

Maidenhead

Poem of Haiku

I have heard the birds
Sing hosannas to the sun
Rising in the morn.

I have watched the dew
Like tears on the grass sobbing
For the coming day.

I have had the chance
To be born again today;
The Phoenix rising.

P. L. Buck

I have three brothers

I've lost
the scent of the sea,
the silent trust of my brother's hand,
his fear of the wind,
and his eagerness;
unwearing,
unchecked by the advance of the sea,
digging for clams.

When we were alone
he could hold my hand
and build his rhymes
and explain his sketches
without fear for his pride
and without hiding his fear of the wind.

He was only seven
And I, a decade and half older,
and it can never be the same,
because he is eight
and I, a decade and a half older;
and neither of us still love
the things we loved then.

When the sky became dark
I slept with my brother
because neither of us
liked the dark very much.
We turned out the lights
and he told me wild tales
of griffins and dump-trucks
and seaweed
covering the seaworn rocks.
Griffins eat nothing but dump-trucks
as everyone knows
and even the seaweed
can stand on its head.

He would always go to sleep first
and I'd stay with him a while
because he was only three
and I, two decades older,
could only watch for griffins
in the night.
And it will never be the same
because he is four
and I, two decades older,
and neither of us still love
the things we loved then.

I have three brothers.
One is afraid of the wind;
he imprisons it
in his poems and sketches
and likes to watch it die.
One populates the night
with dragons and griffins
and unicorns and dump-trucks.
knights me castle guard
and sleep in the crook of my arm.

And the other drinks wine with me
in the early morning silence
and plots the capture
of summer maidenheads
and bright virgin eyes.
I am a griffin in the wind
collecting summer maidenheads
on a string which I wear
around my mind.
I have three brothers.
And all of them
are older
or younger
than I.

John Blaikie

Love if you will scarlet

Covering ground that puts me down
has made headlines on my forehead and footnotes at my toes.
Where there is a target no doubt there's a game.
I am a naturally bent bow
a faith in a distant love-my fine feathered arrow.
It shoots me ahead for a while
so I may project my reflexive smile.

And between the head and toes of a human being
is the delicate framework of a complicated machine.
We are assembled and/or created,
a few are packaged but all are rated.
I shot my arrow into the sky . . .
'cause love is but a blind bull's eye.

Duncan Harper

MOMENT AT WHICH

Outside my window
where the sky frozen to the ground holds
the stars still like air bubbles
in ice
it is cold.

The river turning and siding
bores through patches of sky and star
inert in reflection.

Petrified in motion against the moonlight
a white owl hesitates
as if guessing the trees and cloud
in the water a trick.

Eddie Clinton

A Dance Without Motion

"Is there beauty in a kiss?
Have you skated on a tear-drop?"
And what could she answer him? She did not even know if she
was supposed to answer. So she held his hand a little tighter,
walked a little more slowly, and left her doubts upon the snow.
"I've seen Christ many times, walking through the snow
In the midst of the harsh wind, the violent storm.
And I have thought, as I cupped my hand about the candle;
There goes a sad man, a broken God."
And what could she say to him? She knew he often saw his
God, in the winter hiding rage of winter, the wind-stirred forest of
summer, the lapping waves of autumn. So she pressed his arm
gently to her side, and left her fears to the whims of the winds.

"My mind was once in Xandau, upon a hallowed night.
I saw caves of ice, heard a dulcimer.
I reached a hand and stroked a sound
I felt that I was free."

And what should she think of him? She knew that he went
where others could never follow. She could never follow. A place
which was only for him. So she caressed his hair, touched her
body against his own, and left her guilt to wither and to die.

"The spirits are moving across the earth
On their chargers: Love, Birth, Hate, Death.
The four spirits on their chargers are moving,
And which will win? And which will lose?"

And what could she do for him? She knew that he saw these
things which no one else would ever see. No one else would ever
look. Sights, sounds, and places which made him cry into the
dark. So she stopped where she was, placed her hands upon his
face to kiss his lips, and kept her love to give him.

There is beauty in a kiss.
You must skate upon a tear.

Dale Estey

Words At Close

(trying not to step on tender feet)

To Irving Layton - apologies - someone without my knowledge
juggled the lay-out and inadvertently took the poems out of the
context of the review. Mr. Layton are you an "author
unknown"?

To Duncan Harper - apologies - for your name attributed to the
poem "Books" which was written by the semi-anonymous DDH
- whom I cannot thank because anonymity is a form of
cowardice.

To Ann Hale - Pacification - I have been misunderstood,
"Justification" was expressed in the words of the detractors.

-Peter Pacey

THE TURKISH QUESTION

we are so removed from the Turks
and their problems
here is the comfortable West,
where poetry is something
at the end of a long day
too tired to be picked up.
it's the spirit
and not the bones
that has grown weary.

here,
where we can't even kick anyone
with passion,
we lament our poets
while elsewhere
the poets and the people
kick together.

Louis Cormier

You

Nothing helps
a thousand lips I tried
since you left me
warm responsive even loving lips
but

I am frozen into time
the moment of farewell
and the ones before that
no dimension
only print of a distant age

I read
and through the harmony of words
a Botticelli Venus
you emerge
larger than life
truer than real
yet forever mine
because
you see

my senses kept you
the naked nerves of my finger-tips
my eyes and ears
my entire self
tremble in the contact
they never lost
unless

I smash my fingers
rupture my ears
burn my lips
and poke my eyes out
- mine you remain.

Frank Gogos

The Cock Cannot Hold At Bay The Dawn

The wind howls
and it is fall outside my country house
with the rain blowing through the slats
of palms
and the sun
gently illuminating the toilet
at that time when the cock is poised
restfully
atop the spire
and holds at bay in his throat
the powers to make it dawn
or hold the land in forever
golden shimmers

An early morning hiss
in the pipes above me
says that someone is
preparing to shave hotly
amid the chill
so that an athletic day
of jumping over corral
fences
in dust-smitten tea shirts
must follow
and thus the cock cannot
hold at bay,
the dawn.

Jeffrey Lubin