

# POETRY FOR THE MASSES

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

January 2012

Volume 4, Issue 4

## A WORD FOR LONGING

She said she longed for the precision of snow,  
the dash of blackbirds into the periphery

and the brilliant fracturing of the icicles which hang from the garage.

But it all amounts to sitting at the kitchen table  
wishing you had picked warmer floor tiles

and shuffling over to the stove to make more hot water.

Eating a Florida orange or two to  
keep away a cold, then maybe flipping through the pages

of a book that used to move you,

Knowing that it doesn't matter now, that the  
sharp, silent Eros is dead in you

if it was ever there.

Like a dream that wakes you up in a black sweat  
but that you can't remember and won't let you

fall back to sleep...

*Matthew Gasda,  
Brooklyn, NY*

## THE STUDY OF MAN'S PAST

in case of desolation, make sure  
you bring your pick ax  
there will be no fossils to scrape  
clean with dental gear  
no hair-feather bones to gently unearth  
there will only be walls left  
to break down

in case of isolation, make sure  
you save your words  
there will be no answers  
forthcoming  
from stone-faced monoliths  
covered with weeds  
save your conversations  
for the day the archeologists come.

*Holly Day  
Minneapolis MN*

## VIEWFINDER

*for those who chronicle*

If there were stone steps to mark the path,  
I might understand the meaning of loss,  
the overreaching enigma that cradles death.  
In my jangled mind, I've come to realize that  
a photojournalist is sacred to my thinking.  
It's the immediacy role of the chronicler,  
the witness recording what no man truly wants  
to see or hear or observe with the naked eye.  
Ergo a viewfinder to stunt the resounding blow  
but does it really soften or lighten the load.  
Do bodies falling become lighter on the heart?  
And what of the children, ah finally we speak  
of the children, and the women, the innocent  
of which there are far more than the guilty.  
They die in ways unlikely, unimagined, heart  
wrenching, and for me I sit in my comfortable  
space and write these words as if I had a clue  
to what any of it means. The lens of my eye  
a prism of dancing light, the mass within my  
head filled with what ifs, what could be, all  
the whys of needless loss, trampled visions,  
burnished souls forever extinguished from view.

*Marc Swan  
Portland, ME*

## SENRYU

napping  
with man's best friend . . .  
tongue alarm!

*Geoff M. Pope  
Renton, WA*

## SPAM

Just like you cover the porn ads with your hands  
as the webpage loads,  
you ignored my phonecalls  
after we kissed.

*Kevin Sexton,  
Montreal, QC, Canada*