

II

To the crown of the volcano,  
the dog's tracks without the dog led.  
Old souls in the bodies

of boys  
and also in the bodies of girls  
were pairing off. *Putti* played house.

Not needing to peer  
over just yet, they sat  
by the edge and stuck like lime.

One lit  
a match to make a mark  
where the birds had crossed –

sulphur smoke  
broke my skull open for strange companions  
to know my thoughts.

How long may I  
plant my feet and stay afloat?  
How long before the mountain blows?

I held my hand out: *Meine Fraulein*.

III

Down again, sober morning  
stung the lips.  
Our bodies felt first-risen from a tomb.

You begged for scuba tanks and a spear gun,  
reaching your feeler out  
to measure me and weigh your doubt.

In silence we walked the many oars-long  
length of shore  
to the pale and azure island bar

where I got lost  
in pictures of the past:  
wrought-wire, inky faces

of frogmen leering from their launching gear.  
I drew near the depth of their gaze –  
each handled his spear

with the dream of corking squid  
to weather the low season;  
sharp, translucent, uncontained, mortal

a few glass eyeballs  
circulating the silent world,  
going down like stones.

**G. DAVID SCHWARTZ**

**Word Less Haiku**

1 2 3 4 5  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
1 2 3 4 5

# POETRY FLYER

**ALWAYS FREE, ALWAYS TITILLATING THE PUBLIC EAR**

**COREY MESLER**

**The Night After You Left**

I waited all night  
for God to touch me  
with his finger,  
an electric torch.  
I waited because you  
were gone and  
you would not return  
with your body  
white as a dove.  
When dawn came I was  
neither touched  
nor happy. I wrote  
you a letter.  
I still have it  
here, decades later.  
This morning I  
unfolded it,  
so soft it seemed money,  
and I did not  
recognize my own words.  
What I did see though,  
for the first time,  
was the face of God,  
there between my  
terrible consonants and verbs.

**MILES NEWBOLD CLARK**

**Hospital**

They marched into our village unannounced  
In a single column, their holsters neatly  
Buttoned, their modern artillery clinking in back.  
They stopped short on the cobbled thoroughfare,  
And started asking us for the authorities;  
And when they rapped on the fat  
Shopman's door, we caught  
That whiff of boot oil and steel; saw  
Modifications to an old insignia.  
But in fact their commander was quite  
Cordial with our mayor, discussing topics  
Like satire and transcendence  
Over lunch in the town grass, as red ants  
Crept forward, for spoils, and spoiled, his tin.  
They rose after lunch, reformed their line,  
And dynamited the bridge behind them  
And left.

**Virus**

A man with too many gold teeth  
Snatches a seat on a packed Roman subway -  
And seems transfixed by dull roaring  
When the accordionist passes through.

# COGITATE US

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## JOSHUA MARCUS

### Untitled

Penthouse pages  
gummed onto lint  
that infest eggshell carpet  
like lice  
who are my company  
for no others share my bed covers  
whose wrinkles and crevasses deeper than the  
Himalaya  
are bathed in molasses sunlight that pours  
from my perpetually yawning windows and doors  
that breathe upon  
but have yet to entice  
elysian Andrea  
I coated the thanksgiving turkey  
dijon, vinegar, and brown sugar  
then I squeezed a few drops of lavender  
to remind me of the scent of her  
massaging it into the legs, the thighs, and the  
breasts  
I pressed my lips to the skin and licked from  
within  
but it behaved like carrion  
so my incisors of the night took action  
forgetting I was vegetarian  
My grandma made me feel horrible  
by squeezing my cheeks and saying  
oh, you're so adorable  
if only she could change  
her name and her mind  
to Andrea  
i'd perform self-lobotomy  
to forget my mother came out of this body  
that no one would care for  
everyone else would be crushed  
so i'd wash her warm moist pants  
glue in her dentures  
and scream in her ear  
until my world was hushed  
so that old Andrea could hear  
I love thee I love thee  
My last breath would be her last breath  
that she kissed  
unto me

## H.E. MANTEL

### *Tumi or not Tumi?*

No, It was not my time  
to jaunt & jump about  
the *World* with You, to  
glowering-green-glows  
of *Ischia*, the *privileges*  
of Mackinac, "...our Paris, *Ilsa!*"...

Ornamented *ataud* &  
calefacted incinerators are  
merely better-funded!, to a last-  
notice of proteaned hoar, the  
dearth of *silk*...

So, it was to be  
Goa, or Delhi "curry-in-a-hurry" not,  
and the touts & shouts  
as We passed...  
You in *those* shoes,  
toeing-up with heel asway  
like a silent, ticking-pendulum,  
Me, watching...

Allowing sole *specialnesses*, but a few  
to my *inti-mated* Life,  
why there was You insinuate...  
*e'er Yours*-sporadic, tho'  
an extravagance of Soul!, like  
incipient Sinatra, or  
the piano of Jarrett! But,

No, it was not your time  
to jump & jaunt-about  
with Me, but for You,  
like a *junkie* afeared of needles,  
to be going, & mine  
to *Write...* of It, plecking-off  
the *pilpuls* from  
my blanket, & You  
to replacing the batteries  
of your vibrator, and  
for Now... perhaps as recent  
as tomorrows' *accident*.

## DAVID FEINSTEIN

### Cracks In The Stone (in the garden with Jared)

The portrait of our freedom is a mirror.  
In the garden, our eyes burn  
into leaves and trance of worn  
paving stones. I falter, breathe,  
and falter again. The portrait exhibits  
unreal tendencies:

A dog drinks from the birdbath;  
a truck inscribed “when the outcome  
must be absolutely certain”; the dog grows up,  
learns to bark, to snarl, finds bamboo  
where it was not expected, is enticed  
into deciding what is real and what is not.

Can we leave a cactus in the rain?  
Can we trust it to absorb the excess moisture?  
At what point does it reach saturation?  
Will we know when it happens?  
Falter, breath, falter, absorb.

The symptoms of personality  
are mania, inoculation, resistance, defeat.  
Repeat, repeat, repeat. Falter.

### Church Road

My life was  
once  
three leaves, crackling  
in warm autumn wind.  
The road led under  
a canopy  
of burning trees.  
There, I walked slowly,  
stopping  
at times  
to think of this song,  
and what

it might someday become.

## WILL SCHUTT

### Many Bells Down For Chaya and Sofi

I

The tarred path up turned chartreuse;  
earth rent  
under magma. The pine brush

kept us looking down too long  
into the blue eye  
of the Tyrrhenian. Weak hearts

huddled from the heat  
below and  
put off the long hike.

White gulls wheeled  
like foam on the waves' crests  
around bronze bathers in bright trunks

salting in sulphuric mud  
by full-grown German women  
browning in the buff.

My urban eyes were more accustomed  
to a man's shoes  
duck-beaking from a corner

trash can. That old hammer  
swung into the heart-machine:  
the island air burned to breathe.

Then a dark dog leapt  
onto the volcano's path and  
stole our attentions.

He tugged us upward by the bit –  
his soft-soles  
made tracks over the solid body.