



April

Evie Ivy

The New Poet

She took her pills.
Bottles of big pills, little pills,
Those sugar-coated pills
Decorated her shelves.
She took her pills.
She even tried sunning herself
In Miami and in Mexico,
But still those capsules waited.
She lived to hear the doctor
Pat her and say,
"Good girl. Good girl. Good girl."
She took her pills.

One night she took a tall glass
Of water and swallowed the moon
And cured herself forever.

At The Railway Station

In dusk, I sat to wait for my connection
With a strange feeling I knew the lady
Who waited nearby, flowers on her hat
And wearing a dress with small bouquet
prints.
Exhaustion showed well on a pretty face.
I tried to ignore, careful not to stare,
Then from her lap a large bag flopped! I
rose
To retrieve it. It was heavy, stuffed with,
I couldn't help noticing it - ideas
And inspirations! Heavens, I thought - the
Muse!
Lifting the bag I noticed some bruises
On the side of her face. "The slam," she
said.
"Other Muses don't have to work so
hard."
And I sat down wordless, as she continued,
"You know there are those that if they
don't write
A poem a night, it's death. They believe
They can snap their fingers and I'm
there." She looked
For something in her bag and then added,
"It's not easy." With a small comb she
whisked
Away at a strand of auburn hair then said,
"I don't know why I'm doing this; I doubt
They care." A rattle soon filled the night's
air.
Standing, she said, "Be well," and with
one hand held
Her hat with the other that bag, and it
seemed
She took flight toward the whistle that
blew!



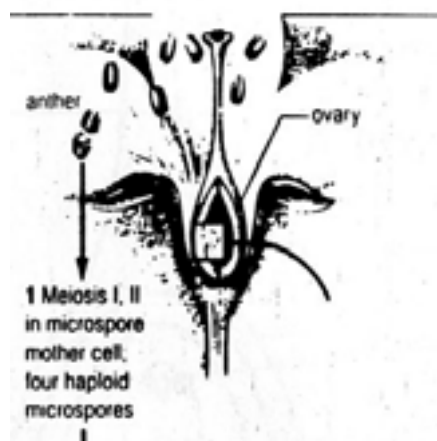
Daryl Lang

Robot Inferno

He Swings and swivels to the beat
on gyro-balanced cyber-feet.
You'll never see a thing so neat.
That wacky dancing robot.

A hundred people gather 'round
to watch the robot boogie down.
They dig that funky robot sound.
That zany dancing robot.

It's caught on fire! Son of a gun!
The sparks! The flames! Call 911!
Move toward the exits, everyone!
That sizzling, smoking robot.



Laura Dinnebeil

Image

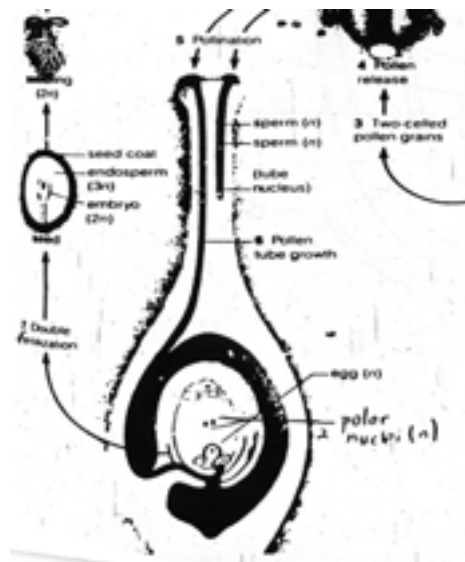
Married to the typewriter keys,
the divorce is bloody as I lie in bed,
writhing like a lost suicide pill that won't
go down,
and can't throw up.
Macy's won't let me write.
Viacom thinks I cum fruit punch.
Hollywood keeps cutting my hair
and I look like Juliette Binoche,
except too short and sad.
Outwardly unartful,
painters blow away chalk like they're
kissing between my legs,
or sawing at my wrists,
or beating my eyes,
after I shined your jewel and your head
sat higher than the skyline,
glowing images of your house from my
bra,
like pale church light,
while your wife bustles to the phone and
neatens the flowers.
(I'm almost happy right now.)
And you two bath in LSD,
you washing her breasts with expensive
bubbles.
But I'm a star-
withstanding psychosis like an astronaut
in a blow-up shuttle-
and I'm sure, I'm sure,
I am an intrinsic part of your orgasm,
like bits of leaves you can't sweep away.

Laura Dinnebeil

(continued)

A Quarter of a Million Buddhists

A tsunami just drowned the world's
definition of life.
It is not precious under God's wing,
there is no sense but that America is a
trivial dollar bill.
Fifty thousand children were murdered- a
mountain of thumb suckers.
An entire species has perished,
but American children watch cartoons on
Saturday morning,
screaming at their mothers for Coco Puffs.
The earth moved in it's sleep
and villages are flooded with shit.
Indian women weep uncontrollably at
mud graves.
I am shocked sitting in the welfare office
for three hours
as I struggled with upper middle class
snobbery;
I can not get on my knees to pray
anymore,
my body will not allow it.



Ted Kazinski 1

A shopping cart of fire
urinating in my mouth.
Your marriage.

Hunger every two hours.
Volcano hunger.
Your marriage.

Fresh newspaper
smelling like murder.
My poetry.

Black water color
swimming away,
under thick white house paint.
A man I lusted for in the mental
institution.

Petroleum spilling into oceans of
friends,
them swallowing as I suckle
on my mother's dead chest,
grasping for your hand
in the psychiatrist's limousine.
A charming old liar.

Kurt Sass

You are Cordially Invited

Come one, come all!
You are cordially invited
To the 25th Anniversary
Of the union of me and my mental illness.

That's Right! A quarter century of
Depression, Mania, Psychosis,
Self Abuse and Suicidal I-De-Al-Li-Za-
Tion!
Oh! Its been a tested relationship,
This mental illness and I.

Many have tried to break us up.
Psychiatrists with their medications.
Psychologists with their advice.
Countless others with programs, evalua-
tions, trainings, etcetera, etcetera.
Meditation, prayer and even Shock
Treatments gave it their best,
But this bond between mental illness and I
can't be broken.

No matter how hard they tried,
Good intentions and all,
My mental illness is here with me to stay,
Forever and ever.

So please,
RSVP,
And if you can't make it,
Don't you fret!
There will always be a 26th,
And a 27th.

So, don't you worry!
We'll always be together,
My mental illness and me.
We're not goin' anywhere!

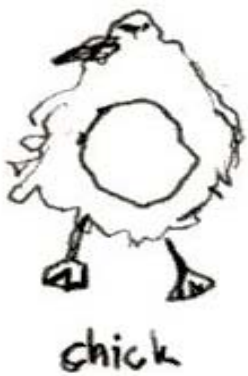




David Parsons

Lent

The day drums upon the resistant skin, persistent thrums, demands, crescendos in a bittersweet tattoo to mark the beat, the tap-pop-tasks tap-now-yes-pop-speed (faster here) no-wait-tap-do-this-that-wait. The weight. Don't stop, really, not even for - or three - Just pop-dance-tap march-pop breathe-tap mark-beat Time. Each day. Thine.



Beatrice Diamond

Nature's Mood Music

Without voice but with bold sound like a clarion call of Joshua's trumpet heralding battle, it rages and ravaages howling and gusting.

At times it whistles arrival, like a train announcing destination.

It evokes sweet song, interludes of melody and swaying leaves, stalks of green.

Silently it pushes, directs some objects take quiet flight, others to move noisily with rhythmic beat.

Vocal though mute, present yet unseen, making known to the moon its capricious moods caged therein for release.

Eugene Ring

Spring Fever

Now with Spring I hear the din of girls and boys The inevitable noise: rejoice!



Jay Chollick

Milking It

Blue milk, nourishing and strange, how strange the mouth that's drinking it; the glasses filled with it; but it's the spurting source—the cow

Huge, with golden eyes who is blue ribbon here—she is where strangeness

Peaks—who with her cud, her wadded mouth, that mystery of grinding, with strange in steady power chewed into it, blue grassy bits—though its color wears

No uniform. Some grass grows bluish near the sun. But west of the orb where all things darken—grass

Grows wayward, sliding ivory toward albino, but the moo stays blue, the moo moo mood of it—here on

The farm; the barn; the cow inside of it, blue's peaceful home, it has become our strangest

Domicile. Where sky, perched on the world's great shoulders—mixed blue as milk, is looked upon—great visual gulps, we drink blue-brilliant or its nocturnal force—and though

We peep at starlit bodies we are cowed by them, crushed by the sky's unrolling strangeness, the blue disdain that turns to insecure all hopeful sight, makes every timid glance seem pinched and anxious

Madeline Artenberg

Empty Frame

She clasps him to her like a gymnast who must trust rope pulls her body up the twisted strands hand-over-hand, palms bloodied going up the never-ending beanstalk.

She stops climbing pauses in front of an empty frame waiting for a picture to fill it a picture of one hand on a rope clinging hard the other hand off reaching into nothing until nothing becomes something grasped with one hand then two, freeing her body to fly.

She clasps her arms around him like a frame waiting for a picture to be drawn.

William Duke

Golden Muse (ABC poem)

A boy can't do everything, Forget going home. Inside just keep longing, moving now on purpose, quiet restless struggle toward understanding voice within Xanadu's yellow zone.

Old Glory

Sirens red head towards cloud of white dust against sky blue. Horns are blowing traffic standing still in the anxious awful wind.

A sea-change in the wind, some citizens see red, masks fear and white knuckles bearing blue uniforms blowing pipes. Search to find in-

side the rubble deep deep in, our hearts have stopped, we have no wind. Yet lining up our blood still red, the night is white, body parts are blue. Acetylene torches still blowing.

And everywhere is blowing, the monster we let in. Protect our hearts from hate and pride, protect our ears from wind. save us from the seething anger red, instead, see lily flower white, upon on the pond of blue.

This morning blue turns to afternoon blowing new numbers coming in, more candles must be lit, in heavy wind. with eyes scratched raw and red we see more dust, more white.

And what is white? And what is blue? And where is it all blowing? The answer is in the gnawing wretched wind. War is red,

red white and blue and blowing in the wind.

E.E. Cummings

spring when the world is mud-luscious the little lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come running from marbles and piracies and it's spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

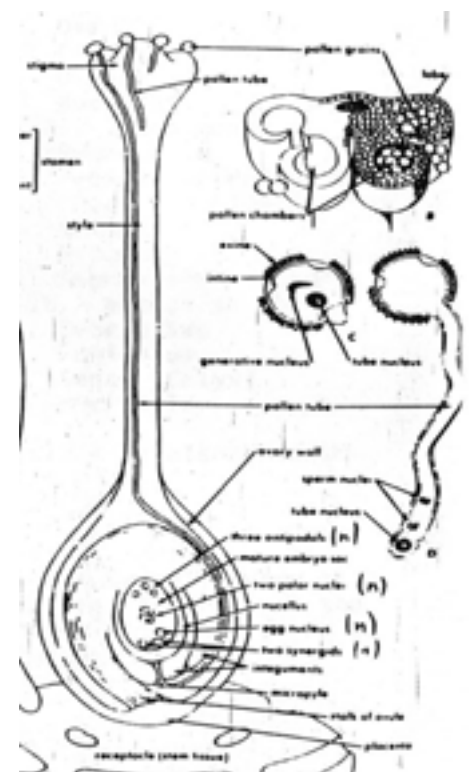
the queer old balloonman whistles far and wee and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's spring and the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles far and wee



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Directions: M or R to Prospect Ave. Walk up hill (Prospect Ave.) past Fifth Avenue. Church is on #283 on the left.

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Calendar of Upcoming Readings

April 5 - Ice + Open

May 3 - Harry Ellison, Rabbi Harold Swiss + Open

June 7 - S. David, Les Lopes + Open