



Daryl Lang

Letter from the Editor

Biking on Sixth Avenue recently, I was astonished to look out over the Prospect Expressway and see a gigantic cruise ship in the distance. It was the Queen Mary 2, looming over her new berth in Red Hook, visible from miles away. Being caught off-guard by one of the biggest cruise ships ever built was another reminder that we live in a dazzling city. Inspiration comes at us from every direction. A large number of you felt inspired to write and submit poems for this issue. As always, thanks. Because of your contributions, we have a true boatload of poems this time. Enjoy! — The editor

Ryn Gargulinski
Souvenir

yes –
I miss –
New York – its
twisted thump of
energy my twisted
batch of friends the
twisted trusses that defend the
Brooklyn Bridge – so I sustain
myself with ocean roars &
dark moss glommed to
trees & keep a
suitcase stuffed with
twisted in my head.

Robert Dunn
12-Tone: Music Shop

Gleaming guitars line the
walls like Royal Guardsmen.

Brasses and woodwinds hang
from the oaken rafters

Mimicking belfry bats

maybe haughty gargoyles.

The hoary shopkeeper
waves a dulcimer at

A kid who yearns for a
Clapton Special Gibson.

But settles for bongos,
dismaying his Old Man.

Charles J. Butler
C.O.D.B.

More
O' the same
Motion's going thru
you
Not t' other
way
Fakin' it
pretty much
Smiley face t' this world
T' rage
N' burn
deep within
Ten thousand years o' sleep
Sounds like
a winner
Only, no sleep to be had
Only...
joy, pain, hope, sadness.
Just the
cost of doing business
N' livin'
is bizness
Bridge is
burnin'
under y'r feet

So
you
jump

Su Polo
You Bring the Sun

July 22, 2004

My velvet pen sends forth the blossoms
Petaled beds in bunches, in glad bouquets.
Sweet spindly bramble of scented starlight
Ferns and fronds, the mosses — ours.
Buttercup and lily pad, their plates
Filled in golden praise.
You bring the Sun — you bring the day.
Pray, never turn your face away.
The jewel weed — You rise above
Love is greed — The clouds the moon
The Earth does turn to face the Sun,
There is no need if we are one.

Phil Linz
**The Three Thousand
Mile Garden**

for R

The current morning ritual: coffee, check
e-mail,
Often, joyfully, finding your reply

We've done this for a while, we're
continuing:
Connecting. Laughter, histories,
occasional complaints

The pink-and-white spring flowers: the
East
The ever-present redwoods, the eternal
sea: the West

You, and I: our private, living garden.

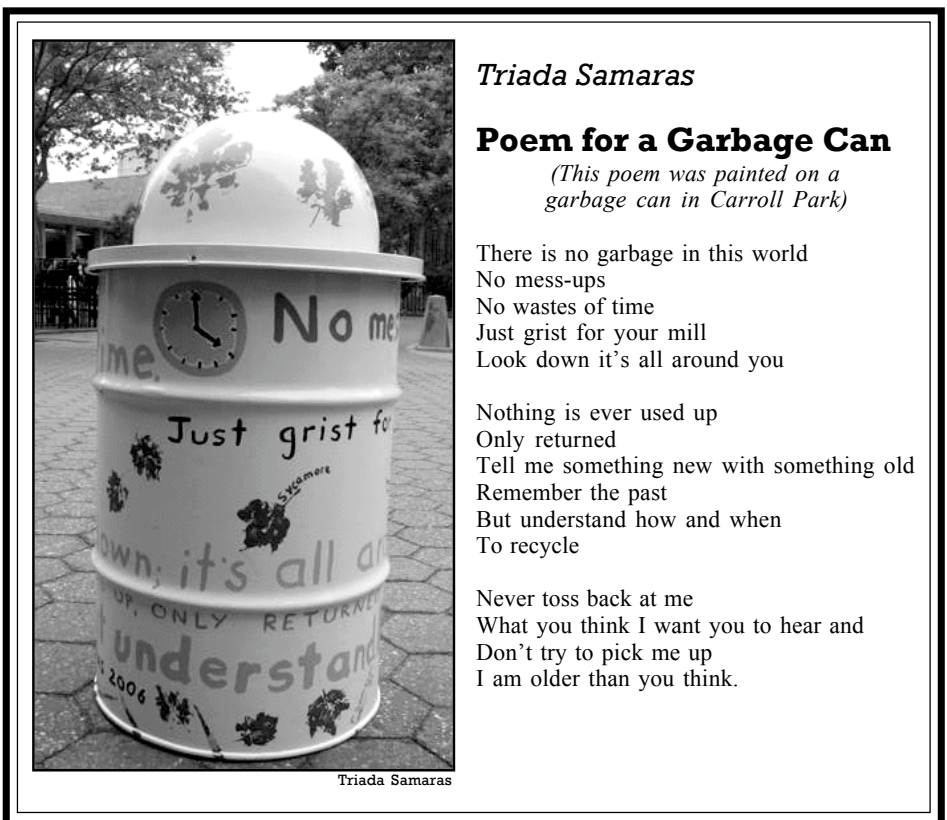
Convent Station, NJ
May 06

Craig Fishbane
Cherry Electric

Your smile glistens beneath a
diamond-studded nose
as you glide to my table in
black-stockinged legs
You've become my habit, my ritual, my
cinnamon addiction
My nameless daily comfort in a navy blue
skirt
"The usual?" you ask as you pull out your
pad
the way you did in Junior's restaurant for
days in a row
Chocolate fudge cake and ice cream were
all that we had
seven layers of connection from your
hands to my lips
sweet release from the hell of murder-one
jury duty
death penalty depositions and two-hour
lunch breaks
corny jokes, coffee refills—a note
scribbled on the check
the day the judge declared a mistrial in the
case
and now you're slinking on my lap as you
lift a spoon to feed me
a caramel pixie body pressed against my
chest
your eyes a dark screen for the cherry
electric flickers
of the camera that's perched on a stand
beside my bed

Todd Friedman
A Neighbor's Light

From far away
The glare coming through the evergreens
Looked like it could have been a
neighbor's light
But we weren't sure
So I reached for your hand
And we walked down the driveway out to
the road
Until we had to smile
Do you remember that night when we
walked to the moon?



Triada Samaras

Triada Samaras
Poem for a Garbage Can

(This poem was painted on a
garbage can in Carroll Park)

There is no garbage in this world
No mess-ups
No wastes of time
Just grist for your mill
Look down it's all around you

Nothing is ever used up
Only returned
Tell me something new with something old
Remember the past
But understand how and when
To recycle

Never toss back at me
What you think I want you to hear and
Don't try to pick me up
I am older than you think.

Rhonda Lewis
Touching Evil

And so I worked and did not even know
That something strange came rapping at
my door
IT strode inside, and, seeing my home neat
Laid my home to waste beneath ITS
ruthless feet
IT rage and roared and raged some more
And then, IT left the door ajar
So those who might, and could and will
Could stop and stare and look their fill

And when I knew, my heart cried out in
pain
For things once lost could never be the
same
Though evil came and touched with hands
of red
I deny IT the comfort of my bed.
IT cannot rest
IT will not rest
IT must not rest
For I still live
For I STILL live
For I still LIVE

Marc Levy
He Would Tell You

Here in the secret chambers
Of my darkest heart are things
I will never tell:
Here is oily blood and brittle bone
Here are clotted lips, frothy lungs
Decomposed and muted tongues
Here twisted cloth lays strangely stiff
In a powdery triptych pit
Where a dumbstruck man and wife
Lock quick lime arms round their
Dream face child. Here
Past the grave yards fragrant stones
Memory's nightmare head will not lay
prone,
Its battlefields etched on a red brocade
Inlaid with a crown of skull and bones.
Yes, here in the busy chambers
Of my heart are things I will never tell-
Though I swear we did not mutilate-
Only booby trapped or ransacked-
Disdained from taking human souvenirs.
No, we did not do that.
So, though I nearly did
Let me never tell you
Things you cannot know
Let me never tell you
Things that won't let go.

Patricia Carragon
The Bride

I want to share my body with a dream,
Touch the core of his fruit
And water his love with affection.
I want to watch him sprout into a sturdy
tree,
Pass through each season of love,
Watch budding desire caress his heart
And shed his leaves of apathy
Only to grow stronger and taller
Year after year.

My dream can only survive
In the fertile soil of imagination
After experiencing life's cruelties.
This beloved tree cannot grow in fate's
soil –
Not an ounce of my tears could ever revive
This monument to his heart.
I would only wail in vain
And etch crevasses of wrinkles,
Aging the earth around my tree.

My veil will be gray when you marry me
And cross that boundary between life and
death.
I will rejoice and mourn at the same time
Since I will be your bride and widow,
But devotion will weave us into a tapestry
Too fine for silken threads to depict
Two trees on the hilltop,
Growing together as one.

October 2000

Bill Pyles
**My Catskill
Mountain Home**

It's my Catskill Mountain Home
and it's given more to me
than I ever thought
or even dreamed might be.
I hike her mountain trails,
I swim her cold fresh streams.
No matter where I go
in my dreams I always see,
my own Catskill Mountain Home
for it means all the world to me!

In my Catskill Mountain Home,
there's a world right right at my door.
It gives me all I want.
I could not ask for more.
I chase her game, her deer.
I fish for trout and bass.
I heat my house with wood,
I cut from her great store.
It's my Catskill Mountain Home.
It's the place I just adore!



Craig Fishbane

Ricki Stuart
The Botticelli Of
Brighton Beach

From the darkness
 She appeared.
 Porcelain face,
 Renaissance beauty.
 Eyes round and luminous
 Fragile madonna.
 Asking me if I were a Jew
 At a rock concert.

I said yes and no.
 She was doing a Mitzvah
 Would I please light
 Shabbas candles on Friday night
 A woman's job and glory.

Sculpted transparent
 Moonskin madonna
 Botticelli maiden
 With ecstatic eyes.

Wondrous womb
 Of the Israelites
 Selling me God
 And Judaism at a rock concert!

Inspiration of Modigliani
 Raphael and Da Vinci
 Bodhisatva
 Who sings Shabbas songs.

Fifteenth century
 Icon of the Renaissance
 Brighton Beach beauty
 Daughter of mine.

Sitting with friends
 She speaks only to me
 Telling me my duty as a woman,
 "Light candles for shabbas."

She knelt beside me
 Kissed me lightly on the cheek
 And disappeared into the night.
 We all must return
 To where we never left.



Jay Chollick
A Pretty Victory

You always knew it, that
 it's the ring
 that makes a finger
 valuable. A wrist as well—if it's
 pulsed
 with diamonds

And a body's no longer
 scarecrow—when,
 with logo-dazzled straw—past
 the crow—when it is
 hung

With luxury! Wasn't it Dior,
 exquisite and ephemeral, the
 merest wisp you wore
 when lying there—that
 made the coffin

Fabulous?
 How all the pretty things,
 wielded weapon-like, how they
 protected you,
 softened the rough beast
 with cashmere-Life!
 Life!

Crashing through
 emeralds, the giddy barricades,
 they'll never fall—not with
 you involved, steel-fingered
 hedonist—you and
 the oyster-tearing it
 open—sucking out tongue-unctuous
 its briny
 pearl

Tim Brennan
A Season Avoided

5 May '06

You won't feel the blanket of heat
 for you will sleep in a Summer hibernation

As a hound, you bound through mounds
 of crimson leaves under colorful, thinning
 trees.

You were blessed with the cool white of a
 Winter
 amidst a pine forest

Spring found you comfortable
 in a final way

Good bye for now,
 'cause you won't feel the blanket of
 heat,
 nor June's bright burning
 nor July's sweltering sweat
 nor the dog daze of August

Good-bye Tralee,
 but just for now

'Rugby' will be waiting
 and he'll run with you
 over rolling hills
 as a mate
 in an eternal season

Tell him 'hi' for me
 & good-bye
 just for now...

Kristin Dorazewski
Prayer

Beneath you I lie. Awake – since I slept all
 evening while you paced and played and
 watched them win.

You ask me if I pray. A question not asked
 since my greener days in Georgia – me in
 old mills tangled up with young lovers. I
 ask you back, curious again where you
 might stand in this field of spirits I've
 touched.

You answer; and I listen.

I hear your breath deepen. Your body is
 still.

In mid-sentence, you drift away as I muse
 our existence.

And early in you said 'How lovely it is to
 be with you.' On a wooden frame you took
 a kaleidoscope to my eyes, and I took it to
 yours. Turning and spinning one eye into
 seven.

Beneath you I lie. Awaiting another alarm
 – yours or mine – to take me from your
 hold. I imagine, 'How can this last?' I
 revel in your prophecy of late mornings
 and fortunes in songs, late evening walks
 in the park 'cross the Pavilion.

I hear the rain outside. A gentle tempo
 moving the colored leaves. We, too, move
 gently in our rhythm. Somehow it reminds
 me of dreams last night of gasoline and
 churches. Of little boys trying to burn god
 – and his believing people.

And your words 'total' and 'intact' once
 crossed my words of 'toxin' and 'bloody'
 – on a board that showed your assurance,
 my fear.

Beside me you stand. Then touching me
 one last time before you leave. These
 mornings, this time,
 I know is pure. Like your dire pleas I call
 prayer.

Matthew Anish
Purple Waves

Life
 changes
 when purple

waves
 surround you
 And when the icy
 winds
 of time
 fly by

you'll note the
 truth
 as one million birds come forth
 into the light

Beatrice Diamond
Lower East Side
Tenement Museum

Tiny rooms
 balanced each
 atop another
 six story brick stage
 for Jewish, Italian, Irish
 immigrants
 trudging wooden steps
 mounting skyward
 their gateway to America.

Hearts smoldering in
 burning hope
 clutching immigrant dreams:
 freedom, opportunity,
 golden glittering streets;
 finding muddy reality,
 slop pails, crowding, hunger,
 illness, sweatshops.

Undaunted new
 fusion of humanity
 searched identity,
 held hands,
 kept faith,
 raised families,
 struggled, cried,
 learned, sang,
 reveled in the will
 to succeed.

Then took flight,
 burgeoning citizens
 on the morrow of a new world,
 contributing multicultural
 talents to its image,
 touching its shape.

erato

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Space is limited and we give
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 Project's open reading.

The Park Slope
Poetry Project

meets the first Tuesday of every
 month at 7:30 pm in the basement
 of St. John-St. Matthew Emanuel
 Lutheran Church, 283 Prospect
 Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11215.
 All are welcome.

Directions: The church is on
 Prospect Avenue between 5th
 and 6th Avenues. By subway,
 take the M or R to Prospect
 Avenue or the F to 7th Avenue.

Upcoming Readings:

June 7 - Robert Dunn + open
July (No reading)
Aug. 1 - Charles Butler + open
Sept. 5 - Craig Fishbane + open
Oct. 3 - Rhonda Lewis + open
Nov. 7 - Todd Friedman + open

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