Sand River Journal

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Erik Asphaug, Editor

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♀ ☾ ♂

Avalanche

white recedes to wet

a bird pecks a red
button

sleeping jaw
yawns

falls

Sean Ward
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to those with decorated lives

to those with decorated lives
who live with symphonies of poetry
and stanzas of music ... languages
that flow like veils of waterfall
paintings and gardens and dreams

i am a mist... nebulous   surreal

no walls to hang poetry on
no tearful violins to paint
chords of exquisite pain
no garden of perfumed music . . .

clumsy at language and stranger to love
i can only gaze at those
with decorated lives.

zita marie evensen
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Nightbird

Now it's me who's frightened –
not of you, nor of these things
that have been happening between us,
but of love, unwieldy wings
that flap and flail like something manic
in my hands. Is this heart mine?
I hardly know myself, departed
as I am from my design!
Are these dreams, these broken nest-beds
full of down and shattered shells?
and these, my fledgling feelings,
sweats and trembling nothing quells?
I'm afraid that I will spook you
in my fluttering and fright,
and you'll fly in soft-winged silence
back into the arms of night.
Then I'll have to limp into the daylight,
lone and feather-dressed
and tuck this ranting, sharp-clawed flapper
back into my ragged breast.

Jennifer Merri Parker
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(this is where you come in)

mother says the way
to
a
man's
heart
is through his stomach.
mother - floral bloused, oil-of-olay
sobbing angel,
she makes good lasagne.

in the desert -
hot ridges and paper cut-out
blue blue sky,
i will ladle too much
cream onto the oh-so-english
strawberry scones.
it will dazzle your mouth
and i will lick it clean.
i will put too much tabasco onto the
indian ocean crab -
black pepper corn eyes.
i will cool your mouth with
damp faure' kisses.
i will spill wine down your breast -
(fast wrist flick - crystal glass)
and
hang blueberries from my lips;
sapphire saliva.

i will wash your hair with
crushed guavas
apricots
huge figs;
hook the perfume of cherries
behind your ears.
i will drown the hollow of your
throat with
mulberries.

we will be thirsty
but
we will never go
hungry.

Helen Walne
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How could it be

I see my reflection
but how could it be me
the sun tanned leather
face has a strange white palor
my hair line has so receded
where young ladies use to
run their fingers in the curls
why the aches
the scratching electric pain
in each muscle and bone
the doc says too much vibration
fromn the tractor
but who will harvest the hay
cut and store it safe?
not my son who sits beer can
to his lips watching TV
sports by the hour while
his muscles atrophy
Not the teen who rides the tractor jauntily
to impress the girls
but deserts the task
to follow them
What will come of my land
my crops
Must I sit by waiting for a grave
to quiet my soul
No. Pain speaks of life
and I am not ready to leave
may the pain come but let
it but spark my soul.

Jackie Link
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Angel

all day will fall upon you
in invisible cascades of light
and heat, such is the love
i have assigned you in my absence.

and at night in dreams these
disembodied hands will reach into you,
seeking deftly all the knots
of pain, undoing and undoing.

i have loved you with a cord

of braided flesh and blood and feeling
that would bleed if it were severed.
That, i never would allow.

But all day my heart will hover
beating winglike at your ear.
if you're still enough
you'll hear it.
i am here, but i am there.

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A Reprisal: My Thoughts Do Not Rhyme

Forgive the lack of pretense,
    and scarcity of form.
Mind not, the token hints of rythme;
    these scattered clutches of whispy words
    barely outweigh the sullied stationary they adorn.
Cast no eye askance at my loss of classic style.
Neither should your brow wrinkle where
    my dreadful ignorance of the "mode du jour" is concerned.
A poet's pen and a poet's mind are not joined directly!
The heart knows naught of meter or measure.
My disordered collection of whimsies, forgive, I beg.
For you see, my thoughts simply do not ryhme.

Timothy I Panagos
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Spring Love

I.

Rejoicing the daisy
recoils,
the wind kisses her face.
Tickling,
a bee lands gently.
Blushing,
she knowingly shudders.
Laughing,
he flys away in ecstasy.

II.

Golden rays lie upon earth..
Rising
petals spasm.
Air rushing out
of bulging soil.
Ejecting forward,
coming into spring.

Eddie Carrington
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do not look at me in anger

i was furious . . . livid with anger
how dare he   what did i do, he said
nothing, i said   but i was furious
about inconsequential things

please, he said

do not look at me in anger
i cannot bear that shy-sensuous pout
i cannot endure that fire in your eyes
their raging exquisite flames
lighting firecrackers in my soul
oh, please do not look at me
with such livid passion
i will only love you

that much more.

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A Doubtful Comfort

Stress soils me.
It buries me, the worm I am,
And comforts me:
A cool, dark blanket of soil.
I am naked
Without its life-stealing symptoms
And properties
Which hide my true self from others.

msj
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Blue

Her eyes
breathing miracles
rings of burning sapphire

Her stare
blue iris manacles
chain me to crimson fire

lips

carve delicate whisper
azure whirlpools pull me
in moats I swim
that make her
an ocean deep eternity

In torrent circle water storm
I will
drown in hole darkness
I become her pupil

Shawn
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Solitary

She wept a solitary diamond,
Multi-facets shimmering
As it tumbled from her cheek,
Too precious to taste with a kiss.
And I?
I was her broken heart.

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Call for Help

Her voice echoed, shattering the sunlight.

A hoarse cawing, crow-like as she called my name.
Panic in the rasping, as I hurried to her,
    clasped her broken hand in mine.

Her so-fragile body lay swathed in hospital white,
    slight as a child's under the covers.

"Talk to her." they said. "Just be a friend."

Talk to her.

And what do I say to this battered body,
    these blind eyes begging for comfort?

All I am now is fury at the men who did this to her,
    and there is no softness, no beauty in me anymore.

I am huge with righteous anger and my hands are giant,
    too clumsy to begin to mend this human spiderweb,
        this tracery of delicate strands
            torn apart by careless predators.

I must suppress this passion
    or I will tear her apart all over again.

Speak past the tears in my throat
    for beauty lost
        for friendship.

"Hello. How do you feel?"

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velvet

sunlight nudging away sleep
nothing to do   nowhere to go
just lazily drifting between
dreams   cool silk sheets
and jade-sky morning

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when your skin is too tight

when your skin is too
loose,
it sags —
post-party balloon.
it drags behind you through
sour corridors like
wet cordouroy.
it collects dust and goes black
and tangles around your legs while
you sleep.
it slaps around the floor under the
breakfast table and jams
revolving doors in fancy hotels.

me,
my skin is too
tight.
it forces my arms into tango's
while the orange disc of the sun
feeds itself to the mouths of valleys.
it stretches me out —
deliciously painful,
and lures ladybirds to
prick small feet over me.
this wicked wicked peach
polyester
crab-walks my body onto the
floor
beneath the window —
allows my mouth to be
stung
by frozen moonthings.
my feet and hands are stretched
and pinned
to the four corners of this
rippling room.
my head is
pegged over the ocean —
translucent net for starfish
and
rocket-ships.

Helen Walne
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Silver Thimble

You appeared thin, but no steel
could pierce you. I wanted
you to be more than an inch
of polished metal.

An inch, I rationalized,
is no shallow height
when measured from a
sudden cloud burst.

I used you to try and mend
my torn things. Hoping
the friction would warm you.
Now you are back in your
mother's sewing box, where
you are safe, and

as I fix these holes
I will surely endure

some pain.

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Sphinx

I sang a song of mystery
not meant for all to comprehend,
of ancient sands and hidden vaults
and of the fertile river bend
where jewels cast up on deltan soil
lie sparkling like the starry sky
and spell the hero's fortunes out
in pearl and lapis lazuli.
I sang it for my seventh son
who lives to find my secrets out,
just as I live to lead him on
and in, to all I am about.

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