

# POETRY *for the* MASSES

Volume 3, Issue I

"Poetry cannot be defined, only experienced." - Christopher Logue

April 2010

## something selfish in a poem

the world through my fingers  
makes an impression on these pages  
stumbling over consonants  
they feel for edges

i read roughness like a blind man  
holding a V in the chest  
trying to stand tall as the L  
the tapping of my cane  
is like "why?" whipping across knuckles

when we met, letters mingled making sense  
i could see through the language of circumstance  
how we were met to connect  
to feel through hands the caresses of whispers and rocking screams

in space stretching between words  
the meaning of us is lost  
i, alone, am selfish  
and this poem is about me  
but me with you

an expression  
which won't mean much  
without our hands  
there is no feeling

Noel Parish  
Brooklyn, NY

## Frost in July

My road  
Thoughtfully constructed  
Yet entirely accidental  
And suffered by my own hand  
While I thought I was taking the path less traveled—

I thought of you Mr. Frost  
Introduced by my mother on that stifflingly, humid summer's day  
Off to her errands scribbling quickly in the old Datsun station wagon  
With the hidden, creative, frenzied passion—  
Of a housewife remembering

My sister and I fought over the scavenger's list eager to know this secret you  
Two hours the game would last  
Racing for that mammoth, prison of books  
Three floors our babysitter—  
No budget beyond

I found you from the fourth clue, "What does Frost say makes a good neighbor?"  
I imagined you were my mother's estranged father  
Words took the place of a face I had never seen in my Hopper- Rockwell dreams  
But then I made you take the backseat while Dickinson rode shotgun—  
The first of many detours

And when our roads converged again  
It meant so much more that I had taken that road with you  
And another day Sir I did go back  
Second chances, many lives later—  
I read you Mr. Frost

Mother that I am  
Holding your heart in my hands  
From one pain to another  
I sought both roads—  
And now another

Tracy Haught  
Lawton, OK

## The Tappan Zee

Three miles of river  
between general motors  
and the palisades,  
haunted by  
sleepy Dutch ghosts  
and a Windmill sailor.

On a clear day  
you can see Manhattan  
the gray cells of a city,  
a man's life.

\* \* \*

Now my daddy rules  
the Hudson's broad expanse  
(though that is all he rules).

The wind sings his sails.

I can see him there

straining at the tiller

wind white knuckles

wind white chops

wind white hair,

and that city

hardly on the horizon.

Gail Barker  
Portland, OR

## Classified 4

Lost dog, brown German Shepherd.

Shits on the carpet and growls at strangers.

If you find her, give her a toy

filled with treats and peanut butter,

because she gets one every day,

and she must be missing them by now.

Benjamin C. Krause  
Youngstown, OH

## When Rocks Go Bad

Walking in the strip of woods on afternoon

Between the highway and the mall,

O found a stone, a grayish, round, and smooth stone

slightly bigger than my closed fist.

I picked it up. It spoke to me.

It said: "Throw me through a window."

I felt strangely compelled to obey.

Walking onto the parking lot of the mall,

I raised my arm to fling the stone

through the nearest car window.

But the stone stopped me.

"No," it said, "Bigger. Find a bigger window."

Brian Evans,  
Wichita, KS

*This issue is  
dedicated to  
Peggy Rabb,  
beloved friend  
and poet.*

## Jellyfish

For Constance Casey

Six hundred million years ago

when there was only ocean,

medusas drifted through the flow

in harmonic motion.

They had no hearts. They had no brains.

Didn't evolve. Yet they remain.

They're beautiful, iridescent

as pearl. Their venom's known

to burn, to swell, inflict torments

or turn a leg to stone.

Six hundred million years later,

are complex creatures much greater?

Del Doughty  
Huntington, IN