Ireland)*

Niall O Conner is a n Irish writer, published again here on Cartys Poetry Journal.
<http://dublinepost.blogspot.com/> is his website.

I

I come bearing sheets of forked ideas
and web-linked names of strangers
from whose loins I'd sprung.
I come as a city dweller,
to find in what small and mean house, or field,
my predecessors had struggled, unaware as yet
that more could be known than the next harvest,
the next child.

At first I found three modern houses,
complete with double garages, new cars,
and trampolines.
Each fresh house, with an apron of closely manicured,
useless grass, whose clippings, heaped to rot,
led me up the lane way. to where the ditch was still agrowing,
and the years were taken back to when the moss
covered stones, were still naked in their busyness,
and when a bend was first turned,
for God knows what reason.

It is to this bend I go, this willful, or unconscious
hieroglyph, where one man stopped
and made our family's home.

II

I find the first, weathered and decaying house,
single storied, single roomed, one eyed
and open mouthed, silent in its memories
of house proud ornament, busy courtesan hens,
and other 'yard to pots.'

At the second house, a horse waited, half door, open.
I was recognised as one of those who braided straw
to bend its will, and so, it tipped its head and snorted.

We gazed; exchanging memories, and
I saw in his stead, Maureen, and Delia, mother
and farmer's daughter, glad for the break in weather,

that allowed the half door to stand open,
and the sun break in;
names I know from a census night, that were impressed
by pen, clumsy in thickened hand, listing proudly
read and write; English for the future,
English and Irish, for the past.

Three cottages in all, with no door facing another
so each man, father and son, could leave in the morning
and go his own way.

From here, at the age of fifteen, my great-grandfather,
had left, and crossed the fields to another farm, picked
by the same calculation and observation, he learned
at the side of a towering leg, that was never uncovered,
never revealed, as flesh.

Even in death, those trunks had remained so,
covered by a shroud that strangely stretched
from chin to toe, and those great hands
that had spread seed were now knuckled, and bound
restrained by prayer, and rosary bead.

III

In the graveyard of Kilcolman, where he lies now,
within a worms length of farmers who once eyed his land,
with intent; between the lichen and the moss,
I searched in vain, for a carved name,
that would tell me, I too lay here in part.

The western wind, that is without beginning
or end, fills all the empty spaces between them
and me, and around these stone placements
I stagger, not knowing where, and when,
I am to fall.

Then from the derelict church, of rounded stone and sky,
a shivering dog fox bolted from where the hunters lie,
and I was shocked to see, as if it was always there,
a landscape shared with toil and care,
and rough hewn cart, followed by skipping waif,
and a tired, stooped man, with chin on forearm,
on upright spade, gazed wistfully in my direction,
and saw his future, before him laid.

Evin Okçuoğlu (Turkey)

Born in İstanbul-Turkey in 1956. She graduated Atatürk Training Institute and started teaching English at High School. Later she completed 4th year at Marmara University.
She worked as lecturer at İstanbul University for 19 years.

She wrote stories and poems for children. She has 6 books. Her other poems and stories are published in different literature magazines.

She has a translation book named "Kosovalı Kız Zana" (Girl of Kosovo)
She has 2 daughters, and lives in İstanbul.

Names of her books for children are:
1-Sakin Kızma Anne/Please Don't Get Angry Mom (Nisan, 2006 ATP publishing)

2-Şiir Bahçesi/Poetry Garden, Ekim, 2006 (71 poems for children)

3-Ünlü Besteciler/Famous Composers, Oct 2006 (life story of 10 composers)

4-Çocuk Emeği Öyküleri/Stories of Working Children, October 2006 (ten stories about working children)

5-Toprak Öyküleri/Land Stories, Oct 2006 (stories about land)

6-Konuşan Eşyalar/Talking Objects Oct 2006 (Talking Objects -10 stories)

7-Çilekli Masal Pastası/Tale Pie made of Strawberry Oct. 2007 (ten tales)

8-İçi Görünen Şiirler (Poems 2009)

9-Sardunya Kırıldıkça (Stories 2009)

Evin

ekmekten önce onur deme zamanı

<http://evinokcuoglu.blogspot.com/>

<http://evinokcuoglu.azbuz.com/index.jsp>

<http://fikretuzunyazilari.blogspot.com/>

We Had Known

Darkness wouldn't have known its darkness
If the light hadn't penetrated inside.

Water wouldn't have known that it flows
If a leaf hadn't fallen on it.

Human beings wouldn't have known its
humanity
If he hadn't strained love from his comb

We could not understand

They came this time without the guns.
Without bombs they destroyed homes.
Without boots our rights were trampled.
Without force we were evicted,
not suddenly, but over years
and no doors were shouldered open.
It was our traditions that they routed.
We could not understand.

With radioactive leaks and wastes,
with their social reconstructions,
oh, how they came and passed,
altering all that once had been
before those years of our destruction.

She burns too brightly
Icarus thinks to himself
Sailors fall easy

Simon Rhee (USA)

We have no bio for this poet, alas, and it was too close to deadline to wait for one. He likes surfing, and is from California, USA.

ELIZABETH A. FONTAINE (USA)



Born and raised in Springfield, MA. I have been writing poetry for the last twenty-three years. For the most part, I write about humanitarian needs, sometimes with a story-like base to it. I'm a single parent raising my wonderful and bright son, Austin. During my lifetime, I have had the opportunity to join the U.S. Navy. During my first tour of duty, I got the chance to be stationed in Sardinia, Italy. I've been published in numerous poetry anthologies; with a variety of stand up poetry readings, as well as every Thursday I attend Blog Talk Radio.

There are two ways to contact me: [www.facebook.com/Elizabeth Fontaine](https://www.facebook.com/ElizabethFontaine) (this one has a small assortment of poems on this site) or through fontaine_elizabeth@yahoo.com

" SCARS THAT RUN DEEP "

Dakota was a special young girl.
She was fascinated with inquisitive taste
and knowledge for the world.
However, at a very young age
she viewed life with little importance.
One look in her direction
and you could literally feel her suffering.
When Dakota was ten months old
she found herself caught in a house fire.
Standing in her crib
as the intense flames kept getting higher.
Ultimately, the extreme temperatures
began to melt her skin.
Even the firemen
who helped to save her life
felt pity as their hearts cringed.
Dakota was seen as
an angelic and innocent child.
That all changed with the critical disfigurement
of more than just her smile.
This girl found herself susceptible
to nonstop gawking and ruthless criticism.
So in this regard,
she became branded

as a misfit through socialism.
Schools essentially offered more resistance
and a condensed ignorant population.
On the other hand, she found it harder
to concentrate on her education.
Meanwhile, her parents behavior
continued to formulate a vindictive pattern.
Their excessively notorious tempers
flared because of financial matters.
Generally, there was no sense in complaining.
Dakota's daily punitive damage was usually a beating.
Sometimes getting locked within the confines
of her bedroom,
without eating.
She often felt trapped and isolated
staring beyond those walls at night.
The girl constantly craved and longed
for someone to hold her tight.
At least for someone to show her
affection and compassion.
Rather than facing consistent bouts
of depression.
Dakota prays that her future
may hold a new direction.

Luana Stebule (Lithuania)

Once more we are proud to feature Luanas poetry.

Farce

Same midwinter
Torture slow walk to the ring.
Still winter,
 still winter,
 still winter.
Sun wanted to climb up,
Moon thought maybe thaw.
Cold stray Lure
Dripping melted bit.
Wind husky whisper
Already lives in a waking deep sleep...
Again wanted to go back to the bud,
Rain the wheel again and repeat
long-rehearsed.
Improved life in the blink of...

Twist

See images you have already left.
In my dream, day dream, feelings of sifting.
Casually, lazily yawning worse days.
Flag-mast, the wind gave.
Constant hurry, stay in the daylight
Should wait, wait, stay.
Wheel of Time is rotating and rotating,
Unfortunately, this weather-beaten, snow
drops, perfect..
Fears. Probably not;
Neither moth nor crickets than the flowers.
Marsh, still aches your spirit
Failed, and broke dripped.
Colorless, cheese - in silence of your tears
Already feeling restless soul to download.
This autumn Scam - temporary.
Soreness hanging on the corners
I wait patiently dreams - capture.
We are all seamlessly intermixed
The perfect one.
Humble cook and thrive in the
Not a moment or an hour per day.
We are energetic soup of chaos always...
Consciousness is still blind maid.
Wish to express their will
Deluded senses, and only five.

Is it just the smell taste sound shape
As the most important and can not find.
Wee bit on the demanding gourmet of God
split slightly.
Shoo away harsh and emotionless words,
May be the light...
 May be the light,
May be...
Round ball rotates
more,
Disappearing comforting hope ash
Your own transportation hub is broken.

Only

Lakes have already returned to the cloud
Even the sun dazzle.
Closed eyes.
Another shoo away and harsh gusts shoo
away,
Maybe the truth,
maybe
raunchy.
I am still a cloud or a cloud will be more?
And the rain slowly pours.
I still...
Letters between the point,
Between demanding silence.
Among the sounds of sustainable,
weak rush
identify other.
Reduce other names
Hope is frozen whimsical life...
This is just a moment
Only sings error.
Perception becomes more important
measure.
Dont touch,
 Dont touch.
Do not be afraid.

Other Way

Look,
 Paper back into trees openness.
 Look,
 Glass in the sand back
 measurements.
 Linen dresses, flowered fields.
 sees,
 All knives forks spoons
 underground.
 Ghost gold, silver and iron
 And you have time.
 Dust to dust
 eternal circle.
 A New Beginning
 will be.

Labels

Illusory effects of the environment
 Drag yoke of belief
 not remember a better
 Freud nor Jung.
 Harness turbulent rolls
 Slope - steep.
 Is less and less talk
 With your heart.
 Words are incapable of loving touch,
 We look forward to the fullness.
 Miracle happened inside,
 Fail and the outside.
 We are each other,
 Pathetic note,
 so it
 Upset and frightened
 his own ego.
 The long-awaited walk
 experiences on mountain tops.
 Fire - Agni.
 In the clarification toward enlightenment,
 You do not need words.
 It was a ford rocks
 already crossed the
 awaited silence.
 surprise...
 coals was circulating
 To me logged in
 Whisleing boyhood wind.
 Greenest leaves torn
 the proud hope.

And it is so
 we are still.

Anike (name)

Of the noblest soul vibrations
 Mature thoughts spasms.
 I'm trying to get wisdom Om (sound) ...
 Medieval alchemists failed
 Change.
 Base metals into gold,
 Still did not invent medicines for all diseases.
 Especially from the soul,
 Especially from the soul,
 Especially from the soul.
 Piercing thought hope will be held on the in
 deep of the universe,
 Angra Mainjus hanging around
 Vigilantly monitoring every breath.
 Rejoice failures and downs
 Ephemeral reality spill canvas.
 Abstraction torture misleading,
 It's your life picture.
 Laughing demons Anath,
 Anuzda Mazda banishes images,
 As ever, the hope white canvas.
 As ever, the new tests
 continuation of the eternal.

Satori

Knelt caught the echo.
 Here and now, the presence of.
 Reach its high point spread collar,
 Buried thirst for self-destruction.
 Pressed shallow thoughts
 emotions again,
 Fraudulent cadmium color
 junction.
 Between birth and death
 mysterious whirlpool,
 a measure of time
 all recurrence.
 The next generation will understand already,
 that spring,
 That autumn.

Barbara Wühr (Germany / France)

Retired Secretary, (b. in Germany in 1939), has been living in Montpellier (France) since 1959. She is a member of "The School of Poetry" on Facebook.

Nowadays she is very occupied in writing her first book titled *Ma Voie, ou comment renaître de ses cendres...*. She claims: "In this book I am telling nearly everything about my life... and I do not know if it will be published

one day... but I love writing... and I added poems and photos of my paintings too... because these paintings are part of 'my therapy' - and I found balance, living here and now... ." Her hobbies include: Poetry, Painting, Esoteric –Spirituality, Reading, Cooking, Sewing, Gardening, Just Dreaming; Sports: Tennis, Skiing, Chi Gong, Tai Chi Chuan.

I - SUNBEAMS

*So entering, tiptoeing, what do I find?
A poem called "Passing By". Never mind!
It is the Poets right to yearn and howl,
Sunbeams attacking his body and his soul!
The grey hair not turning black,
The hopes being drown just for lack
Of being loved with his whole body and mind,
Of those things he cannot possess or cannot find.
Religions telling us that we must not desire,
All our dreams finishing in hell and fire;
Mankind is obliged to live in jealousy and fear,
Not being happy just "Now and Here".
I am preaching the liberty to love and share,
Not to restrain others to be your slave and care
That, as long as poets and other artists make us dream,
Let's rejoice and be reinvigorated by the sunshine beam!*

*P.S. I composed this poem today, when commenting the poem called "Passing By"
by Mr. Susheel Kumar Sharma of India*



II - Revealing Truth

Archangel Saint Michel and his angels coming soon with swords...
That's why "Indigo Children", fighting with apocalyptic words,
For a better world came some time ago to earth,
They have chosen to be "Light Warriors" since their birth.

It is very hard for humanity to accept the revealing truth,
Which like the sound of black music we are calling the blues,
Are those awakening sonnets revealing in us so much sorrow...
So much yearning and crying for vengeance in all those rotten boroughs.

As fire can be drowned in the great sea and the vision
Of wounds being healed, by the moon's energy of oblivion,
The "Light Maker's" task being the connection to body, soul and mind,
Healing with love and understanding...nothing better of the kind!

The "Light Warriors/Makers", as black and white,
Showing the way to balance and put it right...
Bringing the light to Mother Earth both together,
Thus being the perfect androgynous couple forever.



III - Cosmic Cords

(Inspired by the theory of strings)

You hit the main point in my heart,
Seeing no more hanging gallows in my yard;
Being at the end of my tether,
Climbing on the next rope-ladder...
What do I find to heal my sorrow?
Do you remember I have two strings on my bow!

And I tell you that with devil's black luck,
I am able leaving behind me this infernal fug.
To my astonishment I see angels with bright shining hands,
Playing with delicacy universal music on stringed instruments!
All together being a particle of the great "One" of all those Lords;
Come on the inside vibrating to the music of the cosmic cords.



78

IV - Day of St.Barbara

*When "Metatron" sent me the light,
"Sainte Barbe" began the fight...
Too much fire is of no good;
Therefore in between I stood...*

*"Braveheart" with so much love,
Sharing with all of those of above;
Then letting it flow beneath and besides,
In all directions, the energy collides!*

*Parcels of sparkles shining so bright
That you and I are ascending...
Just HERE AND NOW, until realms
Where there is NO ENDING!*

(I wrote this without "thinking" ...

It came to me automatically on the day of Beard the great martyr; and St. Barbara (in Greek and Latin) is a saint of the Roman Catholic Church and the Orthodox Church , celebrated on December 4th)



V - Pégase l'ami de mon âme

Barbara WÜHR, 17/09/2011

Les aventures mon âme... ma sœur,
Je ne les crains pas, je n'ai pas peur !
Chevauchant la plume du corbeau noir,
M'emportant au Champs Elysées, il faut croire.

C'est là que la plus douce vie éternelle m'est offerte,
Pendant mon amour m'attend dans la brise experte...
Et un nuage blanc vient me soulever dans le ciel bleu
L'azur, ivre d'amour, cherchant mon âme dans les cieux !
Entourée de lumière divine et caressant mon âme,
Le plus bel amour étincelle en moi comme une flamme,
Ce rêve éveillé me fait penser à toi laissée sur terre,
Et mon vœux de te rejoindre est de loin le plus cher.

Et voilà que je te retrouve sur cette page blanche,
Pégase me déposant doucement sur cette branche,
D'où je te regarde cherchant encore tes mots pour le dire...
Ecoute ton cœur... entends-tu le son de sa mélodieuse lyre ?

Je suis en toi mon âme sœur, comme tu es en moi,
Pour toujours réunies, fêtons cette union dans la joie !
L'inspiration des poètes cherchant leurs mots sans fin
Se trouve dans le blanc et le noir ne faisant qu'UN !

(beneath the translation by Google)

V – Pegasus, the friend of my soul...

The adventures my soul ... my sister
I do not fear them, I'm not afraid!
Riding the pen of the black raven,
Carrying me to the Champs Elysees, we must believe.

This is where the sweetest everlasting life is offered to me,
But my love is waiting for me in the breeze expert...
And a white cloud just lifts me in the blue sky
The sky, drunk with love, seeking my soul in heaven!

Surrounded by divine light and caressing my soul;
The most beautiful love sparking in me like a flame;
This waking dream makes me think of you left on earth,
And "my wishes reaching you" is by far the most important.

And here I'll meet you on that blank page,
Pegasus gently depositing me on this branch,
Hence I look at you still seeking your word for it...
Listen to your heart ... do you hear the sound of his melodious lyre?

I am in you my soul mate, you're like me,
Forever together, celebrating the union of joy!
The inspiration of poets seeking their words without end
Is in the black and white being one!



VI – I love you so much...

Dear Poet, overwhelming words like this wave are
Turbulent flowers of sea foam coming to me as a saver.
My soul awaiting you, oh my lover, since eternity
Bathed in invisible traumas and the dark side slyly
Shattering our love in thousands of fragile bubbles!
Now, you and I are breaking upon the rocks all those rubbles,
Unraveling this wall obstructing the view to our eternal alliance...
At least rising, clinging together, being just ONE in this cosmic dance!



Frank C. Praeger ::: USA

A Fretted Patience

Marks defaced, skunks, rabbits, chipmunks
alter
the mythic must, the should, the did.
A waterfall terminates.
Forest rangers appear
as if, as if they consist of air.
Brown-needed paths go on.
Barren oaks, decaying leaves, wilted grass,
ancient thoughts.
Torn, treed, a fretted patience.
Add, add,
fill any crack.
Each gift a bribe,
a bride displeased,
the most of me destabilized.

How to Say It

Not largeness per se,
or crankiness for an answer.
Yes.
How's that, nothing more.
Confronted with your least
pallid image of yourself,
yes.
Mouth closed,
molars grinding,
contested claims,
surfeit of assurances,
and, just as before,
yes.
Screwball life,
a tattletale dotes on your past
but more when the only lesson is less.
I can keep saying it,
yes,
panderer of my fancies
to make invincible
my every guess.
I can't
and dogs can't
explain,
nor cats slither their way through this.

A Topping Off

Wish bilked,
lately unfulfilled.
Unattractive aftertastes
left as fossils,
but, then, memorials,
and, still, an eagerness forwarded
to every nodding head,
nagging as to need
as fortune's flippant ways abound.
I am jostled,
closed off,
but not denounced
or cut away,
left, lauding over
a brilliant unasked for first.
Without lasting renunciation,
subject to tell,
a call for sacrifice.
Each day contest.
Pushed, the weary populate
where no broken light bulbs line the way
and each treasure tantamount to an old shoe.

Fixated Maneuvers

That deep, dulled to no end, unstated,
seethes.
Leaves sanctified
still.
Nodular fettered slips, consecrated, aligned,
recede precessionally.
Candled,
starred,
windowframed sleepwalkers roam.
A listlessness drawn out to dawn.
Rushes of sound, word-haunted rage,
an assurance to each scene as thieves
deliberate.

Drummer boys drum away.
Those that have not been heard,
that have not seen loose ropes and frayed
sleeves,
that have not desisted from lines of least
dissent

are now to be found boarding up old houses,
commiserating over moon stones,
while those who might have been heard,
who might have answered - drummers drum
away -
would have, by now, oblivious to shame,
forgotten their own ashen faced anger,
even, the drummers drumming might, by
now,
although fixated on their maneuvers,
be reluctant to remain.

Exuberant

Skin tight Levi's,
last vanity of youth's escapades,
last gesture
of a greater would be nobility,
of crescendo
following crescendo,
towards a day's disintegration,
a robin's manifesto,
a chipmunk's pause,
unrequited
novel
sexual assignments.
Who is to hunt for the secret narrative
of each person's life,
each intractable animal?

A lifetime of it
whether it was lunch, dinner, or sleep,
a music of soundless entreaties
that came after
with its own affect.
Stairs that vanished as we descended.
Stairs, music,
an autumnal patina spreads -
a child's shrill cry,
a huge fear,
a lasting deficit.

A flute player without a flute
on the far side of an empty square,
the far side of each glance,
and the farthest side of a paradisaical
thought
serenely composed as a kitten falling
landed upright.
The flute player is no longer there,
then, reappears,
gesticulating to the images of another era,
to an unfolding light;
and out of the explicit shadows
to have found
there past the outlying hills and lowering fog,
sun turned, heightened, held
bronze, purple, yellow, white,
intoxicated
further than the plush exuberance of
blooming peonies,
those who may have been the fulfillment of a
final magnificence.

Whisper n Thunder
Cookbook for Healthy Living 2011



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Education,
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Whisper n Thunder is a 501c3 NonProfit civic benefit organization dedicated to empowering Native Americans through education, awareness & opportunity. Our cookbook authors come from many tribes across Indian Country, who have shared their family favorites with you in this compilation cookbook.

Whisper n Thunder Cookbook for Healthy Living 2011

Authored by Whisper n Thunder Inc.

List Price: \$12.00

So many of us love to eat! Food is comfort, food is celebration. Food is a memory of loved ones and times past. What we eat feeds our body and soul, but can feed our waistline too. Try your hand at traditional Native American Indian recipes, with healthy suggestions that taste just as delicious! Inside you'll find favorite recipes and healthy living for today's adventurous cooks. With beautiful artwork throughout, this is a stunning addition to your cookbook library. Enjoy!

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