

# scribblerist

• creative writers unlimited •

## Nighttime Swims

We slide soundlessly, thick & wet  
chlorine stinging into our eyes.  
Small gusts of wind billow glassy pool surface  
skin pink interlocking bricks  
crawl through trees that spread across dark sky.

We are shadows  
inching through the night  
distorted by still water.

lonliness, small laughter, words exchanged

Bristle leaves flutter down.  
Metallic water quivers in outward circles.  
We tread, survey each other  
Two months of anger & misunderstanding melt

Distant patio lamps  
sparks of light ripples  
fuse yellow with the moon.

—Jennifer Salter

## Fireworks

Can you see fluorescent streaks  
splattered against liquid sky?

Splinters of painful light  
swell  
and explode  
inside my head

By surveying  
night tranquility  
colours slither into my brain

Hands loosely clasped,  
we watch  
as dark skies unravel

—Brianna Rosenberg

## The Day (Sin) Of Procreation

such is the proverse day that the satins rarely care to  
proclaim their fee on us, their prey.  
We love him in an abstract feared way. Where is it? —  
The one who keeps us in line. For that we are grate-  
ful.

How we shall see him is in an obsolete way where he may be a  
she but still the fear and the sacrificial bliss are  
entailed and remain among us even as we speak.

How to avoid it, for it is all we are familiar with.  
Someone save us for life is too long to be pure for an  
eternity.

Please God save our eternal kiss.

—Tobi Wunch

## Untitled

crashing souls, like concrete slabs  
allowed freedom to find the Earth  
fell with a tumultuous cry from  
crushed men racing home to gaze  
fearfully at the television  
swearing with Earth shattering words  
as pictures similar to Armenia  
one year ago have crowded out  
the World Series.

-aj

## Through the Streets

Crackling wood as flames roar  
And flutter behind their wire cage  
The soft 'clink' of glasses and wine is sipped

While outside, the rain pitters softly through  
the streets.

A gentle caress, a joke, a smile  
And hand holds hand in a display  
Of comfort, compassion

And outside, the leaves blow heavily  
Through the streets

Eyes gaze into eyes — depths of fiery  
Embers explored — of battles won of  
Battles lost. Forgotten —

And outside the cold, penetrating wind howls  
Through the streets

The lovers embrace — passion existing  
In an endless void  
Full of Brilliant colours  
Intense emotions  
Unsurpassed love

While outside the large snowflakes  
Drift lazily through the streets.

—Michael C. Nachoff

## Attraction

For Johnnie

He doesn't understand  
how the symbols can have  
such control over me.  
I could look  
hypnotized,  
(tripping over cracks in the pavement  
he would always catch me)  
and all the while  
exhale their talismatic qualities.

He didn't understand  
when I first met him  
(or was rather forced  
upon him — we worked  
together)  
how I could find  
so much pleasure:  
pure wide-eyed joy.

I used to make him  
walk down Elizabeth Street,  
so that I could gaze up  
at the long white flag  
that hung upon the wall.  
The logo looked to  
me like the seal of an  
Egyptian goddess;  
(not god — it was  
a woman's place  
of regal beauty,  
and infinite power)  
It was her stamp.  
Finally, he gave up  
trying to lead,  
and let me follow  
the pull.

It also happened  
at the police station.  
There were so many levels:  
shapes and pink granite and glass  
And then,  
there was the green.  
The architect must have been a genius:  
there were plants  
(spilling and cascading  
off every corner  
on every level)  
and they were unexpected.

I wanted to  
draw the building  
(paint its green and marble roses)  
to try to capture  
its shapes on paper,  
its sense of rightness.  
This too holds  
invisible energy for me:  
something he can't  
(won't)  
see.

As it is,  
all I can do is  
stand and stare:  
don't even try to explain.  
(The centre of me  
calmed by the balance  
and power,  
just like equal  
push and pull.)

—Jennifer Liptrot

If you are interested in seeing your poetry, prose or short stories  
(max. 500 words) in print, drop off your submissions in the  
manilla envelope in the editors' office at 111 Central Square. Be  
sure that all pieces are proofread for grammatical errors and  
include your phone number.