Sand River Journal

Edited by Erik Asphaug
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Different

He said
this isn't anything like your other paintings
no
I said
it is different
so what happened?
this is what happened.

Ralph Cherubini
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The Goats of Spring

The hoof in the marsh
sinks as I pump from rear,
alpine air, thin on the goat.

As I span the worlds I notice a flower,
by her ankle.
spring has come!

James Forgy
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The night we did not dance

at night, i tiptoe to the great dance hall
wearing my heart on a hopeful sleeve.
a transient on waves of light, i pause
to peek through panes
of multi-coloured screens
seeking the intimates scents
of your words at their leave-taking.

i caught the fragrance of your songs
but the curtain opened to an empty room
the night we did not dance.

Zita Marie Evensen
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Untitled

The wing of a battered angel
Fits comfortably within my hand
Her eyes
Weep without ceasing
Though I cannot dry her tears
When I look into her broken soul
And see her fears
I wonder how
I can survive in a world
Where
Even the angels die

Karen M Reagan
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Shadow on the wall

Hard winds blow
I see you shudder from the
chipping cold
    wounds
    caused by ignorance
    and the basest fears
of others who wear glasses
painted over by a mockingbird
I know you better than that

you're no monster
no hideous wrench-clawed thing
waiting to prey upon
the naive
Instead
you're just a shadow on the wall
you hide yourself
like a mother cat hiding her kittens
from cruel nature
It's hard to fight
when your hands are weighed down
by shame
and depression
and your courage is torn from you
by laughing judges wearing ragged robes
But don't let them take your dignity
I know you're no ghoul
just a shattered human
who desires nothing more
than to die peacefully
holding the hand of a friend.

J.D. Frazer
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Afternoon in the Library

You sketch tornadoes
in pen on the blank paper
and sweep me away.

John David Blake
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There is

A lilac sprouts
from a green bottle
of beer.

When it disappears,
green stars appear
on the ceiling.

nothing else.

Alex L. Karan
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Seaside Games

Some times the repetitive mechanical tasks
repetitive mechanical tasks
are the easiest
take your sheet and fold then turn then fold
then score then turn the fold
and see I have a small boat a rowboat with no sail
nor oars
and launch it like the others
seek some fortune on the waters
sun rains shadows but my telescope
is polarised and i don't look at the sun
my boats will all come back with saffron
to rub in my hair and in my skin and sandalwood
to scent my bitten nails and silver twine
to bind my feet
bare legs on honeysmooth sand and set another
boat and wish godspeed
the sun behind no longer blinds and there
a thin white line of boats
rocks gently out of sight
wind tugs but
there is no chill here smiles the sun
and take another sheet

one slow boat comes rocking home
and one and one and one and one
the sea so full of oil that even
my own model boats
come back my ships come in
a thin black line
i pour it over bare hands bare legs and rub it in
now i drip slow and hot and black and touch
my eyes but they have all turned black
the rich dark liquid
slick and damp in the sticky sun
tossing back the slick black beautiful
hair and dress onto the strand
pickup a small red starfish to make it prettier
but mutely beauty cries
and slides away to find a shadow of its own
curl-up-and-dye
now i am beautiful and all my ships have come in
but all i want
to be prettier still not. (crumpled
the last unused sheet). frustration
while the last rays of the sunset's reach
a passage through reversed cool glass
working last hot red clean beautiful magic
to tidy up the beach

Joanna Hart
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How can you ...

how can you measure the sky
with ribbons of sea grass

how can you fill the oceans
in a wine glass

how can you paint the rivers
with pale green daffodils

how can you sleep
on a bed of thistles

how can you light the night
with one firefly

how can you love

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Synergistic Scintillation

sin urges tick
tock click clatter
rattle our bones

we sin 'til late
shun moderation
into the evening
crossing our zones

Kerry Shetline
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Revelation

It seems the master
chose the wrong colors:

twenty years after
the brush left the canvas,
so did the paint.

Yet in this loss
something revealed:

where every image pealed

we find
first was the word.

Where was a leaf,
in ink is written "leaf"

where was a face
a name
of one no longer known,

each canvas teeming
with words at odd angles
(and this may sell again!)

except
where was the signature

is nothing.

Alex L. Karan
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Sand River Journal is a TEX document posted roughly each month. I shall post the TEX file as well as the PostScript file for this document. It is based on writing gleaned from the newsgroup rec.arts.poems. As such, the file you post is converted directly, without correction, into the file that appears above. All attempts are made to maintain the intended format. I am not sure what to do about copyrighted poems; for now I am not including them.

Due to the difficult nature of
TEX typesetting, my editing has for this first issue been biased towards poems without much horizontal structure. I'll get better. Forgive me for all of my present sins.

The content is determined by the editor late at night, usually after a few beers. Please email or post your criticism and/or contributions!

— The Editor