

"What a DRAG that America's guns have made the CRACK in the Liberty Bell their symbol." – Jimi Hendrix

# the refrigerator door review

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## THE THREE STOOGES PLUS DAVID FROST

And it came about, dash,  
Holy Moe roared down from a'top The Mount,  
"Richard Nixon- Thou Forgot My 10 Laws"!

Then Larry, the Lesser Saint  
Came in a dream to Jerry Ford, saying:  
"pardon, Pardon, Pardon, I'm His Pie in The Sky,  
All over your Unelected Face,  
Incumbent, BAH!"

And Curly, The Jesus One, combed His Beard,  
Thus saying: "Beau Carter, practice what I preach,  
Your baptism's yet to come, even as  
I Shall Reappear!"

Then Shemp, the foreign fourth Frosty stooge,  
Taking Curly's Place, simply sighed,  
Hitching Jimmy Carter by the pants  
To his favorite star.

Leon Spiro  
from *Passport*  
(Poor Souls Press, 1978)



## Other

When I had yet to learn the nature  
of words, I had no sense  
the trees and animals  
I walked among were something  
I was not.

Only when I saw  
the swallow fly into the glass  
of the window I was  
watching through,  
and picked it up,  
and felt its life struggle  
to get back inside,  
as its eyes closed  
and its head shook  
and my hand felt its body  
cool and become  
a *thing* somewhere  
beyond a glass  
that wouldn't let me through

Dan Gerber



## Special People John Bennett

There are  
special people  
who glow  
like fireflies  
& float  
unfettered like  
pollen who  
suffer softly  
& dream  
roses &  
lily pads  
whose smile &  
gentle touch  
soothe the  
multitudes who  
acquire wealth  
in abundance  
as a  
result of  
their being &  
pass it  
on as if  
it were a  
river that  
runs thru  
them.

This is  
what greatness  
is a  
gift that  
cannot be  
acquired.

They're living  
proof if  
there is  
such a  
proof of a  
benevolent God  
out of  
reach to the  
rest of us.



Wherever there is  
a human being, there is  
an opportunity for  
a kindness.  
— Seneca

## Quantum Koan

There's only  
one universe in  
every pinpoint  
of time  
but infinite  
pinpoints of  
time in  
every universe.

John Bennett

## A Justified Existence John Bennett

If I  
hadn't done  
to somebody  
what somebody  
did to  
me nobody  
would be  
doing anything  
to anybody.

## HAINT BLUE

Aileen Cassinetto

To free yourself of the haint,  
you need to vanquish it.  
Paint your porch  
the color of water  
which is power,  
with the might to scatter  
blue light to the green  
of seawater. But remember  
how heavy color can be.  
How shades of blue  
came from true indigo,  
which needed an abundance  
of water and limestone  
above the bedrock before  
it became a cash crop,  
which needed to be pounded  
and crushed, and dusted  
with wood ash to make  
blue cakes, which was the currency  
of slavery: a bolt of cloth  
dyed indigo for one human body.  
But mixed with lime and some  
white mineral, it resembled water  
which haints could not cross over.

-- Aileen Cassinetto  
June 19, 2020



## The World Has Need of You

everything here  
seems to need us

—Rainer Maria Rilke

I can hardly imagine it  
as I walk to the lighthouse, feeling the ancient  
prayer of my arms swinging  
in counterpoint to my feet.  
Here I am, suspended  
between the sidewalk and twilight,  
the sky dimming so fast it seems alive.  
What if you felt the invisible  
tug between you and everything?  
A boy on a bicycle rides by,  
his white shirt open, flaring  
behind him like wings.  
It's a hard time to be human. We know too much  
and too little. Does the breeze need us?  
The cliffs? The gulls?  
If you've managed to do one good thing,  
the ocean doesn't care.  
But when Newton's apple fell toward the earth,  
the earth, ever so slightly, fell  
toward the apple.

—Ellen Bass

(from *Like a Beggar*, by Ellen Bass,  
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"There is no greater threat to sanity than the taking of one's life too seriously." – Eric Hoffer

## "MICHAELANGELO" THE ELDER

I live alone, like pith in a tree,  
My teeth rattle, like musical instruments.  
In one ear a spider spins its web of eyes,  
In the other a cricket chirps all night.  
This is the end,  
Which art, that proves my glory has brought me,  
I would die for Poetry.

Bob Kaufman  
from *Golden Sardine* (City Lights Books, 1967)

## ROLL CALL OF THE MARTYRS

The list persists, a burden we all bear.  
Our end-of-day, end-of-days meltdowns  
Spill into the next day's restricted rounds,  
where bad news travels at the speed of share.  
Property imported from another hemisphere  
Precursed today's container ship cargoes:  
Slaves, refrigerators, guns, iPhones  
Are interchangeable to a cartoon financier.  
And now the chickens have come home to roost.  
Robert Southey coined that cunning phrase  
And there it lay, asleep, stuck on a page  
Till Malcolm X gave breath to its cold truth.  
Whose birth or death will distance knee from throat  
and unkill George, restore his right to vote?

6/21/2020  
klipschutz

## Invocation / HELENE JOHNSON

Let me be buried in the rain  
In a deep, dripping wood,  
Under the warm wet breast of Earth  
Where once a gnarled tree stood.  
And paint a picture on my tomb  
With dirt and a piece of bough  
Of a girl and a boy beneath a round, ripe moon  
Eating of love with an eager spoon  
And vowing an eager vow.  
And do not keep my plot mowed smooth  
And clean as a spinster's bed,  
But let the weed, the flower, the tree,  
Riotous, rampant, wild, and free,  
Grow high above my head.

## Sonnet to a Negro in Harlem / HELENE JOHNSON

You are disdainful and magnificent—  
Your perfect body and your pompous gait,  
Your dark eyes flashing solemnly with hate,  
Small wonder that you are incompetent  
To imitate those whom you so despise—  
Your shoulders towering high above the throng,  
Your head thrown back in rich, barbaric song,  
Palm trees and mangoes stretched before your eyes.  
Let others toil and sweat for labor's sake  
And wring from grasping hands their need of gold.  
Why urge ahead your supercilious feet?  
Scorn will efface each footprint that you make.  
I love your laughter arrogant and bold.  
You are too splendid for this city street.

## DEAN MARTIN WEARS A MASK IN STARBUCKS

*Come è bella c'è la luna brilla e stette*

Hear that? It's one of those silly stupid songs  
They make me sing because of some contract.  
Forget about the avenue or via or street or *strada*  
If you see lovers disappearing two by two  
Check yourself into a hospital. Get tested.

A girl on my arm I wish I knew?  
Not likely. Studio fat cats tell me to keep my distance.  
Every night I haunt the same empty streets.  
I carry tunes bigger than my Aqua Velva charm.  
I shoot the breeze. I steel my nerve. I keep my cool.  
I check my watch. I gotta get a tattoo.

*Strette como è tutta bella a passeggiare*

It makes no difference if the shoe fits.  
Hollywood. Las Vegas. Rome. You name it.  
I never make it out of Steubenville.  
I sell bootleg liquor to drunks and dreamers.  
Deal blackjack at rigged tables.  
Dance in the ring and take it on the chin.  
Six feet apart today. Six feet under tomorrow.

The word is out. But it makes no sense to me.  
Clever rhymes I breathe are rolled into sheet music  
And burn like cigarettes I inhale in my sleep.  
I can tell. I'm grinning. I'm singing. I'm wringing  
The Little Monkey's neck on the Colgate Comedy Hour.  
I pull back. I curl my lip. I pop a cap in my dreams.  
I face whatever face is left to see.

*Sotto il cielo di Roma*

Look around. There's nobody left for me to croon.  
There's no one in the plaza near anyone's *casa*.  
It's true. I am only one and one is less than you.  
But I don't know what the Romans do.  
I don't know what the country's coming to.  
I don't even know why I'm standing in this fucking line.

Would I like an espresso? Yeah. I guess so.

Paul Fericano

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."  
-- Horace Mann

Mr. Paul Fericano

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