

bleating frantically in circular sounds as
smoothly as sudden,, twinkling globes
rolling out peals of thunderous applause to
the numb ear drum
caplivated by the prism, the
nimble spider reaches out to weave the
dewdrop but passes its leg through it
all as the colors splash to a below leaf

iv

I really want to be your friend
I really want to understand ← The
yes I do Stones

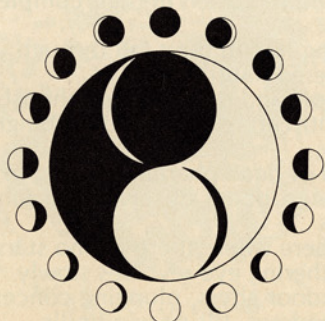
v

a feeling of deathlike dryness pervades
inwardly
as though all the inner body organs and energy
had receded from a fertile shore to sadly
and slowly bake on the spit,
a quiet desperation watching veins withdraw
and brittlize, once flexible patterns of
langorous lilt now twisted
splintered shards
empty and husklike, dry and rattling
the rattlesnake's tail impaled on its
fangs — the slow writhing circle
crawls tighter and tighter
sucking the shaking poison

vi

sitteth I on the green fern,
while fronds frolic below the boat
water lily trance
sombubalistic dance
Max the cat swishes by, tail askew from
improper fondlings and inquires directions
to the drugstore
meanwhile a tick pops with a small
explosion and is gone
in the afternoon glare; street car
window reflections segmented and mirrored
off passer by's eye glasses
reflections again amid fly's eyed multitudes
to a swirling solitary stop
totally unpoised on the brink of the
maelstrom, toes gripping the sloped edge
arches tensed for flight or fall
gurgling spittle foam flecked lips
lick salt dragging crevasses cracks
under the tree by the sea stationed thus
peeling mangrove leaves, flicked about lazily
still intimations of unrest creep forth
squat eyed bug brained lizard faced fears
crouched in shifting shadows
restless stealthiness
forage and are gone
circling and receding
unforgotten and incomprehensible

James Karkut



MUCH FOR THE MAGNIFICO

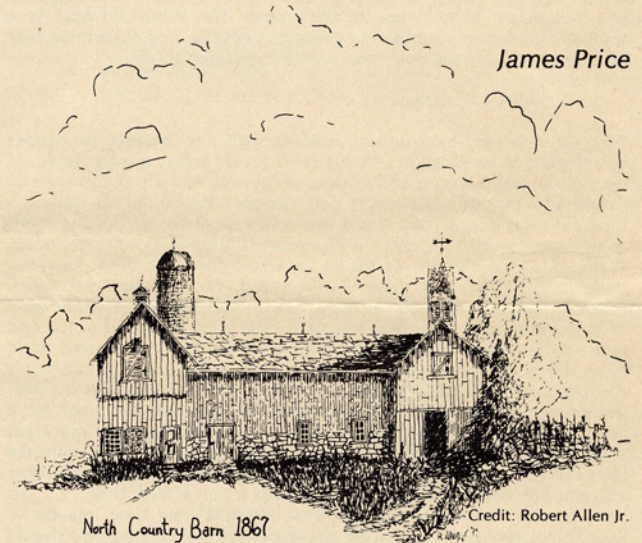
the critical man marks
the low dark leaves that lie
on their black boughs near the cemetery;
he sees them as low dark leaves.

from the leaves of the elms
in August the winged insects
bear off over the pond in the evening
weaving a tinted distance.

a theoretical man corrects
the sun, its melodrama
at noon in the square,
the Absolutes that mean and mean.

the sparkling and piled shines
of that clean pond
cannot withstand the comedy
or tragedy of light or dark,

a man remembers the muffled leaves:
more subtle than splendor
more accomplished than the insects
sparkling late in August.



The summer weeds don't have a place
they have to stay within,
unrooted and drying
on the front porch,
in my room on the floor with
the used up matches.
Hay wagons shaking the riderless
blue and white sky, that tastes like
sweat from a heat that's inside and
radiates from the cheeks of the
stringy farm children as they race with
overflowing carts to the barn and supper.
Tonight it will be dark
and the sky will go out and the stars
will rearrange themselves in simple
patterns, a cup, a flower, an axe
stuck in a stump, the stone wall,
and I rest my hand on whatever it
is I'm touching

curve my fingers around
an ancient tool, and place
my purpose into it's length
and strength and wonder how
many times this image made
real has hacked away at the
body of connected earth.

Alan Casline